

Why Did You Do It?

General, General, General Tso
 why did you inflict your chicken
 on generations inhabiting now,
 indigestion following licking
 of coated morsels on fire with chilli
 loaded with garlic sauce sweet and sour
 guarded by towers of broccoli
 armed with gaseous propulsive power?
 After consuming my stomach stories
 bloating and floating, making itself known
 growing in martial oratory
 gnashing acid so avidly downed.
 it's 4 AM as I sit and curse you,
 slipping ginger ale to disemburse you.

Over to Five

Four o'clock in the morning is a well,
 thin-rimed skin over dank cavernous depths,
 blind anchorite's eyelass high mountain cell,
 cold place where wakeful sleepers know no rest.
 Bruised sky pauses in deep wheeled rotation
 wind halts restless motion, holding its breath,
 street light sentinels haven't a notion
 of what to shine on in scene so bereft.
 Ears ring in silence's profound abyss,
 no input to give aural connection,
 dark rushing mind seeks sun to channel it,
 day's stout locks and dams lending direction.
 At just before dawn one is scarce alive,
 courage must ferry the waker to five.

N'er a Pair to Wear

Like cards, reading glasses need to shuffle,
 craving to migrate toward brethren and shoal,
 lone ones sometimes surface, rare as toils,
 rising in change bows, bent and kerfuffled.
 Deadly cheap, each is easily sundered
 losing lenses so you're blind as a mole.
 De rigueur to buy dozens, filling that hole,
 then pile more still--plastic heaps of plunder.
 With such riches, why is there never a hunch
 where intact pair can be found with two bows?
 And when one wants to read a bit at lunch,
 their hide and seek makes agta wax bold.
 Worst is when you hear soft insectile crunch,
 and find you've crushed your favorites with one blow.

Night Vision

Broad avenues contract tight in full dark,
 roads slyly swap their names and turn around,
 it's hard to tell the pavement from the ground.
 Tall buildings stand bewildered in swart bloom,
 squares amid them rustle with faint menace,
 short traffic cones are orange-hat buffoons
 strewn about for twilight drivers' penance.
 I used to find my way round these places,
 could navigate at any hour with ease,
 these days streetlights put on fuzzy faces,
 while landmarks slip rear mirrors just to tease.
 Once bright eyes looked for rowdy night soirées,
 they now prefer a well-lit matinée.

Grief Dream

In my dreams your house has so many rooms,
 air ripens in them thickly black as loam,
 folding, they fit tight between door and stair,
 I've stooped and crouched low to follow you there.
 You flicker quiet in my corner eye,
 just here where past and time lie right beside
 labyrinths of loss my longing bestrides,,
 I've wandered that maze since the day you died.
 Do you call my name from your space between,
 with a voice that floats and falls and keens?
 I listen but cannot hear if you do
 only susurrus of a sigh leaks through.
 If I should call at your dark new address,
 would you open the door for your old guest?

Oh My Heads...

The Queen of Hearts has two massive headaches
 they knit her particular high pale brows
 both faces frown, displacing her crowns,
 red and white composure stalls, then it breaks.
 Rouge royal can't run from her urgent pain.
 without any limbs, only twinned torso,
 has to combust in silent avowal
 fiery frustrations that come, come again.
 She's cardboard thin, that much is the truth,
 dramatically overdone in design
 sadly two-dimensional to boot
 yet the lady's hurt is adamantine
 her only recourse to embrace her suit
 and find analgesics in valentines.

Oh My Heads...



Lauri Burke

Please recycle to a friend!

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Standard English deck

Origami Poetry Project™

Oh My Heads...

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