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For the Man Who Loved Dalí and Pink Floyd

John Timothy Robinson

I remember laughter the most,
Eddie's bust¹ and his bushy brows,
his bald head with curly clumps of hair on each side,
large, ominous eyes
peering out of those thin glasses over the class.
I remember those long, deliberately odd silences
between question and response.
I know that everybody has memories about people,
good mixed with bad.
Teachers always bear the scar longer than most.
Only his lame jokes were the best.
Dry sarcasm set him apart.
I remember wishing I had tried harder,
though effort and skill came late for me.
Maybe one thing carried from a time
that seems so long ago it doesn't exist,
is that he *knew* we were too young for discipline,
to take *anything* seriously.
Maybe we would remember in glimpses, looking back
a truth of learning, if not now, then a future return,
like suddenly understanding perspective
in a painting rendered a different way,
an old song sung whose measures change,
or a confusing passage in a book
resolved years later because of insight.
Once in a while you'd see him on a ten speed
riding the side-walk, his huge, barrel-chested form
coasting along.
I remember reading about him in the paper
and fought like hell the tears, this sudden, heaving pain,
though I still can't explain why.

¹ "Eddie" is the zombie character illustrated on many album covers of the thrash metal band, Iron Maiden. The art teacher once created a replica sculpture of the character in his classes.

O' great diviner of humor, we smile with love,
are compelled in grief to remember
the man who loved Dalí and Pink Floyd, now dead.

Printmaking

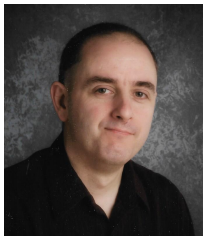
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Think backwards from the known in new
concepts of technique, insight of procedure reversed.
Ideas in opposition present a different truth,
as cumbersome as Shakespeare's lines rehearsed.
Changing images, reconfigured, conversed
on zinc, cardboard, glass or plexiglass plates,
where layer upon layered colors transform first
from light to dark and dark to light again, create
in spontaneity, or the painter's careful brush.
Those searching eyes make documents for focus,
to this changing matrix, a final balance rung.
I never thought that art required much
in rendering, though now each thought evolves of us
to strive for a day when we create the one.

Uniambic

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The line should not be made as counting sheep;
a metal scratch on roughened brick, a fluffed shirt.
These crooked sticks now break in muddy heaps.
Written measures make of meter spoken lurching,
to never, ever move, or thirst, or feel the warmth of sun.
Why make faltered feet with rut-making chains?
I'd rather make them move, a momentary dance of one.
Resurrected lines must calibrate a brain,
the fullest range of feeling in return.
These gifts express a greater skill I've won.
O' such endless preening, this fatuous, impregnate line.
Who wouldn't want to write their own?
What chosen metric would be mine?
What rhythm made of felt emotion, even if alone?



John Timothy Robinson is a traditional, mainstream citizen and ten-year educator for Mason County Schools in Mason County, WV who holds a Regent's Degree. Since August 2016, John's poetry has appeared in sixty-two print and electronic journals in the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom. He has published several literary critique essays, as well as forty-three photo and art print images which have appeared in eleven journals and websites in the United States and Italy.