



Things a monk taught me.
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Origami Poetry Project

Cover pic by Erica Knowles

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Oct. 9th, 2011

I didn't really know anyone,
But the bonfire was familiar
And the stars seemed right,
So I was content to share
Good conversation and
Cheap whiskey
With a smiling bearded stranger.
We laughed and whispered
With whiskey breath
Until the bottle
Was empty.

Name

11 text messages and

A hangover.

Fuzzy memories full

Of bonfire smoke and laughs.

But

I do remember your name

Storyteller.

Yimi 1

Relentless as sin

I finally gave in.

Spent all day listening

To the sound of your voice

Tusitata.

Meaning resides in moments

And

Love never fucking warns you.

Black

"How do you like your coffee?"

He asked me,

"Black." I replied.

"Oh, good," He said

"Because I don't have any cream

Or sugar."

I smile, thinking

Even if I took coffee

With my cream

I would have stayed over

Anyways.

Yimi 1

He said I inspired him,

But he could never know,

Because I could never speak,

The thousand nameless poems

That danced, as he,

Lit a cigarette

And smiled at something

Far away and beautiful

While I memorized his profile.