

I have been lost among the flowers
 for many unaccounted hours.
 Drowsing in a semi-state
 of dreams too coiled to contemplate.
 Following the laden bees
 through meadows lapping at my knees,
 forgetting every pressing chore,
 wanting only more and more
 to warm my face, and brown my skin
 and breathe the breath of flowers in.
 For being lost, I seem to find
 the perfect peace of mindless mind.

LOST

The sheltering boughs
 the matted leaves
 the chanting frogs
 their hapless meals
 and the rain
 the rain
 the rain
 a proper brew
 to make a pool
 as it was meant to be
 as it has always been.

VERNAL POOL

He said: that's an American toad calling:
Bufo Americanus.
 She was impressed.
 She'd wondered what made that temolo:
 some insect or secretive bird?
 She'd never thought a toad.
 Just last week she'd scooped one
 from the bending backyard grass.
 It leaked something warm in her hand.
 She'd dropped it like a stone.
 Her palm turned red and itched for hours,
 but her mind retained the memory
 of its silken, lumpy weight.
 Now, standing at the edge of the woods
 vibrating with the songs of toads,
 she wondered what else he might teach her.

THE SONGS OF TOADS

The leaves on the trees burst upwards,
 like slate-colored scattershots,
 then compressed and wheeled,
 not leaves at all, but starlings
 who just the moment before
 had clad the bare branches,
 an optical illusion to rival Buzby Berkeley's girls
 who could kick their legs and tilt their heads
 to form a blooming flower or a waving flag;
 but the starlings, uncoached by any impresario,
 though they may have answered some inner call
 to perch, to preen, to puncture the sky
 with their synchronous wings,
 dazzle us just the same;
 the whole being more than the sum of its parts;
 more than the sight of gleaming birds
 cartwheeling across the sky.

ILLUSION

DON'T HURRY

BY

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Origami Poetry Project

DON'T HURRY
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DON'T HURRY

Don't hurry from the car tonight.
 It isn't raining.
 There is no need to rush.

Slow down.
 Take a breath.
 Look up.

Yes, there they are:
 the stars that stare
 even when you snub them.

Let the warm air stroke your cheek.
 Listen to the crickets
 and the wind high in the trees.

Aren't you glad you stopped,
 just for a moment,
 as summer slips away?