

By the fire we sit,
 two old church ladies,
 quiet inside the sanctuary of home
 worshipping next to the exhale
 of genteel geraniums,
 faces pressed delicately against the window
 counting the days until spring.
 With knowing nods, we lift up the flames
 licking the sides of two logs
 stacked like hands praying,
 each of us secretly offering the sacrifice
 of ash and tongue
 for just one more glorious evening,
 silent, by the fire.

EVENING PRAYER

Grey ghost tinged ruddy
 lurks nearby in nocturnal blind.
 Shrouded in secrecy,
 stalking, stalking, stalking,
 Called God's dog by the Navajo
 and dog snatcher by the Suburbanite,
 it hunts itself in neighborhood
 where the forest is fence posts
 And the cuisine is canine.
 Wait! Do you hear that?
 Yipping and yelping! Barking and howling!
 Let's, hearing that here,
 Primal cry of camaraderie.
 Siren song of food or love.
 It mates for life. How civilized.

CANIS LATRANS

I spotted the object of her hysteria
 amidst acorns strewn like marbles:
 gray fur matted red around a bushy tail,
 paws stiff with disbelief
 eyes about to confide the murderer.
 As I drew closer, afraid to view the remains,
 she licked her chops and flew
 to her murder, raven-friends
 cawing and guffawing on high
 at how superbly they had hoodwinked me.
 Seems even crows are cruel on April 1st.

ROADKILL

The flagged me down on Crow Neck Road.
 Shit. I was late enough already.
 But her flailing,
 her shredded voice,
 her inky appearance
 compelled me to stop.
 Wearing black seemed to suit her,
 that shade of black like
 running out of gas or hitting an animal
 on a lonely stretch of road.
 I shuddered to think of it.
 So Poe:
 I wish I hadn't seen her.
 After all, between searching in vain
 for Fluffy who catted around outdoors all night
 and the presentation now due at noon,
 who had time to be a Good Samaritan?

Please recycle to a friend.

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Origami Poetry Project

Peek-a-Boo Spring
 Kim M. Baker © 2009



PEEK-A-BOO SPRING

A flock
 flicks a weight
 of white
 from wings,
 sips the hum
 of air so pink
 that one blink
 of a beak
 and it's spring
 peeking around
 the corner
 to see if it is safe to
 come home.