

On the seventh evening
 at this roadside pond
 tinged with scarlet lupine
 and blazing goldenrod,
 we see the blue
 heron amidst the green-
 leaved white lilies.
 On the road above
 a car speeds northward.
 Its lights burning dimly
 in the dusk. The
 night rises; covers
 the heron, the pond;
 reveals another way home.

Reason leads
 us up a tree
 and then leaves.
 Out on a limb
 we wait
 for the wind
 to give us
 the word.

Test test test test
 Yes, Zeus could keep his hands
 off the nymphs or Hera could overlook
 Echo's transgression which meant that Echo
 could say what she felt as she stood naked,
 knee deep in the pool, her olive skin,
 beaded, glistening in the Mediterranean sun,
 calling "Come Narcissus, come"
 So he never knelt to see his reflection,
 kept his eyes fastened on her beauty
 Came to her, slipped out of himself
 and into her ardent embrace forever.
 He never a flower; she never a rock.
 Too tall a tale?

Life
 is
 just
 one
 thing
 eating
 another.
 Bon
 appetite!

SNAP SHOTS

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By
BILL SULLIVAN

If I turned over every stone,
 lay on the grass, pressed one ear,
 then the other to the earth,
 slept with the roses and lilies,
 would the words rise
 like the full moon tide?