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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.

-

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
glistering 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 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.

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.
Come back.