

## **Paige Roberts – Three Poems**

### **Robin Hood's Barn**

My mother, she chases me through  
Robin Hood's barn with a needle.  
Lick the thread to fit it through  
string dried blackberries and rose hips  
on Christmas garlands.  
Her voice, ferocious yell,  
reverberates off the cloud.  
I feel the whirl of my self shutting down,  
in deep  
Silently, over the cliff.

### **Authority Control**

The tyranny of nouns,  
to name, pin things down  
when what I feel is  
the fluidity.  
Is it possible to observe  
a taxonomy  
of action verbs  
or only to name  
things of material substance?  
Does all material  
reality embody a  
subjective experience,  
a way of being in the world?  
Taxonomy is the interaction  
of the noun and the verb. Is  
this naming inherently  
a moral exercise?  
Do I have to name the pain  
in order to heal?  
imperative of remembrance

## Neglect

The most difficult art is  
not the forgiveness of sins  
but feeling the gap  
between the shiver of sea grass  
and the silent passage of  
a flock of birds  
dancing  
on winter solstice sunset.

The shrieking of the vast  
blue green ocean  
like the shrill keening  
(audible only in his boasting)  
of sons who have lost mothers  
Or whose souls never dwelled  
in mothers' hearts.

**Paige Roberts** is an archivist (at Phillips Academy) and historian when she's not swimming or hiking. These are her first published poems.