

T H R E E P O E M S

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.

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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,  
crescent,          Mars a bright  
          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 little—  
          blue 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.



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signed by the poet.

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