

Poetry Series

Robin Bennett
- poems -

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Robin Bennett(December 25th)

I'm born and raised in New Orleans, La. I have had a passion for poetry for as long as i can remember. I still have my first piece I penned, it was a narrative to my family, I was six at the time. I've been writing ever since. I'd love to finally see my name in print one day. Not attached to a 'wanted in connection' with behind it. Married with a son and a daughter. Neither shares my love of writing. Dead dream there! Oh well.

A Busted Myth

Baby, hold me tight and-
away from the grips of sheer insanity,
I don't do love at first sight,
Something I consider a myth,
or a gypsy folk tale at best.

I had the perfect vantage point,
when you walked in, your-
confidence preceded you,
by a mile.
Until the whole exquisite part-
caught up with you.
It was then that love sucker,
punched me, and I fell hard.

Gravity was no longer a
concern of mine. Between you
and the booze buzz, I was engulfed.
My head spinning in some strange
space place. Light years ahead of
myself, I was already naming our babies!

Usually, this motor mouth can't be quieted,
until now. I was sputtering out foolishness
a mile a minute. Finally valium relaxed,
my sanity returned. The longer we spoke,
the harder I loved. But, I don't believe
in love at first sight or the loch ness monster.

After a few weeks of "us", I was opiate hooked,
feeling warm and fuzzy inside;
and wanting no part of giddy love rehab-
I just wanted to enjoy that sky high ride,
I had never known.
For years, we loved fearing the Earth
would surely spin out of control.

Robin Bennett

A Case Of The Mercedes Bends

You never came
home last night.
I visited your
favorite haunts.

All full of
dead beat dads,
ghastly clothed
women and
blood sucking
lawyers.

I lingered outside
sipping moonshine-
Bathing in neon
and getting high on
exhaust fumes;

You sunk to a new
low. Suffering from
a case of the
mercedes bends while
trying to surface
from the depths of
your bottom feeding
lies.

Now I sit on our
porch, rocking
away. I envy
the greener
grass next door.

Your empty chair
rests on the
porch, ever since
I sued you for
rocking with
someone else.

Robin Bennett

A Day At The Park

Feeling the need
for unbridled freedom
I spent my lonely day
at the park-
straight ahead lay
a carousel of flying horses
so many choices
for an experienced
rider such as myself

I choose the tan filly-
with lovely touches of
pink and shades
of lavender
slightly worn
but still-
strong and steady
I ride side saddle
like a true lady-
in the English country side
half way through-
my horse bucks me
I fall face down on my pride

From the distance-
I hear a whistling
sound of a train
I buy a one way ticket
to paradise-

A train painted fire engine red
stares at me-
I am I the only
adult child on this journey
seems a mass exodus-
of children escaping home today
maybe the train will take us
to the desert to roam-
for forty years and collect fish

from the sky-

I got nowhere today-
just another day of
traveling in circles
I'm a true failure at making-
progress

Robin Bennett

A Final Tattoo

That doctor always talking to his
dead patients, lying naked and
quiet on a metal bed.

A tell tale "Y" shaped scar marks
each one. A bloody letter sewn
tight with black thread. One last
final tattoo into a club that everyone
is dying to join.

Young, old, night or day makes no
never mind to good ole doc here.
It's business as usual, "we never close."
Bad guys and cancer never go on
strike or take a holiday either.
The victims finally find peace and quiet
here in the morgue.

Robin Bennett

A Fine Year For Wine

I've heard it said love is a fine wine-
Needing space to breathe; once opened.
Do not stifle it's beauty with a cork
silencing her rich bouquet.
Realize her loveliness-
whether she dresses in a classic white,
a simple blush or a deep merlot.
Notice that brilliant note as she shines
so sparkling clear and full bodied.
Forget the sour grapes, both
appreciate the sweetness in
the bloom or the vintage years
you have spent together.

Robin Bennett

A Fool's Bet

Bets of the heart, another roll of the dice-
Ready to go all in, no matter the price;
Bigger the wager, bigger the cost,
What happens when you find everything is lost?

Now a pawn in a haunting social scene-
My vision now clouded a jaded green;
Life catches you up in her game,
Leaving you with nothing but a heaping slice of blame.

Implying words show, you got some sorting out to do-
Find something to hold on to, search for a way to be true;
Betting games just aren't your forte,
Raging thoughts changing your mind each day.

Never said I didn't love you, I'm numb as of now-
Alone with my twist of fate, I'll make it through somehow;
Remember what you had, before you tossed the dice?
I suggest you run, I'll give you a nice head start...

Robin Bennett

A Painted Clown

Thick vials of color, paramount to evil plans-
hours spent gazing at a black canvas
surgical precision, each stroke methodical
to reap the greatest rewards.

Stark white paints sheer evil;
plump red lips, a ghastly show. Eyes turned black
a palette of evil hues. No detail overlooked-
Disguise complete, never paying the toll
to enter our dreams

Perfect villain for centuries gone by.
Children haunted, terrorized into eternity.
Spell cast, never broken. Painted one only whispered about.
Lives spent fleeing his haunting twisted smile.
A grin of satisfaction, painted in perpetuity.

Lurking in dark shadows, always ready
to pounce. I saw him today. Forever chained to his
heart stopping fears. Looking over my shoulder,
scanning faces in the crowds for my master of evil.
Warn the young and naive of his sinister power...

Robin Bennett

A Paradise Fix

The glare of the sun stuns my eyes,
left with a hangover from last night's cries.
Mornings first breath hits me hard-
struggling to stand, feeling totally off guard.

A life of kissing you and holding you close;
is nothing short of a lethal dose.
If I could drown in a flood of my own tears,
anything to free me from these ghostly fears.

You are my drug, and I need a paradise fix-
without you I begin to trip and wonder; a fatal mix.
It's your love that keeps me breathing and alive,
without you, my heart and soul shall not thrive.

I miss you when I'm screaming your name;
my heart is cold; you iced the flame.
Trapped and dying in this sad fantasy,
just a shell of a woman; exposed for all to see.

Without your love, oxygen alone cannot save me,
you stole my heart from under me; then left the key.
When you disappear, and steal away in the night-
think of me as I slowly begin to fade from sight...

Robin Bennett

A Paris State Of Mind

It was the Paris feeling of it all
assaulting my senses
as I slumbered and dreamed
on imagined European time

White noise buzzed
with sophisticated speak
clicking on cobblestone
to Chanel boutique snobbery

As the Eiffel Tower loomed large
drenching the city in warmed light
my dreams paused, to images of home
longing for Lady Liberty, a fine french gift

Scents of the city of lights cling tightly
lavender, roses and mint leaves
hurry me back to my imagined luxury
dreaming of the Hotel Le Bristol Paris

The french sandman sprinkles gold dust
here in no man's land, dream world central
still safe and sound in my trance
the time ticks and I continue to float

I notice the pace of the country
no rat race rules, or impossible schedules
they march to a different beat
cafe's, wine, and enjoying life

As I begin to slowly wake
and find my way through this foggy haze
my final image of Paris in my dream
is a speeding car, hitting the thirteenth pillar
in the Alma tunnel.

Some things are never forgotten.

A Poet's Truth

It takes a certain type of person
to write poetry. Over achieving,
brave people dare not put pen
to paper and expose themselves.

Brave types, wake before the sun and
travel to work with a coffee smile, and
take refuge in a grey cube at a common
job. Monotony doesn't bother them.
Happily the clip coupons, and stir hamburger
helper to their two point six children.

Poets are tied to a whim. A job for a loner.
Searching for a word, an idea a bolt of
creativity. We deal in fear. Am I good enough?
What if my brain finally gives out?

Poets have no problems with the truth, we bare
our souls and pray that someone will read our words.
We are special and different. Sitting for hours
trying to find words to satisfy our drive and
leave a mark, no matter how infinitely small on
someone.

I'd like to think we are part of the chosen few.

Robin Bennett

A Roll Of The Dice

Sitting around the table gloriously rich
in fake money. Colorful notes in
citrus with a mini Churchill handing out
second chances and standing in for
the absent prison warden.

That silver car was too snooty for
those purple baltic states, cheap and
oh so impossible to find, even on a globe.

With my cosmopolitan mind, and my love
of that sweet pink drink, I became a part time
upper east side rags to riches story.

My foot firmly planted on the gas pedal,
I left that top hat and useless thimble
waiting for their get out of jail free cards.
I took off at the word Go and
collected my loot. New Jersey here we come.
It was Park Place and Boardwalk or bust.

I set up my money making empire from
the start. Soon I had more hotels on my
property than that guy with the bad comb
over. My empire paid off, soon I was rich,
rich, rich!

Robin Bennett

A Sexy Mistake

It just sounds better when I call the night a
a sexy mistake. I'm hardly a fixture
in the bar scene these days, so I acted
the part. Looking well heeled and oozing
false sophistication, I placed my age at thirty-two.

Dressed in black Dior, (compliments of my
ex-husband) complete with matching handbag
from some swanky French town I could no
longer afford to visit, I put myself on display.
Feeling very Helen of Troy like, I waited
to launch a ship or two.

Stale smoke covered the ceiling and cloaked
the vultures circling above. Soon I was covered
in filthy offers all promising a good time. An absurdly
dressed man offered to buy me an old fashioned.
Imagine, me and those words mentioned
in the same sentence. The irony made me
laugh hysterically.

I'm more of a straight shooting
tequila girl really. Drink, lick, squirt.
I thrive on high octane and quick payoffs.
Soon the tequila had me as warm as a
Mexican sunrise. A giant watermelon
sun pounded it's flares against what was
left of my pickled brain.

I awoke with cotton mouth for days and
painfully sober. Sad, my memory was
fully intact.

Robin Bennett

A Spoonful Of Sugar

Life turns black and glossy,
and yet again the nightmares
paralyze my interrupted mind.
One tiny teaspoon of sanity
you force feed against my
martyred lips rings hallow. My mind
giggles at the gesture, and I toss
myself on a bed of roses, thorns and all.

Waking is playing hide and go seek
with the sun. Now, I choke on another
paltry dose of sanity and scour the blood
from where the thorns have stabbed me.
I'm no stranger here. Sad and withered.
Just like the roses, that perished under me.
My grief asphyxiated them. They bowed
insanely at the winds of my storm filled
blank blue eyes.

I'm trapped somewhere between despair
and Armageddon. I hear a whisper, 'it's not
the end of the world.' I shudder when you speak.
How do I explain this to the girl in my dreams?
(the girl is always me)

She is holding a daisy, with half the petals remaining.
Her future on hold somewhere between, 'he loves me not'
and 'who gives a damn about me anyway.' A spoonful of
sugar helps the sanity go down.

Robin Bennett

Afraid Of The Light

I'm afraid of the light-
exhausted from painting on
happiness where
only heartbreak lives

I need to hibernate just
until autumn. The
air, crisp as celery
will wake me with a slap.

This damn Indian summer
will be the death of
me. A giant geranium sun
perched so close burns
holes into my depressed
eyes. Even when I pretend
to play dead each morning.

I see only dismal black
through these powder blue eyes.
I tend to keep company with
my words. They never judge.
Yet, I can be so harsh with them.
In a way they are like me. Easily
ignored and always replaceable.

Robin Bennett

African Savanna

Meet me in my dreams, where sultriness lives-
Sun beats warmth, as do your lips on mine;
Is the blazing heat, from the sun or radiating from us?
Knee deep in the arid desert sand, wild animals prowl,
Oblivious to the danger, safe in a boiling embrace.

Summer's bake soars the mercury to dizzying heights-
Ice melts against skin, still aglow with desert steam;
Cold water offers no relief, a slow burn as one,
Africa's jungle humidity clings upon damp skin.

Refresh my heart... cool my soul-
let me graze slowly;
upon your moist lips with words,
heated sparks held within,
brushing up against your neck-
whispers of my love,
stoke the fire you burn inside me.

Robin Bennett

All I Hear Is Quiet

We need to talk and-
it destroys me to say
you're killing me inside
everything you say
makes me recoil
in fear-

It's time to part ways-
sleeping in the raging
Atlantic-
the same fury
greet me here

Only in her
ice cold
waters
I am alone and all I hear is quiet.

I die listening to your-
frenzied rage
day after dark day
I'm dying slowly-
your cancer
is eating my
mind and self esteem

You have been killing
me slowly with
each passion filled
torment
I gasp for one
sane thought
Each day I sink deeper
into the living
darkness or
your ire

I'm done. Living is now death for me. All I hear is quiet.

All The Fish In The Sea

I've never liked my-
arctic sleeping partner
Just one ambien,
an a spritz of lavender-
take me out of reality hell
Lead me to sanity dreams and
freedom's calls
Finally millions of light years away-
we are bed partners.

If I die young
from terminal loneliness
or hypothermia-
remember a sun burned girl
with crooked teeth
family vacations at the shore
sinking in burning sand
with our baked bodies
Water so clear
I could see-
the words to my novel
underwater

Most of the time
he is a cold deadly fish-
Circling around, part of
a slimy school of one
eyed evil underwater
predators-
I used to be the
little girl that took
each breaking wave in
stride and was awed
by the fury of the sea

Now I am grown
and I hate fish
I'd rather have my
Maine lobster and leaving fish duties

to the Gorton's fisherman
or Long John Silver.
They are more into
taking leftovers and pressing
them together and
frying them all common and cheap.
You never are sure
what you get
Easy to see why I never fish.

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Robin Bennett

Allergic To Cats

Remember the days of lemonade-
sipped under the watchful eyes of the
elm? During summer she always
preened about rearranging her leaves
to satisfy no one in particular. Busy work,
until it was her hour to baby sit me.

Grandma hollers from the clothes line-
letting me know it's time to feed the lost
kitten. "He shall return someday," she
says. You never did. I missed out on
long afternoons with you, spent curled
together on the window seat. All that remains
are the wounds from when you tried to kill me with
your claws.

Now that I am older and no wiser, I found out
I am allergic to cats and to you. I still
love the intoxication of lemonade on a southern
day. Life sends me lemons now. I cut myself
shaving this morning. I watched the pink blood
swirl down the drain. It reminded me of you.

Robin Bennett

Always My Kryptonite

I fading fast on hope these days-
but I still recall our glory days
Hopping in the backseat for
some high school lovin'

Amazing that after all
these years-
you are my one
and only kryptonite-
Defenseless against
those envy glowing
eyes, that took
me
to my knees.

Since that night I refused
to wait for you, I hear still the
hollow silence of you
not begging me to
wait just a while longer.

I've learned my lesson
time is not
something you can
trust. It's unpredictable and
oh so fickle. She changes
her mind on a aged dime.

I see you ever once and
again
I will always wonder if
I took the wrong way out
Expecting you to
chase me. My pride
stopped me from
turning back to you

A question never to be answered,
never in this time

When I think of you, I remember
how great were those years
of my life.

Robin Bennett

An Open Book

I was born as an open book-
out in the open
and honest (though I lie to myself)
A fancy cover
concealing tobacco stained
pages ravaged by
time.

I know you.

Beneath the glasses
and sweater, which failed
miserably to make you look
intelligent, you are still the same.

I read you like a book that day.
Never reading far enough
ahead to see that
you planned to
write me out of
the story.

Remember, I know you.

When it comes to lying,
you are a miserable
failure. You twisted
my words and
made them
fiction.

I've closed the book
on you for good.
You are no longer
part of the story.

You are just a tragic ending.

Ancient History

Sitting in the naughty corner,
using up all of my
dismal present, talking of
our ancient
history.

Angry and broken,
I find another lonely
horse, and a knight
in rusted
armor.

Strong willed minds,
think alike as
we fight for
a loveless
home.

Pictures, watercolor
images; look
strangely
obscene now.

Still we are two
actors in a
tragedy, so vile
it's become
comedy now.

A stormy marriage
left me to
walk through
life with a black
cloud overhead
ready to
erupt.

Dividing possessions,
just like splitting

hairs. You laugh,
I die.

Robin Bennett

Arlington National Cemetary

Generations of patriots of Americans-
Have sacrificed their lives in the sake of freedom;
For the country they love and beliefs held dear,
Manicured laws mark the crisp white headstones.
Chiseled stone holds the names of the fallen
While Old Glory waves her final salute in perpetuity

We are the unforgotten, the heroes, the brave-
Each headstone tells the tale of death at enemy's hands;
Stars and Stripes blow in cadence with the wind,
Honoring the memory of the ultimate sacrifice.

Playing of Taps is a fabric of this hallowed ground-
Souls of each war this great country has fought;
Soldiers find rest here in this most serene and eternal field of rest,
I still hear the whispers of Taps playing in the wind.

Robin Bennett

As Is

Lady, you have got to be kidding me-
when you said the apartment for rent is- as is,
I assume that is the exact day you fell off
your cheap ass rocker from the 60's.

Fake flowers crammed into Heineken
beer bottles, cover ever filthy inch.
Caked in dust, smells of mold and
death slap me in the face. Cancer laced
pictures of your dead husband line the
mantle. Rotund and fat, I see. The spider
webs are a nice decorating touch.

Then you offer me a drink. I must admit,
my first instinct is to pass. Then I
see you like the good booze. Sure lady,
I'll take a drink, better make it a double.
Classic, you serve them in old mayonnaise
jars.

I've sunk so low on you plastic covered
teal couch, dotted with tie dyed pillows
only appreciated by someone high on LSD.
Me, sitting here still stone cold sober, and as
bored as an elephant in heat.

I just catch a glimpse of the giant hydrangea in
bloom. To my horror, it's alive and the size of
an over grown chia pet. It too, has
been dipped in the same teal as your ancient sofa.

You hand me a refill of vodka. Warm and neat.
I'm ready to leave with my lungs choked in dust,
and cotton mouth for days and angrily sober.

Robin Bennett

Ashes, Ashes They All Fell Down

Embracing the urn filled with what
remains of my father, lay a bouquet
of white trumpets. A man's whole life
went up in smoke now reduced to ash.
Simply stored into a collector's grade urn.
Top of the line, the sales woman said.

There was something about those flowers on
that table. I picked them out myself.
I never wanted to ask Daddy what kind
of flowers he wanted. I don't think he cared
one way or the other.

My request for "in lieu of flowers" fell
upon deaf ears. Just another thing I
have to watch wither and die. Slowly
but surely.

I was never a collector, until a couple of years
ago. With my rain cloud poised stationary
over my head, bad news has rained down
on me for years. I have a set of three urns
filled with ashes now.

I never wanted the urns or the damn flowers
either. I'm alive with my own family, as the ashes
of the dead collect all around me.

Robin Bennett

Asia

Master artist, I must whisper aloud-
This canvas will need a miracle to;
Flourish in a french museum; so dear sir,
Please paint my dead beauty upon me again.

Two months ago, I bathed in luxury-
Bubbles of colors, names rooted in sin,
Proudly dressed in hues of sex kitten,
And a most revealing number in totally nude.

As my stomach churned with the water
spiraling down the drain, I noticed that
reflection of me again. Easily fixed with a
match. "Smoke and mirrors, baby" you once said.

I recognized the growing distance between us-
You stood in one lane, I stood in the center of traffic;
Further away than Asia, I found a well worn Atlas,
to see if I could find you, like the needle in the haystack.

As quickly as you appeared-
A tiny magician made you disappear;
I'm still paying dearly for that trick.
Broke in more ways than one.

I'm have a front row ticket to sit on a rock-
Peering at that monstrosity named Atlantic;
Wearing her white caps, she stands between things,
Well, maybe the water was just too cold for us anyhow.

Robin Bennett

Azalea

Maybe I was as weak as the
azaleas giving way to the wind-
Each gale whipped at my
sanity and eased my fading grip
on reality. Dancing delicate like
the blooms, I tumbled into a lost oblivion.

Blowing aimlessly and
brushing cement,
I lost all luster-
Fading into a pile of like outcasts,
our same fate joins us together.
Layers begin to wither and peel back,
exposing a raw center;
Only a part of me is still alive,
waiting in agony for insect's pollination,
I appear the same at first glance,
yet battered and torn under autopsy.

Robin Bennett

Baby Doll

Cradle me in your arms-
rock me gently to sleep
for I depend on you for all
you are my warmth-
with you I have purpose

Handle with care
for delicate am I-
within you lies my heart
deep inside I feel the tears
owner of my heart are thee-

Alone I have my fears-
you will outgrow me
just like the last
then where shall I be
forever lonely in the past-

Remember me, I am your baby doll...

Robin Bennett

Bag Of Dirty Tricks

Leaving room for no one else-
a daughter sober and dead dry
split rural Iowa-
at the tender age of fourteen

Thumbing her way
cross country
searching for-
anything
anyone
she found out real quick
life on the streets
was as cruel as home-

Only difference was-
the dirty freedom
She now owned by default
Forced by fate-
to embrace street life

Filthy motel rooms
her temporary refuge
for a cheap price-
she sold her soul and body
anything to climb out
of this living hell
nameless faces-
known as disgust

Big girl freedoms
carried by a scared
little girl-
tired of the foul
stains of life
her young body
wasted away
exhausted-
from the hand she was dealt
she died trying to leave Las Vegas-

Robin Bennett

Bite Of An Apple

You are the original-
snake in the grass type
I can hear your
verbal poison even now

Here Eve, just one bite
of this apple
pretty please-
Sin starter
garden killer
liar-
a man of many names

You always had the touch-
for seduction
I was easy prey
You've been at it
since the start of time
no surprise
you have the lingo down-

No cheap pick up lines
or cliches for you
just sinful charm.
Your biting sarcasm
was a nice bit
"call me Adam" you said

Blinded by devilish good looks
I never even questioned the fig leaf
In one night
we managed to
break several commandments-
We even took a run
at the seven deadly sins
it was all a sinister game to you.

Horrified-
I now see your steely eyes

bubble with deadly heat,
Still under your spell
as the space between our strawberry lips near,
You hiss into my ear,
false love is all I hear
I lap it up before it sours

Robin Bennett

Bitterly Cold

Coldness began to shave me like ice
grating against bitten flesh
seeking my refuge in a
melting southern igloo

Knee deep in the ice water
of my dead home, an
unsympathetic sun burned
me pale and virgin

Here the Cold War lives on
trapped behind the eastern
side of the wall, I breathe in
monotony and cough loneliness

It's a shame to say, we still give
each other the cold should at times
When did twenty five years of marriage
become as distant as cold February
in Canada?

Our bed calls out for warmth, body
heat is rare. Do you hear me as my
teeth begin to chatter, "have we lost
it all? "

Robin Bennett

Black Sheep

Must be this life catching up with me
Tired of dodging bullets
Like cheap insults on the streets
Looking like death
In the midst of hell

Stuck with this wasted life
Blue eyes muddled dull brown
Fallen smack dab in a hill of dirt
I am worthless

Shovel another layer on top
Bury me further
Time for a cheap trick
Then an eight ball
Sweet surrender
I'd rather blow with the winds
Then crawl with the rats

Done at twenty-one
Failed the school of hard knocks
Life chewed me up and spit me out

Can't sleep, sheep counting sucks
Whole life trapped in the 'hood
Sleep eludes me
Counting back from one hundred
Prancing sheep behind closed eyes
Until the very end

Robin Bennett

Broken And Twisted

The air in this house-
is full of bitterness
I go unnoticed-
or dodge the
assaults altogether

I am face to face
with my near
destruction-
You only lie
next to me
for warmth-
Whispering in your
sleep of foolish
words

I get up and
blow smoke
rings under
a bleached out
moon-

A colorless world
full of nothing
but dying desires-
and a quick
fall from
grace

My mind is broken
and twisted
for me I see life
now as asking for
death

Robin Bennett

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

Captive Rage

Standing alone on her
beige sandy shores-
the Gulf of Mexico
pounds and stings my bare feet
at one with her inner tempo
as blue waters lick at lady grey.

Staring at the emptiness of it all-
Still feeling the power she yields
Waves cap and break
Hooked on the sound
of her eerie calm.

This vixen teases on a whim-
She flirts with the sun
granting her glow
Sounds of seagulls
play in harmony
captive in the music
of the sea

Seduced by her rhythm-
standing in awe of the calming rage
when eternity arrives
she will still continue alone to
ebb and flow.

Robin Bennett

Chasing Words

Oh insomnia, what am I going
to do with you?
It takes a stampede of horse pills
to quiet these church bells in
my mind.
I'm the black sheep type sleeper,
always counting words;
Sometimes I swear they treat me
like the ugly stepchild they never had.

I never know what I'm going to get
in this rusty red see-saw relationship.
Fickle one day, fashionably late the
next. Can't even begin to tell you
how many times I've been stood up.

At times, I just throw plastic
letters onto the floor and try to make
some kind of uncommon nonsense
out of it all. I found out yesterday,
I'm just two consonants short of going
from alone to lonely. Hardly calming!

I should just start collecting stray calico
cats and stock up on house coats now.
Hell, now I can't think of even one word.
I'll just crawl into my sexless bed and slam
the curtains shut. Nothing to do
but scream at my asylum chic
walls and wait for Australia
to wake up.

Robin Bennett

Cheap Thrills

Of course, ferris wheels are
your sick idea of a
cheap thrill.
You know I am
scared of heights.

Why not just push
me out of a
flying tin can
with a balloon
strapped to my
back?

After that pink fluff
on a stick, a have
cotton mouth
for days. Not to
mention this
frog in my
throat. I'm so
bored, I could
croak.

Why are all these
people laughing
and carrying on?
Is their idea of
fun, half dead
carnival rides;
operated by
stoned face
men? Their eyes
as bloodshot
as a cold
tequila sunrise.

" Do I want to grab a
burger at Jack in the Box? "
You are certainly

more than one card
short, of a full
deck pal! I hate
clowns, and I
despise you.

Robin Bennett

Cheerleader Pink

Sitting in the cafe, becoming fast
friends with a Columbian gentleman
named Juan Valdez, I wait in
a too short midnight blue number.

Relentlessly I check my reflection,
in my mother goose compact.
Just one more swish of a
healthy cheerleader pink
on the cheeks.

I've never run a block in
my life. These cheeks
have never seen a
real natural glow. Hell, I don't
even bother running
from the friendly mugger
here in Manhattan. My motto
is ' here it's all yours pal.'

The two thousand dollar shoes
on my feet are hardly meant
for a quick escape. I just figure
the guy mugging me is some
sick cross dressing label snob
in need of a pair of fall Jimmy Choo's.

Sitting here waiting for a blind
date from a friend is sheer hell.
Usually I pass on such insanity.
Just my luck, I owe her a huge
favor. You know what they say
about payback.

Robin Bennett

Classified

Oh, it happens. I said all
the wrong things to the right
person. Words scattered from
my lips faster than my brain could
save them. Plans of denial,
made my Pandora's box giggle
in pity. All my apologies seemed
water logged and heavy.
Each word met with nuclear distrust.

Now I linger, lost and classified.
Feeling as worthless as a Russian
spy trapped in Area 51. I harbor a
burden as I slowly go insane. I count
rocks in the desert to pass the time,
dreaming of Chernobyl and our
shared destruction.

I love to walk backwards, as if it
could reset time. I'd protect you
from the fallout of my words before
the reactor heated, and the dam
broke.

Robin Bennett

Clovers

Take me to fields of green-
Where wishes hide,
I want to marry you,
Amongst the clovers-
Upon the hill.

I want to spend eternity,
Wrapped in blankets-
Of emerald green.
Floating on a platform,
of damp velvet pillows,
Each wrapping-
itself tightly and,
Caressing each curve-
Of my body.
You whisper,
' this is the beginning of forever. '

Robin Bennett

Color My World { A Cinq Cinquain }

fine wine
ripe grapes on vines
colors of royalty
drifting in lyrics of a Hendrix phase
medals

blood drops
beating for you
planet mars burning flames
blooms of beauty clipped for lovers
plump lips

sweet girls
ballet slippers
elvis' cadillac
spun sugar carnival fancy
flush blush

lush grass
four leaf clover
irish pale and freckled
eyes vibrant, window to a soul
emerald

daisies
smiley faces
sings, you are my sunshine
beatles' submarine music tune
gold band

Robin Bennett

Common And Fragile

O' how increasingly fragile
I've become
Shattered depression glass
cuts deep into thin skin

I'm blanched, lacking layers
and oh so common. Even a glass
slipper is no cure, only a false
dimension of hope.

Banish the mirrors, soon to become
her own pile of shards. My weakened
reflection now stares back from the
pieces on the floor. I sweep away
the carnage under the rug.

A symphony of souls have led me
to this point. After years of hidden adjectives
and flash fights, I believe the hype.

I'm dandelion common, Danica Flora fragile,
haunted house frightened, and deadly alone.

Robin Bennett

Complicated And Misunderstood

Momma says I was born misunderstood-
a complicated classic English novel.
All full of thee, thy, and lots of giveth,
A prickly little star constantly searching
for her next bright light-
and standing ovation.

Others girls wanted baby dolls
that wet their diapers and burped
on cue. Not me. I wanted that
fancy, expensive pen with the
liquid jewel toned ink pots.
I'd spend hours picking my
special vellum paper, and
nicotine colored parchment.

Lost in my strange reality,
under bleached out
stars- writing my foolish
head off. I fell in love
with the night. Lost on
my midnight safari-
I fell pray to the local insomnia.

With me, what you see isn't always
what you get. I'm complicated and
misunderstood. Even Mom and
Dad never had a chance
to figure me out.

Robin Bennett

Consider This

Pull yourself up a chair
let your thoughts fly free-
a sad tale
about a girl named me
days flutter by long and bleak
your persuasion
has left me lonely and weak

Searching for a voice
to listen to me-
listen to my story
heed my plea
can fate grant me
a will to trust
blown to bits
with a winter's gust

Always to linger-
at the rear of the line
equal to nothing
but a huge minus sign-
empty
scared
and blown to pieces-
with each thought
my self doubt increases

Somehow I managed
to lose my pretend religion-
no more faith in anything
not even a smidgen
happiness was yours
to rape and seize-
a fatal flaw
that brought me
to my knees-

Robin Bennett

Coughing Up Death

I tried to drink the salt water
of the ocean
that day-
another desperate attempt
to leave this earth
instead of a drowning
death, I drowned
in my sorrow

Salty waters or salty tears?
Even the lifeguard
didn't care-
Instead of death
I got burned

Even the jellyfish-
find me useless
A biting sting as usual
Just another reason
to get-
pissed on

Instead of a cold
slab-
I found myself
laid out on
a cheap
beach towel

No good death
cheaters began
to resurrect
me-
I coughed
up my-
salty death
only to once
again breath
the stench

again of
life-

Robin Bennett

Craving Autumn

With this blazing summer in August
I for one have no sympathy for Demeter
in fact maybe Persephone should spend
more time with her father this year.

I crave autumn in all it's crisp glory
Color floods northern leaves
Rich in hues of royal beauty
Fallen leaves grow brittle and die

I thrive in winter and all her blank color
angry pregnant clouds of oyster grey
ready to birth ice and staggering rains
frenzied gales of polar oxygen sting my lungs

I enjoy my separation from the sun
And the joy of getting my hour of sleep
returned to me by the government
No more battles of fire and ice

Robin Bennett

Crazy Astrology

You are made of a lot less,
than snips and snails
and puppy dog tails.

You remind
me more of the
biting scorpio type.
Crawling around on your
knees in arid mud,
full of lethal
poison speak.

Oh, so you are
a Capricorn you say.
Makes sense.
Your sign is a
sea-goat.
Quite fitting.
Horns and a
fishy tale or two.
All rolled
into one.

I see stars in your
eyes, even as
the man in the
moon and
I share a knowing
laugh.

You've exhausted
starlight wishes
eons ago. Even
Winkin, Blinkin, and
Nod perish the
thought.

Robin Bennett

Cut Out Hearts

I tried every trick in the book
to get your obscene mark
to leave my heart-
It's beat, sluggish from
abuse and lies, hovered at
fifty beats per minute.
Almost clinically dead said
Dr. DoNothing and his pudgy nurse.
So handy with their wires and
beeping machines.
Their bed side manners could
use a stay at an English boarding school.

Finally, these nitwits decide to cut you
out of my heart. One sharp and cold cut.
Waiting for the magic potion of hospital
drugs begin to sing me to sleep, I glimpse
the utter coldness. I never dreamed of
dying in vile green walls, with people
dressed in paper clothing and hair
nets to boot.

Then again, I never dreamed in a million
years, you would put me through this.
You claimed you loved me, impossible!
Every move you made was driven by
hate; you are a liar and a cheater.
Oh, and you suck at being a lover.

Robin Bennett

Daddy

Daddy, Daddy, you always said I
was the one most like you. Bold
and brazen. Extremely so, many
people would say. Like you a
know a little about everything.
And I never forget a name.
You used to say I was like
an elephant in that way!

Daddy, you always loved
to work. Traveling around
and living the essence
of the old south. You said
each time you visited Charleston,
a part of your Yankee upbringing died.

As I grew, when you would come home
you took me to bouncing knee, and
whispered "you'll see my girl". The call
of the wild lives in you, just as it does in me.
They call it wanderlust.

I followed you Daddy. I tried to chase
my dreams. Instead of becoming a
journalist, I brought you a grandson.
I've started writing again Daddy! My imagination
frees me. Satisfies my wanderlust for now.

Daddy, I'm not that much like you at all really. I'm
not strong like you. I left my compass alone
to rot. I have no idea which road to take.
I'm just a sad little girl, missing you desperately
each day. Why did you have to leave me
here, too? Heaven is so far away.
My wanderlust is calling me now.
Oh Daddy, I love you. Truly I do.
I wish I was there with you!

Dead Presidents

I am quite successful at being alone,
Failure steps in when loneliness calls.
Rarely am I home at even answer a knock.
Nor do I bother to open the door
when my strange neighbors
begin to knock. Sharing stories
of laundry detergent and coupon
savings makes me wish I was high.

I'm the one you'd hear about
on the news. The girl who
ignored the knock of the
random house sweepstakes.
A failed millionaire. Now the
gigantic cardboard check
belongs to a parolee with
ten kids.

Money. Who needs it?
I've got my frozen dinners
for one and my lifetime
movies. I carry pictures of
dead presidents in my
wallet to prove I'm not flat
broke.

Robin Bennett

Dead Words

I've always wondered what made some
women poets stick their head in
their ovens-
Or dress in fur and gems and
asphyxiate them selves to death-

Women who tried to die before,
just wouldn't give up until they
got it right-
It isn't as if they didn't write about
it for all to see-
Lord knows they sure
practiced enough.
Poor souls.

Like me, I think
that quote 'what doesn't
kill you makes you stronger'
drove them to do it.
Who really believes
that hogwash?

If it were true,
I'd have a costume of
red, white and blue satin and
could block bullets
with iron cuff bracelets.
Oh, and don't forget about
that invisible airplane.

Life is hell, I agree with
you on that.
But, the words they
left behind, are
sheer heaven
to me.

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

Depending On Who You Ask

I think I shall stay inside-
where it is safe.
Earth is ripe,
with more than bad apples,
volcanoes rise,
spitting liquid orange rage;
the American west blows ash,
from thousands of chimneys on fire.

Mud is now just skeleton dust-
and the forest is now a,
giant candle wick.
Fires multiply like,
baby bunnies in the spring.
That dry heat creeps on,
sun powered and strangely
determined.

The square states are all
engulfed in dry heaves.
California decided to stop
begging for tourists, she's
on sabbatical with a raging
fever.

To hell in a hand basket, I say.
Catholics are blaming,
an angry God or Satan
depending on who you ask.
The Mormons are worried
they will have to leave Utah.
I heard Scientologists are
blaming Katie Holmes.

Robin Bennett

Devil's Advocate (A Dark Sonnet }

An earthly man cloaked in devil's red,
Advocate for misery soaked lives.
Bringing only evil plans with him to bed,
Enjoying when love's heart wilts and dies.

Roaming the earth, free from his fiery lair,
Choosing victims which carry a weak soul.
Slithering near those that abandoned godly prayer,
Each lost dream, a forked tongue swallows whole.

This heavenly battle of pure against sin,
Began with Eve and a forbidden apple.
Each soul he takes to hell, is another win.
The faithful remain safe in God's chapel.

If your beliefs fade, and evil thoughts begin to dwell,
Shade your soul from the ruler of the depths of hell.

Robin Bennett

Do These Come In Desperate?

"I need some money
for summer clothes, " I ask.
I'll take what is left after
you write that last check
to the piper. Yes, it's
due again. Seems even
he comes before me.

Honestly, I have come to
detest shopping. Endlessly
searching racks for
anything to fit a zero
like me. Does this
dress come in
" desperate? " I ask
the mind numbing
sales girl. Another one
whose tears seem
to be linked to
her boredom.
Just another random
stranger staring
down at me
through her
slightly crooked nose.

Won't these shorts
look divine as
I lay in my room
everyday! I bought
them in black, as not
to clash with the
darkness that
surrounds me.

Robin Bennett

Doctor's Orders

The doctors in their starched and pressed white coats run this unstable floor where the mentally ill congregate. Not willingly of course. Just a drift off course and you land here. Doctor's orders.

A true hodgepodge disorders to chose from here. You've got the standard naked Jesus impersonators, the ones known as the shuffle and muffle crew not to be outdone by the girl who believes she is being remotely controlled from Saudi Arabia. Nice, all I have is the garden variety depression. I'm a low level priority here.

What fun it is when they rifle through your belongings. Got to watch out for those dangerous items. She tells me "sorry, you can't have this shampoo, it contains alcohol." You must be kidding! You think I would drink an entire bottle of bubbles on the off chance I don't vomit for hours and get a bit of a buzz? Excuse me, but I can keep my razor? So you don't want me getting high, but cutting and suicide are permitted? Again, I wonder what fool thought up these rules.

Next time, I'm keeping my big depressed mouth shut! Happy as a clam from now on. When the doctor asks, that's my story and I'm sticking to it.

Robin Bennett

Drink Me In

Clear as ice that refuses to freeze, yet warms
the body and relaxes a scrambled mind.
Fill the glass, shake or stir, it all bites the same.
Exotic grey goose flies thru the stale, smoky air.
Flocks of those hypnotized by the bird dance with
the bodies of strangers. Most migrate together
into the darkness of blind oblivion.

So many broken glasses lead to heaps of shame.
Drowning sorrows with poison, only a quick fix.
No solutions, no promises, only liquid warmth;
a game with no winners. Alone again, no one
now to hold you, until the screaming is gone.

Chasing a dream in false places. Shackled to a
sobering routine clouded with bloodshot eyes.
Hot showers will not clean the inner layer of
self disgust. Vicious cycle repeated, lessons
never learned. If they ask why, the answer rings
loud. It's only human nature to want to be...
loved.

Robin Bennett

Ducks In A Row

Counting seventy-eight pale blue pills,
forty-three white ones-
Lined neatly in a row
along side of pea green bath;
Now to chug back this cheap bourbon,
Man, I should have
splurged on the good stuff.
Won't need money
where I am headed.

I decide to fill the moldy tub,
in hopes of slipping silently away;
Filth lingers on the tub,
fitting for a lost,
tarnished soul like mine;
I've lived my life this way,
I deserve to go out in the same disgrace.

With trembling hands
I reach for more pills,
and tawdry booze-
Death is taking her sweet old time,
release me from this pain;
Thoughts of my murdering past
still chase this doped mind,
Without my demise,
no one is safe;
I will kill until they stop me.

Evil has always
been my shadow,
Blood is my earthly high,
a drug I crave and chase;
I hear the cries of wailing victims
pleading for their pathetic lives,
Now with my ducks in a row,
silence will soon be forever.

Dust To Dust

When summer nights wake you-
In a bitter cold panic, soaked in sweat;
Dreams now real nightmares,
Lies cling to you like a dying vine.

Thoughts carry you back-
Where nothing no longer exists;
Mistakes become your new forever,
Passions still lives, just no longer fueled by love...

Robin Bennett

Earth Can Be Hell

Never could I tell if the sun led-
to our burn out or did you tire of me
I did what I always do,
I spun my tales of heartbreak on Saturn's rings
Overcome with anorexic thin air,
I tried to inhale you-

Paramount gales traveling-
bitterly across her rings,
leaves me clinging for life,
Breathlessly alone in
the dark-
Frightens me now;
tears don't shed in space.

I am no better back on Earth-
a tree without roots, soon to
suffer an agonizing, slow death.
Ironically, we had carved our
initials into the bark of this
very same tree. It seems so
utterly obscene now.

I dreamt Earth was another
planet's version of hell.
Extreme heat, heartache,
death, disease. I felt the sun
scorch my back today. Maybe
it was flares rising from hell
to warn me of what is yet to come.

Robin Bennett

Eclipsed By An Egg

Every now and then-
I fall apart.
Torn to shreds, like the
limp ragdoll that I am,
I fall into quilted pieces-

All the king's horses,
and all the king's men,
flee to rescue of-
a foolish chicken egg!
Anything for Humpty Dumpty.

Even broken, that damn egg-
has a purpose. Scrambled,
he still made sense. When,
I break, it looks like a crime,
scene.

I've got a first aid kit, for
times just like these.
I won it on ebay
last winter.

All complete, with my-
very own crazy glue, and
cache of crazy pills. Each pill,
color coded for revamping
my moods. I can go from
full out miserable to,
happy as a lark in
five minutes.

Come evening,
when tomorrow has already
reached Asia, I shall try
again to mend this
rag tag doll.
Yet again.

Encounters Of War

I remember my first encounter with war.
That huge grey floating city sailed in
and swallowed up my husband whole.
I hardly recognized him that last day.
Dressed in a fancy blue uniform, and
a grotesque nazi type haircut.
He looked almost Annapolis like in a way.
Standing on deck forty stories in the air,
as he waved goodbye. There was no
way his eyes worked that far, so it
was all for show anyway.
Now I was alone with a small baby,
and full of fear. I never could do alone very
well at all.

Before he left to the other side of tomorrow,
I was reminded that his boat had all the fancy
weapons the USA had to offer. I stand corrected
again. It's not a boat for the thousandth time, he
growled. It is called an aircraft carrier. I shall remember
that the next time he refers to me as a writer.
I'm a poet. There is a distinction.

So I sat for two years watching our son grow, while he
stood on a boring ship near a desert in the east. Fighting
over oil really. What a cause to justify loss of life. Keep those
cars running and full of gasoline!

I longed for each letter from him.
No matter how careful, they were full of dust and
sand. I wish I could have washed away the filth and the pain.
Then the ink would have bled. I'm an expert at bleeding ink
and its spatter patterns.

I'm a disaster at a life stuck on the pause button.

Robin Bennett

Enough Dead Flowers

Life has locked me inside my own tortured mind-
bleakly depressed
emotionally whipped
battle scars of life have forced me to
retreat-
From a shell shocked life.
Sadly, I have no desire for my husband
or my grown children

Safety comes in espresso walls-
that drink in the pain and fear
which sneak inside. Just one more
little white pill to quench the
chasing anxiety, I have never
been able to run from since-

Death came to visit more
often than the religious
boys on their bicycles.
Preaching goodness to a
choir with nothing left but a few
choice words for them and their
no coffee ways. Preach in your
own square shaped state, why
don't cha? Leave us heathens alone.

I'm broke from planning funerals,
and own enough dead flowers to
make a lovely bouquet for the devil himself.

I feel crucified now. I've cut my wrist before,
another failure. That handful of pills that
looked like skittles and many glasses of
Jack let me down, too. I can't even die
right. Don't tell me God has a plan for me.
If this is it, tell him I'm miserable and I want out.

Robin Bennett

Fight For Night

Starlight gaze, blanketed in a platinum haze-
points of light, painted upon a canvas of inked black phase;
dancing candles rich, awash with blinding intensity,
surely the heavens are awake to heed my wish.

Constellations gather in force to battle positions in night-
pushing away from the backdropp of the blue black sky;
eerie sterling colors give images to dreams within reach,
close enough to catch a star...far enough away to imagine.

Clouds take on a ghostly appearance this night-
puffy, grey buttermilk billows, line in a formed march;
tis this eve is distinctive from sister nights past,
she beckons my complete attention, message in hand.

Erase my thoughts, that clutter my mind-
gaze only in her divine beauty; of obscure dark and light,
once in a lifetime view of the heavens, lands in my mind;
telling me the secret; the answers were there all along...

Robin Bennett

Florida Sands

A citrus sun rises
against the flaxen sands
Billowing waves of aqua
paint the pristine lands
Sighing winds savor
her serene grace
Find song and dance
in this magical place

Warm breeze strokes
across your bronzed skin
Lose yourself in
her beauty spinning within
Every sunset painted
in hues of glory
Each work of art
tells a fiery story

When thunder claps
and gales swirl
Mother Nature becomes
an angry girl
Gaze at the heavens
with awe in your eyes
Waiting for you is
another inspiring sunrise

Robin Bennett

Follow The Road

Pages of a book read like love-
Twirl thru clover fields
upon heart shaped leaves
God created-
signs
Hope shines
bright as a dancer
caught beneath the warm wash
of a spotlight
hope springs eternal-
from a smooth
trickle of babbling brooks
All the while leading the way to a
powerful crescendo
captured in wild white capped waters-

Darkness lies-
at the fork in the road
turn back
Chase hope-
for she is a treasure
worth finding
a lifesaver in
rough dark seas
hopelessness lives-
in a dark corner
of spun silk betrayal

Find her calming face-
while listening to the
soundtrack of your life-
know her peace on
the dancing drops
of rain-
never lose sight of her
before the day death
searches for you-

Forgotten Memories

Hey old man, why do you climb these stairs?
Three flights, for no particularly good reason,
You huff and puff like a wolf on his death bed.
Back to your lumpy bed; reeking of dried bones.

Fake flowers, caked in dust and spider webs,
Sit in broken mason jars, in every open space.
You waste more time watering them, then bathing,
The place smells of second hand furniture and death.

Your door is always ajar, you puff cheap cigars as-
you made yourself dinner; a grilled cheese on your iron.
The parade of ghastly thin cats you collect, come and go,
You named them all Minnie. Flea bitten walking skeletons.

What little is left of the room, you built a cheap museum-
Nicotine stained books stacked to the ceiling, paper back of course,
Jaundice covered pictures of people in cheap ugly dresses,
Happily fat, eating goulash every night before they fled Russia.

You still sit with that vodka from the old country, reading the
crossword puzzles and the cigar pack warnings. I don't see
you giving two shakes about lung cancer. But you still read.
When I left, three of the Minnie cats where devouring your
twice weekly hot meal. Courtesy of the local do gooders.

Robin Bennett

Forgotten Trinket

To you I am useless in a
Henry VIII sort of way-
to feel your cold
breath against my
neck, sharp and
cold, a hovering
guillotine-
ready to drop
a strange mind
into a bloody
wicker basket.

Your sense of entitlement-
is nothing more than
a royal pain
in the ass.
I've been locked in
your tiny castle-
full of dim lights
and short on hope.

At one time,
you placed me high
on a pedestal-
and out of reach.
You left me
there and erased me.
I began to rot.
I could feel the life
leaking out of my body
and my soul.
I was useless again.
A forgotten trinket,
in a cheap tiara.

Robin Bennett

Friendly Fire

It's tomorrow in Australia and
everything is still the same
elegant dining is
now coffee and
donuts
fine wine is
nothing but
smashed grapes

The war rages on-
you have your
weapons and I've
lost mine
I sit defenseless
off my imaginary
great barrier reef
torn and shredded
by coral weapons
I bleed and you
find me

I look for night in
Japan trying to
blend in
millions of people
rush about
but of course
I stand out

I imagine the
arid desert
bland and
colorless
I adorn myself
in beige
and choke on
blown dust

A black sedan

pulls up in
the drive
you peer through the
ghostly white curtains
the government tells
you they found
me.
Dead from friendly fire.

Robin Bennett

Frenzied Silence

This is the same leather chair I sit at.
Made from the familiar dead cow, that
has coddled my body and listened
to my insane words. My finger prints
litter this desk of spotted marble, a
poetic crime scene. A birthplace and
death camp of phrases and rhymes.

Each day, punching keys trying to
create words from white letters. Making
sense out of a frenzied brain high
on black liquid gold. Silently praying
to a heaven I'm not sure exists that the
words will still flow.

I live here, I breathe here. I pour out
my heart, I'm held captive. I drink up
words on paper. I unravel nonsense.

Robin Bennett

Go Ask Alice

White hot lights
interrogate my-
interrupted brain

Thorazine tamed,
now machines
speak
for me

Single file,
a stranger parade-
injecting me
breathing for me
watching me

When did I fall through
the looking glass-
drip...drip...drip
trip....trip...trip
death dressed
as a mad hatter

Questions-
now without answers
lying blindsided by confusion
a symphony of beeps
now a requiem to silence

I can no longer-
explain myself
See, these mad
doctors have
stolen my
flatlining brain

Robin Bennett

Good News, Bad News

My doctor walks in so green and sterile
asking if I want the good news
or the bad news first. For me,
can there really even be any good news?
If so, she visits so sporadically what
could it possible be?

I'll take the good news first, I say
In his matter of fact tone, he
swears I am lucky to be alive at all.
That's the good news? I brace for
the bad news now.

After decades of emotional abuse,
he wonders how I function (not very well)
how I never became suicidal or homicidal (it did cross my mind)
I'm mentally beaten up, torn down, and abandoned

Truth is, I don't really function at all.
Depression is my shadow, dark and
mimicking me. That reflection in
the mirror screams the truth.
Sadness, and about as useless
as the moon during the day.

All of the pills in the world cannot
fix me. Therapy is not the answer.
Years of torment have made me
weak, frightened and left me
with nothing.

I can't leave, I'm stuck and everyone
knows it. I have no voice and command
no respect. All I have are words, with a gross
income to pay for a bag of groceries.

Robin Bennett

Goodbye, Grandma

I remember when Grandma died
as if was yesterday. It's been
twenty years already, and I
can't forget even one detail.

Grandma called Mom early
that morning, to say she was
dying. She was only ninety three
years old back then.

Family took to the old time
push button phones-
and called scattered relatives.
How did we manage? To think
we could have spread the
horrible news in a massive tweet.
Thank God for the coldness
of mass communication!

One crisp night as I sat with her,
she touched me with her
frail, bloodless hand. Tugging
at me like a scared toddler, she
whispered "please child, take
my wedding ring now." All I
noticed was how she
finally looked old. Her
hair had turned to
snow.

I sat staring at her that Sunday,
night in spring. It was just her-
and I. Determined to remember,
everything about her face,
before life leaked out.
I believe she had left earlier and,
her body stayed behind for a bit. Just-
so everyone could say goodbye.
She was so very unselfish

that way.

I took that simple gold band that
night, just like she asked of me.
Grandpa gave it to her before Titanic
I intend to wear it until a child of-
mine slips it off my dying hands.

Robin Bennett

Goodbye, Kansas

I still can't see what you'd want with me-
A common tarnished penny, tails side up
Worthless as a wool coat in mid August
A string of pharmaceuticals to keep me in order.

I remember that autumn day we met-
the air crisp as a stalk of celery
oh how I wanted to go apple hunting that day!
Of course, apples never grow on the Kansas plains.

I've stopped growing as well, ever since I left home-
A true, blue southern girl from New Orleans
The only place my strange luck seems to work
Raised on voodoo, black magic, and ghosts.

Now I can't seem to realize what I see in you!
I traded my absinthe and gypsy crystal ball,
for endless rows of corn and daily tornado warnings.
Toto, it's high time we leave Kansas now.

Robin Bennett

Gypsy Lady

Tell me my future, gypsy lady-
"You are a purveyor of words, " she speaks.
Fifty cent words
to be exact.
They come a
dime a dozen, like
your chicken eggs.
Useless and ordinary,
like a room full of yesterdays.

Surprisingly white candles-
fight each other
for a chance
to burn in gypsy hell.
Once lit, they mellow the
cheap tin circles drooping
from gypsy lady's
ears. Here I sit,
dead bored. I give in
and try to make small talk
to what's left of your pet snake.
Heard, you drained him
this morning. Another batch
of your folk remedies. Snake
oil magic, cash only please.

You stand to water
your plastic flowers.
Covered in
old gypsy dust,
and left to
rot in a cheap
wine jug.

Again, the
same old song
and dance.
Gypsies, tramps and thieves...

* reference to Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves from song of same name performed by Cher*

Robin Bennett

Hard Head, Marshmallow Heart

That damn phone
sounds as shrill as your
ex-wife.
Just before she
emptied your
wallet in a packed
courthouse. The smell of
barren leather sickens me.

Keep your hard head,
your marshmallow heart
and endless parade
of problems to yourself.
I hold tight to my
strange luck, and realize
men are the enemy.

Napping away on a
bed of lies, I swat furiously
at the swarm of flies
circling your empty brainless
head.

I built you, and you let
her creep in and
break you. Now it's
my job to toss
you with the
rest of the
dead wood littering
my life.

Robin Bennett

He's Resting And Doesn'T Give A Damn

Love, why is everything such an argument?
I'm exhausted from watching you beat that
long since dead horse. For once can we
pretend to be adults and leave the dead
and the glue factory out of it? I'm not interested
in what your dead father would do. Please
take your self out of the graveyard and the past.
He's resting and honestly I don't think he gives
a damn.

We fail at everything. Never do we agree on
who is to blame. Usually it's you, if you want
the truth. The wrinkle in your shirt, no one bathed
the dogs this week, someone forgot to buy cheese.
Your Hitler lists of "do not touch the thermostat",
or other mind numbing dictator speak, meet their fate
in the shredder.

I am the perfect scapegoat. I'm weak from years of
torture, you've caused me to lose my voice and most
of my sanity. You stay downstairs in your communist
kingdom, while I seek shelter in the dark upstairs.

Robin Bennett

Holiday At The Sea

Dreaming of a beginning,
long before we started;
Houses baked full of
gingerbread for hungry hearts,
Fruit painted in mango tango,
peachy keen-abound
Facing a mixed marriage
gulf owned by Mexico.

Giant pineapple trees growing
from sand covered cement,
Stand watch over peddlers
and over priced boutiques-
Crowds of tourists only add
to the racket inside my brain,
I retreat behind white gauzy ghosts,
blowing in the breeze.

June brown, and white sand warmed;
I drift away-
Soaking up a huge watermelon
sun for hours,
Dreaming of the time before
your seed died inside me-
I wake to the sea coughing up
her garbage from the day.

Pristine grains now littered
with green bottles, and dead fish,
Day takes her final bow
with a sleepy dusk climbing to view-
No confidence to strut around
in a bikini, even on a beach.
I find comfort wrapped tightly
in my modest beach blanket.

Making my way back to my
home away from somewhere,
I collapse in tears on the balcony chairs,

listening to a shell.
Figures, all I hear is dead silence;
a mute ocean.
Dinner is served on hideous
tropical fish plates.

Robin Bennett

Hotel Despair

I always knew how quickly-
depression moves in
My bed and a dark room,
leave me totally disheveled.
Thank God for the bliss
of darkness.

I'd cry whenever I'd dropp my hat-
the one that hid my rattled
looking hair.
My depression seemed to
be big business for
shopping channels.
Still have that obnoxious
Joan Rivers enamel
bumblebee broach.
I never had the
energy to
return it
to fashion hell.

It was high time
I checked myself
into Hotel Despair.
Some short woman
missing her front tooth
and wearing gloves,
rifled through my
belongings. Mental
illness profiling? Standard
procedure, she lisped.
She really tore into me when
she got to my train case of
cosmetics and flat iron.
"What kinda fashion show,
you think you're at lady"
she so bluntly stated.

Seems the routine is

to shuffle around and mutter
comedy bits in various
stages of undress.
Can't you just give me
the good meds so I feel better?
Then me and my one woman
"fashion show" will be out
of your hairnet for good!

Robin Bennett

House Of Cards

Veiled behind the jack of spades,
macabre collection of hearts, your trade.
Shrouded behind a deck of guile,
deceit your ace in the hole, all the while.

Little white lies, morphed to black,
you have met your match, dear jack.
Covered in a hopeless sheen,
what, no match for this suicide queen?

Going all in, believing my hand to win,
tables turned, you stand drenched in sin.
Never bet with what you lack,
you've heard the rumors of pay back.

Step back you've lost at your own game,
burden must be heavy with so much blame.
Try taking a roll of the dice,
another desperate gamble; was it worth the price?

Robin Bennett

Hush Child

Naive child in cape of scarlet red-
the path is not as it seems
Basket in hand
skipping along to
Grandmother's house you go-
Everywhere they lurk
in the dark of night
waiting for you to falter
Hush child-
do you not hear
the howling of the wolves?

Blindly shielded by your hat-
vision distorted
Handmade treats you carry
plans to surprise
Grandmother today-
What an unwary trap
that lies in wait for you child
Quiet!
Do you not hear-
the howling of the wolves?

Credulous are you-
on this journey of yours
Trappings of evil
lurk at every corner
disguised-
yet in plain sight
Do you not see the
drug dealers
the kidnappers
the murderers-
Through the cloak of darkness
they spring forth
to work their dirty magic
Why do you not hear-
the howling of the wolves?

Immunity is not yours-
trappings befall us all
One misstep
and tragedy is at hand
Grandmother will now grieve
Young one-
such a gullible prize you are
You didn't listen-
To the howling of the wolves.

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

I Envy Alice

Maybe it's the alarm clock of thoughts-
raging inside my brain, that startles;
me awake each morn. The screaming sounds,
of your words chime louder than the blue-
time clock on the night stand. I awaken to,
another day spent chattering nonsense
with the Mad Hatter. Time flashed by,
where he fussed " no wonder you are late,
Why this watch is exactly two days slow."
Teetering on the outskirts of sheer madness-
Not knowing exactly sure where I am;
If I don't know where I am headed,
any old road will surely take me there.
Wishing clarity returns to my mind,
The fall was much easier, then this climb.

Still I live out my days in madness-
behind the world of the looking glass?
Is it too late to save any hope of sanity-
It rings shallow, I must leave to rediscover my vanity.

* all references to Alice and Wonderland from the book of the same name by
Lewis Carroll *

Robin Bennett

I Know You'D Understand

If you choose to stop
loving me tomorrow-
I will love you
less and less
with each passing day

Our passion you
will never carry to bed-
forever memories will
flicker within
A burden both-
will carry to our grave
total freedom-
now a wishful myth

Knowing that when love dies
slow suicide thrives
Could bridges burned
ever rise from ash?

Beaten by humidity-
until this storm blows over
another day slips by
and I love you less
if you were to reach-
for me someday
I shall sit and ponder
what my lonely heart
would say-

Robin Bennett

I Loved Her First

Bask in warmth of a scarlet sun-
Linger in downy green grasses, mingle youth with wind;
Giggle to the tunes of an ice cream truck,
Paint your lips in shades of purple grapes.

Sketch your dreams in sidewalk chalk-
Marry colors and drift off in a fantasy;
Tumble through flowers wild in fields laden with dreams,
Drift to sleep under a wintergreen moon.

Rise with a song in your heart-Grant me a kiss on my cheek-
Dance with me in a cooling summer rain;
Let me count each precious freckle on your face,
Wipe away my tear, for I know you will forget these days.

Now our memories live only in my mind-
You are too old now to recall those sacred years;
Etched forever in my mind, colors of sidewalk chalk,
Now you dance with a young man under the same moon.

Robin Bennett

I' Melting

As my lips carry the mask of sin-
Ink stained, locked within a lying grin;
Cloudy eyes stumbling in a grey haze,
Naming you, my forgotten Hendrix days.

Sending smoke signals pleading for release-
Lost in a cautionary tale for inner peace,
Dancing in circles of insanity shaded blue;
No words spoken between us ring true.

Melting like sugar under tortured rain-
Words cut me harder than cheap cocaine;
Covered in dying roses and living thorns,
A heart of blown glass still mourns.

Hurt never shows, yet the pain glows-
Drunk by the memory of our final repose;
I find my way back to you and me,
Before I was paraded alone for all to see.

Robin Bennett

I Miss Daniel

Maybe you recall the day we split up-
You stared at me, all black cat like,
spewing bad luck and drowning me
to death in your envy colored eyes.

You went straight for the heart, and triple
dog dared me with your devilish good looks.
Two months and many twisted sheets later,
my heart got pierced. I blame one of those damn
pointy stars I was always wishing on. I lost out
to gravity then. Crashing right back to Earth.
Head first and heart heavy.

So you took your bedroom eyes-
from the nightstand and left,
me crying in my best satin. I swear you
put an evil eye curse on me. My legs turned
to lime jello. So, I stayed in bed and
hallucinated over clouds in my martini,
and watched the driving purple rain.

I began dreaming of my imaginary brother
Daniel. Seems he headed to Spain last week.
Says it the most beautiful place he's ever seen.
I miss Daniel. God knows how
much I miss you, too.

Robin Bennett

I Remember Now

Could you breathe for me for a while?
I lie extinguished with the sun
drowning in sheets of puddled rain
as candle fires burn me oxygen free

I slept a nightmare controlled
by your blacker than black midnight
paralyzed and bent, I could not surface
by twenty minutes to one, I began to gasp

Airless and pale render me blue blooded
your stale voice screams at me
useless royalty are you, Lady Grey
tormented and floral in my Victorian gown

You cannot turn me British on a whim
stealing my American oxygen
while hijacking my silk sheeted dreams
your uneducated accent begs of amnesia

Robin Bennett

I Saw Armageddon

A night sky appearing like Armageddon-
Bruised colored clouds pregnant
with contracting floods poised
to burst-
Clear blue streaks, like a crooked
limb split the night sky in two
forced even the constellations
to take shelter-

Convinced the heavens had
opened and undeserving
pagans would fall
from the broken seams-

Me, being a semi false
Catholic searched for
hidden relics.
The pink rosary, hidden
for decades in my very
own arc of the conveniently forgotten.
A borrowed bible from one of
my children, and a crucifix
I painted at summer camp.

Heaven screamed and moaned
for hours last night. Maybe God
was trying to cleanse the filth
from this planet. I saw the news
this morning. Hell is still alive
and well here on Earth.

Robin Bennett

I Succeed In Failure

I often wonder how many days-
must I endure before eternity
decides to erase me?
Not one to lie, I have tried to
help her along at times.
I tried to die once.

I practiced for days. Considering
my options and taking into
account the feelings of others.
Call me a considerate suicide
planner.

Pharmaceuticals and booze I soon
found out are hardly fail safe. I swallowed
a rainbow full of capsules and shot
bourbon for an extra boost. I woke
to interrogating lights and invasive tubes.
I had succeeded in failure. The men in white
coats pumped out the poison and shipped
me off to a crazy house full of other
suicide rookies and problems far worse
than mine.

I had left no letter, just in case of success.
Everyone knew I was teetering on the edge,
life had beat me up and left me for dead anyway.
Why prolong my agony?

Robin Bennett

I Think I'LI Fold

One, two, three
here goes the martyr
answering the calls
for the broken girl

One, two, three
here goes act number four
the finale is always the same
heroine left alone in a puddle of tears

One, two, three
here arrives the bittersweet queen
teetering on compassion and madness
one miss step and a crash below

One, two, three
here comes loneliness
table for one
at a liquid lunch

One, two, three
here comes betrayal
hidden in plain sight
glaring at me from this cold screen

One, two, three
here come the heart breakers
each hammering away at my soul
do I have the strength to recover again

One, two, three
pain please leave me
four, five, six
my heart not to be fixed
seven, eight, nine
lie to myself, I'll be fine

ten,

I will never survive any of this again

Robin Bennett

If Only

If the sun climbs in the-
eastern sky, will you,
still love me tomorrow?

Should tropical clouds
brew thick and
heavy, can we
weather the
storm?

If no rainbow appears,
after the deluge, can
we find our pot
of gold?

If gale winds tear us
apart, can a summer
breeze soothe
our souls?

If hurt tears us apart,
promise me you
will try to mend
the pain.

Assure me that hate
will never poison
our hearts.

Together, let us have
love, nurture and
grow strong
within us.

May we always dance,
until death steps in
and steals our
beat.

I'M Melting

As my lips carry the mask of sin-
Ink stained, locked within a lying grin;
Cloudy eyes stumbling in a grey haze,
Naming you, my forgotten Hendrix days.

Sending smoke signals pleading for release-
Lost in a cautionary tale for inner peace,
Dancing in circles of insanity shaded blue;
No words spoken between us ring true.

Melting like sugar under tortured rain-
Words cut me harder than cheap cocaine;
Covered in dying roses and living thorns,
A heart of blown glass still mourns.

Hurt never shows yet the pain glows-
Drunk by the memory of our final repose;
I find my way back to you and me,
Before I was paraded alone for all to see.

Robin Bennett

I'M Not The One To Ask

Maybe the earth
is out of control
Lord knows
there are danger signs
on every street corner

Perhaps the man-
in the moon
is just a giant spy,
named peeping Tom.
Maybe the stars-
are just pieces of
ancient french lace
delicately cut by
an angel hell bent on
impressing God.
I'm not the one to ask.

I believe I am no one
special.
Yes, I have a body
and a rather ill mind.
Yet somehow I still
function.
Not very well, mind you.
I wanted to die-
once before
sweet pharmaceuticals in
hand
I do pour out these
strange words to
myself-
still I can't escape.

Now to the real issue-
I walk around with knees
pristine from lack of prayer
I have a well worn bible
that I stole from a

Holiday Inn in Omaha
It smells of pine sol and
musty phrases.
Maybe God finds me
to ignorant to answer.

I'm not the one to ask

Robin Bennett

I'M That Kind Of Girl

I'm the kind of girl that
buys her bath bubbles
from France
gets her lingerie
from a place in London
loves football
and the smell of rain
I thrive in the winter
has sex on warm sheets
on the floor
straight from the dryer
wants to move to Maine
and pick up a strange accent
and eat lobster fresh everyday
I can speak bits and pieces
of three different french
dialects
and cap it off with
yiddish
making way
for a very interesting
conversation
that I can't even
explain in English
treasures her children
misses her parents
and her sister
not a mean bone in
my body
I cook a fierce lasagna
love high priced make-up
consider fashion magazines
my personal bibles
I never go to church
unless it's for my kids
I'm a total push over
I realize poetry doesn't
make you rich
sometimes it only makes

you dead
I'm the girl that writes
because her heart
tells her she has to

Robin Bennett

Imagine For A Moment

Imagine-
hearing the same voice
melt a heart like the
summer sun
then freeze it
like an arctic winter

Imagine-
nights teeming
with dreams
now only a requiem
replaced by
a colorless horror show

Imagine-
hearing the screams
of the present
knowing no refuge exists
bowing to
lonely and sad
strings of a lost future

Imagine-
the deluge of tears
still to pour
grieving for a
past
a present
and fears of
your future hell

Imagine-
when a voice
shouts at you
that you are
worthless
including the screams
inside your mind

Imagine-
a silence
so loud that
music
is the only voice
you hear
Hate
is the
soundtrack of your life
isolated and alone

Imagine-
how sad
for a brief time
your pitiful life
was void of anguish
glimmers of hope
honesty and worth
gave you reason
to laugh
reason to be

Imagine-
writing these words
through the blur of tears
within the white noise
of despair
while sounds now
echo in tandem
how trivial you are

Imagine if you were me...

Robin Bennett

In A Paris State Of Mind

It was the Paris feeling of it all
assaulting my senses
as I slumbered and dreamed
on imagined European time

White noise buzzed
with sophisticated speak
clicking on cobblestone
to Chanel boutique snobbery

As the Eiffel Tower loomed large
drenching the city in warmed light
my dreams paused, to images of home
longing for Lady Liberty, a fine french gift

Scents of the city of lights cling tightly
lavender, roses and mint leaves
hurry me back to my imagined luxury
dreaming of the Hotel Le Bristol Paris

The french sandman sprinkles gold dust
here in no man's land, dream world central
still safe and sound in my trance
the time ticks and I continue to float

I notice the pace of the country
no rat race rules, or impossible schedules
they march to a different beat
cafe's, wine, and enjoying life

As I begin to slowly wake
and find my way through this foggy haze
my final image of Paris in my dream
is a speeding car, hitting the thirteenth pillar
in the Alma tunnel.

Some things are never forgotten.

In My Own Defense

I'm sorry, I whispered
in a unsettled tone-
to the silence of marble
statues empty as death.
Humanity, is lost
on the heartless.
Their costumes of
long black robes
judge me, before
I even begin
to speak.

No visitors fill
the court to
witness the trial.
Wooden benches
are too jagged
for white painted
society. Good thing
I am quite successful
at talking to
myself. As usual
it falls on tainted
deaf ears. In closing,
I announce to
the wigged out judge-
" The defense needs
a rest."

Seldom is it that
you never know
right from wrong.
My face still
still shows the
handprint of
when you tried to
slap righteousness
into me.

It's A Dry Heat

I often wonder is it the continents that separates us, or is it just an issue of time?

I found myself knee deep in a puddle of deja vu, my mind screaming every inch of you was familiar to me. Time and an ocean that was anything but blue stood between us now. Maybe it was just another figment of this insane mind. Conjuring up an opiate colored dream, just to balance the two timing madness inside of me. As always, my dreams are just preludes to my nightmares.

The idea of you became demons under my bed. My neatly tucked away world was now vast and open. Soon I was nothing more that a Medusa like shell. Frightened stone on the outside protecting crumbling and failing emotions. I was Novocain numb and unseasonably chilly. I pretended to die, hoping life would leave me alone for a while.

Your ghost no longer haunts me. Honestly, I rarely think of you anymore and your hellish ways. You aimed to kill my spirit and you greedily raped my trust. Even before death, heaven has kicked you out. I've heard hell at least is a 66dry kind of heat.

Robin Bennett

It's Been Three Years

Winter came and went
and I turned twenty-nine
yet again-
Still no word from you.

That makes three years
since your phone died,
or maybe the cat got
your tongue.

You packed up and
walked away.
Your belongings
crammed into that
ridiculous vaudeville
looking suitcase-

Misplaced and semi-forgotten,
your shelf life long since died.
I used to look for you in
all the obvious places.
Under the bed, the junk drawer,
even between the cushions of
my sofa.

All a waste of time-
I hang on to senility now,
Pretending I can't even remember
your name.
To me you are just-
heartless.

Robin Bennett

It's Only Wednesday

It was a typical day, stuck in the
middle of a Wednesday and the world
functions without me. The bitch that
calls herself life, has caught up once again.

Superstition is ripe in my mind and
the pregnant peaches seem ready to burst
I fail at harvest time, the victim inside screams
Open spaces overwhelm and assault my senses

Call me a outer space misfit-
I run from the full moon in the sky,
her whim overtakes me now.
Constantly I ebb and flow with my sanity.

Robin Bennett

Judas

Quit staring at me-
with your long dead eyes
I buried our love
a very long time ago
Your glances are blank-
I turn in disgust

Your once green eyes-
are now a moldy shade of black
I see no window to your soul
it's been slammed shut
To me you seem blind
unable to see
even the ugly truth

Maybe you should buy-
a Pope mobile
to wave at those you left
broken
who now dress
for revenge
Your allure
died eons ago
faithfully corrupt
and sinfully strong
Even the Vatican-
banished you
and your deadly sins

Stay away-
before I lose
what is left of my
sinking religion
Go, get lost-
in the catacombs
or languish
in the dead sea
looking for hidden scrolls-

You crucified me
falsely I might add-
I refuse to
bear your cross,
You sold me out
for cheap gold coins
and a false
kiss-
on the cheek.

Robin Bennett

Judgement Day

We walked on shards glass, a mass of ruins,
left behind when we split and crumbled.
Dying inside, caustic and bleeding poison,
distorted, painted cheer fooled no one that,
final judgement day.

Now, we were miserable enemies. At a time,
magic glows. In this moment, I dream of being a
knife thrower. My insides are black and blue,
bruised over and over. You've taught me to be
worthless, shamed and a failure.

This house is my prison. To call it a home would
be a lie. No love lives here anymore. Just walls
and strangers that despise each other. I no longer
talk to God. I don't have the strength, and I think
he wrote me off a long time ago. Every now and again,
I will ask him to please don't let me wake up in the
morning. I've grown oh so tired of this miserable,
wasted existence.

Robin Bennett

Just The Two Of Us

We escaped to the beach that year-
we always worked well there,
Just the two of us,
and all of our heavy-
baggage in tow.

Spring's door is soon-
to slam shut,
And together we will-
bake in summer.

Wandering through the,
stark white washed villa,
we melt in-
Common, plain, and oh so ordinary.
Yet we both know,
how cloudy we really are.
Your mood cold and steely,
mine was far from magnetic.

A bright lemon sun,
only drips bitterness upon us-
Surrounded by blue-green water,
your attention to detail
tells me it's teal.
Tides cough up,
last nights garbage.
Empty green bottles,
sea weed and a hollow shell.

Desperately trying to,
break the silence,
I lift the shell to listen-
Even the howling,
of the sea is mute
on this day.
That word again, hollow.
I let the sun burn my skin,
so I can peel off,

the dead layers-
Hopefully leaving me pink,
free from the dull existence I lead.

It's been raining on our
parade for years,
yet we continue to march,
in opposite directions.

Robin Bennett

Lackluster

You found me alone-
on the sands of beige
in peridot waters
a white pearl-
you lifted me up
to harness
me to your rope
Blank time-
peeled at my layers
Shredding luster
as time tightened your grip

Cold as the waters-
from which I sprung
I snapped like the oyster
that created me
I belong to you now-
you keep me in the dark
until you-
adorn the string
that paralyzes me

I lost my beauty-
now faded and lonely
just a lackluster pebble
all strung out-
I sleeping next to a
shell from the sea
of my birth
she hauntingly-
whispers the sounds
of freedom to me
as I bow to disease
I am homesick-

Robin Bennett

Lady In Blue

I shall be sitting on the white bench,
wearing the sleek navy blue trench.
Holding tight to the latte in my hand,
the girl without the gold wedding band.

Flaxen hair and eyes of deep blue,
alone reading my novel, until I meet you.
Just me and my heart beat ringing out,
I'm sure we shall hit it off, without a single doubt.

Lifting my head up to gaze across the greens,
I spot a man in a tailored shirt and crisp jeans.
Is he the man I am here to finally meet,
certainly hope so, what a lovely treat.

He draws near and I rise from my seat,
raising my hand and a kiss so sweet.
We both sit down and begin to talk,
hand in hand we agree to take a walk.

Hours pass like a quick flash of time,
it all works like a familiar little rhyme.
Dusk begins to crowd her way into day,
off for a cafe au lait at a local cafe.

What a whirlwind date this has been,
fingers crossed, please ask to see me again.
Let me walk you safely back to your house,
I'm hooked, I've met my future spouse.

Robin Bennett

Lemon Hearted

Your heart is a lemon-
bitter
I've lived and died
there a thousand times
Choking on the seeds
gasping for air-
Once I was a happy
young tart
I felt at home
inside the lemon love
You knew just how
to squeeze me-
our quenching
lemonade
satisfied us then
With time the
taste became
bitter
When time came
to slice it open
for your
bittersweet tea
I was homeless
That lemon left it's
imprint on your
heart and soul
It stained me
No choice but
to rot along
with you.

Robin Bennett

Letters From Key West

After you left me
in Key West alone-
I would stand and stare
at Cuba for days
Hurling obscenities at Castro,
Wearing that awful
flamingo sundress-

I spent three full months wasted-
On margaritas in a villa
with an odd man
He insisted on braiding
my hair like a child-
As if we were on a lonely
Caribbean shore line

Over dosing on
Jimmy Buffett music-
Acting like a pirate and
just trying to fit in
Even the parrot on my
shoulder wasn't fond of me
I'm sick of eating pig-
on a spit and key lime pie

Everything is painted
like a piece of giant fruit-
Surrounded by mango, peaches
and of course key limes
It's summer year round here
even the sun is a giant watermelon
You said it yourself
" baby, baby, you are so very cold
and I don't need you!

Robin Bennett

Life, My Two Faced Friend

Games are over; now what about the chase-
should I run away, or find shelter in your embrace.
This song has played many times before,
it's strings of sorrow remain hard to ignore.

For now, dancing with you seems so far away-
my dance card is full in this emotional ballet.
Empty the audience, so no one sees me fall,
dancing alone I feel so insignificant and small.

Finally time is yet again my two faced friend;
what if every choice is nothing but a dead end-
Life's road is hardly paved in gilded gold,
at the flip of a dime, emotions are bought and sold.

I can just again see the beauty in each day;
regardless of my dreams, I lose anyway.
I have no choices left, they have all played out-
you will recognize me as the girl choking on self doubt.

Robin Bennett

Littering Asphalt

I draw myself a hot bath-
floating roses petals
rise up to lick my senses
alone draped in candlelight-
drowning in bubbles
of french delights-

Behind locked doors
I reach into-
the medicine cabinet
to grab a xanax or two
with all you've put me through
I deserve it-

Your lying promises
fall on deaf ears
no matter how-
you slice me the blood
still spills the same-
A once rare gem now
shattered into-
tiny worthless fragments
littering black asphalt

Robin Bennett

Little Girl Lost

Blue is a mockery of
my feelings now-
blackest of grey is
much more proper
rain drench me
to hide my tear
streaked eyes
open the aged scotch
to soak my fears-

Drink til it's all
just a blur for this night-
I shall pay the price again
at mornings first light
dying inside-
is more painful
than that amber poison to
force my fears to the back
and let me collapse-

No one to-
catch me when I fall
from the demise
of this nightmare-
close the blinds
keep out the light
maybe a drunken stupor
will keep me asleep-
as I envy Rip Van Winkle

Little girl lost-
no one will miss her
lost at home, lost in a dream
silenced once again
it's just me of no importance-
stay away
keep your distance
alone again

naturally...

Robin Bennett

Look To The Night Skies

Starlight gaze-
now a platinum haze
points of light
awash on a canvas
of a lunar phase
dancing candles rich-
bask with blinding intensity
surely the heavens
wake to heed my wish

Constellations gather in force-
to battle for positions in night
eerie sterling colors
give images of dreams
within reach-
close enough to catch a star
far enough away to dream

Clouds take on a-
ghostly appearance this night
puffy, grey buttermilk billows,
line in a formed march
this eve is distinctive-
from sister nights past
beckoning my complete attention
message in hand

Erase thoughts that obscure my mind-
a once in a lifetime view
of heaven lands in my mind
reminding me simply

the answers were there all along...

Robin Bennett

Losing Our Religion

Mamma dressed us girls a certain way-
knee length finery with a bow as big
as the sun in our hair.
She spoke of bishop dresses, and
embroidered initials on titanic size collars,
Only the finest for my girls-
A modern day version of eighteenth
century royalty.
Decorum in polka dots, with mini
American flags hand sewn,
Our fourth of July outfits,
worn only once.
The huge bows were hand painted
by some holed up lady that
provided snobbery to the
well to do young girls of
the day.
Denim or shorts we never allowed.
I looked Mormon until I was ten,
Daddy would have a fit if
he knew us girls thought
that way. We were proud
non practicing Irish-American
Catholics for God's sake!
Little did he know we
had managed to lose
our religion long
before R.E.M made it popular.
To this day, when I do have to
make an appearance at church,
I usually always bitch about
the wine.

Robin Bennett

Lying Promises

Do not promise roses
when you can only offer weeds-
Keep your castle
my heart is surrounded by bricks
No dancing in the sun
you left me in a fog
Offers of heaven fall flat-
because of you my heart knows hell

Silence your false serenade-
I hear only love shattering
Quiet your fraudulent lies
leave me alone in silent truth-
Hallow promises-
of dreams come true
now we meet in nightmares
Ebb and wallow in tomorrow
your gift for my sorrow...

Robin Bennett

Made In America

It was certainly beautiful while it lasted,
a rushing force, power-
together we were Niagara Falls.
Perfection, after we left our
brief French Canadian lives behind-

Each night together, a bomb
always exploded somewhere in mid air.
And we shot off our fire works until
the dawn's early light. You were
born in the old country. Trust me
they won't even realize you are gone.
I was willing to be Canadian for you,
can't you be American for me?
I'm sorry, I'm no Italian. I don't even
like pizza all that much. I tuned you
out after you said "I booked a flight
back home for next month."

After you left me-
I took a long hard look at myself
in the mirror, and my selfish
reflection mocked
my tears and the
make up evacuating from my
face. Sitting alone,
I still sometimes see your
face. Sadly, I'm a certified
basket case. Proudly made
in America.

Robin Bennett

Madison

Faster than wildflowers you have grown
in unique beauty, you turn as a sunflower
to face the sun whose rays dance in your
presence. Pure ivory dotted in Irish freckles
that rival constellations in night skies.

Graceful she soars with the trade winds
blowing warmth across all in her wake.
Rising more beautiful than her final kiss
of the eve of night. Eyes confused with shades
of green so perfect, they have yet to be named.

A small part of me, the best part of me.
My very own crown jewel, perfection
cette jolie fille de la mine

Robin Bennett

Magnolias And Moonlight

From the day I escaped my
mother's womb, I was raised
on a diet of magnolias and
moonlight.

Those huge blooms. Like
a great big white artichoke, they
swarm. Hanging from sturdy wood,
yet gravity heavy. I thought my
Grandmother had stolen
their scent. Her hugs were
dripping with southern perfume
grown on trees.

Seems as if these summer days
were running a white hot fever.
Everything felt sticky
and slightly ill.
I could only wait for the sun
to put her fire out
for the night.

Then I'd climb those huge branches by
the light of a rebel moon. A chalky
white bouncing ball in the sky would
power my nights. Those glorious trees
always nurtured a home. Poised in
the landscape each tree would
preen her leaves and stand tall.

Even today when the breeze
blows just right, I can faintly smell
Grandma and magnolias by
moonlight.

Robin Bennett

Maiden Voyage

Tis vision draws it closer upon sight-
Now for each man to set his tired eyes so weak,
Upon treacherous evil, well contained fright,
Bellowing waves the call of names, Seek!

Tis huge white capped graves-
Rock both man and angry sea,
A feverish calm greets each in dark days,
Steer us through to calm waters to scream, Free!

Stormy gales howl `round til night steals day-
Hide ears from her sounds while fright finds you,
Darkness looms bright, in a ghostly way.
Blinded between terror and depths of, Blue!

Eternity passes `til morn and gentle sun-
Souls lay broken and torn, doomed by night,
Quiet guides the ship, weary speaks no one.
May we find safety in shores of glistening, White!

Robin Bennett

Mental Illness Is Not Catching

Today was bedlam, mixed with rain-
our family shot and aiming
at me-

Your words are hollow point
bullets. They explode inside
of me. Ripping apart
what little remains.

The uninterested three
musketeers. Yelling
how I am an annoyance
and should be has been exiled,
and excommunicated from
our false church.

I'm an nothing but an
angry house guest.
Ruled with with
an iron fist
and vile
words. Never can
I decide if being
ignored is bliss.
It does sound
like a mute
friend.

Once you made me
try to die. I failed.
Pills and Jack Daniels
let me down. Why you
took me to see the
man in the white
coat, I shall never know.
Full of charcoal, they
pumped the poison
out of
me.

Now I had a three day
shift at the local
mental hospital.
Shuffling along
in my cotton
pajamas and
clutching my
cigarettes for dear life,
I played their game.
Even sane people
do not wake at
six in the
morning.
Days of drab meetings,
silly painting with
long since dead
watercolors, and
ancient self help
videos.
Ah, bed time.
My roommate
called for
Jesus all
night.
Shut up!
He's certainly not
in this hell hole.
Finally my seventy two
hours of captivity
came to an end.
My family kept
their distance
as if mental
illness was
catching.
They treat me
like a ghost.
I wonder if
anyone would
even realize if
I was
dead.

Robin Bennett

Messages To A Future Prison Lifer

It was Monday, 3: 00 a.m.
the ugliest hour of
any week.
It had half rained
that night, or
God decided we
were all bad girls and boys
and we needed to
be spit upon.

My young lady baby
had not given up
on the night just yet.
It still had chocolate,
a manicure and a
movie going for it. I had
given up on it
hours earlier. But then
again, I hate Mondays.

I realize all mothers say
this, but this girl who once
lived inside of me, is now a most
beautiful young lady baby. Her shadow
betrayed her. A perfect silhouette
glowed by moonlight.

At the stroke of three, the real
world tried to smash head
first into our home. Like fingernails
to a chalk board, the chords of
breaking glass became the
only sound left on Earth.

Thanks to an over achieving dog,
and a father with a gun-
don't forget the secret weapon-
An insane mother with a baseball bat and
a meat cleaver. Brimming with

no fear, or regard for
her own life. He never got near or
young lady baby.

Her sense of peace has been
replaced with a regal slap in the
face by a future lifer at Angola State
Prison, I'm sure.

Just seventeen, our young lady baby
has met fear. No Santa Claus, or
Easter Bunny. Sorry baby girl,
your safe Catholic school way of
white bread life is now toast.

Robin Bennett

Moscow Calling

I never understood why Moscow called out to me. Why do they offer that I needed to have? Certainly wasn't the vodka. America has perfected their finest import, if you ask me.

Lord knows it's not their fashion sense. I imagine I'd look ridiculous with a dead squirrel on my head for warmth. Seems the food was only good for packing on body fat to last the brutal Russian winters. Still, she called to me.

Once my ballet career died, I dreamt of seeing the Bolshoi Ballet. Walking in a frozen Red Square surrounded by falling paper lace cut outs falling from the foreign skies. My lungs bursting with the pain of the frozen tundra, yet my heart still skipped a beat as I waited for beauty and brilliance.

Only in my fantasies have I seen the spotlight shine on perfection. That Russian entry stamp still eludes my passport for now.

Until the day I live my fantasy, I save a page in my passport and try to remember the glow of a fading spotlight.

Robin Bennett

My Drug Of Choice

Pulling out everything I need for this fix-
It is not something I do just for kicks.
Truly an addiction and such a part of me;
This drug keeps me going and sets me free.

Without it, where would I be-
Trapped and dismal inside of me.
I long for the warmth of her spell;
In her house is where my soul dwells.

I cannot imagine my life without her glow-
With out her just another Jane Doe;
Some days are good and some not,
But my drug carries me safely thru the blind spots.

When I'm left empty without any ideas left,
It seems my life has become a victim of theft.
So if you see me under a tree, singing with the birds-
Let me finish, I'm just main lining my poetic words...

Robin Bennett

My Fair Lady

A path laden with burdens
fanciful dreams-
now eroded in
oppressive nightmares
Two lanes to each street-
one locked in reality
one decorated in deceit
signs read
dead end-
proceed with caution-

A fork at the road-
where fate greets you
turn left at
the field of lies-

Where she spins
your tales like china
twirling in the air-
I hear the sound of
glass splintering in my mind
Did I mention
I have a heart of glass?

Quietly-
I've said too much
I've said enough
you raped my privacy
while I stood at the door-
now a silenced voice
poisoned by false trust
and your cheap wine
Just "Take the key and lock her up, my fair lady";...

Robin Bennett

My Sad Cinderella Story

You seemed like a really good catch
until that night at your place
dollar store votive candles
boxed wine
and for dinner
frozen lasagna
you picked up at the drug store
when you got your industrial
size bottle of opiates
now my good catch
began to rot

Mom always told me about
how many
fish there where in
the sea
and I had to land you
the cheap
broke
slimy
bottom feeder

Mom also said it's just
as easy to fall in
love with a rich man
most millionaires
avoid cheap dates
dull and dusty
conversations
and dollar stores

So I dream of
my knight in
shining armor
and pray he
doesn't
rust before
I find him.
I'm suffering through

a Cinderella story
on hold.

Robin Bennett

My Sad Reflection

Standing in front
of my reflection-
vanished in plain sight
with audience in tow
buried beneath layers
of verbal daggers
trapped within walls
of tissue scarred deep

Locked in the present
is my dungeon of green-
memories past
a dropp of liquid warmth
my body aches
for a meal of compassion

A soul left to embark-
on a witch hunt of truth
seems sorrow resides
behind every door

Read my mind
tragedy or chilling comedy-
bits and pieces tumble
in vain from my lips

Even birds fly away
from my melancholy tune
entombed with whispers
of a forlorn song

Smother me in relentless pain-
drown my heart in acid rain
kill what is left
buried deep inside
my life spins backwards
on this most sickening ride

Never Again

Missing the point
at which you drew the line,
Willing to leave me in the cold
clinging to a dying vine.
Subtlety was never
truly your forte in life,
I should know I'm only
your long suffering wife.

I should've seen the signs
in your Utopian demeanor,
It's scribed upon your presence,
obviously you've seen her.
A blanket of despondency
disables me, prolongs,
Desists me from identifying
just where we went wrong.

Sickened by the smell
of smoke from another fire,
Even your eyes betray you
just another cheap liar.
Is it that same one you cling to,
your no tell lover-
With smoke and mirrors gone,
you've lost your cover.

A violent, vicious circle,
now is my cue to beg and plead,
For you to form a tourniquet
to stem this labored bleed.
But this time something stops me
in my worn and weary tracks,
A whisper echoes through my trance,
do I want you back?

With this knife firmly
driven deep within my heart,
Dead in the present,

am I strong enough for a new start?
This undying melody has tricked
my soul many times before,
Confused and spinning,
should I just slip out of the door?

Stuck between a hard place
and a heart that's made of rock,
The vows that we once made
are just another thing to mock.
A fool, because I believed in you
and that we would survive,
I swore that I would never again
let you see me cry.

You've filled my glass
with your free flowing lies,
Poisoned by this bitter
liquid affair and all it implies.
Do you even see me
still standing here now?
As the music fades away,
misty eyed, I take my final bow.

Robin Bennett

No Longer The Queen Bee

So the queen bee left the hive-
only to become a common worker bee;
at a small tawdry hive elsewhere,
buzzing gossip and providing a sting
when the mood strikes her.

I wonder what it must feel like to
plummet so low, so very quickly-
I noticed in passing she's not
happy in her new role. Simple,
trivial and yes, a bit stale. Her
nectar now sour and tart.

Maybe she shall evolve into a
killer bee now; Stinging with
her dried out quill, leaving behind
long suffering words for her signature
sting. Convinced her worker bee status
is the crux which propels the hive to
greatness.

It is just a honeycomb, you are just a bee.
Most things turn sour at some point, it's just
your turn now...

Robin Bennett

No Medal Of Honor For You

Your letters just stopped,
the silence kills me, slowly-
like the war is killing you.
I know you have not met death,
certainly I would have sent flowers.
Either way, the tears have been
taken care of.

You vanished by way
of Amelia Earhart. She died a
legend and a presumed heroine.
You just avoid any contact that
calls for human emotions. Maybe you
are hiding in the quitness protection
program.

You are lacking in courage, highly in
need of a piece of paper from a wizard
in an Emerald City. Might as well ask
for a new heart and a brain while you
are there. Without a woman on
your journey, you are nothing more
than a bumbling fool hitchhiking on
the side of a yellow bricked road.

So I add cowards to my list of the
traits I despise in men. God was
shocked and aghast when he
saw me kneel to pray. I hope one
of your war buddies never needs you
to save a life. I've cuddled and fondled
that empty space inside of you, where
courage should live. All I felt was a
whole lot of emptiness.

Robin Bennett

No More Goody Two Shoes

I admit, I lie and cheat,
my goody two shoes,
haven't fit since I-
was a small child.

My last year of university-
taught me more,
than poetry and my,
snobby French speak.
The local frat house parties,
brewed rebels in a
vat of homemade moonshine.
Just like Grandpa did.

It was March,
and the oak trees,
began preening their-
leaves and camilla
blooms for the
seasons that lay ahead.

Oh, how I remember
that Friday night.
Amazingly how a-
pickled mind recalls
a bag of sins so easily.
God and his bag of tricks!

His name was Charlie,
and he invented perfection.
Looking back, the red dress,
I wore was a walking ad
for pure smut.

When I sobered up,
I gathered my dirty laundry,
and one hell of a hangover and
left my morals on the night stand.

I still like Vodka,
red dresses,
and God.
For some reason,
I stopped speaking French.
It sounded vile,
ever since that night.

Robin Bennett

No More Suffering

Suffering is for Jesus-
and the crucifix
I had screamed long enough
"let me go, "
Now, I am a just a
premature memory
Laying motionless
in this inhumane box
Fertile soil shrouds me,
six feet deep

I'm a young-
dead person now
Soon I shall be
only useless dust
I wear a shiny marble
name tag-
Telling strangers
my name and birthday
Not surprising
that no one seems to care.

Robin Bennett

Not A Clue

Maybe it is the flavor
of your words-
tasting the
sweetness of honey
now I bite into a rhapsody
of sour apples
each leaving behind
a lying aftertaste
breaking my privacy
in December
to ensure a flood
of April showers
you'd do anything for
your May flowers

Maybe it's the way the winds-
blow across
the olive trees
half way around my world-
triggering memories
of you-
lost in the call
of the vastness
of the Atlantic
my heart-
died there in March

Maybe it is just-
an issue of time
Quiet is-
when you haunt me
memories now
shackle me-
calls for help, fall on
deaf ears
does anyone see my dying-
just a shell of a woman
left to find-
cause of death a mystery

the evil blame-
Miss Scarlet in the library with the Candlestick

Robin Bennett

Nuclear Winter

Maybe it's the way the
winds blew-
across the coast
that spring. Lulling
me into
a murky
state of mind.
The calendar
whispered spring's song,
but the month
of May was
strangely cold.

Blindsided by
the daily news,
Headlines, screamed
cancer.

Daddy, please don't go.

Every now and again
the grey oyster sky
would part, shining
a brief nightlight
on my current
walk with doom.

Daddy, not you too.

Each morning
as his light faded,
and the cancer
ate hope-
My heart bled out
dying faith.

Daddy, please don't leave me.

October

came and death
stole him from
me.
My emotions now
frozen in
the depths of
a nuclear winter,
Hiroshima stares
back at me
when I gaze
at my
reflection in
the mirror.

Robin Bennett

Oak Alley Plantation

Standing alone
shadowed by the great plantation-
Lazy muddy Mississippi
wanders by
Eyes locked in a gaze-
under her mighty oaks
Nostalgia from ages ago
now imprinted on her soul

Souls of slaves
inhabit these grounds-
Do you not hear
whispers of clinking metal?
One lone cup
holding water
from a well
Single reward-
for each slaves daily toil

A gentle southern breeze
sashays by-
Aged oaks breathe relief
Secrets carved-
within her sturdy branches
For eternity-

Rebel flag still flies-
testament to a past era
Still unyielding-
to southern pride
Bathed in beauty
Caught in time-

Robin Bennett

Oblivion

Love is so short, while oblivion is so very long,
My head cradled softly in tune with my sad song.
I find myself all alone in this dismal crowded place,
Walls caving in on me now; free me from this space.

I hear the whisper of gentle winds; far away and taunting me-
Seeking a pardon for my mistakes in life; somehow set me free.
Truth be told, when the glass begins to break and shatter,
My heart follows, in tune with the cadence of the matter.

Sometimes love is nothing more than a snake in the grass,
Other times, it's pure and glows with the beauty of stained glass.
At times life grants you a once in a lifetime shot at love,
Just as easy, life can show you heartache you never dreamed of.

Never leave this life of yours dreaming of an answer to ' what if? '
Do not dare tempt fate by trying to cling to the edge of a cliff-
Spend each day as if it is your last; take time to open up to say,
I love you to each and everyone that you care about each day.

Robin Bennett

Off In Lala Land

There is a place I'm headed and it's not very far,
it's name is la-la land, it rests under the northern star.
Home for the broken hearted, the lonely and the sad,
covered in lush flowers, dripped in honey; and lush lily pads.

Within it's borders contain a fountains of dreams,
paradise for the hopeless, winding through clear streams.
Slumber is filled with peace on clouds of dreamy sleep,
no need in this land does one ever need to count sheep.

Each night the stars dance in harmony with a faintly tune,
all while lingering under the guise of a brilliant clear moon.
Trade winds blow the scent of jasmine through the air,
serenity and calm are now yours to share.

So when the day is long, and the fight is hard,
the key is tucked away in a corner in your own backyard.
When the need arises and it's peace you do seek,
I shall be waiting for you near the sunshine creek.

Robin Bennett

One Hundred Years And A Day

When the dust begins to settle in say-
One hundred years from this very day.
Will you be at my side wrapped in eternity;
Or shall we stay soaked in uncertainty?

We both know that being alone is my fear-
I've made dreadful mistakes to all I hold dear.
So before the dead end sign comes along,
Let the light guide us to the stage of our swan song.

Hand in hand or side by side, it's down to you and I-
Before one hundred years pass and long before we die;
Love me here in this instant, and in this very day,
In this moment, I am within reach to meet you halfway.

Always the peace maker am I, no joy is found in spite-
Whether in love, friends, or to those who hear the words I write.
So before one hundred days pass by in a flicker and flash,
Find joy in each day, before these words burn and fly as ash...

Robin Bennett

Our First Night

I put on my sad little dress,
the one with the gaping
holes from the
moths trying to
eat me alive.

It's the perfect compliment,
to accentuate my
flood of tears. I'm naked
without them. You always
turn away when I am dry eyed
and bare. I look like a
stranger, you say.

Tired from wiping puddles
of salted water all night,
my eyes cry out
dead red.

No need to hide my
sadness when you
visit. This is how
we met. Remember
our first night?

You spent the entire evening
looking for a rainbow
after the torrential
downpour of my
waterworks.

All you found was
a dim light, with
moths swarming
all around. I cried
at the sad sight
of it all.

Painted Plastic

Touch me from afar, while holding me near
sing to me gently, call for me blatantly
twirl me around like a ballerina trapped
inside the music box, painted plastic

Sway gently with me to the sounds of
music being made within these blue walls
Help me to breathe, as air is pulled
from the room, as passion takes her place

Light the way, little girl lost
one hand on reality, the other
losing it's grip off a mountain
in nowheresville

Save me from the floods
of mascara stained tears
puddling in my hands, drowning
...in a boat full of sorrows

Robin Bennett

Part Tragedy, Part Comedy

Slipping deeper
into silent madness-
winds of change
gust a final gasp of chill
Waiting to-
engulfing my mind
Biting air now licking my skin
emotions now buried
in a white snow white lie-

A well known stranger
eclipsed my mind-
lying to my fragile heart
He nurtured deceit as I
choked on my fading pride

Caught in your silken lies
my character dies-
now a footnote in a play
part tragedy part comedy
you left me with cryptic
recycled words of
your quill and paper

Robin Bennett

Piercing Ivory

You have never climbed
to the top of a lighthouse-
follow me in my ivory
and glowing orange flame
a rocky shore below begs
for attention
crashing waves scream in fury
climb me instead.

I hear a whisper on the winds, I'd rather ascend you

Sea mist blows
threatening our intense flame-
with the full moon rising
I feel the push and pull
of the tides
her call clings to us
as waves court the rocks below

Lighthouse stairs
cold and dark
I shiver-
you have never
seen me this way
my pale, blanched dress
rivals my arctic skin
small burn of wax
void of glow...or warmth
ascending to the top
four steps remain-
eternity

Lonely grey concrete
a bleak contrast against
my milky white gown-
a small window view
overlooking a vast sea
memories of the journey
now a fire in my mind

my cold fear
makes you scream aloud

Whispering winds
carry a message,
Luv, I'd need to descend you

Robin Bennett

Pink Drinks

Just another trip to the Gulf Coast-
Me, slightly sober; accompanied
by a two bit friend higher than
the missing thirteenth floor.
Miniature casinos, happy to
play bridesmaids to a Vegas
wedding.

Come Saturday night, I began
to collect raspberries at the
bar. Barely thirty and searching
for fun amongst the humdrum
of it all, I began to drink pink.

With each shake, the bar keep
added more crushed berries.
Vodka and fruit and Biloxi,
my stand in for paradise.

My barstool began to buck
me off like a bull. My stomach
began to churn with disgust
over the color pink, stale
smoke, and ugly carpet.

The next day, I folded.
Pink drinks, gambling,
an high flying friends.
The hangover made
me do it.

Robin Bennett

Pink Sands

Turbulent winds churn my insides, as the sea
screams my name; Flushed without color, a
striking contrast against the soft, pale green.
' Come closer, wander in my dear ' whisper
the cold depths. Sin doesn't reside here.
Turn your betrayed heart true blue. Lose your
pale cast, drown sorrows in deep sapphire darkness.

Voices insides my head scream, you are
but just the ocean. Calming at a glance,
dangerous when blood pours from deep wounds.
A feast for the circling great whites. Signs of weakness
make the kill more appealing.

Maybe from Neptune himself, a gust carries me
to pink sand. Small hands reach out to harness her
beauty to behold. Grain by grain, she sifts slowly
through my fingers. Call me weak, call me sad.
Just remember me as heartbroken...

Robin Bennett

Pinky Swear

Like an uncertain and frightened child
over the seasons, I bloomed into a
determined and prickly bouquet
shallow dreams of popularity were mine

Soon the "in" crowd found poetry quite queer
I was hiding "The Bell Jar" and "Ariel"
from the governing and prominent crowd
I glued my lips shut to rhymes, rhythm and meter

Of course I still wrote, and only showed those
who agreed to a solemn pinky swear promise
they never understood the words (they still don't)
but they know now why I must write

No one jumps for joy, to see my name in print
baby steps along the way to chase a dream
no one to cheer me on, just my pie in the sky wish
Seems now, I'm back to chasing popularity. How ironic.

Robin Bennett

Prisoner Of War

Just another day at a verbal war
cannons fire insults
no cover-
Oblivious in my
well worn camouflage
I stand out-
an easy target
in an aged bunker
I crack along with
the concrete-

A random prisoner
of war
a cold cave-
starving for love
where none
lives-

A life clinging to
daily torture as
I begin to starve-
for someone
to notice me-

Cut by razor wire
only a lonely-
trickle of blood
flows from-
my veins now

I'm dead to you-
useless
worthless
pathetic

Only you hold the key-
to my prison in hell
you swallowed it
now trapped forever-

in your hell

Robin Bennett

Pushing Daisies

Remember starting out, penniless-
I was so picky back then.
Searching only for coins,
facing heads up.
Mamma always said-
" men are a dime a dozen.";
I was broken years ago,
barely able to rub two
nickels together.

Mamma used to preach-
that I needed to find a rich man.
Wealth snubs this side of the tracks-
Success here is to, make it past
sixteen without becoming pregnant.
Or selling your Jordan's
for dope money.

The streets are full of art,
Bright white chalk sketches,
line the streets.
Outlines of the last night's,
body count.
Graffiti, the poetry-
of the streets, marks each
sad and miserable surface.

Mamma, keeps saying-
there are millions of other fish
in the sea. I did reel in
a shark once, but he chewed
me up and spit me out.

So baby, it's still you and me.
Dodging bullets, and eating
fish sticks on Friday nights.
You're spending my rare
coins drinking yourself into
an early grave.

Soon enough you'll-
be pushing daises,
under the wrong,
side of the tracks.

Robin Bennett

Railroad Ties

Overgrown weeds and the unfamiliar poor,
live on the other side of carefully placed
railroad ties.

The scenery was-
sponsored by welfare,
A vision in spray paint heaven-
graffiti the poetry of the streets

I'm sheltered,
I don't speak impoverished.
Children's games once,
innocent pictures
in sidewalk chalk,
now white ghosts drawn
in the streets.

A whole neighborhood of,
crumbling houses, decorated in
hospital green chipped paint.
Begging for a manicure-
In front each cemetery garden,
leaned foliage, all brittle boned
and grey like Mr. Kelly on
his last day.

My middle class mind,
wondered why so much
furniture lived outside.
Bodies scramble to
get the perfect
seat to an action movie.
Ripe with gun shots,
and open air drug
deals.

I smell pine cleaner, boredom
and death. Hope has never
lived here.

Reach For The Clouds

A girl and her dreams interrupted,
by a screeching nazi alarm clock.
Three thirty a.m. wake up call-
Death camp hours.

Thinking of food causes me
to die a little.
I reach for my own black gold,
totally leaded and mainlined.
Ah, my poor bloodstream-
even leukemia doesn't
stand a chance to fester in
these brutal conditions.

I'm not a middle of the
night type person.
Hard to be cheery
at the witching hour.

So I take a look in the mirror,
the face of truth-
Like a tell all biography,
I repaint on my smile in
"undeniably nude"

Not much I can do about the rest-
Now the outside, matches
the inside. Twins once again.

Caffeine high-
and scattering around like a crazed
postal assassin, any imagined cool
I desperately clung to,
went flying out of the ozone layer in
a matter of seconds.

Trapped in that tin can in the
sky, kidnapped on the winds-
I remember when our love said

climb, climb, reach for the clouds.
Suddenly we were left on a final
bumpy approach without our landing
gear in place.

Robin Bennett

Read To Me

I never hold back when
it comes to
relationships.
You get the unedited
version, just the cold hard
facts, ma'am.

The good, the bad and
the truly ugly.
Most times, I'm a cover
to cover read.
A real page turner.

My truth is stranger
than your fiction
sometimes.
I'm a take it or
leave it
kind of girl. I fall
fast and I fall hard.

When it implodes in
my face, I get up
and brush off the
dusty ruins
you left
behind.
Then, I send you
the bill for the
dry cleaning.

You'll never see me cry
over a man. I save my
tears for my pillow, a glass
of fine champagne and
an Elton John
classic.

Red Stilletos

Red stiletto heels tap a sinister beat
On slick marble steps
Leading to heavy maple doors
Access to the Chapel
She's not there for Mass
She is there as a test
A chilly breeze greets her

Do I dare dip a finger In the font of Holy Water?
Water boils, then bubbles with steam
Heat rises to a crescendo
The sinner laughs at the Godly reply

The click of the heels
Echo through an empty church
She calculates her way
To the alter in front
Passing aged wooden pews
With their well worn bibles
Her black dress and sin stained lips
Just part of her mask

Saintly glass stained with rainbow hues
Begin to crack
The icy breeze has morphed
Spinning a ghastly gale wind
Sending shards of stained glass
Flying about the holy grounds
I must make it to the altar
To stand under the crucifix, she mutters

The place where the father pontificates
She recalls from days since passed
Her ivory skinned hand, so pale
Whispers a touch of the cloth
Seemingly to recoil from the breach of evil
She picks up the chalice
To drink the wine of the holy

Swirling winds extinguish
Each candle lit by the flock
Now a church lay in ruins
At her devilishly heeled feet
A test failed, she thinks to herself
Doomed to hell, am I
Silently she slithers out

Robin Bennett

Remember, I Knew You Then

I now wonder was it a facade,
or a heartless games of trickery?
Thousands of miles away, you
gave the poetic world nothing
but recycled poetry. Hiding behind
your British accent, you felt safe and
in command.

Each willing heart you preyed upon
received the same story. Seems I wasn't
quite blindsided as the next. I figured you
out in world record time. I knew too much,
so you got rid of me to save your routine.

You are sinking and you know it. People are
jumping ship by the day. Soon it will only be you
and your internet girl friend. Your members have
long since tired of the e-harmony twist. It's a poetry
forum, not the invasion of the Hallmark cards
showdown competition. From what I've heard I don't
think you stand a chance in that either.

Once you cared about poetry. Maybe it was just
another round of old pieces dug up from long ago
and presented to you latest lonely and down on
herself victim. Easy pickings if I do say so myself.

Robin Bennett

Ripped Apart

When life leaves you hanging-
In gallows night-fallen grasp
Then betrayal comes calling
Stone in hand, at my cloudy
Fortress just a house of glass

Illusion in hand, my heavy footsteps-
recoil in fear from summer.
A high citrus sun drips bitterness
and rains down malignant clear lies

Hide where everything can find you-
Can you see me tucked neatly away
Where our initials live chipped in bark
Now an obscene sight, if I may say so

I paid for my choices in spades-
Never once did I enjoy playing poker
With you or your sword wielding friends
You always folded and scurried away

I'm left to sit stony faced, built with cracks-
clutching tight my strange luck and black cat
pondering my future while standing alone
under this vacant ladder in the empty library

At times I catch my mind searching for you-
Then my disgruntled alarm begins to sound
Warning me survival is for the fittest
Certainly that disqualifies me

I see and hear the noise of my very own voice-
Nothing but barrels full of uncommon nonsense
Driving me to the outskirts of a wayward exile
While death follows a bit closer with each passing year

So see, you left me with something close to nothing-
Which is more that I possessed at the start
I thought the iceberg to be an hallucination

Until it ripped a huge part out of me

Robin Bennett

Rock, Paper, Scissors

Scissors cuts paper
my lines now scattered letters-
Left alone
to stagger
making no sense
standing on their own
A mass grave-
of a lonely alphabet
no rhyme, no reason-
Just secrets and treasures
sliced apart, left to blow in the wind-

Sharpness-
piercing ivory lined paper
each slice deep-
Words pour out
from open wounds left behind
Blood, sweat and tears-
hold evidence of me and our words
Escaping dreams
seeping out from every living
inch of me-

Paper covers rock
but not when that rock is your heart-
Reaching down
you crumbled me first
then tossed me
away-
Leaving me as
nothing more than
trash talking words
Silenced and-
searching for an
utterance of anything

Robin Bennett

Rudely Sedated

When I turn to blow out the sun
facing west and staring at a
tomorrow born in Asia.
I've yet to find out what tonight
holds in store for me.

Your breathing slows within minutes
I've always been jealous of this feat
sleep comes easy to you.
My concoction of medication even
fails me at times. Then I am just
rudely sedated.

Thankfully, I'm not one to lose my
fortune in midnight shopping of
one of a kind bric-a-brac. Instead, I realize
I can't even do the simple things. Those
that come naturally to most.

I speak quite fondly of a woman
goddess, my muse- Melody. My bizarre
relationship with an imaginary friend,
you call it. Followed by "you are too old for that";

You are the high and mighty
that tells me all about life and normality.
Have you not yet realized I am not your
cookie cutter type? I don't do plain and
normal. I prefer creative and eccentric
any day.

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

Seek, Dream, Eternity

Why would I choose to love you?
Maybe the way your eyes
Haunt me-
It's your voice that
Soothes me-

Do you still choose to love me?
Are my blue eyes
Still aglow-
Does my voice still
Carry charm-

If you believe in doubt-
Seek within me
Love's truth-
When you seem forsaken-
Breathe my name

When I drift off course-
Return me to
Your light-
When I shiver in the night-
Wrap your arms
Around me-
Seek,
Dream,
Eternity.

Robin Bennett

Serial Lover

Polished morning shine-
Wakens me
and last nights cheap wine
False darkness closes in
as I play dead,
Memories floating inside
my now ravaged head

My body responds with
a quake and crumble-
The higher the pedestal
the deeper the crash
Imploding deep within myself,
Broken heart,
feels like bitter grief

Gravity has sent me
crashing from my perch
Falling down on my
mortally wounded
pride-
I shake as I utter
"why did you let me go"

An unwilling victim
seduced all along-
Another pawn in
your serial lover
scheme.

Robin Bennett

Seventy Two Hours Of Internment

Right on cue, here comes the bland-
colored crazy wagon to take me away;
Hopefully this time, they packed a,
straight jacket in my size and color.

Lock me up again, inside frog green walls-
where zombies shuffle step their way to,
some insanely stupid session where souls,
sleep walk, and drool through the madness.

You sent me here, you vengeful mad fool-
land of the walking dead, drugged bliss;
a rainbow cup of pills, reminding me,
of assorted candies in a child's Easter basket.

Gladly, I lap them up with putrid tap water-
the shower reminds me of a gas chamber at Dachau;
I'd rather linger in the stench of insanity, thank you very much!
Seventy-two hours locked up, could make anyone mad.

I don't belong here. Yet this is part of your master plan.
Will you cram me on a cattle car to send me away next?
Maybe you will insist I refer to you as IL Duce or the Fuhrer now-
Well you can take your evil plans, your ugly mustache, and odd words,
And just leave me the hell alone, before I overthrow your mad rules.

Robin Bennett

Shades Of Rum

Dozens of cousins up early the morning after
mini bar maids handling watered down
fruity cocktails shaded by paper umbrellas
adorned with plastic mermaid swizzle sticks

Taking turns squeezing the fruit
soaked in vodka and shades of rum
knowing why the grown-ups loved fractions so much
always talking of "a fifth of this or a fifth of that";

Seems the more drink glasses we found
led us to half open purses or a pair of heels
tossed aside without thought or care
the more drunk pineapples I ate, the less I cared

Robin Bennett

She Never Left A Letter

Save me from
drowning please-
Just let me live
until tomorrow
I shall die then
when I bake
my head in the oven.

I will not bore you
with my
words-
on a letter
You ignored them in
life-
Bury them with me.

Thinking maybe-
we should talk
this night, that huge
picture box mutes
my words. You say
that you may have a
moment to fit me
in between your
mindless shows.

Desperately, crying for
help-
I swallow a handful
of yellow sleeping
pills and carry
Jack upstairs
to accompany me.
I sleep and count
useless sheep.
Quickly a foggy Hendrix
haze takes over.

I remember my dreams

of Titanic again
I survive-
only to have my
life jacket pierced
by remnants of
the original
iceberg. So
either way
I end up
drowning in
a empty life boat
of sorrows.

Robin Bennett

Sinner

I've never been lost in a naked forest-
where limbs intertwine on the ground;
wrapping each other as if trapped in a cocoon.
Sharp jagged edges sound the howls of the coyotes-
teeth just waiting to rip my heart out;
Twisted patterns keep me prisoner-
wailing tears that no one hears,
knee deep in brush and rotted animals.

Lost now this morning, naked in your bed-
now both pretending to sleep.
Covered in shame, rotting in misdeeds;
I shower, the razor drags across my legs-
as if the coyote ripped them apart, blood runs pink.

You hear my screams, and ignore them-
the pain just builds upon itself.

I've scrubbed my body raw trying to wash my sins
they cling to me like humidity on leaves
we manage to mutter a good bye; I leave soaking wet-
The city stares at me, judge and jury for my sins...

Robin Bennett

Songs Of The Witching Hour

My life has gotten stranger
through the years-
just last night flannel clad
boys serenaded me at
my window at the witching
hour-

Boys, with shrill voices-
much too young to
be singing out loud
at four am. Disturbing
my loneliness. Tossing
pebbles at my quiet window-

I was sleeping soundly
with myself tonight-
alone with my dreams.
Lulled into a tranquil
valium haze, calmed
by the pelting of a
purple rain against my
window.

Still calm like a fine wine,
on a pink beach I turn up
the Cold Play song and
swallow another pill.
I can no longer remember
if the barber shop quartet
was even anything but
a dream.

Robin Bennett

Sooner Rather Than Later

In a windowless room
hiding from life
I revel in dark serenity
I'm joined by the chatter
spoken by the extinguished

Stepping blindly through a maze
contradicting thoughts swarm
as each begins to sting pale flesh
biting again my reality
or creating the fear I breathe

As I hide, no one cares to seek
my pain is their ignorance and bliss
I make my peace with
my meager utterances
Just paper blowing in the wind

A key and turn of the lock
my signal to retreat
from battle, I have
raised my white flag
surrendering happiness

Laughter has died
melancholy strings are
the only music I hear
You've raped me into
a flicker of a girl I once knew

One day, sooner rather than later
maybe I shall find freedom hidden
in death, for now I can only cry out
to a life that has been anything but kind.

Robin Bennett

Soundtrack

If you see me drift off to the days of old,
If I begin to wistfully long for stories we told.
When sweet memories strike a familiar chord,
I sometimes travel to where you and I are still stored.

Cherishing each little whisper, each moving beat,
Those moments together, times were so very sweet.
Play me over and over, hold me with each pulsing move,
Just by the way desire leads, it's evident the music approves.

Set the pace, what are you feeling tonight; fast or slow?
I know this melody by heart, matching each note, every flow.
Spin me around, as the tempo reaches a fever pitch,
You lead, I follow; a tango, a waltz, now an upbeat switch.

I never want to leave this place where my carefree days dwell,
With the flip of a switch, or a turn of a dial, I never must say farewell.
Here in the real world, amidst the horror, war, hunger and strife,
It only takes a second to send me soaring to the soundtrack of my life.

Robin Bennett

Spotted Leopards

They say a leopard never
changes it's spots. You
are spotless now. I wasted
my time painting
black circles onto
your body. Desperate
to keep things the same.

The rains came and
washed them all
away. Black puddles
of pathetic hope.
Your numbers are
dwindling, extinction
is near.

Without your spots,
you are common.
Just like the rest
of the pack.
Hunters in search
of easy prey.

You used to carry
yourself with a bit
of distinction. Your
spots set you apart
from the rest.
Now, I can hardly
recognize you.

A herd of plain
leopards circle
me, in for
the kill. And all
I see are
spots.

Strangely Together

The old cobblestone french streets,
are filled with drunks in a never ending party.
Laughter rings out, and we wait,
for our horse and buggy ride.
Strangely together,
still after all of these years.

The air between us is comfortable,
and warm.
It changes along with the gas lights
lining the streets.
A flicker here, a flicker there.

We are complicated. We both know that.
So much love over the years,
has it begun to recede?
Your familiar scent calms me.
Ralph Lauren and ivory soap,
mixed with a warm smell of fine brandy.

I've always been a glutton. Just which type?
Is it your strong and familiar face that I can't
let go of? Or am I just a sad glutton for
punishment?

Riding home, I turn the radio as loud
as you will allow.
Somehow we found silence again, and
I don't want to hear it.

Robin Bennett

Still Your Hostage

Turning me into a blushing married bride,
Never escaping the distance, to lay at your side.
High on smoke from my own pipe dream,
Whispering in silence, while dying to scream.

Words sometimes spark many a heart,
Crossing vast lands, even though we were apart.
A knight in shining armor tends to rust away,
Finding myself caught up in a web of disarray.

Time is now just one more friendly enemy,
Turning back the hands of time, is my only remedy.
What a foolish thought, for a wise girl like me,
A needed life lesson, a grand plan for my heart to see.

Parting as friends? Seems you have other plans-
Yielding power with your superior, skilled hands.
Why do I even bother to claim what means much to me?
You promised me these two final things, why not set them free...

Robin Bennett

Stonehenge

I find it hard-
to understand you sometimes.
Confusing and unforgiving,
in a Stonehenge sort of way-
We stand knee deep
swamped in failed intimacy.

Exhausted and senile-
from wounds of war
I hide, shoulder high
in a delicate depression
Eyes blurry and hungover
from binging on sadness-

You glare at the
nothingness of it all.
Two blue pills girl, I'd sure
hate to see you fall.
Peering through the madness-
invading my brain
I sense your utter
blindness.

My heart is a fading shade
of pink-
glass spun during
the great depression era
It feels aged.
You make no sense.
Like Stonehenge.

Robin Bennett

Stranded

Trapped on an island-
of weathered beauty
raging waters explode
then cough up at the shore
her haunting noise rages on
I hear a lion's roar-
upon an African plain

Stranded alone-
I hear your screams
vocal rages-
deafens my mind
killing me slowly
as muffled sounds
of a dying heart
beat now listless-
while I drown
under my own
ocean's fury of
bubbles-

Painted sky laughs-
at my cheap brush
foam washing on the shores
like a Friday latte
The beauty of-
my world died while
stealing the glory of my soul

A lone shell lies-
on a covered
sea weed shore
it's inhabitant long since gone
all value now erased
I still pick it up-
another addition to my
cheap and useless collection
For a deserted island girl

Superstition

Tonight's full moon caught me
totally off guard. Usually I smell
superstition a mile away. I grasp my
strange luck and hunker down
until the notion of imminent disaster
has passed.

All Hallows Eve, I decided to drink my
way through each ancient greek oracle
in my subconscious. Each Bloody Mary
seemed to taste of the devil's tears.
The liquor crossed my lips, and hell
felt closer with each sip.

Did Friday the 13th hit the full moon
and crash my scattered reflection on
to the broken silver mirror at my feet?

Are you my love, a black cat in disguise?
Killing me with each glance of your jealous
green eyes, mocking me with your nine lives.
You purr in pity as I run from a mediocre life.
Shows what little you really know. I only have
to survive this hell once. You, my bad luck
friend will suffer over and over.

Halloween gives herself freely to those
who break and bend at insanity. For one night,
we are just another face in the crowd.

Robin Bennett

Tales Of A Christmas Birthday

Maybe it was because I was-
born on Christmas Day
that made me
this way

So many of my birthdays
were forgotten amongst
the holiday cheer
It never bothered me-
the day is reserved
for Jesus and for close
family-

With my parents now gone
I sit lonely at my in-laws
house where I am
semi politely ignored
Not one single
utterance of
Happy Birthday-

I've always been
the outcast in
that family-
What was once
the best day
of my life
has turned
into cheap
gifts and whispers
behind my back

Oh Mom and Dad
how I miss you so!

Robin Bennett

Tea For One

Days lag in a world-
Where no one exits
Just a prelude to the solitude
That governs the next-
Momma and Daddy
drink bigger bottles now
I'm left in a small child's
world of make-believe

My world of lolly-pop trees-
and gumdropp clouds
Now blue birds-
sing the melodies
Momma used to sing
She swapped feeding
me my bottle
To chugging
back her gallon jug

I don't even cry any longer-
So much pain
when they scream
for me to shut up
Whisper wind quiet
Sounds only my kind hears

It's tea time for me
Mr. Cherry Bear and Dolly Madison-
I pass out the cookies
from last night when
Momma and Daddy
fell asleep on the floor
My room is still so beautiful
When they used to care for me

Now I'm alone
and no one cares about
a tiny, scared little girl
Trapped within her imagination

It's the only freedom,
and peace that reside here

Robin Bennett

Tea With The Cheshire Cat

I must have fallen down the looking glass-
and willed my common sense
to the Cheshire Cat.

By afternoon tea, I was fluent in
doublespeak, dripping absurdity.

How does a person fall for
a typist, a poet, a European
no less? All is quiet, as we burned
the midnight wires of technology
carrying on like fools. Soon,
we are planning the great escape.

As soon as it happened, it was over
and done. The Mad Hatter of
recycled poetry. Used words shared
between each victim of prey. Same
words, same stories, different girl.

An easily embarrassed forgotten
memory. They patched me
up and the Doorknob sent me
on my way. I felt less and less
each day. I think I felt nothing
to begin with at all. He is just
someone I used to know.

* all references to Alice in Wonderland by Lewis Carrol *

Robin Bennett

The Bottom Of The Glass

You always are the one that tries
to remain optimistic, while I hang my
hopes on a long distance star.
I see Saturn and her rings, carefree
spinning in the night. Your down to
Earth outlook, is quick to point out
my never ending supply of pipe dreams.
Seems they all go up in smoke anyway.

Maybe I've put too much stock into Saturn,
I'm hoping Mars doesn't turn away in
a fit of jealousy. Her red surface and
unbearable heat, seem like a prelude to
hell. We've never been close for that reason.

So, again I falter. You with your glass half full
of Milwaukee's finest, as I sit trying to make sense
of the tea leaves in the bottom of my cup. I remember
the day I stop believing in faith. For now, karma and
superstition guide me.

No black cat paths, I avoid ladders. Never open an
umbrella indoors. I stay locked up every Friday the 13th.
No sense pressing this strange luck. I supposed things do
look better when you view the world from a bottom of a
glass filled with liquor.

Robin Bennett

The Good Die Young

My windows might as well
have iron bars.
I'm trapped inside, courtesy
of my own pain. I swallowed
the key months ago.

Creeping noises in the night-
go un-noticed know. A figure
in the dark corner howling
her high pitched cries; stirs
no one.

Just another entry on a
to do list. Pick up
pills, so I can
function somewhat.
I've grown accustomed
to being lonely.
I feel safest
there.

Trapped in a
dying cocoon.
Away from peeping
eyes. Especially
from that odd
child named
Tom next door.

They say only the good
die young. What in
the hell am I
still doing here?

Robin Bennett

The Good Wife

Parting lips that have never met,
One lapse in judgement; future now set.
Expel the truth, breathe in the lies,
Passion was yours, ending in your cries.

Reach for me, I stand in your dreams,
Vanished from life, agony in your screams?
Lie awake to drown in our plans,
So common are you without my hand.

Bodies as one that will never meet,
Lonely thoughts for your silken sheets.
At midnight gale, when you wake,
Remnants of me in you shall never shake.

You taught me how to cry, left me unable to trust,
Shiver alone with unfulfilled images of frenzied lust.
Enjoy your future of a bland and ordinary life,
As I remain here, playing my role of a good wife.

Robin Bennett

The Hello Kitty Burglar

I'm still traveling the high road-
seems you and your
bitterly, yellow tart
are stuck on that
lowly path to
dullsville.

I imagine it's charming to have
a girlfriend who still skips
and carries a "hello kitty"
backpack. Perfect for
storing what is
left of your
dignity.

Even with her obnoxious
fuzzy slippers, it's still
so very easy to hear
her creep up
from behind.
Poised to steal
the candy, like
the baby she is.

There was nothing really
between us, until she showed
up. So take your hard hat
hearts, while I grab a front
row seat for the
inevitable crash
and burn.

Robin Bennett

The Long Lost Italian

Always the chore to listen
to my words! You once were
fluent in English, that was before
you became a long lost Italian.
Three cheers for Columbus
discovering you and the
New World!

Your selfish nature bugs
the hell out of me. Not to mention
that stubborn streak; firmly imbedded
in your spine. Stop beating me into
tiny pieces with your hate filled
remarks. I was certain we
left those on that grotesque
couch in our therapists office.
Remember how it looked?
Covered in a hideous
orange velvet and worn down
and beaten with it's
own share of problems.

Words are my life. Family is my love.
You respect neither. Each is a
thankless job. I shall spin my utterances.
Keeping them safe, out of harms way.
My sole possession. Never have
they been community property.
What will you think if these works
make money when I am a member
of the dead poet's society?
I can imagine the lies now.

Robin Bennett

The Moon Said To Listen

Thinking he was as interesting as Mars,
British and ruddy, and false as a crater,
naive to believe two moons orbited for him
He was heard howling at,
silver moons like a blind coyote.

For one winter, I was one of the moons,
faithfully I rose every night,
spinning sultry and white hot.
Even in dreams, I would not be eclipsed.
You only saw another flicker of ideas,
hiding behind your Galileo speak,
and Van Gogh Starry Night's,
you then took a shine to the pale moon.

You underestimated me.

Now you feel the sting,
of daylight.
Twelve hours under,
her dim witted nightlight,
and her black out nothingness,
has turned you into,
a bag of bleached bones.

Nothing important to,
hang your hat on a pointy star
anymore.
I left you washed out.
You should have listened.

You underestimated me.

Robin Bennett

The One

He wears a blue uniform and has a flimsy police shield,
Spying that pretty blond teen walking alone near the field.
I always find my best prey in these redneck woods,
Nothing but pristine, high quality virginal goods.

Pulling up alongside the blonde in the school uniform,
The winds kick up and the sky darkens, a perfect storm.
Not a house for miles and oyster grey skies, easy prey,
I'm going to show little miss catholic school an evil day.

So simple to get her into the car even he has to laugh,
The ease of this abduction, Satan must have sent a gilded calf.
Well beautiful girl, they call me The One; what name should I call you?
Shaking and with a soft whisper, she tells him my name is Grace.

Well my dear, settle in and stay quiet and enjoy our little ride,
The property is filthy, and to her horror stands a crumbling double wide.
Take my hand Grace and I'll show you around, this is home for now,
Remember, I am The One and as of now you do only what I allow.

Grace knows not what to do, she's led such a sheltered life,
Her parents are devout Catholics, all women are taught to be a good wife.
She clutches the crucifix around her neck, looking for divine wisdom,
Inside her mind she begs the Lord for strength and entry into his kingdom.

The man known as The One has already had his fill of bible girl,
He wants to make this quick, a nice deep slice and a token blonde curl.
Out comes the sharpened knife, with a tug of the hair and one cut she's done.
The One reminds himself no matter the killing foreplay, the deed is always so fun!

Robin Bennett

The Shades Of May

Once all I had
were shades of May-
dreaming my way through
a blustery February winter's day
insignificant and small
or so it seemed-
now a name for a place
once dreamed

A memory now
that shall stay within me-
tucked away in a place
where only I may see
I can wander there
whenever I need
A place to escape-
a place to be free

So much soul searching
left ahead-
now I dance
in the present instead
always knowing-
there is a special place
that I can fly off to-
just in case

Wrapped up for the future
in a nice little bow-
always knowing
there is a kingdom
from once ago
no matter what time of year-
or time of day
I will always have sweet memories-
in the shades of May

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 Snow Birds Have Come Calling

The Earth is beginning to rock,
ready to change places,
with the Equator.
My autumn is now,
down under it's,
blooming spring.
Your weather really,
is of no concern to me.

Full from double exposure,
to the brutal sun.
Air bubbles clash and explode.
Heaving dry wind.
The color white hibernates,
in a dusty brown sack,
ready to rise with,
Jesus on Easter Sunday.

Now I'm searching for,
red measles on green leaves,
and apple blossoms,
heavy with crisp air fruit.
Homeless birds from the,
north settle in like vagrants.
Their routine settles me,
like air, and fall apples.

Big, bright yellow,
school buses round up,
the children.
All catholic like,
in pleated plaid.
Crisp and oh so neat.
Monogrammed to a tee.
With their noses held high in the,
anorexic air, privileged minds,
complain about the death of
summer.

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

Then And Now

A world seemingly exquisite-
when seen through your eyes
raw elegance mingles
with passion in a tender surprise
carry me into the polished sun
until we sway under the
bleached out moon-
caress me through the lazy
hazy days of summer's tune

You filled my mind
with hope of ever after-
to bury our sins of ages past
spoken from your heart
was this the delirium at long last
seduced my trapped spirit
so as love explodes anew
was my love visible
through the portal
of my baby blues-

Caught between the
here and now-
uncommon nonsense
now replaces our vow
you were the one that
tossed me to the wind
Wrath consumed you-
now a demon of the sinned

When night begins
to blanket me-
and I shiver from loss
maybe faded emotions
will tumble and gather moss
I shall reach for you-
in my land of dead dreams
when it is all but a lie
and nothing is what it seems-

Robin Bennett

Trying To Make Sense

I'm tired of existing on-
faded rainbows and
water downed lemonade.
I crave the ascent of a good
moonrise, just so I can sleep
off the nightmares
of another mediocre day.

An infant sun bouncing
off the red tiles jolts me
awake. Peace interrupted.
Another abrupt ending
to my mind's grand
theater. Surrendering
to the chaos sure to
tap me on the shoulder
today. Why do they ignore
my waving white flag day
after day?

Bumps in the road, I can
manage. It's the asphalt
sink holes that destroy my
will. Plunging deeper into
the darkness each time
I'm swallowed whole.

No one can hear my
cries anymore. Seven years
of despair even sound unlucky
and oh so vile. I might as well
be crying wolf.

I'm tired of existing on-
faded rainbows and
water downed lemonade.
I crave the ascent of a good
moonrise, just so I can sleep
off the nightmares

of another mediocre day.

An infant sun bouncing
off the red tiles jolts me
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the darkness each time
I'm swallowed whole.

No one can hear my
cries anymore. Seven years
of despair even sound unlucky
and oh so vile. I might as well
be crying wolf.

Robin Bennett

Twisted Sheets

Welcome to midnight,
stripped of color-
Land where today,
trades places with tomorrow;
Where lover's knots,
mingle in twisted sheets.
Time when a stranger in bed,
is common.

Drunk on whiskey,
and high on lust-
No candlelight or
ambrosia live here.
Your prize?
A cheap mattress,
and filthy duvet,
Accented by fake flowers,
caked in sex dust.

Now you lay trapped,
lids glued shut-
Pretend sleep,
is a long nightmare;
Even the dim witted,
moon is laughing.
Splashing his light,
preventing your escape!

Might as well collect
your dirty laundry now-
The stench is,
never easy to wash off.
Ivory soap,
ninety-nine percent pure,
how ironic!
You stand under the water,
until it turns ice cold.

Until We Fell

When I remember you
I think of us drunk-
sipping from pineapples
and paper umbrellas
at the shore-

The wind whispered fury-
with her salty breath
attacking sand dunes
and spreading secrets

When the sunset-
married the horizon
the tide changed
with the pesky moon

Dying messages carved
in the sand vanished-
with the ebb and flow
reminding us love-
is fleeting

We loved under
the stars for a-
lifetime
until we
danced off-
the face of
the earth

Robin Bennett

Visiting Home

Today I took a trip back-
in time
Standing in a puddle of
deja vu, smack dab
in my childhood
neighborhood

Oh how things had
changed-
It was full of
chipped paint
dying flowers
and broken cars
I guess age took
it's toll-
Things looked old and
broken

I closed my eyes and-
clicked my heels
hoping for a
gift from Oz.
Finally I ran into
something familiar-
We called it
" the big tree";

The place where
we shared our blood
oath secrets
and carved our
initials and
scared club
vows-

I climbed aged
twisted pretzel branches
and found my prized seat
Aged oak still felt the same-

comfortable and safe
All the carvings were
still as we had left
them
I even managed to
remember our
secret language
Somethings still remain
the same-
As the neighborhood
crumbles around it
That tree holds
some of the
best years of my
childhood.

Robin Bennett

Voodoo Doll

Oh, how rich!
Another strongly worded
letter from your
cheap pen. Even on
paper you now sound weak.

Your common utterances
cannot even gather
sticks and stones
with which to hurt
me anymore.

It was your cheating,
no good, son of a gun
heart that fired
that first shot. I bled
until I was numb.

Funny, I bought a
rag doll yesterday.
I stab pins into
it all day.
I named
it after
you.

Robin Bennett

War Crimes

My pain grows deeper as your voice rises,
As sanity bounces off weary blue walls, I paint
a fleeting glimpse of an absurd woman. I stumble
to find a matching sarcophagus, to preserve
what remains of my futile beauty, as my insides
prepares to mummify and weave their way into
red dust. Common and forgotten, as a two lane
Louisiana road.

It's always been a lie, the part about sticks and
stones and those words that aren't supposed to
hurt, they maim and break even the most
caring soul. When everything has been taken,
there is nothing left to lose.

My eyes are shallow and my smile is quite rare,
I'm cold as marble, frozen and petrified to move.
Night is my ally. My dreams sympathize with me,
they console me. My reprieve passes quickly, as the
brazen sun taunts me with her depressive light.
Another day of war waits for me, with no allies to
rescue me. I fade away at Normandy and become
missing in action.

Robin Bennett

Wash That Man Out

I find it a tad ironic
that spouse
rhymes so
well with
louse.

Always trying to
get into my head.
Oh how you
bug me
that way.

Seems I have
spent years
trying to
wash one man
or another right
out of my
hair.

Yet you all
manage to
cling steadfast
to each strand
of hope.

No matter the
condition or
noxious spray
I use, our
problems
just multiply.

I could easily
scratch my
eyes out,
for letting
you get
under my

skin.

Robin Bennett

Watch Me Burn

My house fire has been
tossing hot embers for
at least a decade. Even the
neighbors soak their homes
in water. I'm smoke choked
and burnt out. Just a tired
old witch from Salem town.

I bought a red gallon of gasoline
for later today. Invitations are sent
to watch me burn in a blazing pyre
at twenty minutes to five. Sweep my
furious ashes under the ugly rug
in the hall. In a spell I will have gone
from to tobacco to charcoal.

Every detail has been checked.
Extra gasoline so others can
have a turn. I'd hate to
leave anyone out. Meticulous
planning for a quick burn. Already
my skin looks ashen and grey.
A prelude of things to come.

Nice party favors, tied up in a
flammable free white linen, with
a crisp orange bow. I glance at
the clock, it's almost the
witching hour.

A sad life is nothing more
than a bad cliché. Here
for an instant until it burns
away.

Robin Bennett

Welcome To America

Lord knows the Mayflower didn't bring
us to America. Snooty Puritans had no
use for us potato picking Irish Catholics,
and our redhead step child looks.
Not to mention our ghostly pale skin
covered in fake measles, guaranteed
us a spot on a broken down fishing boat.

So, we settled in Boston. Full of a never ending
supply of tea, and ironically named New England.
I never understood that name. Should have made
a clean break and cut all ties, if you ask me.
Soon Boston became our own mini Ireland, with
perks. Goodbye kilts, no more bagpipes twenty
four hours a day. Hello to an abundance of
Irish pubs and dark ale.

No more crappy Irish weather, boring tales of Nessie,
and the bland, tired food. America still has four leaf
clovers and rainbows. Even that rare commodity,
sunshine. After a generation or two, seems even
the new england americans became to uppity for
us. Maybe we'd be better off in the south, without
all the stringent etiquette rules of the governing
clique, oh cliques what would the world do with out your
wisdom?

Robin Bennett

When Did This Happen?

I remember when you were my baby boy-
All Thanksgiving turkey sized and
burrito wrapped, nestled in that
special nook crook in my arms.

I was sure you'd never grow up
and run away.
But, you did.
You're all six feet and something, towering
over me. You could beat me to death
if you wanted.
But, I'm your mother. Why would you?

When did you get half way to thirty?
You don't need Mommy anymore,
that's for damn sure.
You have your own house, complete
with a Welcome doormat.
I don't even have to feed you anymore,
you exist on hamburger helper and
frozen lasagna from Walgreens.

You even have sex with
different women.
The bed never gets made in
the mornings either.
You called a couple of weeks
ago to say you weren't
feeling well at all.

My baby asked if I could make
him some soup-
and bring some 7-up?
Sometimes, a man just needs
his Mom.

Robin Bennett

When We Were Shadows

Your shoulders now crowded
with love's golden harp-
no space for my heavy
heart to lie;
Symphony harnessed,
and a pas a deux
mesmerize you. I shall hum my
song of discord in silence,
never to disturb your ballad
to love's new joy.

I'll tend to my garden-
of evolving weeds,
I stand quiet and
listless at your side.
Gazing at a new passion
thriving within you.
Stoically, my friend-
I shall not throw my
tarnished sand
upon your bliss. Alone I will till
the soil of my dying garden
basking in the ethereal-
shimmer of your budding oasis.

Dead roses and live thorns-
adorn my desert. Faintly I hear
harp strings kidnapped
by the breeze. Before I lay burden to
ambrosial scents
of a dawning new love,
I shall toss myself
to my waiting thorns.

Robin Bennett

When Will I Rest?

Just like a black cat-
stalking all hallow's eve
born with nine lives
one life gone
with your torment
on Friday the 13th

Each light dimmed
in dead of night-
my husband caught stealing
the words to our song-
another simply red heart
his six pack of lives-
now drinking me to death

Just blood-
sweat
and tears am I-
a heart without a beat
on loan from the tin man
of Oz-
weighs on me like lead

I recall the January day-
when I died the first time
a rush of words
knocked me-
back in yesterday

Onlookers rushed to aid-
me in my torment
nursing drinks-
instead of me
staring blindly at death

So slow and painful
the next time-
death took the long road
life support for two weeks

plug just out of reach-

Struggling back to stand-
steady on all fours
dying is a true art form-
unlucky lives only now remain

Force fed a glass full of-
poisonous lies, flatlining
as the angel of death fails me
tell me when-
it is my time to crawl into
a lead box cold and dead-

Robin Bennett

Where The Poppies Meet

Carry me to a lush Irish countryside-
To dance a pas de deux, among flowers grown wild;
Soft, gentle rhythms, leaving pristine the painting below,
Carry me to wide open fields, to lie with mother nature.

Pick a daisy for me, he loves me... he loves me not-
Questions long since asked and lovingly answered;
Twirl me `round in your arms, release my tensions,
Brush up against me, in a field of dreams.

Red now transcends delicate daisies, poppies mingle-
Opiate intoxication, aided by love's sensual peace;
Fall with me now, crashing atop a field wild and vast,
Two souls sing sweet cadence, devoured in simplistic beauty.

Red and white tangle amidst loves presence-
Serenity...passion...peace, grace our world;
No one exists, in our secret field,
Two hearts unite within meadows of red and white bliss.

Robin Bennett

White Hot Chocolate

Late into night, fire ablaze in hearth and heart,
Talking, laughing, planning, a perfect new start.
This grand house, once again feels like our warm estate,
Again reunited safe in the arms of my only soul mate.

Drifting to sleep wrapped safely in your arms,
Dreaming of the captivating ways of your charms.
From the day we first met, my heart quickened it's beat,
Feelings washed over me at once, that of white hot heat.

Lazy, hazy Sunday morning, you wake me with a treat,
Hot cocoa, with a cream heart, you said a gift for you my sweet.
Just the two of us now, planning to start with a baby of our own,
Why not start now you whisper, I lay back and begin to moan.

Robin Bennett

Why Did You Leave Me?

Mom why did you run from me,
Escaping to Heaven,
no less; I found you cold,
frozen, and so very dead.
Screaming alone to
my now terminally ill
mind.

Seventy two years and fifteen days-
since your birth, you had enough
of this world. You perished all alone.
I called you that Monday,
knee deep in problems
as usual. No answer.

I packed my burdens,
and came to you
to wash them
away. Instead, I found
the light had faded
away.

I was dead now, too.
You perished in
your bed. I prayed
you were dreaming,
but I was living
a nightmare.

My empty shell, climbed into
bed with you and cried. Before
help came, I was left to pry
your rings from your blue
dead fingers.

Robin Bennett

Winter White Hiatus

I'm quite well versed
in being alone
Being lonely
is where I fail
Collapsing inside
these asylum chic
pea green walls
just screams crazy-
And I'm beginning to
answer-

Maybe it's the paranoia
talking, but these walls love
me more that you ever
did
Honey, you were most
lousy at romance.
Remember the last gift
you gave to me?
A card, with a beat up
I owe you for some
gypsy reading
I didn't need.
By then the
writing was
on the wall.

Finally, I left you and
your paper bag ideals
behind in my
rear view mirror.
I took my jar
full of pennies
from heaven
to pay for a
winter white
hiatus

Woodland Dance

You love when I
dance free in the grass-
Stage set,
audience of one
a backdropp of trees
Unbridled
free to twirl and spin
Like the earth-
constantly moving

Gravity takes hold
yet my spirit soars-
Pausing
to catch me if I fall
Unlike my dreams
that cascaded from the sky

Evening saunters into obscurity-
Your eyes ask if
we can spend the night
Two souls shaded by trees
Basking beneath grateful stars-
Abandonment cast in dark silence

I answer yes, just keep me safe.

Robin Bennett

World War Iii

He woke angrily-
in his usual Henry VIII
sort of way
Chills breathe against
my bare neck;
past horrors of the guillotine.

I feel the trouble brewing,
stale coffee waiting
for a trigger happy start to WWIII
My eyes are tired from
another sunrise in captivity-
Left alone and bleeding dullness.

I drown in panic-
Water streaming from
the shower head, feels like poison from
the death camp gas chambers-

I crave freedom,
escape from your iron curtain-
or even a concrete German wall.
This crazy mind daydreams-
Let me take
to the air in
your Luftwaffe,
I'll fly to freedom-
while you lie dead
in a bunker, alone-
You coward.

Robin Bennett

You'Re So Vain

I wondered why your
decoder ring and
magnifying glass
were missing.
You and that
childish spy
kit.

Caught you
red handed.
Up to the
elbow, feasting
on my secret
stash of
words.

Accusing defenseless
words! You believe
each was written
about you? Even though
you've never
been on a yacht,
or have no apricot colored
scarf; how vain of you!

Never satisfied
with beating
each commandment
like a dead horse;
no not you! You
had to dive head
first into the
vanity pool.
Good luck drying
off that
deadly sin.

So when you
climb off

your dark horse,
you'll see it's
called poetry. I'm
not hell bent on
re-writing the Bible.

Robin Bennett