

Hitchhiking into Oblivion

You stuck your thumb out for no reason,
 waited on the lip of the highway
 for whatever's left of forever to be over.
 The nice man in the rusted Chevy
 kept a gun in the glove compartment,
 wore nothing beneath his overcoat, smiled
 the door open before words could mean anything.
 You said you were only going as far as he was, to where
 the road rises up into wind and the sun shines all night.
 That shouldn't be a problem, he chuckled
 and chirped his tires, switched off the headlights
 at 80 mph to watch the stars.

She Listened

She listened to me like I was the Grand Canyon
 into which she had just dropped a pea,
 like I was a giant cloud and she
 was thirsty brown earth.
 She leaned over and looked at me
 like god had just appeared
 on her iPhone. She listened like
 she was reading my lips with her own.
 She listened to me like a customs officer
 suspecting I had lied about my luggage,
 like I was a coyote who had just chewed off
 its own leg to escape the sprung trap
 she had baited with perfection
 just by listening.

Be Thanking

Sometimes I am being like all thanking and thanking
 like when I am alone in a field or looking at one
 and sometimes I am looking at the fields of sea
 and like thanking and thanking you for what is under
 everything but darkness.
 And when the goatskin is being empty
 and I am inside my stomach swimming
 in the red wine I am also being
 like all thanking and thanking you
 who hides behind the blue sky,
 behind my aching
 and then I am to lick my paw
 and be thanking and thanking
 because nothing tastes as good
 or as bad.

A kind of Lincoln

Even now more eloquent
 than those long April twilights
 we spent with our American cousin,
 where over and over the finest actor
 of his time catches a spur on the bunting,
 limps to the fresh horse waiting forever
 by the backstage door and yet again
 a nation mourns, pushes grimly on
 through the centuries watching you ride
 that stone throne, your face a country
 of sharp angles where irony
 meets sadness, staring straight ahead.

Feng Shui

The light pours in from distant planets,
 has a flavor, edges into colored shadow.

The mantel clock stops when not being looked at,
 clicks instantly to Greenwich mean perfection when it is.

Each wall keeps its own opinions, yet all four are willing to listen.
 Each painting has a reason, though not always obvious to the artist.

There are chairs where they are needed,
 a floor just where it should be.

Outside, trees linger over their breakfast of rain,
 squirrels decide to share one last acorn.

Acknowledgments

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Be Thanking



By Tom Chandler

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Project™

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