

Pretty soon we'll all be sineaw and steel
Floundering with our winifless flight
But in due course, we will yet be new
The tabula rasa of rebirths
Shucking skin as ever evolving
Like unblemished babes, soft as down
Before long we will forget each other
For the delight of being found
And in knowing you, I'll smile

TABULA RASA

We didn't always know what to call it
Lunacy, sickness, fantasy, lust
Philosophers deem it vital as knowledge
As realists lecture on survivalism
And progressives herald sexual freedom
All I can say with certainty is
It wears many faces
And speaks in many voices, but
Love is love is love
Accept it or not, name it or not
Love is love is love

IT WEARS MANY FACES

Bend to the midnight malarkey
Bend like a reed forgone to harsh wind
Or a woman taken from behind
To the frogsongs and the starlight
Beneath the cheeky moon
With its coy perfume of fog
The shifting planets are voyeurs
To our passion and our suffering
Our love-making and love-hating
And the frozen cherry blossoms in spring

FROGSONG

Together we are a mistake by monks
The inadvertent chemical reactions
Tasting the first shooting stars
Fitting like a cork squeezed into a bottle
Our edges match each other's empty spaces
As if it were possible to contain the sky
By rolling it up like a stretched canvas
Preserving it as a message in a bottle
For only the other to read

MISTAKE BY MONKS

Yellow Teacakes



VERONICA MATSUDA

YELLOW TEACAKES

Flowers of the sun
Royal collar of Egyptian gold
After winter's brittle dormancy
Yellow is the most optimistic color
Fistfuls of a child's pleasure
The knotted scarf of a woman's patience
Unwinding to fly free as a kite
Ushering in an age of Gatsby in sepia
It's an unabashed overflow with
Mint juleps and butter-yellow teacakes
Frittering away sun-baked afternoons
In villas vying for light of the kings

FUTURE CHILDREN

To my future children's children
If children are still a thing by then
Man-made like all the rest
Make yours of the finest barrel
Aged from lip-locked berries
With robot hearts and monkey spleens
The beige of a million fucks
Give them jobs and sweets and passion
Give them strife and sweaty brows
And ears just like my father's

Please recycle ... to a friend

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Yellow Teacakes

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