

a flicker
 caught in the corner of my eye
 as I drove home
 past the farm
 in the full moon
 in the clearing
 running beside me
 as it rises in the heavens
 and
 while this motion
 drew me along
 on the radio
 "dreaming of a world"
 rose to awareness threshold
 I have been wondering about you,
 I have not seen you
 or any sign of you
 as of late
 and before I saw the moon
 before I began dreaming
 of this world
 I thought of you

Looking For You Or Someone Like You All My Life

a long time ago
 a doctor said to me
 "well Mr Mancini!
 you know what your problem is?"
 and I sat on the edge of my seat
 or maybe sunk back into some cozy
 overstuffed tasteful piece of office furniture
 anticipating something
 I hadn't thought of
 I said "no".
 "you think too much"
 wow, got me
 thanks, see you later, Doc
 (how could I do business with this guy?)
 and yet there is some truth
 in his statement
 he didn't tell me anything I didn't already
 know
 without the chatter who might I have been

Chatter

never so far
 but further than I care
 to know....time
 that has slipped into the recesses
 but a memory develops
 fixes itself
 just below the surface
 a channel out of focus
 but without the static
 mesmerizing
 the senses stimulated
 a smell inhaled deeply
 to distill the essence of a moment
 I am looking for a picture, a vision
 a caress a song that draws me
 into the depths of my soul

Street Corner Poet

ram das "still here"
 street corner poets
 stories from the path
 that we write
 is it that we want to be
 held close
 no more surprises
 installations or what might be

Ram Das

"tales from the path" -

so what is the point
 like dropping something
 better than breadcrumbs
 to find my way back
 or propel myself forward
 connect the dots clarify,
 to myself
 a moment that has captured my imagination
 lusty for some thing just beyond my grasp
 a picture out of focus
 regardless of how close I get
 just out of vision reach
 I spent the day in the wind
 in the harbor
 as the wind roared through the rigging
 boats still tethered
 straining at their bridle
 and boats penned at the dock rocked to and fro
 cool clear and crisp
 the breeze
 on which
 my mind took flight

man, generic, the machine, the earth turns
 beneath my wheels
 for a moment
 I am one
 balanced
 propelled
 with purpose
 locomotion
 and I am breathing, still
 and the pursuit of legal tender
 occupying my days
 eight hours plus a half
 we take breaks before we lose them
 its minutes that make hours
 and dreams that rarely come to pass
 but these dark rainy days
 are just too much
 passing slowly
 60 minutes to an hour

Street Corner Poet



ram das "still here"
Maurice Mancini

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