

Robert K. Johnson – Three Poems

The Day And The Night

All these years later,
the feeling that quickened
in us the day we met--

a feeling that stripped
everything around us
that was not a softness
to the softness of love--
still lives in me,

nor have I forgotten
the night when you,
permitted

no other choice,
slowly turned away,
 your face
like a ghost ship
drifting in fog,

and walked down
into the subway steps'
pit of darkness.

Brother And Sister And Seascape

After too many months apart
we get into your car,
drive through the pale November air
to Point Lookout's miles of beach
and park--the only car in sight--

along a border of brown sand
unblemished by any people.
Now and again a seagull waddles
beside the shifting rim of surf
but, finding nothing, spreads

its grey-white wings and flaps
so high it's only a distant dot.
Left behind, the rise and roll
of a hundred little waves
stretches back until it reaches

the haze on the horizon.
Gazing at this scene,
how could we not
 tell each other
everything we deeply feel.

A Card-Carrying Rebel

even before my high school years,
I grinned at the sight of that one house
loudly different from a block's
parade-pretty row of respectable houses;

snickered at that house's peeling paint
dangling from rotted shingles,
the blackened front porch steps
sagging to the left, the yard's

scattered patches of dead brown grass,
a house--how it tickled me!--that looked
like a panhandler standing in rags
between two women in glistening gowns;

 until now, when my dollars
of home improvements have added
only dimes to my property's value
because of the eyesore house next door.

Robert K. Johnson, now retired, was a Professor of English for many years and the Submissions Editor of a poetry magazine for seven years. His poems have appeared in many magazines, and eight book collections of his poetry have been published.