

time appears to contract
 less light more color
 beside our slate walk
 children skip and trample
 brittle leaves
 I sit on the basement floor
 play Ma Rainey Bessie Smith
 their songs slash the air
 blues whose lyrics I know by heart
 you carve a seal
 from driftwood
 salvaged last summer
 snow and sleet forecast today
 mirror my mind
 your silence seems more than a sign
 hands can shape anything

More Than A Sign

through a dance of detached legs toes
 things cut from trunks colored
 red orange green
 we swirl floor by floor in the spiral museum
 where artists stretch extremities
 and couples who wear faded jeans
 pass before paintings
 as they hold hands
 you trail me
 don't speak
 later on the street
 elms and poplars bleed
 resins which smudge car windows
 while we wait for the bus to move us
 away from the art
 we stand side by side
 the starlings sing

Framed Life

we take what we can
 from each other
 quick kisses
 touches that don't swim
 below the skin's surface
 after so many years
 sharing bed and board
 we're no longer anchored
 but float
 in space we splice
 we need no compass
 to know the direction
 we're always at sea
 just treading water

At Sea

the leaves on the lower branches
 of the sugar maple and yellow birch
 crackle in the November wind
 catch the late afternoon sun
 form designs on the grass
 fall fingers beyond its time
 through pine bedroom blinds
 light burnishes the captain's chest
 as I pull the down quilt
 over sheets where our bodies meshed
 last night
 flowing and contained
 like the ironstone cup
 whose snake handle I grasp
 when I drink my morning tea

Designs

More Than A Sign
 by Joan Fishbein



I picture my poems as small abstracts of emotion. I don't punctuate so meaning, sound, and rhythm can become flexible elements.

The reader can play with the poem on the page, or in his or her mind. And, if I succeed, my work will endorse and, perhaps, enhance personal experience.

Interior Modifications

a dream kindled
 by some sublime candle
 a jade crane grounded
 on a glass top table
 views of tumbling objects
 a white cat flipped upside down
 clothes cleaning in a washing machine
 swept pebbles that make a garden
 I fall through feet first
 as I watch flying roaches
 smash against sun porch windows
 a voice says you have abandoned me
 piece by piece
 make interior modifications
 unlock the clock
 behind the wall
 rewind yourself

Please recycle to a friend.

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
 or email:
 origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover design by
 Jill McLaughlin

Origami Poetry Project

More Than A Sign
 by Joan Fishbein
 © 2010