

Poetry Series

Anastasia Rhobolonskaya
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Anastasia Rhobolonskaya(June 18th,1901)

A Fear Expressed

Shadows creep
Shadows lurk
Shadows wildly dance and jerk
I little fear the dark,
But I am not fond of shadows

Anastasia Rhobolonskaya

I Believe I Should Like To Be A Cloud

I believe I should like to be a cloud
Such a glorious, airy thing!
For I'd close to God in the sky rest,
Where daily, angels sing

If I should soon be a cloud,
I'd float and tease the birds
A puff of breath now, a teardrop then
Away they fly with scolding, squawking words

When I someday will be a cloud,
Living with the blest,
I'll be the far off, peach one, there
Smaller than all the rest

Anastasia Rhobolonskaya

I Felt A Song

I felt a song within my mind
Vibrating through my soul
It and the sun were of the same kind:
A gold-bright joy and brilliance

My song wove the grass with wind
Then stretched small fingers to the stars
It claimed a kinship with Adam before he sinned-
A link no longer ours

It shouted from a mountain to a solitary cloud
I hummed it to a rose
As it in Nature's voice grew loud
Then echoed, echoed, echoed

I saw my song within the trees
Stronger, deeper than I first thought
And it ever more seemed to be
That my small note had changed

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Lost

A familiar face, more welcome than spring
A familiar face, one best beloved
A familiar face, gifts of memory to bring
A familiar face – no more have I.

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Maudie - Part One

The Fuller's house on Rivermont Avenue was close enough to the sidewalk that a passerby's shadow tended to startle them by popping out at the first corner of slate grey siding and remaining close to their side like an intimate acquaintance until the last of Mrs. Fuller's azaleas and the same siding had been left behind. It was rather new, having been built only a couple of years after the first baby had been born; a necessity as the last bungalow became sadly inadequate. The size of the new house - over forty rooms, most unused - was unnecessary however as Maude turned out to be the only baby, as well as the first.

"You promise not to take too long Maudie? "

"I already told you Ma. Of course not."

"Good 'cause I'm going to need those greens for your daddy's dinner. You know how he loves his greens."

"'Course I do Ma. Now may I go? " Maude sighed, knowing that if her mother got to talking, it would be midnight before she could leave.

"Alright, alright, but you remember to be careful! It may be 1924, but that don't mean I think it's proper, much less safe, for a lady to ride one of those contraptions." Setting down the meat knife with all the due solemnity of Cassandra, she silenced her daughter's protest with a hug then clucked disapprovingly.

"Maudie! What are you wearing that for? You're likely to tear it and you know your father can only shell out so much for new clothes."

Pushing away and towards the door, Maude grimaced. "The way I see it, if I'm going to be riding some 'contraption' and attracting so much attention, shouldn't I look decent? "

After shutting the door, perhaps with more vigor than required, her mother's voice stopped as if someone had taken her record off of the gramophone. That's a pleasant thought, Maude laughed to herself. And even better, she couldn't get herself back on the gramophone and would be obliged to wait for me, when I wanted to listen.

For her, racing through the downtown of Lynchburg, riding what she fondly thought of as her "little treasure" and her mother considered a "heathenish contraption", was not simply an escape from Ma's constant attention, or a daughterly shopping duty, but a stratagem: her usual route paraded past Simon's house. There was certainly something special about Simon Lombard, something even she, who had formerly boasted of being tomboy, saw. Ma would say it was that he had pretty eyes, but she seemed to have the embarrassing habit of saying that anytime she met someone who was vaguely her Maudie's age.

Maudie.

She hated that nickname. Simon would likely find that ridiculous; that was a constant mental refrain of hers, one that hammered at her ears with the wind as she turned around at each whoosh of a passing automobile, one of which could be Simon's.

None were though, and Maude glowered as she parked her bicycle outside the store. Inside, the cool, dark air which smelled strongly of the gardenia perfume of Mrs. Haroldson, the proprietress, did little to soothe either Maude's temper or cheeks, both as red as her hair.

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My Heart Lives Again

My heart lives again,
Awakening with a cry.
I feel it stir in my breast,
A beast that can never die.

As it curl out, blossoming like a star,
I know that I will live,
And you will not, though
For that, my soul I'd give.

I live, I love, I laugh
In memory of you.
I dream, I cry, I scream
Of the memory of you.

As you left me, under the birch
Your life spread warm there,
I found new purpose, my heartbeat:
The remembrance of you shall be my care.

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The Fragrance Of Lillies {1918}

What is the meaning of life ended so soon?
Of death, sudden, under the wide eyed moon?

They wakened the children from their beds,
And then on the floor let their blood run red.

They left the last house; carried them to the wood
Quickly hidden where the wild lilies had stood.

Sorrow and guilt lay there for long, almost eternal years;
For them, with only the clouds to shed tears.

They met, together in peace not found in life,
The lark and squirrel, none to start strife.

Over and through their bones grew the lilies, pale through speckled light
As soldiers of honour standing firmly upright.

"We know their names, see their features"
Chanted those faithful, interminable creatures

And though the girls in white dresses and small prince are no more,
They dance and breathe on through the lilies' lore

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The Lion's Weight

A lion lay sleeping on my heart
His bulk calling and kissing the ground
And for fear of what he might do
I resigned to make nary a sound

But the free dance of the gazelle called to my heart
Her pirouettes of ecstatic joy
Seemed a better fate to me
Than that great beast's cruel ploy

Straining and bracing for what ever may come
I lever my scrawny strength against his roar
For I am determined to be rid of his curved claws
To return to that weight no more

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The Patriarch's Prayer

You have set their souls in my hands, Lord,
Given their faith to my keeping.
I am to shepherd them,
Lead them forward through spear and sword.

Have you never doubted me, Lord?
Am I truly worthy of such a role?
Do you trust me so, to never fear
That my human thought profane your word?

They turn to me in the darkness,
Seeing in me, you and your truth.
Elsewhere, men are broken.
Only in their past lives hopefulness.

Give to me your words for this man.
Help your people, o gracious Lord.
In the absence of you, we are nothing;
With your grace, we stand.

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The Permanence Of The Sky

There's permanence in creation
Something eternal in the sky
It watches the rise and fall of many
And knows the reason why
It looks on the finest and coarsest
That we set under it's eye
Musing, admiring, mourning in turn
And though I may soon pass and die,
As I cannot last forever,
There still will remain the sky

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They

They've said it is not meant to be,
Such a thing is surely doomed.
They've said that two and two is three,
Just as everyone knows.

They sigh over our ideas
They reprimand our thoughts
And all the while, from well meaning tongues
Come do nots, do nots, do nots

If we did all they say to do,
One might never visit Timbuktu.
If they could dictate you and me,
What wondrous things we might never see.

They tell us to keep quiet
They say it's not our fight
It often makes me wonder:
Are they ever occasionally right?

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To A Critic

You asked why I so loved the sea
Despite it's cruel salted roar
The answer seemeth clear to me:
When all else changes hour by hour
A wave a wave will always be

I trust not man's meandering ways
They last 'till "Stop" sayest he
And vary from day to night to day
Yet still the sea the sea will always be

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Tune Of The Dispossessed

If you meant me for a martyr,
Why the early morn of bliss?
If you meant for him to leave,
Why that soft, soft kiss?

Am I to dance,
And smile at the sun?
Or eternally bleed,
And from shadows run?

Why did you let me love them so,
If only to tear them from my life?
Why let me hope and dream,
If only to be abandoned to strife?

And is it right to laugh,
Or am I to cry?
And should I try to fight on,
Or let myself die?

What purpose have I, Lord?
Is my course over and run?
Do you wish more from me?
Has life again begun?

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