

Celebrating The Lemon

mother vacuums, spills the night
 his backpack's up and down
 passing the same dog on the way to school
 neighbor's clothesline runs a white river
 a tiny world inside the thick orange pulp
 the heart weightless in the purple-green
 wilderness of the vegetable garden
 a pond in his palm and feathered bird
 pressed to feathers on the pavement
 rain reformats silence, tells a short story
 a story where he squeezes between fence posts
 adorned with contorted morning glories
 the dog is chained to a lemon tree and puts
 its face in his wet palms
 they watch the world; the dog with his faithful
 triangle eyes and him with a lemon
 in one hand
 mother puts his muddy clothes
 in the washing machine
 calls the lemon a badge of courage

Lunar Frame

descending in the quietest monologues
 where the interruption is a lovely
 field of blue
 eyes closed, waterlogged
 I sit warning signs
 after days of rain, the sky opens
 like a flower
 our breaths come together
 I search your face for signs to stay
 already the shape of your smile is dropping
 it draws me out of my skin
 the almost anonymous blankness of your face
 sleep plucks me to
 a field of unburnable bluebonnets
 you on the other side
 the air quivering in-between
 forever shadows that meet
 in moonlight

Quicksand

The noise of singing sand still drones in my head. I imagined Milky Way soaking the shore when I nearly drowned and I was an ash village, dislocated from the cities. Nothing comes close to watching bad omens scatter in my smoke-worn dress. The friend who pulled me out and I had a bottle of gin afterward. The crescent moon didn't coat the swamp in butterscotch hues, but the gin transported us to a maly field of feathers. My legs muddy beneath the knees, night dissipated like children of the 1920s, closing seasons in minutes. We sang them distant, diamond-blue dawns.

Discontinuation

The more I travel, the more fenced in I experience the world that burns through us, fast and blue. I get closer to the vision of another existence being added to muted mornings. My body starting at me. It's packed to wired teeth. I take in synchronized cuts, slowly but surely turning to fragments of white lips, which never fail to seduce the poisoned geography across lavender fields. There are tiny moments in-between frosted breaths that line the blades of rain, when I feel like I missed the beginning and am skipping right to the end. I search for those untranslatable touches hemorrhaging across my family tree, touches that have long become history but are persistent enough to contort into a bruise, holding up my body.

Compressed

virtual galleries greedy with tiny images
 which journey over Etsy, Ebay and Paypal
 scanned, printed, sold on shirts and mugs
 I think of art as electricity of a
 wretched story
 shooting through arteries
 I get to taste the edge of someone's pain
 worn inside out
 and pain deserves a canvas
 in the far future there will be a
 sun-less earth
 homes have artless walls already
 artists create art that never touches
 dust or light
 dead and alive at the same time
 competes with other clickable material
 like memes, gifs and apps
 I hope we grow tired of
 staring at white light in the dark

Ghost Light

Numbered in scars
 Negotiated in wildfire.
 We retired time.
 Years piling and
 crumbling like stale bread.
 Time carries itself
 tall in daylight.
 For a minute we were invincible.

UKIYO living in the moment



Ana Prundaru

www.origamipoems.com

origamipoems@gmail.com

Every Origami micro-chapbook may
be printed from the website.

Cover photo by Ana Prundaru

Origami Poetry Project™

UKIYO

Ana Prundaru © 2016

Recycle this micro-chapbook
with a friend.