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Every Origami micro-chapbook may
be printed from the website.

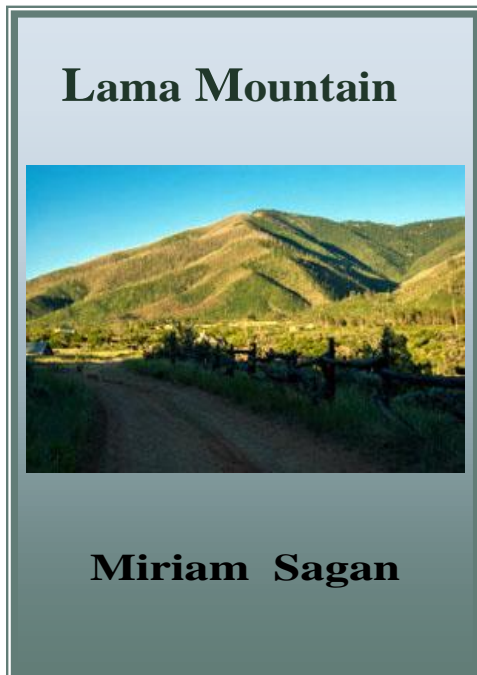
Cover photo: *Road at Dusk*
by Isabel Winson-Sagan

Origami Poetry Project™

Lama Mountain

Miriam Sagan © 2016

Recycle this micro-chapbook
with a friend.



barely a drop
or two
of rain
I sit
on the wooden bench
reading
a book which of
necessity
is not
of this time
and place
a fat
slice of rainbow
without footed ends
lies
like an odalisque
across Lama Mountain

-

Odalisque: a female slave or concubine
in a harem

you thought the ripples
of ink
on wet paper
printed rivers and mountains
a one time
repetition
of the shape of things
until
the burnt forest
started burning
fueled by the next growth
of oak scrub
and smoke
drifted
through the studio
uncurling
like the reverie
at the tip
of a cigarette
and what we loved was fuel
for burning
Lama Mountain

-

360 degrees of sunset
heading north
Hondo
San Cristobal
cut off
before Qesta
heading into darkness
my sense of
prohibition
about the world
how much
happiness I'm allowed
the moon
barely crescent
it will grow
fat and unselfconscious
to shine
will I ever
grow less afraid?
don't even bother
with the question
says Lama Mountain

-

the tattooed girl
draws the mountain
surprisingly soft-lined
fences and trees,
as a child
obsessed by rivers,
black and red ants
crawl over the bark
of an old pignon
traveling through gullies and canyons,
suminagashi lines
on paper
pulled once
through ink floating on water
wet fractal
of a topo map
some place real yet imagined
right now
I might not even
see
Lama Mountain

-

First appeared in the e-zine "Truck"

cabbage moths by day
are butterflies,
I, somewhere else,
am still
myself
as for Lama Mountain
it doesn't bear
talking about

-

a black skirt bright
with red cherries
or soft chiffon
silkscreened with Paris
or New York
on a summer's day
we made ourselves
beautiful
to leave
Lama Mountain

-