



Three Poems

by Anina Robb

[Home](#)

[Spring-Summer 2013](#)

[Winter-Spring 2013](#)

[Fall-Winter 2012-2013](#)

[Summer-Fall 2012](#)

[Spring-Summer 2012](#)

[Winter-Spring 2012](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011-12](#)

[Summer 2011](#)

[Winter/Spring 2011](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011](#)

[Summer 2010](#)

[Spring 2010](#)

[Winter 2010](#)

[Autumn 2009](#)

[Summer 2009](#)

[Spring 2009](#)

[Autumn 2008](#)

[Summer 2008](#)

[Spring/Summer 2008](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[Contact](#)

Magical Thinking

Why doesn't he remember me? My daughter asks as she stirs chocolate-chip cookie dough at the kitchen counter. I am caught off-guard with a sticky spoon lifted like a flashlight, wishing it would light the way to an easy explanation.

I run through the possible responses-- he's not himself, he's getting old, he's sick. Yes, I say as if our conversation had already begun, he's been sick since before you were born.

Holding her spoon, thick with batter my daughter smiles. I am a wizard: she waves her raw wand and in a bite it is stripped down to a spitty scepter. We will bring Zeyda my cookies tomorrow. They will help him remember.

The Stain

Will he die? My son whispers from the back seat. Yes.

Each day, my father is fading out:
A slow wash away from names and streets
My kiss cannot cleanse him, cannot control the quivering.

He sleeps when he stops: at the table,
in the car, on the toilet.
It will be a long night.

Through a film I feel myself bathed
in his baritone at the foot of my childhood
bed, waiting for night to take me.

I strap-in my son.

Sitting

My dad's life has been reduced

to this.

My mother says: it's not so bad--
he's settled.

Settled? I wonder.
As if he determined this fate

Resolved to end this way
in a chair, drooling.

Maybe settled like a house
creaking into its frame or settled
like soup the heavier bits
sifting to the bowl's bottom
or settled like a long fight.

But I am decidedly
unsettled. Yet I take a seat
next to my dad. It's all
there is to do now. We sit
down, calm
down sink
down.

Anina Robb is a 43 year old poet living in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia with her husband, son, daughter, cat & dog. She earned a MFA from Sarah Lawrence College, and has published numerous poems in both online and print editions. In 2013 & 2014 her poems will appear in the journals *Juked*, *Florida English*, and *Works & Days*.

Copyright 2013, © Anina Robb. This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.
