

Five Ways to be Human

1. Encircle a many-ringed tree.
2. Observe, at dusk, the sharp, silver flash of returning birds.
3. Inhale the smoke of quiet that will sometimes rise above the noise of earth.
4. Should your ship cast anchor in an island of idleness, step ashore, chat with the locals.
5. Walk. Far enough, to where the jagged edge of land becomes, mistakenly, a thing of great beauty.

Stealing Oysters

At five in the morning,  
when even my tiny bedroom window  
seems to stretch from earth to sky,  
I think of stealing oysters from the sea  
and tossing them upwards,  
their pearls camouflaged imperfectly  
by the grey rain.

Writing

It's a bit like herding birds.  
Just when you think  
you have done it,  
it flutters away from your grasp.

I Drink Black Tea in the Early Morning Light

There is no milk in the house  
And everything is bare.  
I drink black tea  
in the early morning light,  
and idly hope that the day's beauty will remain,  
that I will write a line like Sheenagh Pugh's:  
*The sun will sometimes melt a field of sorrow  
that seemed hard frozen;  
may it happen for you.*

Pugh meant snow  
but her keyboard came up with sorrow.  
May my keyboard play such tricks on me!

Outside the small ambit of such hopes,  
the day is creeping up  
like a large bug  
with questions in its poetry-killing eyes.

I close my eyes and think of lines to write.  
I drink black tea in the early morning light.

Bright Blue Bird

A bright blue bird  
from a distant tree  
flies into my house.  
When it flies out, it leaves behind  
its bright blue.  
The blue hops down  
becomes first one word,  
and then, another,  
till finally, it assumes the face of a poem.  
Before long, the floor is an upside down blue sky  
and the blue of the poem has made its way  
into my ink filler,  
into my notebook.

Dreaming, Mostly, of Nameless Things

In these blue mountains  
where tall trees lean over  
like gentle giraffes,  
we go to sleep  
dreaming, mostly,  
of nameless things.

## Dreaming Mostly Of Nameless Things



Poem Selections from  
Writing Octopus

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Cover: "Nebraska Horizon" by Peg Quinn

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Dreaming Mostly of Nameless Things

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Acknowledgments:

All poems appear in *Writing Octopus*  
by K. Srilata: Authorspress—publisher

"Bright Blue Bird"

also appears in *Recours au Poeme*

