

Poetry Series

Caitlin Robinson
- poems -

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Caitlin Robinson()

A Cactus With A Thousand Dreams

How does the tear from a cactus grow
Or the water from its withered bow
For there are drenched beams
And forgotten unsewn seams
And make-believe means to the cactus with a thousand dreams

Caitlin Robinson

Person

A single speck toward freedom fell
Marched for miles until he fell
With a last belated breath, that breath fell
Down an endless tunnel which also fell
Upon the ground in which he stood
A child descends into his arms
And fell who from heaven had swelled
Towards the ground
To rescue the one
Who fell

Caitlin Robinson

The Widower

As quiet as the voices
Muffled by their cries
Sat a dormant presence
Not one would oblige
Upon their willowing faces
Stands a lady in black
A man stop and wonders
How much should be given back
For the woman is crying
Saddened by the news
Of her husband who died
By the rope of a noose

Caitlin Robinson