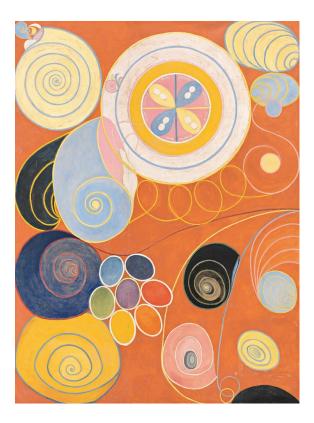
THREE POEMS Sherry Robbins



The Poetry Collection is proud to celebrate National Poetry Month with the publication of Sherry Robbins's *Three Poems*, the fourteenth in a series featuring the work of poets living in Buffalo.

- 2009 Bernhard Frank
- 2010 Ansie Baird
- 2011 Jorge Guitart
- 2012 Ross Runfola
- 2013 Norma Kassirer
- 2013 William Sylvester
- 2014 Robert Giannetti
- 2015 Sally Cook
- 2016 Ann Goldsmith
- 2016 Max Wickert
- 2017 ryki zuckerman
- 2018 Geoffrey Gatza
- 2019 Irving Feldman

Poems © Sherry Robbins.

Cover image: Group IV, No. 3. The Ten Largest, Youth Hilma af Klint, 1907.

THREE POEMS

Sherry Robbins

SOCIAL ISOLATION: DAY 1

No alarm but somehow I woke up before dawn to see the moon and Mars conjunction. The moon was waning, Mars a bright crescent, virus speeding away from or toward its open mouth. They hung low in the south east sky just above the tree line. I tried to take a picture but it flashed back only a bathroom window in need of washing. Still, I saw it. And the not yet risen sun managed to make the sky-just a littleblue and the moon a little gold.

ERECHTHEION

Joy in the throat no birds weather coming

I don't know what my hands are doing

build holes for lightning one in the roof one in the earth below all the way to saltwater build around those holes a place to remember the strike then get out of the way build around the place a city a port

> warships silver mines

It is very quiet here before? after? lightning maybe I've lost my hearing lost the plan

We hate the emperor made him by forgetting weather I am only this age now I am not a container for all the other ages I've been not an urn for ash either Clouds building in the south so quiet

HELIOTROPIC

Now that the branches are bare it's clear how they bend away from clutter

toward light.

We don't have to fall back into darkness forever.

There comes a point

each year

between breaths between seconds even the sun holds still for.

What new form takes shape in the dark? Maybe a bird a tree maybe a girl who loves the light and pulls us all back into its grace. Turn your face that way.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sherry Robbins was born into an Air Force family at Sandia Air Base, grew up around the world, and has called Buffalo home for most of her life. Robbins founded Orchard Press and co-founded Weird Sisters Press, producing letterpress editions of poems. She works as a teaching artist.

Robbins's previous work includes the complete edition of Or, the Whale (BlazeVOX Books), two chapbooks, Snapshots of Paradise (Just Buffalo Press) and Or, the Whale (shuffaloff press), as well as dozens of poems published in literary journals and anthologies here and in Spain and Portugal—including Salmagundi, Denver Quarterly, Dispatches from the Poetry Wars, Earth's Daughters, Bright Hill Press, An Outriders Anthology, Poets at Work, and Resist Much, Obey Little.

Her latest book, Under World, is due out this July from Outriders Poetry Project.

Published in an edition of 300 copies, of which the first 50 have been numbered and signed by the poet.

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