

ROBYN'S NEST

Paul Vangelisti

The red red robin's bob bob bobbing
for trombone and other unlikely
syllables begotten by the poet.
Wake up, wake up to a dreamy sky
with the sunshine on its way.
How to speak to the melody,
to say words without misreading
the unheard you've forgotten to play.

De beep de bop everybody's asleep,
do wop de beep if we'd only stop
explaining. Deep purple's not unlike
filling the head with lazy hillsides,
surrounding a round of voices,
choices made and unmade in song.
Tea remains ever for two
and party to the absent voices
climbing the slowest confusion.

How to choose now what's missing,
abiding the phrase, obliging
the slide along one more gone idiom.
A fat moon just above the treetops,
too soon to dream, too late to consider
deflating those coy balloons.
Isn't it romantic as a melody
gesturing along the boulevard,
time out of time, a siren's wail
outwilling the weight of darkest night.

