

## ANNUNCIATION

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

is always a confusion of identities:

giver, recipient, victim.

Confusion was birth,

something previously not-something set adrift.

Annunciation was adrift,

was gorgeous, a morally

neutral cloud or sea.

Sheer sail attached to

no craft.

## THE TIDINGS

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

Start from what you do not know. Begin with an aneurism  
that parts the brain from itself.

Painless. It was as though you went outside to walk one day  
and then returned another day

to find your hair damp with unknown weather.

You begin again so that you can find an orientation:  
to walk away from,  
to walk toward.

The “good news” is an inaccurate memory.  
Neurological dusk. Errancy of time.

Blood sponging up mind, a new compass. Lostness  
in the end. Lostness from the start. And such

news as this: the blood in love with its pulse, an  
invasion that renews direction.

## "BAPTISM"

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

What if a hand

came from behind,

if it wetted the hair. A gesture that neither

understood nor misunderstood

what the hand could measure

when the sound was not water, was

instead

the fall of nakedness from

the body. The surrender, the squander, the thing

that could not adhere, submerged before its surface.