

rob mclennan

Four poems for my fifty-first birthday

1.

Unexpectedly, bare. A year into lockdown, pandemic,
an unexposed stretch. As a raw nerve,

housebound. The silence

of this great noise.

2.

Sawako Nakayasu: *Say Translation*
Is Art. Untended branches, shedding

burdensome leaves. The difficulty

of elegy, documentary, archive. The temptation
to speak, with hopes

of saying anything.

3.

The audience

ate it up. I can see

no connection.

4.

Parthenogenesis. We all scream
for ice cream. The long former vowel

of the English word “red”: as
a reed.