

Please recycle to a friend.

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
email us at:
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover Photo - *Gondola*
Richard Benjamin, photographer
<http://photosofri.com/>

Origami Poetry Project

Local Moments
Mary Mueller © 2011

Local Moments

Mary Mueller



Gondola by Richard Benjamin

Dionysus Appears in Pawtucket

On a gray Sunday in March
we bring gifts, shy morsels
and their escorts, elixirs
of red, white, sweet, dry
sparkling or still, attended
by books, savored and combed,
tattered chaperones anxious
to meet a new friend.

In the warmth of the room,
gingerly opened, gouda, blue,
cheddar, sheep and goat sigh,
as prosecco, cab, syrrah and port
uncork, breathing at last.

Plates of ambrosia await,
walnuts and figs, onion and shrimp,
endive and olive, parsley, prosciutto
magically morph into tapas and meze,
with a most regal tart circled with bread.

As silent books look on
chatter, tasting, sipping stir
bread and mezze mingle
wine meets cheese
flavor bursts into smile
grapes intoxicate
until the room glows almost red
as if Dionysus himself appeared
here on Newton Street.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mary Mueller writes about the
'enchanted moments' she found in
Rhode Island— in Pawtucket,
on Hope Street, at Whole Foods,
and at The Towers in Narragansett.

Grace Appears in Providence at Hewitt's Mobile Hot Dog Truck

I recently learned the Puritans
made diary lists of moral transgressions,
then added up these failings
for each day, each month, each year.
This fearful news gave me pause
on a fall day of summer winds
with leaves crisp as grace notes
on my walk along Hope Street.

murmur you must try the pork meatloaf
and fig compote, some duck confit
or potato soup. A man smiles
at an imagined form – a lover
from his Paris trip, a crepe stand
on the Rue St. Germain? His smile says
at last you're here, where had you gone?
I'm tempted to list the menu in all
its homemade porkbelled panache –
but I might be forced to burn the book,
or carry its sins like stones in my purse.
Instead I'll note that the hot dog chef
finds grace hiding between the lines
waiting to catch a fall breeze
and rides in on a hot dog truck
those Puritans can't see.

Dare I write of Hewitt's Mobile
Hot Dog Truck, nestled near
its French café, luring passersby?
They stand in haphazard line of reverence,
murmur you must try the pork meatloaf
and fig compote, some duck confit
or potato soup. A man smiles
at an imagined form – a lover

On Buying an Orchid at Whole Foods

The orchid soared white,
a swan's neck arching
over Easter lilies,
common tulips
and harlequin spring bouquets.
Its roots like parched tentacles
overflowed the pot.
They predict long life,
smiled the gypsy clerk,
unless they're overfed.
An orchid must have fear,"
she said, which explains its roots
primed to flee if daffodils attack,
but not its knack for artful poise
as it forces shoots
through thirsty stems
in a desperate bid for life.

Poetry Reading The Towers, Narragansett

We wait upon the words
like night cats
alert to a twig's snap
or a stirring of air
as it brushes the ground like silk,
a geisha turning to bow
as she attends the hint of a sigh.

We wait upon the words
to tell us a bedtime story
pure as a lullaby
and grim as the brothers' tales
that send us off to dream
in sweet awe of night terrors.

We wait upon the words
that make us smile
not knowing where
mysterious heat begins or ends
as we carry it from the tower
in a chalice white as a spring orchid
to meet the ocean mist.