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Cover: *Melusine*  
by Lauri Burke

**Origami Poetry Project™**

The Sea and a River

Tricia Marcella Cimera © 2016



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### Mudflat Woman

I am the Mudflat Woman.  
I am the flotsam.  
I am the jetsam.  
I am what you find  
left behind  
when the ocean tides  
recede.  
The bone,  
the pearl,  
the scrap of feather,  
the weathered wood,  
the claw, the tail, the shell:  
what is hard,  
what is essential,  
what is plain  
and unadorned.

See how the waning evening light  
shines down,  
illuminating the fine  
etched  
lines and scratches  
on every piece  
of beautiful  
me.

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Previously Published in:  
*Reverie Fair*, 2015

### Time is a River without Banks

My Czech father, dead for eight years,  
shows up in my dream early this morning.  
He touches my hand, tells me to remember  
the Village of Lidice,  
the Prague Spring,  
the Velvet Revolution.

I say I only recall a little about this history.  
He raises his eyebrows at me, the way  
he did in life, and suggests I look it up.

It's the past, I yawn in my dream, long over.  
My father reminds me that Marc Chagall said  
*Time is a river without banks*

and these things are happening right now, in  
different places, events churning up the water,  
the water flowing out into the world —  
Wake up!  
And his voice is so insistent, I open my eyes,  
open them wide. What I see is a river  
rushing all around my bed.

Previously Published in *I Am Not A Silent Poet*, 2015

### (she)ll

she found the shell in the sand

plucked it and held it high

it gleamed silver, then pink

then silver again

she took it home/  
during the night, the shell grew big

so big that she could crawl inside

she glowed silver, then pink,

then silver again

she nodded and stayed/  
wearing her shell there on the sand

just like a crab or a snail

glistening pink inside,

then silver outside

she pulled farther in/  
when at last the shell broke

she lay glimmering on the sand

first silver, then pink,

then silver again

then nothing at all/  
she washed out to sea

Published in *Prairie Light Review*, 2009

### (she)ll on the shining sand

she sees it on the shining sand

gleaming silver, then pink,

then silver again.

she smiles to find the

shell empty.

once a gold snail lived within, then  
a hermit crab who quoted edna st.

vincent millay — *the jingle-shells that*

*lie and bleach.* she crawls

inside gently

and falls asleep. she dreams of

primeval green turtles, black-tipped

pearl oysters, and a silver of white moon

hanging over the Shell in the painting

by Dali.

she awakes

in the sea.

Fox Adoption Magazine, March 2016

### Panama Hat

Poor Panama hat.

You used to sit

atop my father's head.

You had the best view,

started to the side,

as we sauntered down the beach.

He loved the warm climes,

the blue blue ocean,

the endless bowl of cloudless sky.

He sang all the old Venezuelan

songs of his past,

We ate fresh fish, drank gold rum.

He touched your prim, held my hand.

Maybe you think

as you sit

in the dark hall closet,

*Come back.*

*It's been so long.*

Come back.