

## **Robert K. Johnson** – Three Poems

### **What There Is To See**

Yes, the midday scenery  
outside your train window  
offers now and again  
a stream's rippling rush of silver  
sliding over

    domes of rocks  
that try to block its path,

plus the sudden stillness  
in the curve of a small lake  
held in a purple glow,  
    but the window also reveals

miles and miles of forest  
with its low droop  
    of dark branches,  
its thick rebuffing bushes  
and shadow-heavy silence,

plus its unseen pulsing bodies  
--like the cumbersome  
    yet quick-footed bear  
that could easily overtake  
your fleeing legs.

### **The Pull Of Time**

Every later day in your life,  
the tide rolls in  
unstoppable,  
    climbs the sand dunes'  
slanting walls and quickly slides back

into the ocean's dark maw,  
    taking with it  
strewn pieces of driftwood  
plus more pieces  
of what lies in your memory.

## Two Sides Of A Coin

Leave an Outpost unattended  
and soon--very soon--the jungle,  
first here and there and then  
everywhere, will re-appear  
until it is all-consuming.  
Who doesn't know that?  
                    But it always

comes as a surprise to see  
a vacant city lot  
filled  
    with rubble stones  
and bricks, plus rusty cans;  
ashes, bottles, and--of course--  
thick weeds jungle-green.

**Robert K. Johnson**, now retired, was a Professor of English at Suffolk University for many years. For eight years he was also the Poetry Editor of *Ibbetson Street* magazine. His poems have been published individually in a wide variety of magazines. The most recent collections of his poems are *From Mist to Shadow* and *Choir of Day*