

www.origamipoems.com

origamipoems@gmail.com

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Origami Poetry Project™

The Post Atomic Sonnets  
Donald C. Welch III © 2016



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## The Post Atomic Sonnets



Donald C. Welch III

#1

I would riot right into NYC,  
disregard any evacuation,  
barge right through a CDC quarantine  
before I left my true love forsaken.  
Traverse the deserted Manhattan streets,  
past road blocks and barricades, storm Harlem;  
sneak by anarchists battling police  
and the creeping scavengers who watch them.  
Baby, I'm your crazy survivalist,  
let's escape and make ourselves a safe home;  
dying together isn't romantic,  
but neither is living my life alone  
My heart's infected with your sweet disease  
and I can only hope there's no vaccine.

#2

Writing I love you I don't punctuate  
no sign can do justice to the meaning  
no symbol able to encapsulate  
the tender subtleties of my feelings  
If I use a period our love ends  
you've never given me cause to question  
exclaiming like lust is brief and intense  
we love without pause or interruption  
I imagine our words circling back  
a sentence repeating —eternity—  
so if you or I ever lose our track  
I can always find you or you find me  
My love for you exists in no one place  
but everywhere at once in time and space

#3

I hope one day the bomb actually falls,  
wipes us all into pure oblivion  
dust to dust now a bunch of particles  
testing the truth of all world religions,  
for in that moment you and I will go  
together in the same fleeting instance,  
neither of us will be tortured knowing  
the slow passage of those widowed minutes.  
Old tyrant Time now has his own master  
after being called: social construction  
and making love is art more than ever,  
we create despite threats of destruction.  
And though, my love, we may end in a flash,  
infinity with you is all I ask.

#4

We've got seven-hundred cans of black beans,  
a Faraday cage for an EMP,  
and chickens out back that we can slaughter.  
We've got an armory in our basement  
and bug out bags hidden on the back porch  
together we'll be ready to face it,  
when, inevitably, worst comes to worst.  
Still, I can't prepare for my greatest fear,  
as sure as the economic collapse,  
when our love eventually disappears  
and we're part of a long forgotten past.  
Even though death makes the effort absurd  
love means defending what can't be preserved.

#5

"Let Rome in Tiber melt"  
- Antony & Cleopatra

If the physical world disintegrates,  
everything flattens in front of our eyes,  
science backfires on the human race,  
I wouldn't care as long as we survive.  
We can live off the new world together,  
I'll plant that garden I wanted to start,  
you can learn to cure meat for the winter,  
we'll practice canning berries sweet and tart.  
Nature doesn't bother with human woes  
rivers will run or dry up like always,  
trees will fall in forests, new ones will grow,  
oceans, seas, and lakes will keep making waves.  
I want to love with a mountain's patience  
forget time and just grow over ages

#6

On a bus somewhere in Connecticut,  
stuck on the interstate, returning home,  
dreaming of your embrace after this trip  
in headrest naps while traffic stops and goes.  
These roads were built under Eisenhower  
to maneuver missiles from coast to coast,  
now drivers sit in twilight rush hours,  
dining in service plazas, hungry ghosts.  
Cold-war politics and paranoia  
made the US move at a brand new speed,  
this bus leisurely cruises, I enjoy  
passing blurs of countryside greenery;  
we'll sit back, relax, and take our sweet time  
while the world rushes to its own demise.