

he would row to town, then
 only because he could not ride a horse
 and the wind had closed shop for the day
 yes, they were sniffle-boned
 with a single cork fire
 their only refuge
 these short men, who could stow under
 while three Little Pigs were no sailors
 the Big Bad Wolf, the skipper's
 second-cousin, blew the boat home
 when the air was the color of sand

1

BLUE NOSE

to the extent waves crashing ashore
 resemble a conch shell filled with bubbles
 lobster pot markers and multicolored balloons
 sway against the current
 a seaport is a place of brick and stone
 and tall white spires lacking sails

2

the flock of birds you think you saw
 was only the wind turning
 bereft of commerce, no lighthouse
 would proclaim the duplicity
 of ocean and sky tinged with ice
 even in high, heartless summer

3

all the water in our cells
 senses kinship
 yet fears drowning
 in the night
 or winter
 especially
 the tides of our souls
 each one of us, 60 trillion cells
 each one, with this tension

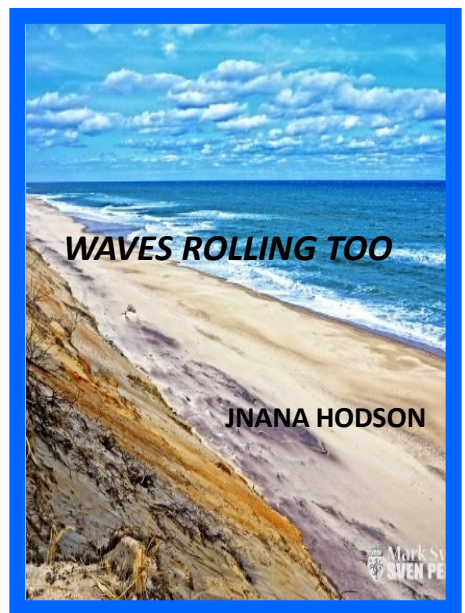
COUNTERPOISE

FREE AND EASY

rolling in a hammock
 or gently in a boat
 rolling along
 rolling home
 waves rolling too

DARWIN

when they go leaping
 not just frogs or turtles
 the porpoises and dolphins
 silverfish, in a school
 whales
 children and dogs in the surf
 mimicking the great waves
 on the rocks,
 the fireworks, with percussive
 origins of birds



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Waves Rolling Too

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