

**LIZ ROBBINS**  
**Under Pressure**

—*after* *Tranströmer*

The blue mountains like paintings, modern and stark, but in no way  
requiring a smart comment.

Long gone, the nirvana of real work, of playing within the risk of  
irreparable failure.

Back then, we were heaven-duped, close to the plots that would uproot  
and signify.

Then, we snacked and telephoned, skinny heavy people eager for a  
hasty if cold exit, how the terrible

dates would suddenly shift, the house of self cycloned by the gulf  
stream of a single question,

the nightmare swallows made sluggish by perpetual frustrated nesting.

And this is how we'd cripple ourselves away from forever and gold.

Some would speak. More falling. . . . Like midnight in the garden,  
a singing jag both beautiful and sad.

And how we'd move on, drivers in our long sculling boats.