

I place a bag of four inch nails on the deck and leave.

All stating: I was here. This is who I am.

Now they rival the parietal art form of the ages of all men before me.
My initials and those of my friends remain along with the lewd drawing of a female.

How innocent ... how complicated, it seems ... the more I accumulate
the farther away my sense of self.

Today I look intently at the tree house searching for the boy I had been,
thinking I would physically see the prototype of the man I had become.

How like the trees we were that summer, roots seeking deeply, quietly ..
and we all so blissfully unaware of our own growth.

I gave up my baseball cards... and hot wheels...
for the privilege of laying on cool boards of that deck,
wrapped in evening breeze and bird song.

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poems Project™

Three to One

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He quietly told us he needed no permanent structure
as no matter where he was he was there.
We thought him odd then and there with that one shared sentence.
But since he was our hardware source we never said so to his face.
I had been so determined to live in the trees that I had not noticed Monkey Boy evolving.
He had grown from what we called "an Army brat" into a well known philosopher.
The shape of the wind was different up there Or was it us?
You name it, we discussed it and we came to concrete conclusions...
which we swore in blood by the use of a rusty jack knife
(found on the lumbar yard floor we used to sneak into) to honor.
Certain in our certainty we would be devastated by demused truth
only after days or months past by us.

It was the nails that we were always in want of, did not matter what the length.
The word but mentioned and our senses went on high alert.
The back swing of hefting the hammer set us off balance
before we could place our perception of precision on the head of our intent.

On every board you could nearly bet there would be three bent nails to every straight one.

Thus became the name of our tree house, Three to One.

Ernst was our gopher because he was good at "borrowing" things.
When he came back with a carelessly laid carpenter apron with pockets full of four inch nails,
we were nearly beside ourselves.

I paid him in odds and ends, collections that had lost their priority.
He never set foot in our regal domain.
We would look up and there he'd be perched on the nearest limb,
sitting on his hunches, balancing, toes splayed.

Because of this we called him Monkey Boy.