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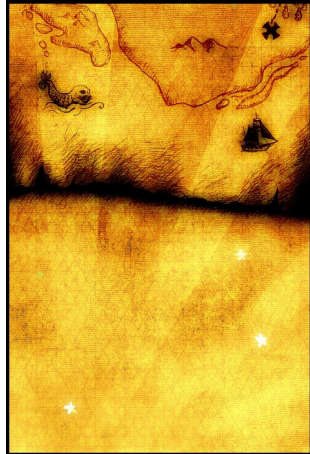
ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
~
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover design by David Tomaloff

Origami Poetry Project™

SEAFARER
David Tomaloff © 2012

SEAFARER
+ a tiny novella in verse +



David Tomaloff

{XII. RELATIVITY}
my prayers for rain now answered
with flood, I build a sturdy vessel from
the bones of my former loves

{XI. SECURITY}
how, when she moves, the earth
moves with her—how I shake, & leaves
start to tremble, & then fall

{X. UNCERTAINTY}
when the wind comes
unfixed, I fear its hands may falter—
that it may lose my soul to sea

{XIII. EPILOGUE}
morning is all that happens next—
leaving only an X on the pillow where
a woman's head once laid

{IX. ABSENCE}
there's a hole in my heart
where the coal is shoveled in—rain has
fallen steadily through it for days

{VIII. DISTRESS}
hounds teeth white
puncture the skin of my breath—
how it's nothing like love

{VII. INVENTORY}
my skin is modern, but my heart
is black & white—a silent film refracted
off the walls of a derelict arcade

2.

{+ PROLOGUE}
six bottles of wine, some
letters no one remembers writing—
certain it was only a misdemeanor

{VI. DISARRAY}
no one had heard of the town
I traced by finger on a stolen map—none
would claim to ever have seen us at all

{V. REPENTANCE}
I prayed that might her father's
shotgun would drink enough whiskey
to forget my family's name

{IV. DIGRESSION}
I downed what clung to the bottom,
swung my arms in defiance to gravity,
& quarreled my way back home

1.
{I. REPOSE}
I dreamt I stood waiting in a
wide, ochre lea; a trapdoor fell open—
a chorus of sparrows escaped her

{II. DISGUISE}
I concealed all ingenuousness—
her saints would surely have caught me
& skinned me alive

{III. TRANSGRESSION}
where are your manners,
she asked—I said I was certain
she'd be the one to know