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Origami Poems Project

Shaking the ground
where I rest

Maurice Mancini © 2011

Shaking the ground where I rest



Maurice Mancini

Poem II

fllickering an endless loop
the queasiness of,
for a moment having forgotten where I
have parked the car
which way is up
out of this cosmic parking garage
and on
to the familiar bustle of the street
and a road less traveled

thanks for your gift, a view inside
a little deeper
closer to the core
primordial
where excitement and fear summersault
laughing and screaming
into the abyss
bright lights
a carnival
cotton candy and all the fixings
the tilt a whirl
the house of mirrors
and a sea of endless faces and dog eared
memories

Poem I

I am feeling a little unfocused
as the summer comes to an end and winds
begin to build and turn
misdirected
as the darkness and cool evenings descend
upon me
and though slumber calls me
I will not sleep
vigilant
as my compass falls me
I am not,
hungry
I am
craving for something sweet
or better still
intoxicating and tangy

a recipe unwritten

but I can smell

and almost taste it

ethereal

and consuming

the decaying smell of fall

familiar

and abundance anticipated of the harvest

flanks me

while I watch scale like ripples float

across this body of water

with me floating as well

carries me

somewhere

Poem III

another bike ride
brings me to the train station
again
lingering long enough
to see and feel the high speed Acela
fly by heading north
shaking the ground where I rest
and then the high speed Acela
flies by heading south
again shaking the ground where I rest
before climbing aboard my bike
sliding my feet into the cages
adjusting my grip

and setting myself
comfortably into the saddle
picking up speed as I leave the station
heading west
on my return
before the setting sun
over takes me
and daylight abandons me