

still, forgotten, made sense of
 false ties, brought home
 pockets emptied, receipts a fine wine
 couch makes sense in latent AM
 withering millipedes of tick tick tick
 faucet leak,
 cutting, clippings, ceasing, temple to
 finger tips
 head twitch sampling where there was
 silence, that sound
 a heaven bent like a contained sneeze
 a postman, because spread out flaccid,
 roads command a shaking demand,
 responsibility begging with nothing to
 lose, nothing is mindful, and waiting,
 on the porch
 the neighbors, our strangers

strangled last moonbeams
 through grapevines
 kicked cans ash from social workers
 flaming anxious paper tubes,
 drank coffee,
 black, bitter with fading classy car
 a comic's nightmare scene
 recounted events still current
 a dangerous docile proposition,
 statements like prostitutes,
 or friends, whose names sound greasy,
 unfulfilled,
 small bird moths basting in halogen.

sober is an angry word
 drunk is a four letter scabbie answer
 worth points several,
 when you talk, like a seductive robot
 I flinch, a rabbit at carrot stalk
 whispering secrets
 my teeth like marble to acid
 beer to pinky Zelda heart cheek
 talking, and we are awake on anti-
 depressants
 anti-anxiety pills melting chalky sweet
 on left half of upper tongue
 details motionless against insuflated
 gravity
 less full,
 more for the taking

look, you human, with suitcase tied tight
 full of letters to a wife
 rapture saint with whitewashed face
 that social network site has you
 masturbating to fractured girlfriends
 wife's never had, dreamed of, damn dog
 schemed of,
 cork spot constellations relocate,
 desperate separate.
 while aim sets itself steady hand locks
 ladders, lets loose
 ready is the facton that stays silent
 when wound is apparent
 one is the ready to stop bleeding
 on an able bodied fellow

Saturn as a backdrop romance

Self Aware Monotonous washer/dryer

face the dawn

Dart Boards

Please recycle to a friend.

www.origamipoems.com
 or email us at:
 origamipoems@gmail.com

Origami Poetry Project

Bones of Animal Tooth

by Matt Wedlock

© 2010

Bones,
of
Animal
Tooth



BY

Matt Wedlock

to George Dutra

Names on Tinted Glass

You, such a new friend, floating
 upstream, as rollicking regulars play
 hymnals with our cartilage.
 then decisions were made
 with placing of sentences before actions,
 tied tight belt strap
 All greasy with shoe polish and silver
 cleaner,
 We were ones who gave away hearts,
 and, when asked
 Whether a heart was just a figurative
 explanation of emotion,
 Shrugging ensued, and laughing, new
 friend serious tilted face
 Looking like dried up play-doh, evil
 men in masks tinted looked on,
 Lights all fluorescent off polyurethane
 reflections