

www.ORIGAMIPOEMS.com  
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover: *Clothesline in Ukraine*  
By Eugenia Hepworth Petty

**Origami Poetry Project™**

People Live Here  
Eugenia Hepworth Petty © 2015

**Acknowledgements:**

"If stars would fall across the sky" previously  
published in *The Literary Bohemian*

"Fields Goats Sunflowers Snow" previously  
published in *Cascadia Review*

...  
All of these poems were written during  
August Poetry Postcard Fest 2014

∞

**Donations Greatly Appreciated**



**PEOPLE LIVE HERE!**

Ostap tells me  
he speaks Hebrew  
in his dreams  
Greek Polish  
no problem  
but his English is worse  
time by time

I translate the red text  
on a white banner  
hung from a Russified  
apartment building in Donetsk  
my Ukrainian rusty  
like the sidebars  
on the balcony railing

**Living At the Edge of the World**

A guy who loved The Cure  
tried to rape me  
in a parked car  
on Dwight Way  
in the late 1980s

Today I was driving  
down a rural road  
singing ...*I'm living  
at the edge  
of the world...* fields  
widening out  
around me

Yesterday I watched a fly

cleaning its wings  
back legs up along the edge  
of the gossamer

then twisting like snakes  
twined in a breeding dance

then down in unison

up again  
down

a dance master as may not be seen on stages

Today I sat in the same chair

and a man at an adjacent table  
set about destroying every dancer in his reach

thwack thwack thwack

a god in his own right

destroying Natarajas he fails to recognize

Fields Goats Sunflowers Snow

This is where I live now

hawks perch in craggy trees

grey heron strain their necks

through invasive iris

kochia dries in heaps

beside the fence

I lived on land like this once

fields goats sunflowers snow

now friends send interviews and photos

corpses covered in sheets

on a street in Luhansk

women tilling their gardens

as bodies fall from the sky

If stars would fall across the sky

like stars would fall across the sky  
like planes  
like flesh

falling shrapnel ribbons

white cloths tied to stakes...

night could fall again like snow

In a village near Lvov I watched a dog

eating the entrails of a pig

the dirt black with blood

Now my friend treads the fields near

Rozpne

trying not to step on spleen, lung, heart

the sunflowers bursting like yellow giants

Our True Place on Earth

On a backpacking trip

in southern Morocco

a young man from Minnesota

walked out into a star-drenched night

and thought it was snowfall

Now the tails of comets

are less visible than bombs

during 'isha' in Gaza

We live in false light

losing the dark truth

of our true place on earth