

Robin Wright – Two Poems

Gypsy Girl Poses for Renoir

Dress dirty and torn,
hair a golden tornado. Cheeks
bloom orange with blush
from flaming across fields,
right hand grips a stem with leaves.

She stares at the man in front
of the canvas with her black eyes,
light oval face, summoning the sun,
nose perfectly set above pink lips.

She wants to yell, *Wait*, wants to tame
her madcap curls, tie them with a red bow,
tap her head with the wand of wood and leaves,
transform her dress into a glimmering gown,
wants to glow like a princess with hope in her eyes.

Gypsy Girl by Pierre-Auguste Renoir 1879

<https://www.wikiart.org/en/pierre-auguste-renoir/gypsy-girl-1879>

Reunion

I got a postcard today
for our 25th class reunion,
Will you attend? Yes or No?

I remember the night you took me
out in your dad's '65 Impala.
You sang along with Sammy Johns
on the radio, pulled over
near a corn field, stroked my hair
while stars winked
through the windshield.
But you were off key,
and I laughed till your lips
closed on mine. The current
of your breath drove down
my body like a hard summer rain.

Now, the moans of our lovemaking
echo in my mind, a lost song
left to play in another life.

Robin Wright lives in Southern Indiana. Her work has appeared in *Ariel Chart*, *Minnnow Literary Magazine*, *Ekphrastic Review*, *Re-side*, *Black Bough Poetry*, *Spank the Carp*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Rat's Ass Review*, and others. One of her poems was nominated for a Pushcart Prize by *Panoply*, and her first chapbook, *Ready or Not*, was recently published by Finishing Line Press.