

When we walk to the sea
 the crescent moon glistens on wet rocks.
 I scan dark matter for my soul.
 for the cosmos or seek the milky way
 in your warm hand.
 in the gap in the middle of your thought,
 the brute stars laugh,
 I climb the embankment
 by the stone wall beside the road.
 I feel your breath trailing me
 as if your vapour tracks me
 to our house near the sea.

NIGHT WALK

Your words are like
 2400 variations
 of barbed wire.
 The sun is a voodoo doll
 full of pins causing pain.
 My hot un-tempered soul
 lifted onto the morning anvil
 and hammered into submission.

WEDNESDAY MORNING

So many transients living
 orphans in the bathroom,
 under the floorboards
 the disappearing hiding,
 wrapped in worn blankets.
 The bed sags with
 sorrows and humiliations.
 The desk lamp's lit
 and the bones of ancestors
 creak in the walls.

HOME

Reduced to just a mouth
 shrouded or veiled, I'm not sure.
 If only you knew
 the pull of the tide
 on your lips,
 the gentle movement
 of water over stones,
 the whisper of your breath,
 inhaling,
 exhaling,
 The words so silent,
 and gentle,
 they hurt.

IF ONLY YOU KNEW

SALMON SWIMMING

I have salmon swimming
 upstream inside me
 rainbow trout shimmer in my brain
 a tranquil mountain tarn
 a catfish scrounges
 my intestines for leftovers
 I tattoo rose petals on my forearms
 in spring
 wave my cactus hand high
 in summer
 in the fall
 kick my cobweb legs
 and come home early

UNFIXED MARKS

the weathered signs of pre-
 verbal thoughts, the privilege
 of magic and blurred images,
 the looking, the clinging of feelings,
 a brain blooming, a word taking
 shape, the risky business
 of one eye watching another



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