

Constellation

Winter winds stir
whorls of white
constellations in the streetlight.
Inside, warmth, white wine.
Four women, our lives
expanding and contracting;
bright stars touching
as if light-years
were nothing.

Winter House

We chanced upon your
home under the aurora.
May we sit a bit?
Warming our tired feet
gazing at the stained glass storm,
soaking in stories.
Now the gods have sunk
into drifts, deepening blues.
Tea finished, we leave.

Our Winter House

Before the big storm struck,
I phoned my former spouse,
now friend, who lives in Boston
to ask how it looked?
I hope I don't lose my power, was all he said.
I rubbed it in, telling him that
from the west coast, on a Friday evening,
all I want to do was sit by my fire, sip wine and
watch blizzard coverage via CNN.
He replied, *I hope I don't lose power.*
I told him that his mother phoned to reassure me
she'd put the chain up on her door
when she realized Dornier was in California.
I hope I don't lose power.
Okay, well, me too, best wishes for your survival.
And we both laughed, separated
by miles and children and other former spouses
safe in our winter house
pelted by warmth and affection.

Winter Faith

The insufferable winter,
long on darkness
and wind,
surround our house like
a police action.
We put our hands to the
walls and feel
the cold seep.
We live like this, limbs tangled,
because we believe
in what we cannot see:
Warmer days ahead, and God-
willing, more light.

Winter House

Once this house had an apple-red door, a fragrant garden with trellis and wisteria entwined like delicate lovers. This house had no mailbox or numbers, no clocks or calendars to clutter time that drifted as birds fly lightened by a warming wind. This house was built on a dream of bright faces and brighter laughter, as if desire could paint over loss. Now the tearing of the rainbow, the slow, cruel drip of its colors. Now the upturned garden squeezing life from wormy tubes. Now the plentitude of suffering painfully dressed in party stripes. But still this decorative box refuses darkness. All is cheerful; the nightmare that grows frightful in its hiding is mocked by a festive white-out blurring doubt with chalky bits of snow.

Ira Schaeffer © 2013

Artist Note :

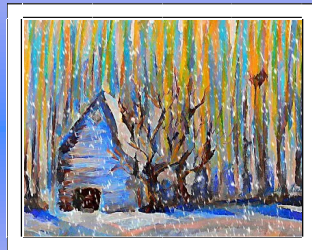
Pd Lietz is a widely published writer, photographer and artist who lives in rural Manitoba, Canada. Her work graces many an Origami Poems Project Micro-chapbook. Her beautiful art work and photography can also be found on the covers of many poetry journals. Sunrise From Blue Thunder, & The Naugatuck River Review (summer 2011 & winter 2013 covers) are two examples. You can read more about Paula & her work at: www.origamipoems.com



Pd (Paula) Lietz

Origami Poems Project
Exphrasis Contest ~ 2013

Poetry Inspired by Art



Pd Lietz's

WINTER HOUSE

Please recycle to a friend...

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Winter House © 2013

Congratulations to the Poets:

- Ira Schaeffer
- Diane Dolphin
- Eileen McCluskey
- Peg Quinn
- Corey Mesler



See website for bios, acknowledgments, & printable Origami micro-chapbooks