

THE PROBLEM WITH THE POMEGRANATE

The problem, said mother,
With the pomegranate
Which Eve plucked
From that tree in Eden,
Devouring its sweet flesh
In blind enchantment
Before taking the plunge
Into the rhetoric of life,
Is its full red fury,
Its remorseless, deep,
Unforgiving stain.

Summer, 2006

Please recycle to a friend.

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AND NOT ALL APPLES ARE RED

And not all apples are red,
And not all jealousy is green.

A prism explodes the light beam's unity
Into the thousand colors of October –
Beyond the limits of violet,
Below the threshold of red.
Truth bends and breaks;
But is truth the prism,
Or is truth the beam of light?

Back in the Garden, she hands me the apple:
The snake told me to do it.
The apple is red as blood, and I take a bite.
Almost blinded by the furious disappointment
In God's green eyes, I turn away in shame,
The shame of now and forever.

October, 2009

MY FECKLESS CHICKADEE

I met my feckless chickadee
At an oyster bar in Tennessee.
We both took lemon in our tea:
What a marvel of serendipity.
Though I loved her well, I could surely see
In her nitwit eyes that she hated me.

July, 2010

KAFKA'S HUNGER ARTIST

In the beginning Kafka's Hunger Artist
Drew large crowds to the cage
Where he sat cross-legged on his bed of straw,
A living impersonation of a dying animal.
But all too soon the crowd lost interest
In the non-spectacle of one lonely man
Slowly starving himself into a bag of bones.
You could hear the cry of collective relief
When what was left of the man was replaced
By a living, robust, roaring tiger.

April, 2009

PAIR OF SHOES

Voiceless in the closet
Dust thick on cracked leather skin
Tongues curled and ugly
As a Dali painting. Sightless eyes
Stretched shapeless by faces
Too knotted up to bind
Or to release

Summer, 1999