

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.

«[Previous Article](#) [Table of Contents](#) [Next Article](#)»

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