

Robert K. Johnson

Joy Still Comes To Me

like breaking waves that rush
a noon-bright island beach,
but in these years

no matter
how often the shore glistens
with spray flung from new waves,

grey smudges of ground fog--
regrets--have settled in
and never drift away.

Let Us Speak

to each other
solely in words
as sham-less

as our thoughts
when we lie awake
at four a.m.

Under The Weight

of the relentless years
I've learned the fears and worries
I'd hoped to leave behind

are fingernails that will always
tap on the windowpanes
of even the brightest rooms
I sit in

or, like black
hunched-over birds, will always
perch and wait on a branch
of a tree I'm walking toward.