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Every Origami Micro-chapbook
may be printed, *for free*,
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Cover: *Picacho Peak, AZ* by Tom Pescatore

Origami Poetry Project™

Meetings

Tom Pescatore © 2015



Donations Greatly Appreciated



Meetings

met an Amish girl on the subway.
She was drinking coffee.
Had on a white bonnet.
We didn't say a word to each other.
Spoke in glances.
There weren't many of those.
Maybe none.
She got off at McPherson Square.
I stayed on.

Eastern Missive

What lost memories,
what broken things,
there must be in
derelict dreams,
ghost towns,
boarded windows,
sour fields,
flat tires,
closed doors.

Past year

a backlog of memory
to sift through,
an open bottle, empty,
left out in the sun,
tinted shadow
green and long
thrown over
wood surface
faded imperceptibly,
like years, now gone.

The sun was dropping low in the west

You saw a vision of me—
skin burnt, bandanna tied 'round neck
scuffed boots, faded, frayed wool socks
red flannel shirt, torn at one elbow,
worn corduroys rolled up to knees,
hat pulled low over brow
rucksack on back,
—slouching into the coming fog;
one step from gone,
the wide open prairie.
grass like greatest widest ocean
before me, tossed under
storm clouds darker than night.

I was a phantom you said.
I had never lived, you said.

The world was like a snow globe, you said.

In night we are much like in day

My gray cat
is a gray poet;
in sleep he rages,
awake he stalks
shadows, bites at
imaginary objects—
there is nothing but me
in my dreams; my
waking reality; my
drug faced fantasy;
in night we are much like in day,
the street lights for the sun
line the way; home—
with orange-sitted eye,
he watches outside, watches
in; ears twitch, tail snapping,
pupils dilate, muscles taut;
to pounce.