

### Incident at Cape Town

Crazy laughter  
 Man on Kloof  
 Drunk city night  
 Smothered. Guarded.  
 Raucous motorbike optimism  
 Traffic at a standstill  
 Hear Africa yell  
 Deep-rooted wants  
 Deep-bellied fears  
 Ever-present uncertainty  
 Stopping. Forgetting. Repeating.  
 "We are crazy!"  
 "We are crazy!"  
 "We are crazy!"

### Badgers!

Headline:  
 "Worthing Attacked"  
 Reportedly yesterday.  
 Quote:  
 "Stripper's exterminate government."  
 Society prepares for consequences.  
 Headline:  
 "Activist badgers causing murder"  
 Quote:  
 "Quizzically lead thousands of companions  
 Deep into countryside."  
 Yes, blood.  
 Years lost.  
 Nuns bought.  
 Cows mourning.  
 Public mindless, yawning,  
 just another headline,  
 Turning the page.  
 Onto pigs.

### Poem for Old Quebec

This vast divine  
 Woolen company  
 Visitor snowmen  
 Caribou heads  
 Carnival invasion  
 Cobbled and loose  
 Walking twisted geography  
 Sterile snow blowing  
 White dunes down the Grand-Allée  
 Layers of smiling life  
 Stonewalling scowls and annoyances  
 Ubiquitous bugles calling out  
 Frozen beards  
 Drunken tongues  
 Stumbling strangers  
 Holy creatures  
 This muffled colony  
 This common ground

### Ancient Tales

Imaginary wastelands  
 Talking libraries  
 Memory curators  
 Practicing revolution  
 Seeing, showing  
 Mechanical islands  
 Token countryside  
 Rubber villages  
 Character factories  
 Penny wonderlands  
 When poets  
 Blankly composed  
 Darker songs,  
 Scrambled life,  
 Shaped conditions,  
 Ended nations

### Metro-North

Nobody platforms  
 Consciousness necessitated  
 Whatever maneuverings  
 People without sky  
 Without tracks  
 Slow-moving sun erasing morning  
 Seatmate strangers touching opposites  
 No words  
 Just sunglasses  
 Blank as bees  
 Locomotive nose blasting darkness  
 Subway womb erupting galaxies  
 Random Mamaroneck universe  
 Awkward pause  
 Stop train  
 Manhattan

### Poet's Comments

I call these "Third Life Poems" because they all began as travel blog posts, where they still exist in cyberspace.

Then they received a second life as Wordle images, push-pinned to a bulletin board. From the Wordles, I found origami poems.



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Every Origami microchap may be printed from the website.

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Origami Poetry Project™

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