

Days Beyond Measure

Wind bounces branches
as I climb to the highest reach
of an apple tree and rest there
scanning flat farmland from
my secluded perch.
I squint at the sun,
bite fruit,
imagine
a short walk down a dirt path
leads to a secret tear in the fence
almost overgrown with twisting vine
I squeeze inside
to enter the dark solitude of woods
wander along the edge of a stream
shafts of light angle through trees
and glistening on the scales of a carp.
I slowly float my hand in the cool
waters, fins splash
vanishing.
I close my eyes and bury myself
in a pile of leaves
inhaling the rich, damp scent of earth,

an aperitif for standing silent
near a swarm of bees.
Cicadas wait as I pass.
I lie on my stomach,
tracking ants
on their march to invade
a newly fallen, broken bird.

At the edge of the trees
someone has made a swing
from ropes and wood.
I square my brown shoes on the seat
and pump
until I'm high enough to see
long rows of corn converging,
perfectly
with the horizon.
Air is cooling as the sun lowers.
I hear the whistle of my father, calling.
Untangling slowly from my nest
shadows of my future stretch before me.

Dear God We're Getting Warmer

It's not what I was taught,
that I'd find you in the ordinary.
Like tonight at the Blue Agave,
Neal's banjo case
seems a sacred partner to the instrument,
patiently waiting.

Then Enid's eyes, blue beyond all blue
like a Van Gogh painting,

And tears in my eyes
as Kurt reads Ithaca,
wearing his varsity jacket.

through an open window.

again, and again

rising

a sheer white curtain, breathing

but here you are, forty-two years later

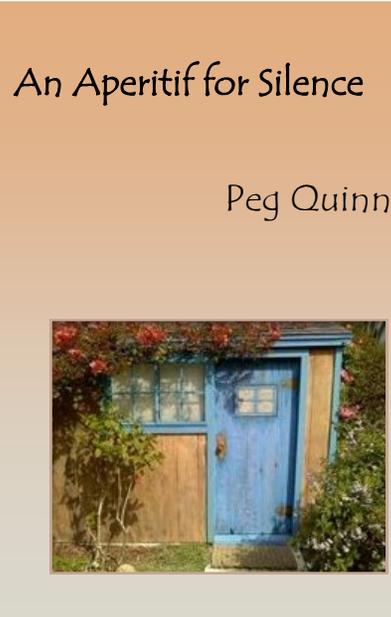
thrust out your palm and make it stop

like a bearded New York traffic cop,

my brother's hearse

I thought you'd stand before

I'd been misled.



Acknowledgment

"Mangos" - *Reader's Broadside #3*
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Mangos

I ate two mangos for breakfast
while standing over the kitchen sink,
peeling, slicing, thinking how objects
of nature face their fate without
complaint, then, how the color mango
differs from, say, apricot, becoming
clown-like, dripping mango mess while
consumed by the idea that sacrifice
contains elements so complex, we've
conjured whole religions,
desperate to make sense.

Please recycle to a friend!

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM

origamipoems@gmail.com

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Studio After

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Origami Poetry Project™

An Aperitif for Silence

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