Postcards from The Knife-Thrower’s Wife

Alex Stolis © 2019

www.origamipoems.com
email@origamipoems.com

Every OPP microchap may be printed from the website.

Cover collage by Jan K
Origami Poem $ Project™

Recycle this microchap with a friend.
The OPP is a 501(c)3 Non-Profit
Donations welcome...

August 1 - St. John, N.B. Canada

I keep all your letters in a cigar box under our bed next to grandmother’s wedding dress. This is a city of ghosts of bars of brown pastures. You send me postcards from all the places I’ll never go. They are on a map I do not own. I am left with ink on fingers, smudges of black on white on an unpunctuated loss. Truth is something only paper can be witness to. I’ll never wear that dress. Instead, I’ll meet you where the earth is covered in blues and greens.

August 2 - Woodstock, N.B. Canada

I’m a girl on a dragon-fly on the back of a horse heading straight into the wind under an unbreakable sky. You are not here. You are made-up words in an invented language spoken in whispers. I remember every detail of the world we created from scratch. I remember that day the moon eclipsed the sun and for a moment the earth turned cold. The sky turned deep green no stars in sight. You wrote me of a dream you had; lost, afraid and miles away from home. You heard the low beat of wings. You felt the steady pound of hooves and I readied myself for flight.