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Art work: "lost time" by
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Origami Poem Project™

Legacy

by Lori Desrosiers © 2012

Legacy



Lori Desrosiers

Everything that is
is already past.
We live a minute—
childhood to old age.
So think on this,
ponder what will last,
heroic deeds
or words upon the page?

Legacy

Gone are the days
of bubble gum and bloody knees
the patter of feet on stairs,
the spilling over of bath water,
backyard hose play
high squeals and fighting words
battles for who was first
to the car, to the table
everything but to bed
the night time fights
which finished with a book
or a song, the long look
after my children slept,
a wish to stop time's flutter
to let them be small a while.

Flutter

My friend's bees
stay mainly in her yard
but one of them
landed on my car
snuck its small body
between the wiper
and the windshield,
discovered on the highway
translucent wings a wild flutter
holding onto glass in the wind.
Pulling off the first exit
the bee was gone
leaving a film of pollen
and bits of wing.

Stuck Bee

To my surprise
40 years since
I picked up a violin,
I can still play
the high notes
in the Firebird Suite
and the beginning
of Scheherazade.
Tuning is harder.
My arm lacks the strength
to push the pegs,
but my ear still knows
the precise intervals
and where to place a finger
without frets.

Picking up Janet's Violin

Skate Pond, 1962 (Age 7)

Skating alone, someone grabs my hand
and pulls
I almost fall. It is the end
of the terrible formation called a whip.
Ten or twenty big kids
holding hands,
going much too fast for me.
I tumble and am dragged along, until they let me go.
I limp across the ice, all skate strings, and bloody knees .
Nobody comes to check.
Nobody cares.

Everything that is is already past