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By Robert Schlenker

Origami Poems Project™

Rhymes & Enchantments

The Napkin Poems

Doug Norris © 2013



RHYMES &



ENCHANTMENTS

The Napkin Poems

DOUG NORRIS

Napkin Poem

I love the Earth
But cannot stay.
It's not my choice.
It's just the way.
And so I ask,
And this I pray:
To learn
To love
To live
Today.

Monkeytown

The monkeys wake in Monkeytown
Leaving beds of monkeydown,
Monkeydreams of great renown,
For uniforms of monkeybrown.
They monkeydrive and monkeywalk,
Monkeycourse and monkeytalk
And jog around the monkeyclock
As days tick by the monkeyclock,
As days tick by the monkeyclock,
As days tick by the monkeyclock.

I am jumpy,
My bed's a bog.
Slightly bumpy.
I am frog.
My tongue is fat.
I crouch and croak.
I mump and mope.
I am frog broke.
I still dream:
From kisses to king.
But I'll take any action
I can get.
That's the thing
About being frog:
High aspirations,
Low expectations.

Feeling Frog

Head drowsy,
Sinuses lousy,
I feel a frog
Coming on.
In my wallowing,
Sludgy swallowing,
Muddy disposition,
I feel frog.
Slimy sheen,
Turning green,
Head to toad,
Frog explodes.
My thoughts are dark
Like a frog.
Like a frog.
My skin is moist
Like a frog.

Genesis

We find a place
Among the stones
To watch the rising sun.

Begat, begotten,
Forget, forgotten -
Too late. It's begun.

And in the beginning:

Rhymes & Enchantments
grew from thoughts that were all scraps,
written on napkins and bar coasters over the years.