

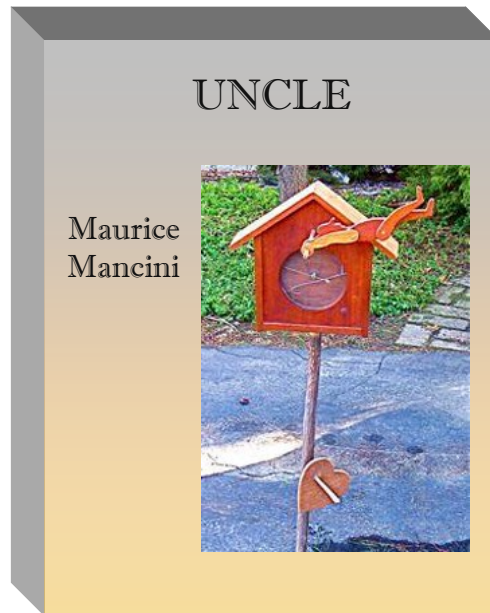
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ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
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Cover photo by Mo Mancini

Origami Poem Project

UNCLE
Maurice Mancini © 2011



thanks for the ice skating lesson
and the relief carving
crafted with your hands
that I absconded
I am sure the story doesn't end here

thank you for bringing us together
sharing some food and drink, stories about you,
about us
the distances
between family and the closeness of strangers
I miss you already
but find solace in knowing you are
in good hands again
hoping you find peace in the home of your father
comfort by your mother's side
joy in the welcoming arms of your brother

but what I remember most of uncle Arthur
who at various times lived embedded
in my family (as this memory
lives embedded in my mind)
was a Saturday morning when the kitchen floor
became an ice rink
he skated with grace
gliding in his bath robe and socks
if it was a one time deal it lasted long enough
to etch a vision etched in my memory, a familiar
landscape
we woke him
he did not stir

Mo writes,
I had no idea that sending a few "poems" to
Origami (Poems Project) would propel me to
put to paper stories that might well echo
their spoken source, and where, to my glee,
it could be wondered which came first and
what is a poem/ story anyway.

I have laughed and said I am not a carpenter,
and laughed and said I am not a poet, but I
am beginning to think it was a bad joke and
the joke was on me. I do like stories...

UNCLE

I have been working on a story about my uncle
but it seems to be an unstable platform and
keeps shifting in its sleep as if alive
evolving, even as he is dead
my uncle died, just shy of eighty-nine years
a cantankerous old man

I miss you already
but find solace in knowing you are in
good hands again
hoping you find peace
in the home of your father
comfort by your mother's side
and joy in the welcoming arms of your brother

I wrote infrequent letters describing some
project or event in my life
sometimes I sent pictures, maybe a poem
never a reply or a mention,
I wrote when I wanted
rarer were my visits

he was very engaged and knowledgeable
about his collection of antiques,
near antiquities, and object d'art
and wheeled adroitly through the maze
they created that made him another texture
in the collage
when I played my guitar for him
he wanted to know that if I played this composition
tomorrow would it be the same
and the day after
ever changing with no beginning, no end
start stop?
one day he waved good bye to his dear friend
and companion of fifteen years
which he never did to anyone
as if he knew that this time was "good bye"
and died without drama