

Robert Nisbet -- Two Poems

A Café Window

Milford Haven, Wales

History hovers by a café window,
facing out onto a still summer bay.
Motes flicker in a sun of aeons.

The story of the bay, the port, is of trawlers,
shipping seas to Greenland, Finistere,
salt air, the storms, the resolve,

and back in the café, the trawler-wives,
muttering a port's anxiety,
shaping a hive of close concern.

The men are nowadays on building sites,
on tills, in call centres,
but older women here still shuffle spoons,

still turn the shards of that history's jetsam,
with the buzz of their intimacy,
the nearness of their murmur.

Showdown

When the shoots have bloomed,
when that pink April light
is seen again in the mornings,
when the personality's bones are warmer,
Morgan will tell them. Sort them out.

The desk-bound brilliant neon days
are filled with hectoring and memoranda,
with harrying, rebukes and spite.

But one day, soon, in April, May,
June maybe,
he'll rise in Broad Haven to the morning's grace,
his soul's and summer's harbinger,
and he'll stride in, hit office, bust ass.

But for now the neon world, from eight till five,
is hurting him.
He must do something. Must.

Robert Nisbet is a poet from Wales who has nearly 200 poems published in Britain and publications in the USA in *Main Street Rag*, *San Pedro River Review* and *Constellations*. He lives in a small market town within 15 miles in one direction of the ancient cathedral city of St. David's, and 20 miles in the other direction from Dylan Thomas's Boathouse.

