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Cover art: Pip Hartnett

Origami Poems Project™

Mutability

Carol Anderheggen © 2013

Mutability

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A Little Love Poem

elbow to elbow, hand to hand
we accept our bodies' electric flow
illuminating our universe
for the moment--
now past consummation
we doze quietly
points touching
elbow to elbow, hand to hand

Mutability

This dull repose wearies me—so restless
the sea, dark within, grating at the light
of half-made thoughts, like many stones
rumbling under fast moving waters.
We are water, stone--air even—mixed
together or falling apart. Fire too.
This brings me here to the matter at hand:
The boundaries of life are so porous
that sometimes the water I am
deftly smothers the fire
once emblazoned by wind
and I fall
apart.

Mayhem at the bird feeder, or, does might make right?

Four sparrows twitching seeds
down their gullets--
number five alights
atop the feeder
takes a breather
then dives down
creating a flurry of feathers
soon the chirps dissolve
into an argument
of loud and angry accusations.
Tired of waiting
the big bright blue jay
watching from aside
swoops in--
ending the discussion.

each to his/her own

typewriters type
poets compose
teachers teach
each to his/
her own

even the sun knows
its function
to blaze
heat the day
then fade away

for the moon
which knows
to glow
bright white
hanging there
in the sky
like a hot quarter
in a kid's pocket

A Mélange of One's Own

My garden is a mélange
of heirloom peonies, coreopsis
running wild, and Montauk daisy
slowly
building itself
to a glorious bloom
months from now.

My garden is a mélange
of stubborn daylily, majestic purple
iris and pink phlox occupying
the same square yard behind
my Gram's cottage
by the bay.

But most of my garden
is a mélange of weeds,
a carefully cultivated
ground cover is the job
of one, another
oversees uncultivated spaces

My garden has taught me
to fashion a truce
with Mother Nature,
to accept life and garden
as is—a marvelous mélange
of whatever's thrown my way.