



she was bitter like the pound of
ground walnuts that ruined dinner
and sent the two black cadillacs on
their way
for her first four months in the
country everyone had said her rivals
were but the sun and the bend in
the road
and yet even after tonight the sea
somehow still sparkles from the
remnants of yesterdays full moon

Taking Gods Recipe Too Seriously

a week later the kid's guidance
counselor admitted to the social
worker Moses must have experienced
Mercury Retrograde no differently
than Confucius

and so as not to go un noticed the
one a year younger also chimed in
the right to bare arms was a clear
decree about t-shirts and tattoos

being a parent was not her idea of
poetry until the moment her
daughter mentioned if the signers
of the Declaration wore wigs it was
not at all strange the nation was
represented by a Bald Eagle

A Letter To The Weekend Editor

but being the recipient of a prestigious grant called for
a higher order of not getting down on ones'
knees to be thankful or repetitive

she was sure she had rewritten those lines more times
than Jesus had been misquoted

i needed the night to wrestle down my imagination
of being incontinent with frozen creativity and my
dreams of following the monastic life of a cricket

An Un-Commonplace Luxury

Please recycle to a friend!

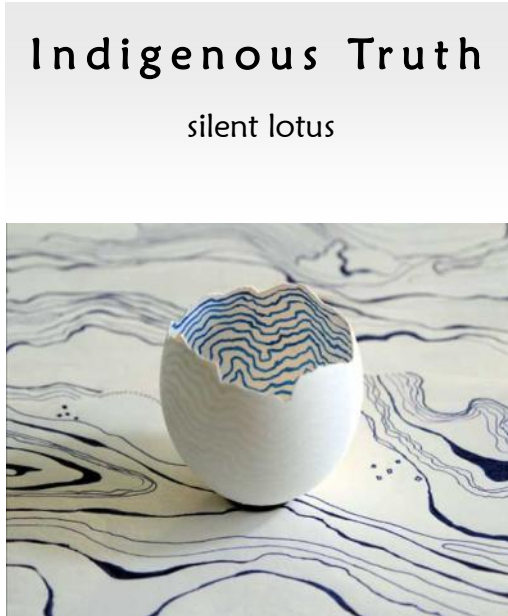
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Origami Poetry Project™

Indigenous Truth

silent lotus © 2013
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Indigenous Truth

silent lotus

Reliving Truth

it was in a local café that foreigners
can not read about in magazines or
revised travel guides that i wanted
to meet you

where the scent of saffron tea
is not diluted by aimless
conversation from across the room
while waiting for the waiter to find a
waitress who has the chalkboard
with the list of indigenous wines &
aperitifs that go with either fine
slices of cured duck or an almond
crusted cheesecake

watching a missionary
try to palm off a prayer book on you
in the parking lot behind the marine
paint store and the hair salon was
never in the picture

Breakfast

the squirrels looked around with less
than a romantic ayre as rowboats chaffed
on anchor lines

a squall that not even the waitress
could have predicted for two hours
all the take out orders had been
tall coffees with one sugar yet each
had a different story about storm

and no not one not even one
was a gypsy taxi driver or an
unemployed airport chaplain