

Robin Wright – Three Poems

Forest

The sun begs
to share space
with trees,
to wrap her rays
around them,
a lover
spreading arms wide,
leaving bits of light
on everything
she touches.

In the Forest of Fontainebleau

By Pierre Auguste Renoir

Circa 1865-1883

<https://fineartamerica.com/featured/in-the-forest-of-fontainebleau-pierre-auguste-renoir.html>

Granddaughter's First Job

She starts at the pizza shop two months
before her fifteenth birthday,
answers the phone, gives customers
their food, makes change.

When she says, *Ma'am, I'm sorry
but I can't hear you*, the customer
screams her credit card number
then, *Just cancel my fucking order*.

This isn't her first dance with cruelty,
just a bead of sweat born from the motion
of living. She was eight when her mother
passed away. Her first work a tango for one,
leading into all that comes after.

Tear Apart and Tally

For Tina

We played with Barbie dolls
for hours, sometimes stole
her brother's GI Joe, enabled
Barbie to snag Joe in her Corvette,
take him out on a date.
Score one for Barbie.

But Barbie should have learned
from her mother to not be bold,
(good girls don't ask boys out on dates)
to wait for Ken as long as it took.
To listen for the trill of the phone,
hanging on the kitchen wall.
Score one for the Mom and Pop Generation.

The Corvette belonged to Tina's dad,
only taken out for Sunday drives
with her and her brother crammed
in the cargo area behind the front seats.
Score one for Tina's dad.

Sometimes Barbie stole a kiss
from Joe, enraged my friend's
brother that Joe suffered
Barbie's cooties.
Score one for Joe.

Tina showed Barbie how to wrap
her arms around Ken, lean in,
smash her mouth against his,
like she'd seen her father do
with a woman who wasn't
her mother.
Score another one for Barbie.

Tina's father sat with her
at the kitchen table;
her mother stood
at the sink, turned away
from them. Barbie
slapped Ken that night
but ran back to him
the next day.
Score one for ?

Barbie stuck with Ken
in the dream house until her
ex-friend, Midge, spirited him away,
donned her McDonald's uniform,
waited on her porch for rides to work,
wondering what Joe was doing now.
Score one for Midge.

Tina's mother cashiered
at the local grocery, rubbed
her weary feet when she got home.
Tina folded laundry,
made peanut butter and jelly sandwiches
for her brother,
left Barbie at the bottom
of her closet
alone.

Robin Wright lives in Southern Indiana. Her work has appeared in *Ariel Chart*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Minnow Literary Magazine*, *Ekphrastic Review*, *Black Bough Poetry*, *Spank the Carp*, *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 published by Finishing Line Press in October of 2020.