

Blue radio ears.  
 Carburator dung happens.  
 The green theory of embryos.  
 Jupiter's lost gossip queens.  
 Masquerading toads  
 married one day  
 elephants the next.  
 Then crows fly in  
 shameless metaphors  
 scavenging sponsorships.  
 In a negative universe  
 Vertizon sells extra silence.  
 In this one what I'm glad for  
 is when suddenly  
 everything makes sense  
 but I don't understand a word.

**What I'm Glad For**

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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Illustration by Carol Zaloom

**Origami Book and Poems**

*What I'm Glad For*  
 by Will Nixon © 2010

On the Fourth of July we did our best:  
 rockets climbed higher and higher  
 until they burst into fireworks—  
 no, cathedral domes, vaulting  
 the blackness with sizzling streamers.  
 But those streamers fell all the way down  
 into monstrous smoke spider legs  
 landing all around us.  
 The stars burned.  
 not even knowing our names.

**The Sky Sheds Our Violence**

Village children crowd aboard hawkling  
 candied bananas  
 wrapped in corn leaves,  
 orange soda poured into baggies,  
 warm tamales in metal pots  
 tough as hub caps.  
 Each holds money folded  
 in their little fist, pinned  
 paper butterflies.

**At the Bottom of the Andes Our Bus Stops**

They paddle up from the whirlpool,  
 float around, paw the porcelain bowl.  
 Where can I find an aquarium net  
 to scoop them? At the hardware store  
 the clerk tells me not to fear,  
 these turtles visit all over town.  
 He sells me a new toilet big as a jacuzzi,  
 throws in a dive mask for free.  
 On the way down I learn my new name,  
*Chrysemys*, Greek for golden stripes  
 on my neck. I'll be sharing a log  
 with a family of eight.  
 But that's okay. I'll carry the weight  
 of the world & still float.

**Three Turtles Refuse to be Flushed**

*What I'm Glad For*

*By Will Nixon*



**Montauk**

In the low swells of the pewter ocean  
 a harbor seal periscopes,  
 an eerie mask of human wisdom,

eye shadows centuries old,  
 no ears, as if he's heard  
 all that need be said.

A mammal like me,  
 warm-blooded, teat-weaned,  
 he eats stones

for ballast  
 the way I carry words  
 unspoken.

**Drought**

I admire the way plants die:  
 milkweed pods burst with silken hair,  
 mugwort patches collapse like burnt chocolate,  
 mullein stands tall, black, and blind.

And now a yellow sulphur butterfly  
 hurtles by on an ocean breeze—  
 the thrill ride of its life  
 over weeds at Far Rockaway Beach.