

the stars are dying.  
wake up the sky

all bubbles burst, won't somebody please  
trouble, here comes the full-moon flood,  
وربما يكون من الجيد ان  
headed hipsters now, Edwin Hubble, Hubble,  
my night-time mind, where are the angel  
your dreams, I beg you, paint violet hours across  
but it's asleep, so show me  
in my dreams I speak to the universe

on a blade, Buddha just means one who's awake,  
no-one, is heaven balanced on a grassblade,  
two-by-two, Ο πατέρας μα, ο εὐ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ,  
and no-one in a crisis walks  
he talks about it afterwards,  
and no one in a crisis walks  
that film where the boat sinks, Gene Hackman dies,  
and Poseidon, oh great, great, Poseidon, I love  
shal ha-sholom, אלהי אבותינו, אלהי אבותינו  
Hutzielopochtli, Apsu, Osiris, Atum, Eioah,  
graves in Heaven, Quetzalcoatl,  
and I wonder who digs  
eternal,  
qui es in caelis, only a circle is  
god and the night, pater noster,  
Here we are hallucinating

hallucinating

Please recycle to a friend!

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The Book of Doubt

Scott Devon © 2014



## The Book of Doubt



Scott Devon

When I died it was the opposite of drowning,  
I poured fearful into some other bourn, *il percorsor*  
*inizia nel paradiso all'Inferno*, and felt my ending die.  
I awoke upon the shores of Sheol, where the waiting  
dream of what, Cielo? seconda morte? I saw there lilacs  
out of the dead land, and Lotus flowers crowning the dead.  
A land of outre hope, and pregnant pauses so ancient the  
unborn have crow's feet upon their faces. I saw  
there a lapis path, by the Lemna, and upon the path a  
man of clearest cyan waiting, his bones unpicked by  
whispers, his mind a shanthi shrine, and there on his  
varada palm no lifeline scarred the skin.  
On an eternal instinct I followed with gay  
abandon, ogni speranza, voi che entrate.

sheol

ambivalence

"to save our people we must sacrifice our people"  
G'Kar

I saw him today down in Circle Nine  
found only decay in his hate he said  
forgiveness is the highest form of faith

our souls unborn buddhas wanting freedom  
from the dark he said so all life must die  
I saw him today down in Circle Nine

yet I fear the matin light which you have  
stoned blue with bruises he said hear my prayer  
forgiveness is the highest form of faith

ascending a blind guide led me beyond  
the dark asked me if the sun was rotten  
I saw him today down in Circle Nine

and so the sun bled out and lost the sky  
orphaned all to ineffectual fire  
forgiveness is the highest form of faith

in the morning the sunrise smells of wings  
and whip marks and blood and ambivalence  
I saw him today down in Circle Nine  
forgiveness is the highest form of faith

inglouis

the path

The T-Cell snow's falling upon the path,  
upon the pilgrims buried down inside their Cistercian  
robes spread, as broken wings, around them.

They have seen, with one eye closed,  
as if taking aim or fearful of seeing too deeply,  
this land wet with drought, this land of *ros crux*,

this land of Ptolemaic love,  
where the Satrap-Soter breeds scythes  
for mobled souls. '*O quam cito transit gloria mundi*',

quotes the last pilgrim in selfish prayer, but thinks,  
or maybe hears, *this land, this snow is Jolie Laide*,  
and begins to feel the father inside the cold,  
inside the pain,  
inside the grave.