

It's the little things, says my nephew,  
A burdock in the garden,  
A wandering thought,  
A day dream.

Not from fire or ice,  
but from a little mischief.

"A little neglect breeds mischief"  
Franklin echoing Herbert echoing  
Wanting nails  
Adams echoing The Bard echoing  
lest the horse lose a shoe  
Gower echoing Lud echoing  
lest the house come down  
the lame Hephaestus.  
lest the world come to an end.

Thirty years since the goats  
the closing of the cheese factories  
leaving free the ground  
to push up spindly pins  
carpet nails  
bearing leaves of three.  
Blistering forget-me-nots.

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Origami Poetry Project™

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**Rick Henry**

Parmenides divined the world  
with a nail and a string.  
One fixed, immutable truth,  
wrapping world and thought and speech  
but knew no seams.

Lucretias measured the sky with the same,  
stringing together the stars in the heavens,  
binding the heavens to the earth.  
Each burst of light fixed above —  
Permanent / firmament.

But Lucretias was mute.  
He couldn't tie his thoughts to sounds to paper.  
When his memory passed,  
the strings were loosed.  
Now the heavens slide round the sky  
catching here and again a nail,  
torn white streak.

Rushton's canoes had no nails.  
mechanized bailing when  
waterny ballast rose too high.  
No need for the scuppers of old sailing ships,  
Rushton's canoes were sealed  
in seamless seams of cedar  
that skimmed over water.  
Princess, Sairy Gamp, Wee Lassie.  
Worrying knots in the wood.

pine bluff in dapple  
ten tent stakes sudden glint  
escutcheoned light

the river rose  
kissed the barbs  
newly russeted lips  
dissolve to murmur