

Siesta, 800 A.D.
 Twig and root
 The blackbird's song,
 End of the day,
 A lover's grave -
 In the margins.
 Even this Book,
 With all its weight,
 Can't keep the minds
 Of simple monks
 From wandering.
 So what if
 A few harmless dragons,
 Inklings and beasts,
 Take flight,
 Escape the parchment,
 Evade the vellum,
 Slip out the sun-splashed window?

Death of a Poet
 (To Li Po)
 Such ancient light,
 Seen so clearly
 Dancing silver,
 Between the lily pads,
 You considered
 A lifetime
 Looking for the right word,
 When wordlessly
 The moon compelled
 And you found Zen:
 The awe-struck poet
 Losing himself
 Smooching the moon.

Note 147. Sunshine Through the Window

Pleasant
 To me
 Is the glittering of the sun
 Today
 Upon these margins,
 Because it flickers so.
 Four-hundred-thirty-eight
 Thousand suns
 Have risen and set
 Since that pleasing light
 Fell upon the manuscript,
 Gilding the vellum.
 I am pleased to report,
 In the slanted light,
 Through the frosted window,
 Across the scribbled notebook
 On this bright winter's day,
 It continues
 Flickering so.

Dublin Scribe
 Here and now
 Moving my ink
 Across an empty manuscript
 White as the New England snow
 I wander
 Through mist and moss
 Up cold stone steps
 Into the land of lost memories
 To glimpse a ghost
 A daydreaming Irish youth
 Glancing out his little window
 To the wild green world beyond

Please recycle to a friend!

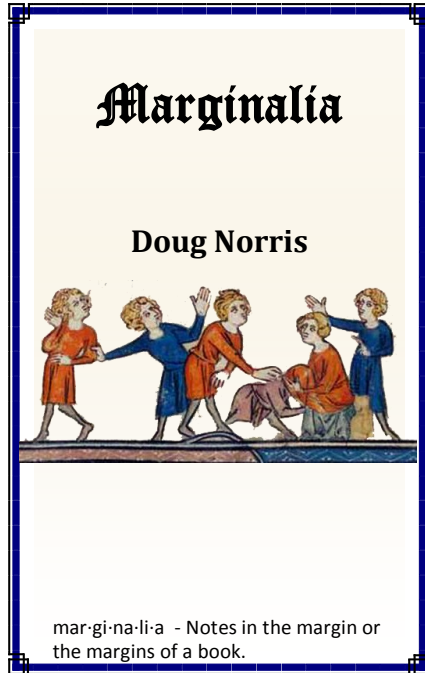
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Cover: Detail from medieval
 manuscript, unknown artist

Origami Poetry Project™

Marginalia

Doug Norris © 2013



These poems were inspired by a trip
 to Dublin, the *Book of Kells*, and a
 commonplace book I picked up
 in a used bookstore.

Just Before Waking

The moon
 Between blinds
 Like a washed copper penny