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Cover Photo of Lucia
by Julie Carter

Origami Poems Project™

Lucia

Phil Shils © 2014



Lucia



Phil Shils

The mountains and the moon

I have no ties to the ocean
although I swam in it as a child
and then again when I was older.

The mountains are mine
through my mother.
She mourned them
from the plains.

Is there such a thing as
a tideless planet?
Only if there isn't a moon
(and I've many moons).

I slipped into Lucia's room
as she slept and she
turned towards me
because I'm a moon
and she's a tide.

The water doesn't lap
it rises
and remakes the shore.
The beach where
we are together
is in the mountains
and on the moon.

Puzzles

Trying to get Lucia to do puzzles
and put the medium orange round piece
and the large red round piece
into the appropriate spaces
I realize that I hate puzzles.
Where is the joy in putting
a square on a square or
a triangle on a triangle?
Do children really do this?
She lifts the circle
to her mouth
or throws it.
It would be satisfying
to me if she
would put it back
in its spot
even by accident.
It would
be a relief.

Why does my dog fetch
I asked my wife.
She said
because he knows
you like it.
Why do you keep
throwing the ball?

To my daughter's photographer

Don't varnish her and patronize us by removing
the scar on her neck where the central line
was. You don't soften her you deanimate her.
I want the snot and bits of stuff on her cheek.
If there is clear saliva glistening on her chin
like a tear I want it left. The day you took the
picture it was cloudy and the air was a somber
blue. Don't make it a sunny day or scrub her
skin. She was mad that day and thus the
jut of her chin. In one picture her mother
kisses her cheek with a tender arching neck and
our daughter looks frozen and thoughtless.
Keep in mind that her belly and her chest
are picketed with thick and thin cicatrices that
are as immutable as the asymmetry of her green
eyes. Another photo shows my girl with
slight contempt some suspicion
but the beginnings or the end of a smile.
The original is the perfect image of a goddess
of leafy things that are made of ice and will cut
you when it's cold but caress you as they melt.