

THE NEXT MOMENT

Last night's raindrops  
cluster across the glass  
beaded inversions of the house  
opposite

Wooden clapper lightly touches  
two metal chimes  
the next moment  
breeze passes  
across my forearms

Is it mist?  
Is it rain or fog?  
Or is it just my eyes?

TRAVEL THE MODERN WAY

People move along a corridor  
the width of a single human body  
at the center of a metal shell  
shaking, vibrating without pause  
and without movement.

Groups of two and three flank the walkway  
read  
eat  
sleep  
stare  
all in the same direction.

At the end of the path  
beyond vague gray light  
and mounds of blue patterned cloth  
red glow declares  
*Lavatory Servicio Ocupado*

FLICKER

Again the bedroom door  
turns on its hinges,  
springs from the jamb,  
a gentle click of  
loosened latch  
as it returns  
to resting position  
one half inch ajar.

Every window shut  
and no one stirring,  
my wife beneath the covers  
and I with coffee mug.  
Something moves this door.  
Head held still  
one hair flickers  
above my right eye.

JUST TO PUT A STONE THERE

Old stump by the road  
veined with rippling cracks  
traced by white fungi.  
Someone has placed a grey stone  
in tribute or memory  
or just to put a stone there  
on top of the stump.  
Fungi beneath the stone too  
dead as the stump is.

April 28, 2009  
Delta Organic Farms B&B  
Amherst, Mass.

## CAUTION: MANY PEOPLE WALKING



David P. Miller

Please recycle to a friend.

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**Origami Poetry Project**

CAUTION: MANY PEOPLE  
WALKING  
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late afternoon sun  
hangs in bare branches  
hovering orange ball  
above the basketball courts

hoops are rising open-mouthed  
moved by this spinning planet

THE VIOLINIST'S LEFT ARM

The violinist's left arm  
has silhouette tattoos  
they slide and twist across  
her skin, a field  
of stripes and diagonals,  
deep black shape-shifting  
sharp-bounded forms.  
Concert hall shadow play  
cast by lamps ignored  
high above our heads  
onto the moving arm  
grasping the neck.