Diane Jackman

**On the frayed rope of my imagination**

I am cursed a yellow poet.

The Brigadier-General takes up gardening

South of the Englishman’s castle.

Platoons of daffodils guard the hedge.

They do not stand easy.

And those who step out of line

Are not confined to the glasshouse.

They suffer summary execution,

Beheaded by the edge trimmers.

The colours fly.

Freedom and beauty are taken prisoner.

I am cursed with a disease.

To write poetry.

I know you are a better poet than I.

And I curse you in turn - because

Stay in the shadow.

They are cursed with the same disease.

Every OPP microchap may be printed

from the website.

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Origami Poems Project ™

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Donations welcome...

**Why I have never done what I always wanted to do…**

When I was twelve I used to watch

black and white films

on wet Sunday afternoons.

How I longed to dance

the tango with George Raft,

but I didn’t know the steps.

When I learned to tango, he was barred

from Britain for illegal gaming,

I didn’t have the fare to America.

Now he is dead;

and I have forgotten

how to dance the tango.

**Fear of Flying**

Last night I dreamed I flew

pulled by a silver swan

over a frozen sea, pillow

behind an unknown aviator.

I saw in the moonlight

giant seals’ heads among the ice floes

terror gripped my heart,

for I have a fear of flying.

But last night where shining heads

bobbed in the moonlight

gazed at our swift passage,

fear was conquered.

I long for nightfall,

though I have a fear of flying.