

## **Robert K. Johnson** – Two Poems

### **A Kid's Saturday Matinee**

Do you remember  
that movie cartoon moment  
some unsuspecting creature

ran beyond the edge of a cliff  
and--stopping--hung suspended  
above nothing but miles-deep air?

and how, back then, you thought  
this was only a funny  
far-fetched story?

### **Past Midnight In Maine**

Fear begins to prod me,  
so I drive more slowly,  
peer from the highway  
into nothing but blackness

and fail to see--  
it has no street lights--  
the road with the guest house  
where I unpacked my clothes  
this morning. Driving too far

I maneuver a turn-around.  
And still can't find the road.  
So I try--and miss--again.

But now  
a deeper fear,  
a fear beyond all reason  
stirs in me, pounces  
and squeezes me breathless.

**Robert K. Johnson**, a retired professor of English, taught at Suffolk University in Boston, for many years. His poems have appeared individually in many magazines and newspapers. In addition, eight collections of his poetry have been published.