The Kotanopan jungle mountains are cut in the foreground by the rapid river and so shimmer at sunset, like a pointillistic painting until every tree shakes and the sky itself explodes into a guernica of bats: dark night before night when the landscape fractalizes into pollack drips and daubs de kooning and bits of landscape in my cubist eyes.

ART HISTORY IN NORTHERN SUMATRA

IN BORNEO ODE ON WOOD

I seem some Romantic ideal. wy hand dripping with the resin, my mouth open and yet knot my arms in line with the grain of the wood with nature Because I sit here at home

much like me. ano amos in every tree in every plank əəs noλ Secause you find me so,

Stops my bleeding. paper, durable and mothproof: Writing on rice

Ylimet 945 a treat for to last pəves fles bne of rice a main course tles bne of rice a tew grains each tles bne of rice shares a dinner Ylimet 9dt

աչ Քеотету terrified of your seeing into the corner

Yewe mut l

when you stare silently agengnel to suonduna stsing uns breathing breasts taces dead moons

My mask

A NEW WORLD A BALI DANCER

SATTS NIATNUOM

birds, the wind, and you. I know the river, In absolute silence

to weigh. Bees rejoice. along a branch too loose The flower attracts a squirrel

but smells squirrel--The hummingbird tastes nectar

--nish nabreg and ni feolf seilt to liws gninids A abandoned orchid.

tangled fronds and ferns. Treetops, Hurricane of life.

Monkey sirens.

ΑЯΤΑΜUS ,ΙJUNA9AT HTUOS NI

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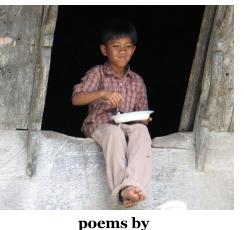
Cover photo by James Penha

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FROM THE ARCHIPELAGO

LESSONS



JAMES PENHA