

We share a bowl of fava beans
 at the Holy Rosary feast.
 On this summer night,
 a parking lot becomes a plaza,
 hung with lights.
 Across the way,
 the once a year Ferris Wheel
 turns.
 The large beans
 do not resist the change.
 Trading integrity for experience,
 they are beginning to slip from their skins.

Favas

The meadow
 at the Audubon Education Center is not large.
 It's an example of a meadow.
 A teachable habitat.
 But it's also a real place.
 Stand still
 in the August heat.
 Listen.
 Crickets, grasshoppers, katydids.
 Their intricate pulsing
 their rasp and scrape
 is not music,
 but it could come to you as music.
 Late summer hoodown,
 great fugue,
 360° of insect polyphony
 from soil, from grasses,
 from the underside of leaves.

Small Meadow

The Snowy Owl is not a showy bird.
 It does not have the Barred Owl's facial discs,
 the Short-Eared Owl's erratic zig zag flight.
 Hunger does not move it to patrol.
 It hunts by sitting on a log or post.
 a compact white immobility.
 Birders find it irresistible.
 It hides in plain sight
 on the winter marsh.
 It's a trickster, a clump of snow
 on a stump.
 A white plastic bag
 far out on the marsh.
 The wind stirs it.
 You put down your binoculars and grin.
 Fooled again.
 Today
 you looked for the Snowy and did not find it.
 At twilight
 you saw something you had never seen before.
 Thirty robins
 flew up into a tree to roost.

Snowy

We're visiting the Brant at Colt State Park.
 It's home base
 for a winter flock.
 The lawn goes right down to the Bay.
 They can find the grass under the snow,
 or dabble, butts up
 scraping sea lettuce from the rocks.
 A soft sound comes from the water.
 They pass this sound back and forth.
 I would call it a chuckle,
 with a goose accent.
 a reediness in the throat.
 I grab the back of your jacket,
 as I walk with my white cane.
 A tender gesture,
 not recommended by mobility instructors.
 Over the years,
 you've gotten good at descriptive narration.
 You tell me about the Brant,
 their dark heads,
 their bright sides,
 as they bob in little squadrons on the water.

Reasonable Accommodations

*Reasonable
 Accommodations*



Nancy Jasper

Chances

At the parish feast,
 the chances are little strips of paper,
 rolled up tight, then bent.
 We buy twenty for a dollar,
 all that luck
 compressed.
 We take turns opening chances.
 The prizes aren't the point.
 The fun
 is the untwisting
 and this summer night.
 We untwist our chances,
 opened out to blanks.
 All around us,
 a festive litter of small dashed hopes.

Transit Street

In 1769
 citizen astronomers
 built a platform
 near streets now called Transit and Planet.
 They assembled their instruments
 to time
 the Transit of Venus
 as she passed between Fox Point and the sun.
 Today, a brass band
 winds through this neighborhood.
 The Holy Rosary
 Pentecost procession.
 The men's red ties
 are memories of flames.
 Banners, trumpets, drums
 the old desire
 for a local connection to immensity.

Please recycle to a friend!

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