

## Brief bio-sketch

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## POEM

### Celtis

No one knows how  
I made my way  
into this imperfect world.

I do have a proper name  
but my wide-knuckled skin  
rarely adds to my fame.

I stink of nothing  
because nothing is going on.  
I don't live on a rock

or sweat the moon's follies,  
nor is it likely that I'll ever  
be caught dead standing

out in a crowd. My imperfections  
are neither secret nor false.  
Even a stranger's flaws

are no less breathtaking than  
the moon's marvels – its gravity,  
its giddy weightlessness.

### Mississippi

We remember that these old spaces  
may possess a singular charm left to share,  
a mere hint of another world beyond  
the glare of the Southern landscape.

The morning sky holds clouds starched  
in a woven melancholy light.

The cones lie like weathered feathers  
upon the grasses' stiff stems.

There are no bays here bathed  
in silver, but patches of tired flowers  
and tall looming trees, and the warm,  
worn stones that beguile us.

### Proust's Moon

When its smile shines  
the heavenly body,  
the bold orb, the bright  
slice of light, is still  
a trifle dull.

For him a white moon  
would creep like a  
little cloud, furtive  
without display, like  
an actress hidden in

the background not  
wishing to attract attention.  
She waits in her ordinary  
clothes, and watches.  
We wait as well

and yearn for memory  
that fails in its describing,  
for the task of art to  
free our habits, our passions,  
our spirit of imitation.