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# THREE POEMS BY ROBERT BRADSHAW

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## **The Good Knight**

Terribly shy, without even a date to my credit,

I longed for the days of knights  
and ladies, as corny as that sounds.

A knight's foolishness wouldn't be exposed  
through body language. As a knight,

visor down, you could stammer out your love  
for Victoria or Pamela or Genevieve  
without the fear of looking stupid

or the fear of having to go farther  
than you were comfortable with.

After all getting down on bent knee alone  
was difficult enough.

Your armor would be proof that you were special.

A girl would be lucky to have you  
and you couldn't mess the engagement up  
by proving your awkwardness  
in the back seat of your dad's car.

It would be enough to hold gloved hands.

The tribe of kids would come later

in an improbable

marriage.

## **The Senators**

*The Senator's Wife*

She blackens her thin eyebrows,  
using a tweezer after wards.  
She rouges her cheeks.  
She dusts her chin.

Earrings as gaudy  
as any warrior's medals  
are hung from her ear lobes.  
She rehearses a smile. Her teeth  
are polished stones.  
Her designer dress  
a testament to class. Everything  
in place she turns  
to her husband.  
If only, he thinks,  
she doesn't unloose  
her reckless  
tongue.

*The Senator's Husband*

His suit is as unwrinkled  
as a suit of armor.  
Butlers at a Washington fund raiser  
have never looked as  
impeccable. He practices  
a smile he hopes isn't  
lewd. He nods at his wife  
that he is ready.  
If only, she prays,  
the fool doesn't  
fart

## **Blue Eyes**

Sheila let slip out, "With those blue eyes  
you'll always be popular."  
"Don't worry.  
we'll always be together," I said. "I swear it."

Years later I'm returning my son  
on a Sunday night.

When we drive up to the curb  
his mother, Sheila, is there.  
She glares at me  
as if I may have broken  
a thousand year old vase.  
"He's okay," I say. "I didn't pour  
Jack Daniel's down his throat."

"I wonder," she says,  
and pulls him away.  
Nothing worries her as much  
as our son's blue  
eyes

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