Ars Poetica

In the burning arena of leaf-blower and lawnmower whine
I lost my composure, crawled into a dirty car for a quick ride
to nowhere, dead men howling on the radio, angry strangers
sliding past in their air-conditioned daymares. I'm better than
no one, lassoing my longing around this beauty or that, vowing
to read the Upanishads but playing Solitaire instead. The problem
with building the poem mid-air is you have only farm fields for
runways, milo or misery's rows. I was an optimistic child, even
with needles in my little boy hands. I stacked dominoes into
beautiful ruins, watched my parents fight, walked the block

vivid as the moon,
heart a splashing frog, the world
already burning.

Todd Robinson

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