

**Glenda**  
*It isn't all it seems, at seventeen.*  
 —Janis Ian

At seventeen, Glenda  
 leaned over,  
 with milk laden breasts,  
 and blood-stained blouse,  
 and told it this way:  
 That Glenda's man  
 walked over and put  
 his gun to Sticks' head,  
 and said,  
 "Whassup now, mother fucker?"  
 and shot him in the eye...  
 ...for looking at her.

And the place emptied.  
 And Sticks hit the floor.  
 And Glenda stood  
 alone,  
 at seventeen.

**Waiting**  
*It is a long time.*  
*It is a short time.*

She sits and stares  
 out the window,  
 and at the door.  
 The staff has  
 done her hair.  
 They don't come  
 as often any more.  
 Since she moved  
 here a fading memory  
 clouds her eyes.

So, she waits  
 a long time,  
 a short time,  
 for God.

**Forecast**

November turns  
 down the temperature  
 on a fading fall.  
 Futures will reap  
 mixed results  
 in varying degrees.

Cardboard and cloth  
 are at a premium too.

The homeless go a gathering  
 to shape and line  
 their informal refuge.

A bold physical effort  
 to bolster the mental barrier  
 that helps bring false hope  
 of warding off the looming  
 winter kill.

**Haiku:**

#4  
 That very first touch  
 I had saved for my love  
 but step-dad came first.

#33  
 Of song and battle  
 The Warrior Poet lives  
 embracing his Arts.

**Sick of the News**

The news argues  
 you believe their opinions  
 and tie back the synapses  
 of free thought to the black  
 hole of the unknown, and  
 stick to making casseroles.  
 Lest we start to think, and  
 reject what we have become,  
 and question between the lines,  
 then drive daggers through the eyes  
 of the Machiavellian Oligarchs.

**OF MAD DOGS,  
 CLOCKWORK  
 and  
 CITY STEPPES**



By

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*Please recycle to a friend.*

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**Origami Poetry Project**

**OF MAD DOGS, CLOCKWORK  
 And CITY STEPPES**

by Robert Muir

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