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Cover: *Clothesline in Ukraine*
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Origami Poetry Project™

People Live Here
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"If stars would fall across the sky" previously published in *The Literary Bohemian*

"Fields Goats Sunflowers Snow" previously published in *Cascadia Review*

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 All of these poems were written during August Poetry Postcard Fest 2014

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Donations Greatly Appreciated

Our True Place on Earth

On a backpacking trip
 in southern Morocco
 a young man from Minnesota
 walked out into a star-drenched night
 and thought it was snowfall
 Now the tails of comets
 are less visible than bombs
 during 'isha' in Gaza
 We live in false light
 losing the dark truth
 of our true place on earth

If stars would fall across the sky

If stars would fall across the sky
 like planes
 like flesh
 falling shrapnel
 ribbons
 white cloths tied to stakes...
 night could fall again like snow
 In a village near Lvov I watched a dog
 eating the entrails of a pig
 the dirt black with blood
 Now my friend treads the fields near
 Rozpne
 trying not to step on spleen, lung, heart
 the sunflowers bursting like yellow giants

Fields Goats Sunflowers Snow

This is where I live now
 hawks perch in craggy trees
 grey heron strain their necks
 through invasive iris
 kochia dries in heaps
 beside the fence
 I lived on land like this once
 fields goats sunflowers snow
 now friends send interviews and photos
 corpses covered in sheets
 on a street in Luhansk
 women tilling their gardens
 as bodies fall from the sky

Yesterday I watched a fly

Yesterday I watched a fly
 cleaning its wings
 back legs up along the edge
 of the gossamer
 then twisting like snakes
 twined in a breeding dance
 then down in unison
 up again
 down
 a dance master as may not be seen on stages
 Today I sat in the same chair
 and a man at an adjacent table
 set about destroying every dancer in his reach
 thwack thwack thwack
 a god in his own right
 destroying Natarajas he fails to recognize

PEOPLE LIVE HERE!

Ostap tells me
 he speaks Hebrew
 in his dreams
 Greek Polish
 no problem
 but his English is worse
 time by time

I translate the red text
 on a white banner
 hung from a Russified
 apartment building in Donetsk
 my Ukrainian rusty
 like the sidebars
 on the balcony railing

Living At the Edge of the World

A guy who loved The Cure
 tried to rape me
 in a parked car
 on Dwight Way
 in the late 1980s

Today I was driving
 down a rural road
 singing ...*I'm living
 at the edge
 of the world...* fields
 widening out
 around me