

Origami Poetry Projects™

A Cabal of Angels
by Alex Stolis © 2012

Cover - 'Between Worlds'
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Alex Stolis

A Cabal of Angels

Uzziel; Angel of Faith

Open the door. It's a balcony room;
its solid sea top to bottom, I never know
when you'll show up.

Wildwood dreams and parked cars;
somewhere a bird, what kind I can't tell
but you're in a hurry.

Don't wait; now, the coffee's boiled over.
You have a husband, children
and a dog; the buzz of a room service bell.

Here's the [our] last leg.
The television is blurred; jai alai on, sound off.
Two dollar bets and torn tickets.

We're mobile.
We're Crown Vic'd and convertible.
I love you.

I love you. Don't forget
your wrap.
It's getting cold.

Charmaine; Angel of Harmony

Two cars in the lot; one, hood up and doors
sprawled open; the other shy in its expensiveness,
trying to hide.

No screens on the lowest rent rooms.
It's extra for AC; there's a plastic cup on the mantle
of an unused fireplace.

Our flesh shines from rain and sweat
and misunderstanding; one thin bath
towel to share.

I help to take off your grandmother's necklace;
every strand a link, a reminder
of the names you've given yourself:

lonely and forgotten and forlorn. Outside the heat
index hits 105; we'll trade our skin for water;
inch by inch let go.

Hadraniel; Angel of Love

We've become the space between words; the period
that separates thoughts. This is how we make love now,

silent and parenthetically; nothing but the echo of skin
against skin. We're fragments of color, black & white

scraped of sentence; left to the mercy of unsigned letters,
misdated phone calls and e-mail. At the park on 27th,

I lean against my car, wait for the clouds to bluish. You'll
become rain; I'll become the birdsong. I remember you

told me how water will save us; our limbs will dissolve
into small waves; we'll tumble and roll onto familiar shores.

Raphael; Angel of Healing

You imagine blackbirds flying a straight line
over flat land, wonder aloud how love feels
when it's new and raw,

before the sharp edge of regret cuts it down.
Afternoon drifts into evening drifts into dream.
You sew a scarecrow,

use your father's Sunday coat and pants.

You say a straw man holds on to loneliness
like a falisman; put your hand on my heart.

Later, in a narrow bed; one thin sheet,
an uncased pillow, I make the sign
of the cross

on the skin between your ribs.
You listen for the distant sound
of beating wings.

Colopation; Angel of Liberation

We talk about ghosts while the moon
possums in the sky. It is still;
the kind of stillness before a thunderstorm
or a car crash.

We're sitting on the swings; the playground
overlooks the baseball diamond. Colored paper
and matches confetti the infield; shreds from spent
bottle-rockets and firecrackers.

Longneck Budweiser's mark first second third
base and home. The only light left
is a lone firefly. You've dyed your hair;
skin, white as cuttlefish bones.

Tell me your first wish was the smoothest
stone ever skipped across water;
how you felt yourself drown
in each ripple and wave.