

MICHAEL ROBINS

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*In This Quiet Shop of Song*

Therefore the moment materialized,  
bad luck. It was the dog no one heard

who barked for that question split,  
pretext in the air around the convoy.

A small boy rolled his tire with a stick:  
smoke signal, telepathy, the satellites

that pin the speck of beauty to a point.  
The question tore a sleeve with light.

It was no longer poetry, rather instance  
for the mutual subtraction to thrive.

Rhetorical, it was the cruelest music.  
Whatever cry turned to explanation,

the mourning dove alone struck clean  
like glass. It was weather & forecast,

too true to move against countrymen:  
handsome, then across the periphery

a hand like a question in the sun. Also,  
the stubborn mule tied to a sad piano.