

Robert K. Johnson – Two Poems

When I Rouse

past midnight wide awake
and worries start to burn my skin
and regrets ache in my throat

the darkness offers me
no pity, no help of any kind--
only heavy black silence
hour after hour

 until
the dawn's white hands
untie me from tension,
free me to try the new day

Through All The Years

No matter what bewilderment
I end up stranded in

or what heavy disappointment
pulls me down to my shoes

or what sorrow rushes at me
like black water that overwhelms
my thrashing arms

 always
a forest's solitary cottage
waits for me

and somewhere in its rooms
is a pen or pencil

containing all the words I need
to heal myself again.

Robert K. Johnson, before retiring, was a Professor of English at Suffolk University in Boston for many years. His poems have been published individually in many magazines. His most recent collections of poems are *From Mist To Shadow* and *Choir Of Day*.