Poetic Vignettes about Life
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I. ‘Strong, strong winds over Nijmegen, Netherlands: Reflections on Palm Sunday morning, 2013’

Trains in the treetops,
You titans of roar
Tearing the skyway
And trenching earth’s floor
You trains without tracks
Your courses unknown
Fast charging, pell-mell
Powerful, alone
Cacophany trains
Tromboning your power
Rage loudly at night
And cymbal the hours
You trains pummel blows
Place thundering kicks
Besiege big buildings
With merciless hits
You trains in the treetops
So fierce in your pride
Yet suddenly cowed
By a rosy sun’s rise

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II. ‘The Last Word’

While my fussy boss enjoys a pontificating tirade,
I smile in silence thinking,
‘Wait till I get out my pen!’

Zap!
When my husband talks ugly to me,
His faults get analyzed on paper.

Zing!
Enter Power Poet!
That’s who I am!

Trumpet fanfare!
My milquetoast, obedient self
Blossoms bigger than bold, brighter than gold
When facing a blank page.

Drum roll!
Quietly confident, the real me commands center stage—
I, a poet with backbone!

Tahdah!
My lampooning pen bleeds blue,
Laughing away those insults with caricatures
And the sting of wounding words with pithy puns.

Kaboom!
The morning’s headline declares my triumph:
‘Power Poet pulverizes opponents!’

Shazzam!
At least in my imagination,
Power Poet wins the last word.

Sigh!

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III. ‘A Friend’s (New) Life’

‘My ex is dead,’ she said, she said.
‘My ex is dead,’ she said.
Collapsing, shocked, she went to bed
When learning he was dead.
Yet dreadful images returned—
Lost years dissolved in tears.
Memory banks dredged up again
So many, many fears
Of wounding words and drunkenness
Of violence and sloth.
The warp and woof of hopes and dreams
Ended in brokenness.
He wielded power in abuse:
Gray smoke blown toward her face.
Such disrespect! It wore her down.
She feared he meant his shouts.

‘He’s really gone,’ she tossed, she turned.
‘I’m free to live,’ she sighed.
‘For even he cannot come back
To taunt and terrify.’