



mid thought mid stroke
 a mid flight refueling
 into the far reaches of infinity
 deep dark space
 the time table established
 sets me off again.
 god help me.
 i had sent you this one
 without an object to assemble
 i am at a loss for words.

a warming fire
 on a clear cold winter day
 a stone shed
 door with no lock inviting us in
 naked before the growing fire
 as the moon
 rises
 over this shimmering bed of coals
 strewn across
 this evening sky
 as i drive the country mile
 to enjoy
 the company
 of a friend growing old like i

memories
 hid behind
 the stillness
 beneath the moon
 reminded him
 of a time
 a moment
 "lost but not forgotten"

the moon over the open field
 on this cool evening as the
 sun was setting
 before
 this not yet winter night
 could have been the moon over the field
 beside a jungle
 the sky wash of real color
 there was no lion peering out
 carefree
 on a day bed, so matisse
 admiring the moon
 thank you henri
 or the moon admiring she i would think said he
 besides
 the lush from where the lion peered

Please recycle to a friend.

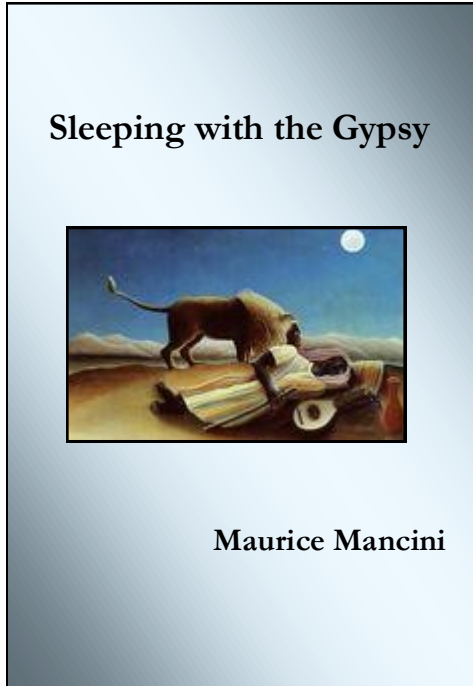
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 The Sleeping Gypsy
 & The Dream /the Web

Origami Poem Project™

Sleeping with the Gypsy

Maurice Mancini ©2014



it perplexes her
 she says
 when pressed
 how he can make something
 so involved
 not knowing what it will be.
 become
 what it will become.
 he just stood there
 caught off guard
 stopped in his tracks
 that is all he's got
 he thought
 knowing
 starting somewhere
 he would rest somewhere
 here or there sooner or later
 and the journey would be
 the faces could be
 more or less familiar
 becoming or not

love before the rules
 the expectations
 and the mundane aspect of familiarity
 the remembered barbs and wounds
 we grow older
 the memories linger still
 dog eared and faded

 you tell me.