

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# Cut

Poem. We don't know each other yet  
I want to cut you  
Reduce you to your bare essence.  
Pare you of every unnecessary word.  
Slice out prettying adjectives and  
stem the saturation of your flow  
For your own good I stitch you together  
carefully  
You are not an apple or a heart  
You are (cut to) nothing

Nicola Robinsonova

# Wish You Were Here, Baby

You've become a statistic, not a tragedy  
A collection of cells and not a possibility  
Hope was a luxury we knew we could not afford,  
but still, but still... we wanted you.  
We're sad our lives we could not share with you  
I'm sad that life I could not give to you  
The two bar blues, just one bar blue.  
Blue, blue, baby blue.  
Blue like the sky on a sunny day  
I stand outside with my back to the sun  
and wait for you to drip away.

Nicola Robinsonova