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 Two women alone together
 is normal. Three women together
 is not concern for gossip.
 Four women occupied
 is barely interesting. However,
 one woman alone,
 exploring her own coastline,
 is never as good as seven.
 Men frequently marry my discards.
 I will sing for their weddings
 already knowing what he will discover.
 A woman is air.

*
 A woman arrives to teach about art.
 I stroke the lyre of her throat.
 A temple goes up in flames.
 Another becomes my student,
 until I find the right brushstroke,
 then a coliseum collapses.
 Another woman wants to talk about love,
 the geometry of it, the philosophy of it.
 I show her how to call like a peacock.
 A whole Greek armada is launched.
 Whole civilizations rise and fall in her body.

*
 When a woman walks naked on the beach
 the sky is greener.
 When she listens to the ocean
 in a conch shell, does she hear my heart?
 When the moon is reflected on water,
 does she too, offer her breasts to her?
 I have heard the ocean between legs
 like a heart, like chariots, like waves.

*
 A man who holds you next
 will feel tongue-fire,
 the trembling grass,
 whistling cold sweat.
 I am jealous of such man;
 he will know what the Gods know
 and I have too.

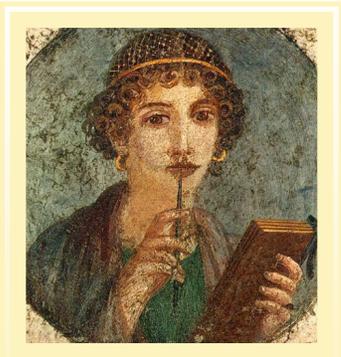
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Origami Poem Projects™

Sappho *Waiting for a Lover*,
 Fragmenting Into Parchments



Martin Willitts Jr.

My hand is testing the hurting rain,
 standing on a bone-rock, slew-
 waves at cliff's edge, searching for rescue.
 Somewhere, out there, is a lover, grains
 of her, a soft fabric, a furthering orbit
 made from stars, none that ever fit.

This *wanting*, if she knew its name, this pain,
 would she make me wait, a tool
 needing use? Or would she be a ship
 heading to my island, making her claim?

*

I would compose on the lyre.
 If my lover's fingers were notes,
 the island would not be large enough
 for our love. In those fingers, a tunic
 easily unfurled like a setting sail.

Everything is reflection and yearning.

To love a woman was to love illusion,
 like breastfeeding music.
 Listening to a woman is sweetness
 of honey-mead.

If I could dock
 my body wrapped in seaweed
 between her thatched cove
 during a tempest,
 my anchor would burn,
 stars would be a rain burst.

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