

At night I do not sleep
because there is a train passing
someone else's window.
I hear it distantly, imagine
the boy in the house next to it
listening to the engine breathe
past him, and I wonder
if this boy is thinner than me.
I listen to my own breath
and think, Am I a good person?

Sheep Ribs Bloom

I think of how I might die,
my body splitting open,
pink tongues around me
like fire, like maggots.
Then, though that sort of death
wouldn't be bad, I feel very lonely.
I think of hiding in the space
of one of the walls around me.
I would never fit. Maybe
the boy in the house by the train
could, but not me. I lie and breathe
and watch the shadow
shifting outside the window.
The lower end of a leg
or only a shoe painted with
moonlight. It calms me down.

Drift Song

Father, I am flying above
the sea. I am the glass bottle

thrown to the wall, ornament
coming loose. Mother, I hear

your voice pulling at the water,
your fists reaching for waves that

threaten to break like windows.
I look for you from the sky.

Your silhouettes hide within
my reflection. Even now, your names

come loose in the brine, bruised
souls like sparks in the waves.

Father, Mother, I am lost in the air.
The sun conquers your shadows.

Above the waves, a breeze
is blowing; touching the

soft water, then parting, then
touching it again, like lips.

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The Wading Room



Daniel Blokh

The shadows outside spin
like feathers in water,
round and round.
It calms me down and my heart
beats slower, but I still can't sleep.
How evil of my own hands
not to let me sleep! My own eyes
becoming the suns they run from.
My eyelids burnt dark red
from their touch. My eyelids
are uncomfortable, so I keep them above.
So I watch the shadows outside.
The shadows look much
much thinner than me.
If I could only swallow light.

from my window I watch water
shift carelessly like a bird
a spectre in light
great whispering field
my anxious shadow stretches
to you over the shore
ocean take me whole
carry me within
your chest lock me
in a whale's mouth
I will live
! breathlessly

Rustler

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Origami Poetry Project™

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