

Poetry Series

Gavin Robinson

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Gavin Robinson()

Caffeinated rumination on the mundane.



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On A Dime

A quick change is made on a dime.
Not a penny, nor a nickel,
But a dime.

With how tangential I've become,
One could say dimes are sick of me.

Gavin Robinson



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Ruminations.

How long have I tried to break the grasp
of my cluttered mess?

Swift thoughts drown in a sea
of more stagnant ones

And so they tell me to breathe,
Not knowing it's all I do..

Gavin Robinson



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Thursday Afternoon

With a conversation's end,
Almost always comes the return

To the car, to home,
to that untouched nook
in the back corner

Yet, who opts to walk
the Scenic route?

Magnetized to the lakes and fields,
I try to explore more than habituate.

Today's finding:
an empty courtyard reminds me of opportunity
and the porcelain goose,
Of perspective.

Gavin Robinson



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Mile Markers

The wind whistles and the trees run from me.
Only a small space between them to see the setting Sun.
I smile as I rest my head on the pollen covered window.
Maybe, I'll dream of you before we make it home.

Gavin Robinson



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Caffeine Conversations

My foot rapidly lifts in the air a few inches
Only to smack the wooden floor beneath it

Over and
Over and
Over.

And a crushed Reign energy can sits atop its pedestal
on my car floorboard

No wonder...

Gavin Robinson



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Considerations.

I've considered the woman perched aside the stovetop,
Zesting an orange

I've pondered the way her locks of hair screen the worry on her face.
The smoke of the simmering pot curls its way to her lips.

What I've yet to consider...

Is the way a teardrop descends her cheek
And the clouds above--

Gazing at her through the stained glass

Gavin Robinson



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Memoirs

Staring back at me with such vacant eyes,
the memoir on the shelf waits to be bought-

Never considering it's on the clearance aisle.

Of all the things in my life,
How many do I mark down for lack of want?

Gavin Robinson



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A Day Longer

I know we have so much to do,
I know there are so many places to go.

Yet, I think it's hardly the point.

When my eyes dim,
and yours are the last I see
before I wake

I'll stay a day longer.

Gavin Robinson



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Concerning Paintings

What secrets lie buried between the four corners of my mind?
Nerve synapses, neurological wiring...
What power does it all hold?

Were I to believe in something,
would it be true?

Were I to feel one way or another,
would it come to fruition?

And were I to gaze into the colorful strides of a canvas,
would I sit behind the oak door?

Peaceful and present,
as the azalea bush sways in the breeze.

Would the flush of water beneath the horizon peak my interest?
Perhaps...

Yet maybe, I'd cower behind the sun-kissed pine
and watch as a grizzly
moseys toward the quarry.

Were I to harness this force,
would I be happy?

Gavin Robinson

Forthcoming

All life appears to me on the cusp.
At the edge of a cliff
At the end of my pen
On the tip of my tongue

Forthcoming...

What lies behind the veil?
Over the hill
The other side of the wall

To perceive one's destiny later
is to doom them now.

I can't even see the screen
that lies before me.

Gavin Robinson



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Life.

It takes a certain type of person to notice
it beneath their nose.

I have ventured down the road a ways
for I wish to see all.

Who amongst me would notice what I notice?

Who would take the time to see the way
the water glazes over the streetlamp's light?
Stop for a moment and see its ripples
through the opening of a dying tree.
Its leaves long departed.

Walk the path not meant for you,
just so you can see a lilac in its lonesome.

Rest your fingertips atop the wooden bridge,
and caress the innards of your pocket—
All at the same time.

Sit on the bench nestled at the road's edge
just so you can breathe for a moment—
And try not to let the tears fall.

Wander one way
Or another
It doesn't matter.

Consider the narrow space
between the ornamental grass.
The geese have aligned perfectly.
Their necks almost intertwined...

Make sense of the world.
Not for anyone else but yourself.
Breathe. Watch. Mosey. Listen.
Live.

A Few Hours Til Forever

I long to see the distant fields of cows,
The flowing water of catfish farms
that mark the halfway point between my heart
And yours.

I long to feel the last bit of warmth from the setting Sun
Because I know it will soon be replaced by your loving embrace.

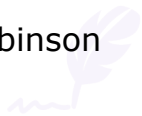
I ask you, then...

Do you long to watch the doors and count the minutes
until you feel the grasp of my hands?

Do you long to see the light leave the furthest corners of your room
Because you know only moments remain until our hearts become whole?

Only a few hours until forever.

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As I Sip My Coffee...

The space between my coffee maker
and window is illuminated by small beams of light.

And they remind me of a flowing river.

Narrow channels of light pouring into a vast sea.

The pair of shoes I forgot to pick up last night
tossed about like a pebble
that skimmed across the surface of my carpet.

And the laces remind me of a small creature between the current.

Both bathed by the Sun and glistened by drops of dust.

I took the first sip from my, now warmed, mug
and I stand—

Staring at the shine above it all.

Gavin Robinson