

Looking For You Or Someone Like You All My Life

a flicker
caught in the corner of my eye
as I drove home
past the farm
in the full moon
in the clearing
running beside me
as it rises in the heavens
and
while this motion
drew me along
on the radio
"dreaming of a world"
rose to awareness threshold
I have been wondering about you,
I have not seen you
or any sign of you
as of late
and before I saw the moon
before I began dreaming
of this world
I thought of you

Chatter

a long time ago
a doctor said to me
"well Mr Mancini!
you know what your problem is?"
and I sat on the edge of my seat
or maybe sunk back into some cozy
overstuffed tasteful piece of office furniture
anticipating something
I hadn't thought of
I said "no".
"you think too much"
wow, got me
thanks, see you later, Doc
(how could I do business with this guy?)
and yet there is some truth
in his statement
he didn't tell me anything I didn't already
know
without the chatter who might I have been

Street Corner Poet

never so far
but further than I care
to know....time
that has slipped into the recesses
but a memory develops
fixes itself
just below the surface
a channel out of focus
but without the static
mesmerizing
the senses stimulated
a smell inhaled deeply
to distill the essence of a moment
I am looking for a picture, a vision
a caress a song that draws me
into the depths of my soul

Ram Das

ram das "still here"
street corner poets
stories from the path
that we write
that we tell stories
is it that we want to be
held close
no more surprises
installments or what might be

Street Corner Poet



ram das "still here"
Maurice Mancini

"tales from the path" -

so what is the point
like dropping something
better than breadcrumbs
to find my way back
or propel myself forward
connect the dots clarify,
to myself
a moment that has captured my imagination
lusty for some thing just beyond my grasp
a picture out of focus
regardless of how close I get
just out of vision reach
I spent the day in the wind
in the harbor
as the wind roared through the rigging
boats still tethered
straining at their bridle
and boats penned at the dock rocked to and fro
cool clear and crisp
the breeze
on which
my mind took flight

man, generic, the machine, the earth turns
beneath my wheels
for a moment
I am one
balanced
propelled
with purpose
locomotion
and I am breathing, still
and the pursuit of legal tender
occupying my days
eight hours plus a half
we take breaks before we lose them
its minutes that make hours
and dreams that rarely come to pass
but these dark rainy days
are just too much
passing slowly
60 minutes to an hour

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