Come back.

it's been so long. сошь раск. in the dark hall closet, as you sit Maybe you think He touched your brim, held my hand. we ate fresh fish, drank gold rum. tsed sid to sgnos He sang all the old Venezuelan the endless bowl of cloudless sky. the blue blue ocean, He loved the warm climes, as we sauntered down the beach. slanted to the side, You had the best view, atop my father's head. You used to sit Poor Panama hat.

Panama Hat

in the sea. spe awakes

by Dali. hanging over the Shell in the painting bearl oysters, and a sliver of white moon brimeval green turtles, black-lipped and falls asleep. she dreams of

inside gently lie and bleach. she crawls vincent millay — the Jingle-shells that a hermit crab who quoted edna st. ouce a gold snail lived within, then

> spell empty. she smiles to find the then silver again. gleaming silver, then pink, she sees it on the shining sand

> > (she) Il on the shining sand

spe washed out to sea then nothing at all/ then silver again first silver, then pink, she lay glimmering on the sand when at last the shell broke she pulled farther in/ then silver outside glistening pink inside, just like a crab or a snail wearing her shell there on the sand spe nodded and stayed/ then silver again spe glowed silver, then pink, so big that she could crawl inside during the night, the shell grew big she took it home/ then silver again it gleamed silver, then pink

II(əqs)

plucked it and held it high

she found the shell in the sand

rushing all around my bed. open them wide. What I see is a river And his voice is so insistent, I open my eyes, Wake up! the water flowing out into the world —

different places, events churning up the water, and these things are happening right now, in

Time is a river without banks

My father reminds me that Marc Chagall said If's the past, I yawn in my dream, long over. he did in life, and suggests I look it up. He raises his eyebrows at me, the way say I only recall a little about this history. the Velvet Revolution.

the Prague Spring,

the Village of Lidice, He touches my hand, tells me to remember shows up in my dream early this morning. My Czech father, dead for eight years,

Time is a River without Banks

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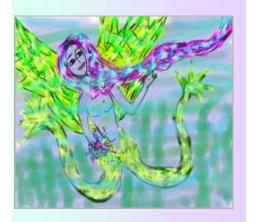
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The Sea and a River



Tricia Marcella Cimera

Mudflat Woman

I am the Mudflat Woman. I am the flotsam. I am the jetsam. I am what you find left behind when the ocean tides recede. The bone, the pearl, the scrap of feather, the weathered wood, the claw, the tail, the shell: what is hard, what is essential, what is plain and unadorned.

See how the waning evening light shines down, illuminating the fine etched lines and scratches on every piece of beautiful me.

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