

## I LISTEN FOR THE MAIL STAR FERRIN © 2014

# Origani Posit Project M

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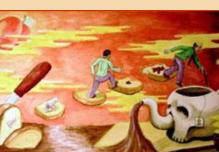
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STAR FERRIN

# I LISTEN FOR THE MAIL





.sbrid of gning to birds.

lt is empty

reit is not wonder

, gnitiew ton si ti

it is not depression,

, t is not sadnes,

Stedt si tedw bnA

and productive

sew regne-non

But I know better now

and working toward change

Where things could be so ordered

To return to pre-employment naiveté

I was left to wonder what this particular

, regret anger,

### Upon Thinking of the Shortness of the Future

I have no skill in conformance at all. I have no skill at rhyming in conformance,

bear to take the small comfort. in the face if what is,

in schedule, in habit, in conformity?

It seems a tunnel, the sides smooth

And yet this leaves me with the children

, the slave to fashion, to thought,

And that has, at times, served me well.

I'm living on the ground, not up in the clouds.

to take on dimensions of clarity.

The end of time is beginning

the grandparents dead.

fetting old,

the parents getting older,

to technology gone wrong.

Is there some small degree of hope in regularity,

l sigh. I cannot, even now,

a dream, or an aspiration.

the gned of sold on bne

'ədoy e 'thought, a hope,

ti tnew I ti won eved nes I tedW against knowing what I wanted Against myself, against God bleids a sa doj tadt besu os bnA Where I wanted to be, was atraid to be Getting tuned to the moment Through no fault of my own I am getting calm

snooqs diw syeb gninuseem bne eef gniveH Reading books to distract It is easy to sit here zoned with boredom

qu gninuseem ton bnA

I'd hoped it would climb up my tower and take And the chipmunk who decided I was no threat And watched my golden hair in the sun and breeze

the golden and white hairs to make a nest So today I went outside in the new I yebot o2

1'nbib 1

to their unformed child. as if I will spread the disease of unemployment or fearful glances behind a rolling pram intent on the iPod Cautious waves when a rare one is encountered, or silent behind the curtains everyone gone to their cause I walk through empty neighborhood space won Areq edt ni Alew I walking their dogs I listen for neighbors coming and going and people I listen for the heat to bubble up hot and banging won lism edt rot netzil l əsneo tedT

I did it all so well and now was useless to the cause

my pictures and Hello Kitty swept away into the box

No more long drive in traffic spending frustration

For a long while over a year

The cube is someone else's,

My Job is Listening to Birds

Gone is the wake up and get to work

1 haven't opened yet

I had anger

I am being tested and I'm finding wanting in things I didn't want before, not wanting what I did before and knowing the difference. A plan of self-discovery is needed but I'm not interested. The person I thought I was does not exist and truly it's a little frightening to wonder what's really there when the wolf is not at the door. I think I have become the wolf.

## I Am Being Tested