



From Pngtree.

Frank Rubino

### Doubt

Doubt preens. She offers her boot. She has lived  
in this apartment, eaten  
this roast beef sandwich from the corner  
So many roast beef sandwiches  
And Frank in the store has asked for her  
and she remains upstairs  
and preens. In a hollow  
upstate in the woods a still  
pond would be ruined by a touch  
The wild places call out to me  
the pure places. My tree drawings  
are like stone tentacles,  
my fires are black energy.

Your inner pond is sawtooth,  
though you smooth your hair, smooth your skirt  
the waters are disturbed  
If one could make a scientific diagram

or represent in sandwich layers  
the inner turbulence and those smooth calms

the roast beef, the lettuce, and the mayo

People routinely cheer defiance

I drew black space with galaxies,  
the void was black crayon  
Though it was a baby's scribble, I lay back  
impressed. *This is immensity.*  
I made a good space drawing  
It pictured my empty brain

Moralists who make claims of blame  
are such idiots. Floods sweep up lives,  
the waters advance with the years, the people can do little  
to contain them.

I lay back and drank from a glass of milk  
The milk glopped out, soaking my shirt  
Well, see there? Another hypothesis disproven:  
the glass has no absolute power to contain.  
Gravity will pull out its contents when the vessel  
is inverted. In a hollow  
upstate in the woods a still  
pond would be ruined by a touch.  
If you doubt this, drink.

The animals see themselves approach.  
They bow their heads, they open their jaws.

## Fairy-Tale Minds

Two mutants survived a plane crash  
and built from the wreckage a cabin  
on the wild mountaintop  
They gathered data. Phones  
from the victims, instructions on cooking  
from the plane's galley  
They had to mind-project the food

They made their own cabin  
by wielding fuselage pieces together  
with their laser eyes

The first two years  
they recovered all the photos,  
who died in the crash  
Children with little shoes  
Young people with a thousand  
selfies. Elders who could barely afford  
the flight. Their old friends  
embarrassed in restaurants,  
last birthday parties, these pictures they found,  
and they discussed what they dreamed in their seats  
while the space between airplane and earth  
filled up with deadly forces:  
velocity, friction, gravity

They were supposed to stay dormant  
super beings in a suitcase  
but the power of the crash  
galvanized them. They talked night after night

Neo-Platonists used fossils  
to prove the Great Flood  
Trilobites and coelacanths on the mountains  
because according to biblical logic  
the peaks must have been submerged in the Deluge  
Early archaeologists concocted  
massive death assemblages to prove the Bible  
Death's junk cast in plaster  
famous fossils depicted in woodcuts  
these illustrated marvels and curios  
traveling academia for years, influencing  
fairy-tale minds

They said you would come to earth  
to find all the plane crashes  
The square footage  
of the crash site is tiny compared to

the square footage  
of the earth, but.

The old lady's house where she sold onions  
her stairs cluttered with jars  
repurposed for fall's marmalade  
The sheep tracks  
across the forested mountain  
One of them drew a sketch.  
He sat on a high meadow  
where no sheep nor human had been  
for centuries. They once ate  
Spanish clementines,  
they once smelled sheep in the turf

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Frank Rubino's work has appeared in *The World*, *Little Light* and *New Directions*. He has performed his work at such New York venues as St. Mark's Poetry Project, The Ear Inn, The Cornelia Street Café, and The Nuyorican Poets Café. "Fairy-Tale Minds" originally appeared in Caliban Online.