

## Four Poems · *Robin Reagler*

### THE YELLOW STORE

Tonight the moon  
is tiny, gold, just  
enough to make it  
moon and the bridge

which wants to take  
us there begins  
by the sycamore  
tree. Stars drop

from the moon's  
closed eyes down  
to my little  
brother who closes

both eyes also.  
I sing from  
your glowing porch,  
Yellow Store.

What have you done  
with the children  
who made us?

What singing bridges?  
Why this drizzling  
on sycamore leaves?

Repeat that purity:  
beacon, portal,  
moment, star.

We run from  
the sanctified  
moon machine.

## IF I'M BORED SAYING IF I TELL

1

What I am really thinking:  
Bodies of insects  
Sliced—sliced open  
So all the jelly shows from their worm body  
About to be squeezed out  
Onto the table.  
I like the pink parts best.  
I like the gook inside.  
Can I help my hands wanting to do things to their body?

2

No. But I will sit here and wait,  
Drinking my tea.  
Blooding tea (fine fine)  
I will let you know  
When I feel my teeth and want to do things  
To other things.  
I look around in a bad way.  
I look for a correct thing.  
Sometimes I look at my wrists,  
Then my hands start screaming.  
My hands stop reading  
And just scream.

3

I love to watch  
Things on television.  
I don't care about a story  
Or not, just to watch people *do* things.