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Origami Poetry Project

FORMS FORMING

by Jan Keough © 2009



FORMS FORMING

an origami poem
by Jan Keough

Images and forms forming,
colors mixing,
all in your head.

Then the magazine,
glossy slivers, opens to
tourmaline, tourmaline
nested underground
in silicate beds,
asleep before harvest
and the jeweler's cut.

As you sip the moment,
a pre-dawn mosaic of
coffee grounds skate the
humble saucer of your cup,
rimmed in gold.

The bright toffee cat agrees
to notarize your day from
a window seat vista -
porch and gray railings
billow with chimneys and feeders,
glinting and squinting.

Oh, the folly of orange blossoms
and inkjet memory
that fill each notebook.

As beetle scarab beached on your wrist
sits beside even-numbered tattoos.
Now a macaw gets loose in the room;
its singing sings the solitude.

Vermillion and lapis
powdered fine.
Kale soup scooped,
alive in your bowl.
Cardiff blue seascapes
that mesmerize.

Goose down caught on your flannel robe
shakes free to flow.
Shirt buttons and zipper pulls,
the last carrot stick on the plate,
grayed shapes and hazard-yellow lines
graze along a rambléd view.