Still Life: Apron

In the basement across from a wooden handmade work bench a machinist’s apron hangs from a metal hook on the wall. Oil soaks the canvas cloth, weighs it down and makes it look darker and older than it is. Two pockets pouch open—twin mouths tired, waiting for food.

A bamboo fishing pole leans on the wall next to the apron with a promise of rest, of a wash of waves infusing the air, of lake water fragrances loosing tight muscles—a rest with the promise of food for hungry mouths.

Language of Absence

The Chicago A-frame on Walton Street where I grew up still stands, but the umbrella-shaped mulberry tree no longer graces the front yard. A metal sculpture, shaped like a lily’s pointed petals, reaches for air, stands in its place.

After the renovation on Walton Street to install an elevator to accommodate my son’s wheelchair, I notice the henna-hued lilies gone. As if they never existed.

www.origamipoems.com
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Cover: Collage by Jan K

Origami Poems Project ™

From the Porch Window
Marcia J. Pradzinski © 2020

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From the Porch Window
Lilacs perfume the air. Pruning shears open close open close. Twigs and blossoms sprig my father’s flannel shirt. He sets down the clippers and moves to the roses. He bends, slips his fingers under a bright yellow head, and inhales deeply. Sharp sunlight and ginger leaves gild the ground, cast him in an aureole; the shimmer holds him still.