

Please recycle to a friend!

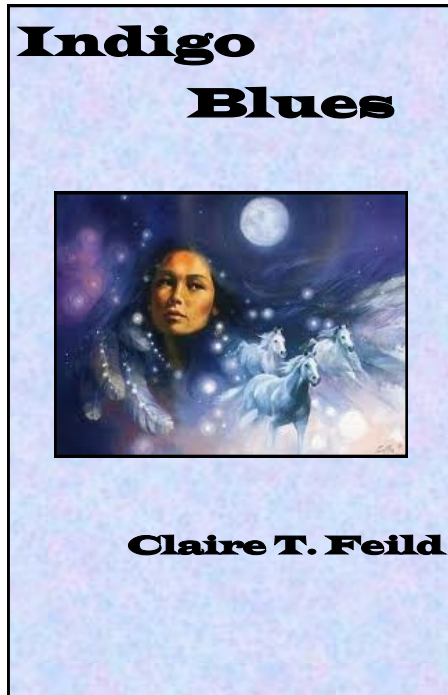
ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM  
~  
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover art: The Web

Origami Poetry Project™

## Indigo Blues

Claire T. Feild © 2013



### Indian Pipe

The pipe lies in the desert's whims,  
its round shape a well full of dark  
shame emboldened with a white  
luster on its upper edge,  
an unplanned tribute to the race  
that darkened the force of its rites.

Laid to rest in the desert, its  
ceremonial voice is not stilled as it  
continues to churn out dust-notes  
from its brown throat.

### Indigo

Her wide eye floods the earth  
with an inconsistent blue:  
sometimes dark,  
and the women cry  
Big Sioux tears.  
Mostly light her eye is,  
so the good times can  
paragon the emptiness.  
Everyone turns bronze  
to spite the old kludge,  
before her eye turns dusk  
at its fringe...and then  
bombshell black.

### Sinkhole

crouching near my stove  
a return to normality scarce  
I fear this double-wide trailer  
its innards contorted into  
corpulence

### Conspiracy

the plot shredded, each  
participant  
having to clean up a  
partial mess  
in a jail cozy with detritus

### Snake Dusk

still as dusk,  
snake coils  
planning for a collusion  
wishing they were  
translucent fairy  
shrimp, the snakes'  
being left without  
a hunger for deceit.

### Sawmill

Logs lookin' pretty  
to sawmill workers  
bound in lure,  
a day's work hot and  
sweaty, money paid  
scarce as baby teeth.