

First published in *Ealain*.

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Accepted by *Three Line Poetry*

Having no hope of spring, I
 trudge along a snow-packed
 sidewalk with my head down,
 careful not to catch my boots
 in an icy crack.
 It's April Fools and this morning's
 bluster of snow isn't a hoax.
 Another day of dreary, I think
 wishing I were defiant as snowdrops
 sprung open like safety pins left
 beneath a small yard's ragged
 evergreen.

Snowdrops

The weather after
 the winter that wasn't winter
 left us wondering—bright
 sun upon our faces.
 We could hardly see
 what was coming next.

Sailing Off in a Paper Boat

Sleep's ragged breath ransacks our chilly room.
 Full moon snagged in the sycamore's branches.
 Red star pulses on the radio tower.

Welsh form: Englyn (each line 10 syllables,
 totaling 30, rhyme can occur in it)

soap bubbles~
 subtle worlds quivering
 in sun-blue sky

Small Gestures



MJ Iuppa

Small Gestures

1. Sunlight lingers on cherry blossoms . . .
 Its blush becomes a syllable held tenderly in
 a song filled with maybe— wanton kisses—
 you can scarcely breathe
2. At the feeders, anxious birds
 dither over fresh seeds with exquisite grace,
 a difficult balance of beak & body, un-
 swerving swoon disappears
3. The night's rain smells like flood. Don't
 interrupt love's quandary. Ophelia's face
 is a water lily tethered between two worlds,
 floating eternally

First published in *Pyrokinecton*

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Cover photo from
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Small Gestures
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