



Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Project™

RANDOM BEAUTY
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The Crow's Calling

A bird
 moved

as if a black hole
 shaped like a crow
 was strutting a path
 across bright playground grass

before rising
 leisurely
 at an angle
 to observe from the perch
 of a stark eucalyptus

to caw forth a sermon
 determined
 inspired as a priest
 on a foreign mission

ignoring the fact
 of our language difference.

Nesting Season

In a nested dent of metal awning
 swaying outside the library door,
 a wren is calling its mate.
 Flawless, she waits
 of the garden gate
 before singing
 her reply.
 Later, when we met for lunch
 you smelled of pine.
 I watched you flirt with the girl
 behind the counter while she smiled,
 nervously refolding
 perfectly folded
 napkins

A Lot

When dirt and stone defined this acre
 the breeze off the rail ties smelled of
 tar and mustard grass.
 Night creatures scurried, moon
 in their eyes while an owl's call
 woke us to stars holding course
 in the sky.
 Now the night is reeling
 the acre leveled
 a condo framed
 and a black bird lies dead
 on the roadside.

A Lone Crow's Improvisational Theater

When the crow surprised
 the white eucalyptus
 the eager tree raised its branches
 to a sky recently resigned
 to standard mid-day blue but
 suddenly deepened to the dark,
 demanding silhouette
 before it dropped
 to hop near the edge of a pool.
 Its presence transforming concrete
 to an eggshell hue.
 Then the sign:
 WARNING, NO LIFE GUARD ON DUTY
 became an object of beauty, when
 cast as prop to the black bird perched
 center stage on the rim
 of a curling wrought-iron chair.

To the creator of random beauty:

thank you for dropping by
 The black crow
 assessing the world
 from a blustering mess
 of red leaves
 against a storm soaked sky
 was a reassuring sign