

Origami Poem Project

SNOW

Origami Poems Winter Celebration

Mary Mueller
Marguerite Flanders
Bill Sullivan *
Mary Ann Mayer *
& Jan Keough © 2012

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Cover photo
by Mary Ann Mayer

Christmas in Florida

Here in Florida, miles from RI,
The pelicans and palm fronds,
Skins of clouds with-or-without rainfall,
Rehearse routines on a sky worn inside-out
With moist blueness.

Snowmen balloons, puffed by electronics,
Sway on always-green lawns
But melt flat once the juice times out.

Snowflake glitterati hang on trees
Gossiping about the imaginary perfection
Of plastic-poured prisms bought at Walmart.

Coconut palms wear twinkly girdles,
Night streets are festooned with neon greetings
And Santa rides jet skis.

It's not the same,
This make-believe Florida winter,
Far from mittens pulled-off before woodstoves
And silent, hushing snowfall
Playing in the twilight.

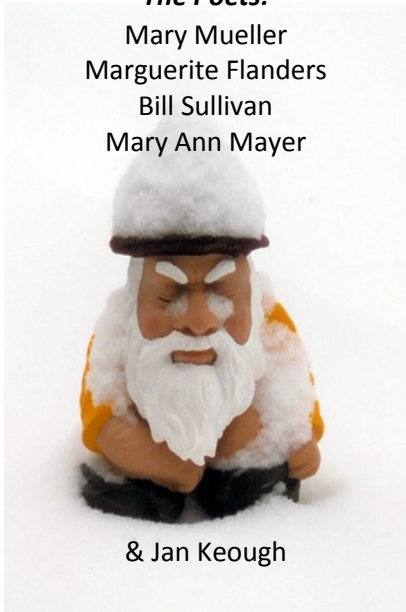
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An Origami Poems Winter Celebration

SNOW

The Poets:

Mary Mueller
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Bill Sullivan
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& Jan Keough

The roofs are alive and reassuring

For Pete

You say,
The snow on the roof
Looks like a swan sleeping in its wing.

I say,
The avalanche is coming, can't you see
That iron rooster poke its head out of its clutch of white?

You say, don't worry,
The rooster is just a chimney cap
Can we play the snowdrift game some more?

But the avalanche, I say,
Makes puckering sounds
In the night and I'm afraid.

You say,
I see a whale
Taking a steam bath.

I say, I love you.

Mary Ann Mayer © 2011

Snow

... snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen, and further westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves...upon all the living and dead.

James Joyce, "The Dead"

Snow

an elegance of snow...
from *Waxwings* by Robert Francis

Who can think of snow
while summer's humid air
lingers, thick with lassitude?

Who can rise from beach chair
nursing a muddled drink,
breathing half-breaths
while addled squirrels
watch for falling acorns?

Like the moon, it will arrive –
a lucid flake will melt on a nose
gather with friends on a slushy pool
practice swirls with icy wind
revel late 'til morning sun.

Silence, then.
Still, pure.
The landscape turned
a painting in white.
You walk in -
it wakes you up.
At last you breathe
sculpted air.

Mary Mueller © 2011

Winter

January poaches my warmth.
Ice: nice, but not for walking.
The white dog's bones move
easily over the crusts of snow,
noting where deer have been.
I stay inside wishing to weep.
Chill has no limit. I gather
kindling, carry logs.
The splendid insufficiencies
of winter crack and rattle
my sleep. In the morning
the old dog paces, scrapes
his toenails across the planks,
heading for the door.
I shudder at dawn's glimmer,
its cruel syncopated breath.

Marguerite Flanders © 2011

Yes, there is the sense that the end of something is here
when the wind is not whistling and the snow flake's fall
is as silent as a monk meditating on a moonless night.
Perhaps it's the death of daring, courage and ceaseless
caring, as Joyce intimates—a time when the snow's descent
numbs our memories, buries our tales of heroic deeds—
when caution and comfort prescribe boots and slickers—
when no lover stands in the rain beneath a window, dying.
But as the quietude of falling snow mutes, flake
by flake, the harsh clamor of years and yesterdays,
we hear the wheel groan then move—sense a beginning
as well as an end—even imagine that before the snow ceased
and the sky turned turquoise blue and the world's whiteness
glistered in the morning sun, a hatless man stood knee deep
in snow beneath his lover's window, calling, in the darkness
of night, "Come with me, come with me."

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