

Celebrating The Lemon

mother vacuums, spills the night
his backpack's up and down
passes by the same dog on the way to school
neighbor's clothesline runs a white river
a tiny world inside the thick orange pulp
the heart weightless in the purple-green
wilderness of the vegetable garden
a pond in his palm and feathered bird
pressed to feathers on the pavement
rain reforms silence, tells a short story
a story where he squeezes between fence posts
adooned with morning glories
they watch the world; the dog with his faithful
its face in his wet palms
the dog is chained to a lemon tree and puts
triangles eyes and him with a lemon
in one hand
mother puts his muddy clothes
in the washing machine
calls the lemon a badge of courage

Compressed

virtual galleries greedy with tiny images
which journey over Etsy, Ebay and Paypal
scanned, printed, sold on shirts and mugs
I think of art as electricity of a
wretched story
shooting through arteries
I get to taste the edge of someone's pain
worn inside out
and pain deserves a canvas
in the far future there will be a
sun-less earth
homes have artless walls already
artists create art that never touches
dust or light
dead and alive at the same time
competes with other clickable material
like memes, gifs and apps
I hope we grow tired of
staring at white light in the dark

Lunar Frame

descending in the quietest monologues
where the interruption is lovely
field of blue
eyes closed, waterlogged
I slit warning signs
after days of rain, the sky opens
like a flower
our breaths come together
I search your face for signs to stay
already the shape of your smile is dropping
it draws me out of my skin
the almost anonymous blankness of your face
sleep plucks me to
a field of unburnable bluebonnets
you on the other side
the air quivering in-between
forever shadows that meet
in moonlight

Discontinuation

The noise of singing sand still drowns in my head. I imagined Millie Way soaking the shore when
I nearly drowned and I was an ash village, dislocated from the cities. Nothing comes close to
watching bad mens scatter in my smoke-worn dress. The friend who pulled me out and I had a
bottle of gin afterward. The crescent moon didn't coat the swamp in buttercotch hues, but the
gin transported us to a malty field of feathers. My legs muddy beneath the knees, night
dissipated like children of the 1920s, closing seasons in minutes. We sang them distant,
diamond-blue dawns.

The more I travel, the more fenced in I experience the world that burns through us, fast and
blue. I get closer to the vision of another existence being added to muted mornings. My body
staring at me. It's packed to wire tetrahedron. I take in synchronized cuts, slowly but surely turning to
fragments of white lips, which never fail to seduce the poised geography across lavender
fields.

There are tiny moments in-between frosty breaths that line the blades of rain, when I feel like I
missed the beginning and am slipping right to the end. I search for those untranslatable touches
hemorrhaging across my family tree, touches that have long become history but are persistent
enough to comfort into a bruise, holding up my body.

QuickSand

www.origamipoems.com
origamipoems@gmail.com

Every Origami micro-chapbook may
be printed from the website.

Cover photo by Ana Prundaru

Origami Poetry Project™

UKIYO

Ana Prundaru © 2016

Recycle this micro-chapbook
with a friend.

UKIYO living in the moment



Ana Prundaru