

## **Robert Nisbet – Two Poems**

### **Logging, Sequoia**

Along a green deep-inlet  
coast, such trees, such climb.  
Douglas fir, Scotch pine, sequoia,  
mellowed to surviving certainties  
of bark and reach and resin.

Hewn down by sweat and tackle,  
log-hacked and floated down  
Columbia River, Willamette,  
those deep long waters, logging's  
dominion in a calloused clasp.

Bordering time's timber-build,  
the forests now hold history  
in their height. We feel the stretch,  
the leaves rustled by winds,  
seeming to applaud the story.

### **Habitat**

Our coastal town. Land to sea, air to industry,  
shingle to alleyway, breaker to hedge.

Some Saturdays we fear Wino Westlake,  
storming raucous spite,  
but above us is the larger anger of the hawk.

The autumn sea heaves to the harbour wall,  
but in bakeries and factories, butchers, parks,  
there are carving and grafting and cultivation.

In winter, the beach blown grey  
and streets lamplit, friends muttering,  
huddling to shelter, laughter splattering.

Spring, the waves lighter, shimmering,  
and Wendy Westlake, eighteen, pretty,  
serving in High Street News,  
unrecorded in narrative, free from guile.

**Robert Nisbet** is a Welsh poet who has around two hundred publications in Britain and around forty in the USA, in journals like *San Pedro River Review*, *Clementine Unbound*, *Pyrokinecton* and *Constellations*.