Ballerina

Into my window fall stars long as dreams, I slip through the screen. Night grows a poem stretching prima toes to cross street then creek stepping soft on the forest floor. Over shivering beds of dark stones, the sparkle-moon follows me home.

Overnight

Even through moon and drizzle, the train plumes billowing into the horizon. Tracks how into the marshy horizon until its last breath slips out the window, when whistle trails off and clouds navigate my backyard valley. They vibrate my candle flame, drip with shadows behind our house, out of reach.

I’m returning my mind to its dream, leaves close their eyes. I hear the creatures of the low sky rush us calm, out of the streetlight. Past the creek line bordering our woods, the oak leaves don’t drip with shadows behind our house, out of reach.

Lines

www.origamipoems.com
OPP microchaps may be printed from the website.

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Overnight
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