

# Two Poems

by [Susie Gharib](#) (August 2020)



*Group of Three Girls (detail)*, Egon Schiele, 1911

## A Crisis of Trust

She kissed my cheek, the cordial norm  
in this oriental part of the world,

a form of greeting that now appalls.

I returned the kiss with a softer brush  
from a pair of lips that feared to touch  
any surface that breathed  
or kept its mouth tight-shut.

Herded like sheep for a very long dusk,  
I listen to Pink Floyd in a room that must  
accommodate my every need without the rest.  
He sings to a rabbit to run and run,  
to dig a hole and forget the sun,  
and when the work is completely done,  
it would be time to dig another one.\*

A crisis of trust is bound to ensue.

A sense of forlornness permeates each soul.

The invincible states are tottering before  
a foe with an aversion to water and soap.

\*"Breathe" –Pink Floyd

## From My Hands

Capitals have never appealed to a mind  
whose reclusive bent has shunned all crowds,  
but this non-monastic self-isolation  
is worse than any type of penal incarceration.

Who is going to feed the swans, she cries  
and grows disconsolate when the feeding-time grows nigh,  
brushing toys, books and chocolate aside  
running to the fridge to show me the accumulating crumbs.  
I assure her that God will provide for them  
filling the pond with weeds and worms.  
She shakes her head and mournfully whines:  
They prefer their meals from my hands.

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