

Robert Whiteside

### **Vague applause**

Vague applause from an  
Uncertain banister  
A calling of aesthetic  
Requirements  
Made real by crowds of raven  
Skies till I am pinched by stars  
And have forgotten the names  
Of all things  
But not their syllables

## **Beauty is jest**

Beauty is jest  
Is simply gross  
The long legs of evening  
But for an overcoat of dreams  
Joy begins to fill in  
Where there are no lines  
We are left naked  
Except for the sea  
I carry the clouds and sky  
In my beard beneath my  
Fingernails

**If I have bothered to note a bird**

If I have bothered to note a bird  
Or two on a power line, some flowers  
In a vacant lot for flowering, I have  
Done so heedlessly and without regard  
For the safety of those around me

## **Solitude is what I want**

Solitude is what I want  
On a bus headed to some  
Shitty city just as long as I'm stoned  
And it's raining and I'm hungry  
And I've no money and have to borrow for a grilled cheese  
At the next stop only then will  
The droplets on the pane  
Uneven birds  
In the passing trees resound with any  
Magnificence any solution of emotion