

A woman kneels in
front of a man on the street,
begging for something.
Not on cat feet—fog
in S.F. falls down hillsides:
avalanche of air.
“Write a new poem
for me,” said my old lover.
I led him to bed.

The poet who taught
me was crippled but always
kind. I knew nothing.
A crying student
left me an origami
monster on my desk.
Even poor, I tried
to make horrible and orange
bedrooms beautiful.

By the Baptist church,
drops of water fell on his
head—liquidambar.
The small waterfall
hid a small water dragon,
which makes sense.
Dog shit on sidewalks
sliding away with the rain
always saddens me.

When my first lover
said, “Look, a shooting star,” I
turned my head away.
I prefer messy
gardens of Ice Poppies and
weeds that I don’t own.
Girls love dolls fiercely
although they know they’re only
things—so I loved him.

Please recycle to a friend.

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Origami Poems Project

LEFT COAST HAIKU
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from

“Pillow Book, Berkeley”
Sleeping with a Famous Poet

Cathleen Calbert

His dragonfly lamp
looked like an upside-down bowl
of caught fireflies.

Chrysanthemums and
lilies in raw silk fell down
my back—which pleased him.

Outside his hilltop
home, the bamboo sighed. Inside,
he made me coffee.