

Intertitle [Wild Orchids 1929]

You are hiding in plain sight
The moon is wet paper-maché
Your legs shift under the sheet

The sky, a deep-bruised blue
Your bare feet against my calf
The smell of rain and earth

A blank page, a blank slate
The palm of your hand
Gravel roads, a yellow field

The sea, a patch of grass
Bare trees, ragged edges, beginnings
The ghost of you coursing through me

*I like the sea: we understand one another. It is always
yearning, sighing for something it cannot have.*

*Greta Garbo
[Picture Show Magazine Interview, 1927]*

I stare into nothing, forget the coffee in my hand.
It's cold, dark, a stroke of light cuts diagonally
across the wall. I make lists to calm myself: The number
of letters written and lost to calculate the sum of need,
want, desire. How many USD to Deutschemarks to Krona
to Pound Sterling; Where does love hide when it's
uncertain; who names the birds that litter the sky.
You're in Sopot, can't find anything to shoot, so little
shadow play, no interesting light. I write in columns,
parallel lines, wonder how much saltwater it takes
to fill the heavens.

First Law of Silence

Silence can neither be created or destroyed

The total amount of silence in an isolated system remains constant over time; is conserved over time. This bird flies overhead; it is heading due west. I stop talking. You stop talking. You touch my cheek for the first time, lips slightly parted, blonde hair held still by the breeze. That bird starts to head east. Its wings beat a smooth path across a shiny sky. My hand slips into yours. The sky bends to the weight of the horizon. Your breath becomes mine. The horizon is a grey wire. The filament that separates disbelief from faith; sound from silence.

**GARBO
TALKS**



Alex Stolis

Under lovely lidded eyes she weeps

Simple. I am the hanging man left to burn against
the sky, ready for a bright pure sunrise to catch my
breath. Simple. There are miles between us, an ocean
of quietude, waves of noiselessness. I can feel a breeze,
I've never been afraid; not of the dark or loss or grief.
Simple. You tell me there will be nothing negative be-
tween us, no barriers, no walls; only stars and the
stillness of space.

Blue is the color of craving

is the color of faith is the color of the silent e in angle;
nape; bare. Somewhere, there's a beach, an empty sea
where the blue, blue of guilt washes into the sky. Birds
know the difference between what's lost and who gets
found. We know our skin, feel the space between now
and then; between shallow water and shore.

Movie Still Life

I noticed the look, your blue eyes straight into mine,
your skin is red from crying. You're a beautiful mess,
the camera catches every single line and pore but I
don't fucking care. Want you as you are; trembling,
shaking, angry, upset. You say you are not used to
being noticed, say you will put a spell on me; return
to the seashore, its rocks, fog, gulls and fields. Grow
out your hair, paint your eyes. We'll dance barefoot;
collect snail husks, coral. Build a sand sculpture, wait
for the tide to pull us in.

Please recycle - to a friend.

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