

Lois Marie Harrod © 2012

As my mother  
would find my brother  
lying in the grass  
that he was supposed to cut,  
his languid brown hair  
humming among the green strings  
so often complained  
he sank in his desk,  
loose and lanky  
in that sleeveless t-shirt  
with its slow coda of stripes  
these lazily lines for you.

Song with Nothing to Do

“Emperor Concerto”

How did he do this,  
except from great love,  
bring forth this music  
that touches our deepest silences,  
frees those  
birds long caged  
to sing against  
a bright noon sky,  
each note now shielding,  
now revealing  
the brilliance  
that is salvation,  
that is annihilation,  
that is neither,  
that is both.

M.S. Rooney © 2012

Note: *Emperor*— Beethoven’s last concerto

Christian J. Collier © 2012

Nina sings the sound  
of heartbreak softly  
to lessen the sting. Yes,  
the blues are still blue  
& sweeping like black birds  
over the swaying gulf. I can  
close these eyes of mine  
& feel this woman’s dancing fingers  
push against the lean piano keys.  
The loneliness creeps  
from under her nails, over the round  
of the fingertips & falls like shaken fruit  
from a tree. How sad those days must’ve been.  
They tightened her jaw  
& made her wear her Blackness as a garment:  
Her soul peeps through these slow songs  
like the meat of a breast through a soaked shirt.  
I watch my empty glass cry for another drink,  
just some vodka or whiskey  
to make the night a little easier,  
thinking to myself, *Nina, my mood is indigo, too.*

Indigo

Midnight Blue

You can walk into  
midnight blue  
when the moon is full  
white, ghosts of *Blue*  
*Indigo* sway, wave  
silken notes you wear like skin  
sound depths  
of infinite sky  
a pool so very  
black and blue  
to the naked eye  
the Duke’s fine sighs  
soft smooth as lemon balm  
infused with mint  
sweet scents  
entice you to  
midnight blue.

Mary Mueller © 2012

Laylangievangeline

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Selected Poems & Their Poets

Midnight Blue by Mary Mueller

“Emperor Concerto” by M.S. Rooney

Song with Nothing to Do  
by Lois Marie Harrod

Indigo by Christian J. Collier

Laylangievangeline by Dawn Nikithser

To The Man Playing The Accordion  
By Diane Elayne Dees



Note: Title is combo of 3 songs about women:  
*Layla* by Derek and the Dominos, *Angie* by The  
Rolling Stones, & *Evangeline* by The Icicle Works

Dawn Nikithser © 2012

It mattered  
Even though  
I will never be  
On the radio  
Or a video  
Or golden on a wall.  
It mattered  
And I was immortal  
For three minutes and forty-two seconds  
To one boy  
And a guitar.

I came for fulfillment of pink carnellia buds,  
the swaying sculpture of ornamental grass,  
a glimpse of the quiet river,  
a reason to like this desolate place.  
Instead, you gave me Paris in the 30s,  
a cabaret in Berlin, a street market in Spain.  
Had I come to meditate, I could never  
have emptied my mind of the smell  
of sweet black coffee, the taste of ruby wine  
in shining goblets, the sight of holy spires,  
the light touch of a mid-summer breeze,  
the sound of poets reading aloud to poets.  
I never saw your face, never thanked you.  
I just watched your shoulders  
move effortlessly against the sky  
as you faced the water, oblivious to my awe.

To The Man Playing The Accordion

Diane Elayne Dees © 2012

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OPP Poetry Celebration Contest 2012

Congratulations to the Poets:

Mary Mueller

M.S. Rooney

Lois Marie Harrod

Christian J. Collier

Dawn Nikithser

Diane Elayne Dees

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