

old man crying for him someday.
 I wondered what he would say to the sad
 a hundred million memories away,
 far off in the future a hundred miles,
 I wondered if he'd even notice me there
 at the other end of the old faded field,
 turned around to chase them again
 I wondered if he saw me too as he
 afraid to move, afraid to lose the vision,
 disappeared into the shiny gray ether above
 staring off into the sky as they
 around him in the air, I watched him
 laughing as they flapped and spun
 groups of harried seagulls,
 running, jumping, running, chasing
 in the way he carried himself, how he cried out,
 I remembered, saw something
 but I saw something in his smile
 field then or the same self I am now,
 on an empty field, it wasn't the same
 I caught a glimpse of myself

**Seagulls take to the skies,
 Men take to their graves**

You know she's calling to me,
 great siren of the west,
 yellow flower, desert rose,
 mountain girl, and I'm
 looking for those pacific blue
 eyes, those endless cerulean swells,
 I'm ready to answer the call,
 I need my foot on that pedal,
 that white-lined road,
 You know I'm calling to her,
 golden haired beauty,
 pioneers dream, snow
 white dress, and she's
 looking for me to make it,
 singing her song,
 blurring that blue sky to heaven oh,
 you know,
 —

If I don't get out there soon, I'll die

The Unpublished Poems

I worry about them,
 scratched in pencil,
 sitting still, marks fading,
 written in short hand,
 edit lines, circles,
 little notes aging,
 meanings lost to time,
 what was I trying to say
 two years ago, where
 was I when I was walking
 Passyunk as the sun set,
 where have I gone since then?
 I'm afraid they've lost their meaning,
 that I've traveled too far
 to go back to them, that they've
 been wasted on nothing,
 left to die anonymously,
 left to die ignored,
 on my book shelf,
 alone.

A Hundred Million Memories



Tom Pescatore

Must have imagined
 those last three lines,
 sleeping on your floor,
 two days have passed
 and I'm older, you're older
 than I thought, but maybe
 that's because I'm selfish,
 or because I can't count,
 it doesn't matter to me
 (the part about how old you are)
 it doesn't matter to me
 (because I don't care)
 I've forgotten all that stuff
 long ago,
 I've aged accordingly.

Departure

At edge of road
 big dipper casts points
 down on you and
 awww you gotta look
 up, man, up
 into those stars & focus,
 you'll see it
 moving toward us
 Heaven,
 I mean, and know
 Every star is older than me,
 and I am older than the universe,
 I've gone too far tho
 too far to call back, to be heard,
 and my voice is frail now,
 human.
 who watched the stars before
 we were born?
 Why have they drifted so far
 away?

WV Stars

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Cover: Author hanging out in the
 Rockies

Origami Poetry Project™

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