

The air is swampy  
Spanish moss green,  
a few counties down  
and now annoys many  
men on the golf course.  
The fluidity of the spongy  
air infects everybody  
living here, thoughts  
like flies hit across  
our minds but can't  
ever stay long enough.  
I'm writing you to say  
I'm coming north next  
week, can't keep licking  
stamps beside these  
thick magnolia leaves.

A POEM ON THE BACK OF A PHONE BILL.

It's hard and fat and  
mean here. The heart  
must make it so, or  
otherwise snakes and  
roads wouldn't be  
poisonous. I'll take  
the darker climate,  
the pallid nights and  
odd recessive days.  
My eyes are tired  
of blinking twice  
to wipe the sweat  
away. Everything is  
a tone away from  
scarf. I want to  
come back to gray.

Over a cherry hutch, day breaks through pangs.  
My arms argued last night for mutiny,  
the left dangling weaker as the right gained  
a foothold on the possibility  
of letting go, crashing into grapefruit,  
a broken plastic thing, decorating  
no more. I'm a joke, nothing but a hoop,  
a manufactured party favor  
hung out to dry on a martini glass,  
known for nothing but bad taste, tossed aside,  
a bauble, silly yellow-finned morass  
of consumerism, those happy lies.  
But I will hangover as day takes hold.  
With no legs to stand on, where can I go?

THE YELLOW PLASTIC  
MERMAID HAS HER SAY

You lifted me into a dark growing.  
You lay me down in unstilling pastures.  
Poppies companioned my breath. Howling  
winds exhumed my lungs. Inside I quivered  
like the unsung instrument, unfretted  
by you. Boils planted your fingerprints on  
every passel of soiled flesh your inept  
heart set foot on. Conquering Olympian,  
your pandemic corrupted one free world  
while you noodled with swans, and alphabet  
soup thickened your words. Being undone curdles  
even the mildest dispositions. A hex  
may grow from my curses and, like kudzu,  
creep up down over around and through you.

*You lifted me out of a dark growing*  
Patricia Croedicke

OF PREPOSITIONAL PROPORTIONS

### HEART-SHAPED ROCKS

Nature loves to break  
down and remake edges  
rounding granite faces,  
curving shores, scalloping  
brittle sand and ice;  
ledges bow to ocean urges,  
fold themselves over  
in supplicant repose,  
sculpt caves of soft mouths  
to swallow the high seas.  
Eyes blink in direct sunlight –  
even your baby blues.  
Nothing craves a straight line.  
Even our gritty words  
circle in the zephyred air  
and carve curlicues  
around our feud.

### HEART-SHAPED ROCKS



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Origami Poetry Projects

HEART-SHAPED ROCKS

by Barbara Schweitzer

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