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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Robbi Nester: Two Poems

Robbi Nester · Thursday, March 15th, 2018

### Veils: A Room, A Door, a Light in the Upstairs Hall, After a painting by Robert Rhodes

Every evening, shadows lay their veils  
over the familiar and the movie starts.  
I pass my hand through the projector's dusty beam,  
watch it weave a stream of motes into another world.  
I hardly need to leave my room to see  
the moon, perfectly composed  
behind a screen of branches, transmute  
the purple half-light from an open window,  
playing for hours on the bedroom wall.

\*

### Mold

In the sealed white fridge, inviolate,  
I thought but  
I was wrong, potions  
brewed all by themselves, forgotten  
leftovers harboring a culture  
various in scent and hue  
as any garden. In the plastic  
cube, a slimy orange  
substance seethes  
on last week's stew.  
A purple sludge escapes  
the confines of its  
round container.  
And here, egg yolks  
sprouting white tendrils, a smell  
so pungent it could be a sound.  
Potatoes ossifying in a covered  
dish, moss green as rocks  
half covered in the creek

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I wandered as a child.  
I know if I could study  
my own skin and gut, I'd  
find a population  
many times as various,  
another world.  
Willingly or not,  
we share this space.

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