

Glenda
It isn't all it seems, at seventeen.
 —Janis Ian

At seventeen, Glenda
 leaned over,
 with milk laden breasts,
 and blood-stained blouse,
 and told it this way:
 That Glenda's man
 walked over and put
 his gun to Sticks' head,
 and said,
 "Whassup now, mother fucker?"
 and shot him in the eye...
 ...for looking at her.

And the place emptied.
 And Sticks hit the floor.
 And Glenda stood,
 alone,
 at seventeen.

Waiting
It is a long time.
It is a short time.

She sits and stares
 out the window,
 and at the door.
 The staff has
 done her hair.
 They don't come
 as often any more.
 Since she moved
 here a fading memory
 clouds her eyes.

So, she waits
 a long time,
 a short time,
 for God.

Forecast

November turns
 down the temperature
 on a fading fall.
 Futures will reap
 mixed results
 in varying degrees.

Cardboard and cloth
 are at a premium too.

The homeless go a gathering
 to shape and line
 their informal refuge.

A bold physical effort
 to bolster the mental barrier
 that helps bring false hope
 of warding off the looming
 winter kill.

Haiku:

#4
 That very first touch
 I had saved for my love
 but step-dad came first.

#33
 Of song and battle
 The Warrior Poet lives
 embracing his Arts.

Sick of the News

The news argues
 you believe their opinions
 and tie back the synapses
 of free thought to the black
 hole of the unknown, and
 stick to making casseroles.
 Lest we start to think, and
 reject what we have become,
 and question between the lines,
 then drive daggers through the eyes
 of the Machiavellian Oligarchs.

**OF MAD DOGS,
 CLOCKWORK
 and
 CITY STEPPES**



By

ROBERT MUIR

Please recycle to a friend.

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM

email us at:

origamipoems@gmail.com



Origami Poetry Project

**OF MAD DOGS, CLOCKWORK
 And CITY STEPPES**

by Robert Muir

© 2009