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James G. Robinson

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BLESS ME...

Susan Blick Featured Poet

From my baby brother when I was five I took a lop-earred nubby bunny His constant companion had only one eye an ear with an end worn to threads and a tail that was mashed too flat It even smelled like him I am a thief of security

One time I borrowed my best friend's sweater I never gave it back It was soft and pink and when she wore it her cheeks were always flush, her laughter rang like a bell and her hair glimmered in the sun I am a thief of beauty

At seventeen I met a boy and when shyness sailed off the edge of the earth I explored all of him Between the tip of his tongue and the tips of his toes I found the bright new land He ended and began I am a thief of innocence

From my neighbor's garden on a lazy day I plucked two big bell peppers I sat on the stoop and ate them raw to see what tended tasted like I left their seeds scattered on the cement I am a thief of patience I was twenty-five when my grandfather died and how delighted I would have been to dance upon his grave but in her grief I left my mother alone although funerals are for the living I didn't go home I am a thief of solace

When I finally met a man who wore his heart out on his sleeve I was so enticed I know he would have given it to me but I took it - it was easy I have everything I am a thief of love

Then by chance I got a note Folded it held a hand I read it over and over again and stated I no longer waited instead I wrote this I am a thief of inspiration

...HAIL MARY



UNTITLED James G. Robinson