

## Robert Nisbet – Two Poems

### Elsewhere

He's fairly sound in mind, in body  
reasonably so. He shuffles rather,  
dribbles a little. There is much in his head.

There are dances, jiving, swing.  
There were bodies spinning through his senses  
in the gulping awe of adolescence.  
(Nurses brush past him now but their bodies blur.)

The small school on the hill  
where he was known for several years  
as a *young master*. He sniffed  
the scent, heard the stir of scholarship.

Roads the width of Wales,  
the smells of inns and tea bars,  
bacon, coffee and the fellowship of the road.

His family spilling out and through the village,  
the woods and yarns and twine and linseed oil.

His blanket slips. Jacqui straightens it for him, smiles.

### His Writing Desk

Once master of our village school,  
he's described as 'poet and chronicler'  
but no poems now survive him.  
Here though his handsome  
writing desk. Across its lid  
a couple of sprinkled ink-spot arrows.  
In the top right corner  
a few shadowy tea-cup rings.  
We've seen our Great-Aunt Edith's  
photographed severity and might  
have expected saucers or a mat.  
Maybe he had a few brews on the sly.

Then, the single piece within the desk,  
a notebook, just one quarter used.  
There's some history: he's written of  
Port Sunlight, Austro-Hungary,  
the Cunard Line. Then local names,  
Hobbs Point, Llanstadwell,  
Scotchwells walk, the Palace Cinema,  
and just below, My K.  
Six pages of doodled drawings,  
five of them a wealth of geometry,  
triangles, lines and parallelograms,  
then just one page of swaggered floral  
roundnesses. Below that, For K.  
And finally what must surely be  
the titles for three poems:  
Cadences;  
The Lamplighter;  
Springtime and Love: In Perpetuity.

**Robert Nisbet** is a poet from West Wales whose work appears quite widely in Britain and the USA. He is a regular in *San Pedro River Review*, *Jerry Jazz Musician* and *Panoply*.