

Poetry Series

**Robin Pitt**  
**- poems -**

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## Robin Pitt(August 28 1974)

Born August 28th 1974 in Elko, Nevada. A lifelong resident of NorthEastern Nevada. Loves the desert in all it's glory. Simple cashier for a mom and pop store. Mother, wife, daughter, sister. Avid reader who's favorite is Frank herbert. Rescues animals and loves those who cannot speak for themselves. Buddhist but still has issues with anger. Shy until she is sure she can trust you. Constantly talks to herself.

# At Last

For too long now  
We have remained silent  
While our brothers and sisters  
Still suffer and die  
And yet others remain exiled

We cannot keep quiet any longer  
This oppression must be overcome  
With one voice to ring clear  
Shouting to the world  
Freedom!

Robin Pitt

# Death Inside Of Me

For so long I ran from her  
From Death  
I closed my ears to what she sang;  
Refused her lessons  
About life, about love  
About what must die so I may live  
I heard them naught

In doing so I wounded the Death in me  
In my mothers and grandmothers  
In my daughters and granddaughters  
I wounded them all  
Denied the power within us  
Of Death, of Life, of who I am inside

But left so long at the bottom of the sea  
Almost forgotten  
Until a raging storm, least expected  
Brought Death back to me  
Now not whispering, but screaming  
Forcing me to listen and to see  
And I am no longer afraid

Robin Pitt

# Death's Dance

One cold winter's night amid a storm  
I heard a knock at the door  
It was Death asking to warm himself  
Beside the fire so I let him in

You may think I was insane but quite the contrary  
Death is the origins of all our joy and sorrow  
For without Death, there is no life  
Without Death, there are no drums

Death played his song while I danced  
Though I didn't know the steps  
All the while my love for Him grew  
And when I finally stopped  
I found myself weeping...

Because at last I understood.

Robin Pitt

# In Fifty Years

Fifty years from now  
It won't matter  
What you looked like  
Or what you wore  
Or what you had for dinner

Fifty years from now  
It won't matter  
Where you lived  
Or what you drove  
Or what color your hair was

Yet fifty years from now  
What will matter  
Is what you said to hurt someone  
When what you thought affected another  
Even that look that caused sorrow

So if you worry so much  
About how you appear now  
Remember that fifty years from now  
It won't mean shit

Robin Pitt

# Last Gasp

I'm drowning in the sea  
Someone keeps pulling me down  
And I realize I'm going to die  
Because I can't catch my breath  
I am dragged down by the entirety  
Of this life I have created  
And soon my lungs will burst  
If I don't disentangle myself from it  
I wish now more than ever  
For a lifeguard who sees the plight I'm in  
To swim and save me

The beach is empty here  
There is nobody but me  
Me and the crazy old woman of the sea  
Who knows better than I  
About what I I need  
She's killing me and with good reason  
I just don't want to accept her  
Or what she knows must be done  
I fight and I'm still fighting  
When it would be far less painful  
To accept her embrace

Robin Pitt

# Maybe...

Maybe you can't see  
The frustration  
Inside of me  
Maybe you can't see  
The agony  
Of repeated rejection  
Maybe it's been hard to see

Maybe I grow tired  
And weary  
Of the neglect  
Maybe I am tired  
Of being a fixture in the home  
Maybe I grow tired of it all

Maybe it's my fault  
For allowing this  
Too long complacent  
Maybe I was afraid to rock the boat  
Never showing my need  
Maybe I was an idiot  
For thinking I was less  
Maybe it's my fault

No more time for maybe anymore  
Because though you may not see it  
I am more than this  
Maybe it's time to even the score

Robin Pitt

# Metamorphosis

The snow, so white and pristine  
Is only a cover for what's underneath  
While I am not  
I've been disgraced and chased  
robbed and beaten  
until innocence is no longer there  
But unlike the snow which melts  
With the coming spring  
I am still here, wiser for it all  
What once caused horror and pain  
Has now become me

I am a glorious creature  
No longer a girl, but something more  
I am La Loba, La Huesera, and Dakini  
I am old and I am young  
Though no longer naive  
Who once was chased by shadows and doubt  
Now the predator  
I collect bones of myself  
The hopes and thoughts and dreams  
And give them life once more  
I sing them into being  
Bring them back from the dead  
For I am Wild Woman, ever changing and free

Robin Pitt

# Ode To The Too Good Woman

She hides her life  
Behind a smiling face  
Yet inside  
Something is missing  
The force within her  
Urging her to live and create  
To do and to be  
Hiding as self-sacrifice  
And one day she will have a blowout  
Like a tire ridden too long

Suddenly she will leave  
And everyone will wonder  
'How did this happen?  
Why when her life was perfect  
Did she go?  
It comes as a shock to every man  
Yet every woman knows  
Why she left  
To Zimbabwe to help the starving  
Or to Ireland to dance among ruins  
Yes, women know

You cannot stay locked inside too long  
Something will give  
It always does  
And when it finally does  
Women leave families, husbands and lives  
They have helped in starting  
Because she was too good for too long  
Neglecting herself  
Her very soul  
For the too good woman

Robin Pitt

# We Must Go Back

Down a lonesome road one day I met the Earth  
She was tired but friendly  
So we sat and talke a while  
I asked the Earth  
Where are your people, Mother?  
And she replied  
They are not gone, just lost is all  
One day they will find their way back

So I travelled on

A little while later I met the Sun  
And I asked him  
Why do you shine so brightly, Grandfather?  
And he relied  
So my people will one day know the way home  
Because you can't find your way in the dark

And so I travelled on  
A bit further down the road I met the Moon  
And I asked her  
Why do you not always shine, Grandmother?  
And to this she replied  
because my people are proud  
It would shame them if they say me weep  
So when the pain is to great to bear  
I hide in the dark and cry

Now the Moon no longer weeps alone  
For I weep with her

Robin Pitt