

*it was with purpose,  
i saw it all  
i was there*

in disbelief i sit as i feel it  
my wallet lifting  
amazed  
as the drama unfolded  
ever so slowly rising as it taken by a thief  
slipping out of my pocket  
so teasingly slow  
that i even thought i should have been able  
to reach it  
catch it

the air clean moist dark and rich  
then i hear a voice  
from inside my head  
the invisible, forgotten crew  
stowed away unbeknownst to me  
instructing me to put my wallet down below  
inside the boat for safe keeping  
but i am either too complacent  
or too resistant to listen  
but the voice was clear as day  
as i sit  
one hand on the tiller  
one on the combing

i feel the boat rising up over the crests  
sliding into the troughs  
again  
again  
and again  
bewitched within this rhythm  
i sit one hand on the tiller  
one hand on the combing  
braced as the boat climbs and slides  
rolls as it takes a blow

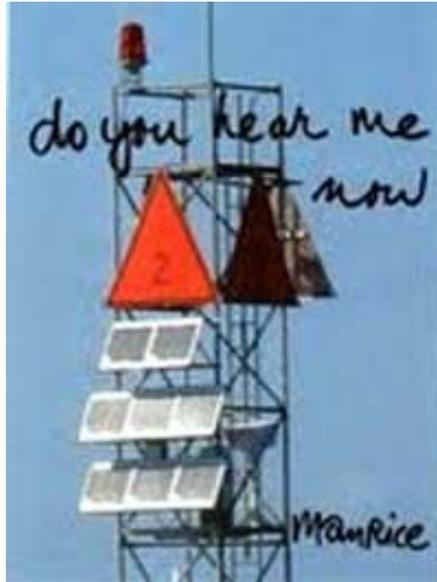
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Cover art by Mo Mancini

**Origami Poetry Project**

Do You Hear Me Now?  
Maurice Mancini © 2011



**Do You Hear Me Now?**  
**Maurice Mancini**

*i would have read the story  
again  
for you*

a boat  
a smaller boat  
a boat small enough for easy  
short handed sailing  
large enough for Spartan accommodations  
and good sea keeping abilities  
it was dark and blustery  
echoing my mind's state  
when I leave the marina  
the boat prepped and secure  
seeking the turbulence  
hidden in the darkness within the wind  
to soothe my soul