Poetry Series

Robin Bennett

- 6 poems -

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Robin Bennett (December 25th)

Married, two kids, one boy 24 yrs. old one daughter starting her senior year will be 17 shortly. Been writing for as long as I can remember. Even still have my first hand written poem to my family. A critically acclaimed success! Ha! Born and raised in NOLA.

Works:

Sadly, none as of yet. A poem here or there, that's it after many years of writing. It's not an easy thing to get done so I try, try again!

Cancer

How I remember the waiting room,
at my Daddy's oncologist's office-
If being eaten alive by cancer isn't enough-
The waiting room is full of old boring, dated
magazines in stages of disarray.
It smells like chemicals and fear,
and it looks deadly real.

Ugly pictures of a fisherman caught
in a raging nor' easter. Truly not a
well thought out metaphor, if I do
say so myself. The anti-cancer drugs
make the pale and weak thirsty,
not a water cooler in sight.

Daddy, how can you trust this
man with your life?
He's a supreme failure in keeping
his waiting room off life support.
You could easily give up
and die in this office.

It sucks the dim light from
your cancer ridden
bones, while you read
about Brad and Jen's
divorce from what
is now your past life.
The one before cancer.

Robin Bennett

Defying Gravity

Standing together all tippy toed,
In a grey goose soaked way, my-
birthstone hued gown slit,
all the way up to there.

I can touch buttermilk clouds,
and defy gravity in your arms.
Galaxy floating, we make music,
In the red light, of a Mars glow.

Our espresso walls drink it in,
and the fault line sends our
Earth shaking. Loving on
candle power, we burn the
universe at both ends.

Satisfied at the tempo, we
crash into the sea. Just like
the Apollo capsule, one last
splash. We dance to our beat,
until we fall off the face of the Earth.

Robin Bennett

I Bled Failure

Incessant buzzing from-
the alarm clock
buried in my womb
startled everyone.
I heard the hollow ticking,
counting fertility.
Every twenty eight days or so,
I bled failure.

Why do people-
lecture on about
your existence?
Barren, old women,
hell bent on frightening
young girls about the brief
life of a demon biological clock.
The constant echo caused my
eggs to recoil in fear.

I remember,
growing my third baby-
four blissful months
knee deep in pink and blue
Until, the man in the white coat
said he could no longer hear a heart beating.

A child died that day.
All I got were boat fulls of "I'm sorry"-
and memories of obscene
sounding words.
I left that hospital empty handed,
except for garish get well balloons
and dead flowers.

No infant swaddled-
in the nook of my arms,
I was in the section of the ward,
where they put women with
failed and silent incubators.
Together, we rode home
with the baby I now was bleeding out.

Robin Bennett

Salem Town

Drawn into the flames of our hell-
The dirty moths just stare;
Disgust oozes, from gaping wounds
Where prying eyes once settled.

I'm burnt out on this whole mess-
Oxygen free lungs, pumped full of ash;
You were happy to keep fanning the flames,
Even the smoke alarms were mute with fright.

Here I stand smoke choked and home free,
Bathed in ash, like a half dead phoenix;
Never to rise from these ashes, somehow-
You still manage to fire off choice words at me.

Show is over, go back to your houses of straw-
Don't you all have coupons you need to clip?
Consider the local witch, now burned at the stake,
Salem town now ablaze with gossip and ash.

Robin Bennett

The Skeleton Coast

Lost wandering without a guiding hand
stumbling in sand and bones, along the
skeleton coast; hundreds perished
trapped in cutting sands, or shards of glass.
I was sliced apart either way...

When the heat grilled my body,
my defeated spirit shook in loneliness
white hot rays confused my thoughts
bleached bones now touching my despair.
My road map straight to hell

Darkness now eclipses the sun
as I find defeat amongst the bones
no living soul to mark my grave
I have become part of a forgotten tomb
buried on African shores

Robin Bennett

The Windy City

We climbed so high that day-
Recklessly in love,
I straddled the Sears Tower.
Burning desires drove us shameless,
mutual heat tore through
our bodies
Like arsonists, we lit Chicago on fire-
yet again.
Hot sex and history making;
twisting tornadoes
spinning wild in the
windy city.
You called me beautiful,
I deemed you so very
Midwestern.
A girl with the gypsy upbringing,
handing out labels-
Ex-husband guy.
Rebound guy.
One night stand guy.
Italian guy, ciao.
I never settle-
not even down.
Not again.
Not yet.
We've yet to meet.

Robin Bennett