

CUTIES

What do cuties mean to me?
 Little children; big babies, cry babies,
 Hey babe! Affectionately meant, heaven sent
 Obedience trainers for puppies and g/yuppies who nip
 at heels or fingers; dogs that bark; dogs that bite;
 Cats and kittens purrs and meows daily naps; daily play;
 nightly prowls; hiding places; marks the scene; marks
 the territory; rolls around in catnip keen.
 Slow pokes and stragglers; timid and bold;
 men who sashay; women who swagger, vice versa;
 planet parent; singles, off the wall natural proclivity
 bright and dull; all colors of the rainbow
 Genuine people in all; their eccentricities;
 foibles noble; their strength and weakness;
 for better; for worse; all serendipities;
 greedy go furs, go getters; go gutters
 Sitting in the lobby, talking to cuties
 oh what bevy of beauties I write about;
 they create the glory in the story.
 Tell me now; what do cuties mean to you ?

FORTY YEARS BETWEEN, TWO TEENS

1968: I cry

A young man lived in the ghetto, projects or slums. No help at home or school. He was called dumb. He quit school; looked for work; no job. He was numb. He shoplifted, and dabbled in graffiti. Finally he borrowed a car and went joy riding. He returned it though, voluntarily. He was called a loser and a bum. He was arrested for car theft. Brought to court. His sentence offered choices: a jail term or frontlines in Viet Nam and fought. He came home in a body bag, body parts sougth? He was killed in action before his life had begun. He was intelligent, and creative. He was socially and economically chal- lenged.

2008: I cry

A young man lives in the suburbs, a small city or town. He lives with his parents, and their finances sound. He works in a volunteer position. He is provided transportation. He looks forward to marriage and children. When he is legally grown, he will choose an honorable act. He will sign a living will, for body parts bought? He will be proud and fulfilled, with his singular choice. I've been told. He is a living testimony. He is an ambassador of good will. His vulnerabilities, protected and managed. He is mentally and physically challenged. I can see and hear, loud and clear, a harsh reality, my reasoning bold. My truth behold His life expectancy is nil. I cry for heroes both.

COFFEE SODA

Carbonated coffee soda, java, lava syrup, we sip At the Granite Block news stand and soda fountain After high school session, after band rehearsal, Memory forms with pursed java, lava lps, get a grip Wapped around a straw mountain, giggles gurgle, slump Granite Block news stand and soda fountain ends, and begins with a new story spin, nostalgic universal, filled to the brim. Etched, fetching, sealing vessel, a brass ensemble, so hip, let it fizz. In the tropics mild and warm, stirred, from a water spout borne along, java rocks; lava rocks; Granite Block rocks, like a clipper ship rocking and rolling through a hurricane, torn; a java, lava coffee soda Tijuana carbonated wind storm.

STONED

Rolling stone gathers no moss. This stone is covered with soil, an agar of downy fuzz, the earthen scent so moist. This stone might be the origin of soup, simmer to boil. Veggies volunteered lovingly tended to a handy meal. This stone might be the one that sentences death, crushing bones. This stone face erases stony silence. This stone may be soul music ready to rock. This rock of Gibraltar is a European peninsula, snuff said. I'm stoned, filled, with hoe and spade, the rock is banded, deep in the garden, in loam and fill, a naturally grown insular. This true girthy old rock, might be covered in soot, from barn fires burning, to lend off mosquito- toes swarming, the anonymous stone markers on boot hill. Rocks in the socks on Christmas mornings, giggog and rocky road fudge, left on the sill; this poem and this stone is less than a loss; it is written in stone, a signature gloss. No matter what, a proof, and glib, is in my eyes; I still believe in Santa Claus. I'm Santa's helper. He is my boss.



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Growth From Attitudes
 by Louise Giguere
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