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Origami Poetry Projects™

Towards Wisdom

Doug Norris © 2013



Toward Wisdom



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Toward Wisdom

Just a duckling,
Yellow and limp,
Like a flattened tennis ball
In Dusty's drooling
Dog mouth.

The dog
Wants to know
What to do
With this thing
Plucked from the pond.

Something happened
When they were playing
And now
The thing
Isn't.

The dog
Walks in circles,
Won't let go.
She has done
Something wrong.

The Eleven O'Clock News

Tonight's top story:
A little gray moth
Strumming the screen door,
Moving wings in Monk rhythms,
Tuned to the light of the lamp inside.

The moth finds a hole,
Makes it bigger,
Squeezes through,
Discovers the lamp.

Zap! Sizzle, smoke...
One last loud note.
The moth explodes
In surprise or ecstasy.

Maybe this news
Doesn't mean much
Except to me and the moth.
Ash heap and smoke ghost,
Lamp light hums its karmic melody.

Mururation

Black as words
In a storybook -
Two looping,
Swooping clouds
Shadowing gridlock.
So the gray asphalt
Seems a green field.
Billboards forge a forest.
Automobiles roam
Free as buffalo.
Only starlings
Winging as one,
Waltzing in the sun,
Proving to all
How easy it is.

December Morning

In winter I wake
To the pop-pop-popping
Broken dawn.
The fog lifts.
A dream disappears.
Somewhere explodes a duck.
From bed I lurch,
Grinding coffee over gunshot,
Winning at the aftertaste.

I Crossed A Country Crow Road

I crossed a country crow road
The woods were black with crow
I wondered which would steal my soul
There was no way to know
I crossed a country crow road
The sky was black with crow
I wondered which would flay my flesh
There was no way to know
I crossed a country crow road
The fields were black with crow
I wondered which would eat my eyes
There was no way to know

I crossed a country crow road
The snow was black with crow
I wondered which would take my tongue
There was no way to know
I crossed a country crow road
The road was black with crow
I wonder when the road will end
There is no way to know