

Louise Robertson

Blue

Homer did not
have a word for
it. Neither
did Ovid or any of those
guys. So the
sky this morning
grew pink and
purple. What did
they say
of the
hydrangea,
of the baby
slow to breathe? Did they
say it was some kind
of green, some
kind of bruise,
some kind of a dye being
rinsed out
by cold hands
ringing it pale
and paler and paler.

Twitter

I have now
friended William
Shakespeare and WB Yeats
and Oscar Wilde's accounts on
Twitter. At first, I
thought I'd see
great writing in
140 character installments
or maybe a path
I could wander
down, see pieces
of poetical watches in the
powdery dirt. I could
pick up those tiny
gears with their tiny teeth
and think up a great machine
of words that might even keep
time or at least make
that tick-tick noise.
But no. Turns out
they mostly re-tweet cat pictures.
Right now Shakespeare
is astonished at unfortunately
spelled tattoos. Shares link.
Oscar Wilde
posts dream Disney
wedding pictures.
But Yeats, whom I've
always disliked for
being partly Romantic
and only partly Imagistic,
posts about the water
and the soul, just as I'd
expect.
Shakespeare especially, you
oughta be ashamed,
having been the ink
in many an unfortunate
tattoo. Fortunate ones,

as well. If I were running
that account, I might
try to say something of
the Internet like: your
face, a lake's
changeable surface;
we blow upon
it and it ripples; a hammer
strikes the water and it smooths.
Or I might use the man's own words
and say further, that it is our
new stage to strut and fret
upon and then we are heard no more,
but stored as a tale
on an idiot server, full of sound and fury,
signifying nothing.

Not a Muse

I have dated a few musicians
and exactly two poets. They
have all the lip and spit and finger
you might expect from these people.
They have muscle in their tongue, have
practiced the languages of eye
and breath.

Whenever they write about me,
they somehow get my name to rhyme
with "too late" or "fun in bed,
but moody." Fair enough. Because I am in fact
often exercising my poetic ligaments to craft
a piece about them and their
body with the intent of getting
the tone of their sinew
and the slope of their intellectual jaw
just right.

Here is my ode to a 20 year old
who couldn't look me in the eye. Here
is what middle age looks like with its paunch
and brow and fist. Here is how I say
their names and rhyme them with
"never around" and "likes it when I don't
move." I have dedicated
poems to specific erections, their
tight, their curve or straight, their
earnest pose. Or not so earnest. Not
so tight. Do I really have to tell
you that by erection I mean something else?

So don't write songs which catch my
weak chin and need of solitude. Or don't write
them as if I am unaware of my height,
my sweat, my curl up and sleep. I am
sick of hearing you
count the many ways I can't be loved.