

I love clouds  
 Deep, dark thunderous clouds  
 Light, airy-fairy wispy clouds  
 Rainbow-tinged twilight clouds  
 Maybe this love of clouds is genetic  
 My dad took cloudscape photos  
 out airplane windows  
 At home, showed slide after slide  
 Boring to preteens and teens  
 Now Dad's mind is full of clouds  
 I wish he could tell me  
 What they meant to him  
 So long ago.

To Dad

The sea is bubbling at the horizon  
 Breakers crash onto Monahan's Dock  
 No fishing boats are out today  
 Surfers test their skills against  
 Nature's water power  
 Walkers bundled up against winter  
 pause and observe

Winter – Narragansett Pier

The setting sun shines on the  
 clouds' underbellies  
 Reflecting a luminescence  
 not seen before.  
 Perhaps this is the silver lining  
 spoken of in lore.  
 Coming over a hill, I see  
 the blazing ball of fire  
 dipping down once more –  
 and watch the  
 sky-blue pink darken  
 into night.

Sunset

It is a strange sisterhood  
 The three share  
 The one newly bald  
 The two newly re-haired  
 The experienced ones show her  
 The various ways to wrap a  
 scarf  
 The many ways to fold it  
 A laughing imitation to this sad  
 sorority

Scarves

Please recycle to a friend.

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM  
 or email:  
 origamipoems@gmail.com

Origami Poetry Project

OBSERVATIONS  
 ALONG THE WAY  
 @ LINDA KAYRA HULL, 2011

## OBSERVATIONS



## ALONG THE WAY

LINDA KAYRA HULL

## Driving One Who Would Not See

Did you see that cat?  
 "What cat" she asked  
 The one by the side of the road  
 staring steadily,  
 waiting for a  
 mouse, I think  
 Didn't you see?  
 She looked at me quizzically

A year or so later, she pulled  
 away  
 She'd taken back her alcoholic,  
 philandering husband

Didn't she realize I could see?

## After Spoon River Anthology

Maidenhood, motherhood,  
 Crone – all three was I –  
 guiding others as they entered  
 their Wise Women years

A singer all my life – slipping to  
 alto as I aged –  
 Then other Arts arrived in my  
 Crone age

I was an observer of Life – noting  
 the world around me in stories  
 and poems

Now I watch from afar