

Beaten To The Punch  
That thunk you hear is the thunk  
Of a thought I had one day  
But then forgot to copyright.  
Temptation  
If the apple had been offered to me,  
I could have said no.  
But the fate of mankind  
Would have hinged on a meatball grinder.  
I Stand Accused  
Of not living up  
To the universe's plan.  
In my defense  
The dog ate my holywork.  
Riot Act  
Text a manifesto. Tweet a screed.  
Blurb an epic. Origami an opus.  
Don't let this shrinking world stop you.  
Say something.

Five Gears In Reverse  
Sticks and stones,  
Bombs and drones,  
Smith and Jones,  
Ash and bones.  
B Movie  
Sleepless nights. Saloon fights.  
Vampires walk. Werewolves stalk.  
Aliens. Spies. Mob guys.  
Watching the detectives.  
Motel Matches  
The blue light of the TV  
Turned to a Forties noir.  
Warped when they kiss.  
Human Touch  
No sense makes sense  
Absent the heartfelt hand.

New Amsterdam  
Sold for trinkets. Beaver pelts,  
Wampum belts. Knickknacks. Gimcracks.  
Gewaws, kicshaws. Bidelots, curios.  
Baubles, trifles, whatnots. Yorked anew.  
High Fidelity  
Before Hi-Def, when music was  
The center of the universe,  
There was Nirvana, there was Hi-Fi.  
I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down  
Too many Guinness, the hangover  
Abandoned to the channel  
Televising lawn bowls.  
Black And White World  
You're with us or against us.  
Good or evil. Right or wrong.  
Ginger or Mary Ann.

King Horse  
King Horse ruled with an iron hoof.  
Zebraophobic, slightly off-centaur,  
Equine equality neighsayer.  
Exterminated unicorns. Persecuted Pegasus.  
Consorted with sacred cows.  
Possession  
All possession is obsession,  
More impression than expression.  
Who needs another piece of clutter?  
Own nothing. Owe nobody.  
Man Called Uncle  
Woman called aunt.  
They make cousins you don't want.  
Clowntime Is Over  
Doomsday is high. Angels high.  
Horsemen fly. Release the mimes.

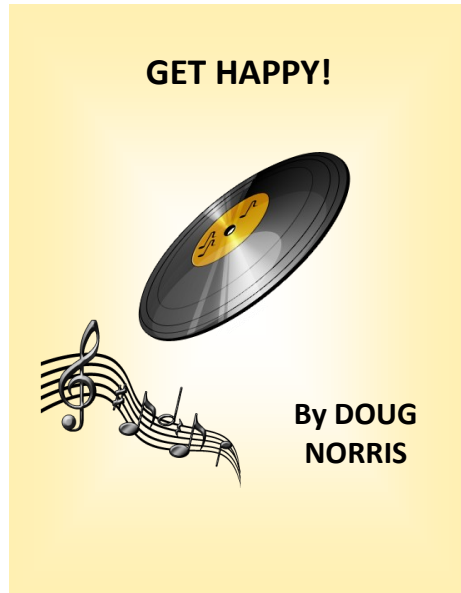
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**Origami Poetry Project**

**GET HAPPY!**  
By DOUG NORRIS  
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Dedicated to  
*Elvis Costello and the Attractions.*  
Inspired by the album  
of the same name.

Love For Tender  
Can be a love for money  
Or a love for kindness. Choose wisely.  
They are very different sorrows.

Opportunity  
Knocking, knocking, knocking at the door.  
Avon? Death? Jehovah's Witnesses?  
We need less doorbell.

The Imposter  
Seven company pens  
Clattered on the counter,  
Falling out of the pocket,  
Under the noose of the tie  
That had squeezed my soul dry.

Secondary Modern  
The post-post modernist has come and gone.  
Back to the caves, people. Back to the caves.