

Please recycle to a friend!

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Cover art, *Taped Key*, by  
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Origami Poetry Project™

**One Lucky Ride**  
by Peg Quinn © 2012

## One Lucky Ride



Peg Quinn

Acknowledgments  
"Ferris Wheel" - ASKEW, #11  
"Ode to a Pear" - Edible Ojai, Winter, '11  
"When the Buddha Farmed Nebraska" -  
Rattle, Winter '11

### Ferris Wheel

On one lucky ride  
your seat creaks to the top  
as the entire contraption  
groans to a stop

someone's turn to get off

and you're instantly lost in  
details of the now miniature  
carnival,  
then distant city lights,  
fields,  
farms,  
trees snaking the river  
until your eyes rest

at the rim of a sunset.

On cue,  
stars move from behind the evening's  
deepening curtain, their patterns, perfect

while your seat swings like a cradle  
rocking the world.

### Ode to a Pear

so yellow it penetrated  
through gray morning haze  
surprising me with a request  
to please pay attention.  
So I stopped.  
Felt its weight in my hand,  
noticed its rosy blush, as if  
the sun had warmed its rump  
to perfection,  
then I took in its flesh, its  
juicy candor,  
biting small chunks of light

### Expecting Noah

Welcome to this curious world.  
May you find a thrill a minute,  
or at least enough to shore your courage up  
when requisite heartbreak pulls you under.  
I guarantee you'll be loved, whether  
you arrive a future Rhodes Scholar  
or, with slightly altered DNA.  
No matter how lengthy your stay,  
it will be too short.

### Gardening

(for my brother who died at thirteen)  
The morning sun rests on my shoulders  
as I bend in a row of white flowers plucking  
wilted blossoms, thinking of you; more than  
forty years since you faded in a bed  
of fresh white sheets and pillows.  
When I'm even less than what comes after  
scattered ashes, you'll be missed.

### When the Buddha Farmed Nebraska

Grandpa emanated Buddha nature,  
yet I doubt he'd heard the phrase.  
He gave thanks after hitting his  
thumb with a hammer and when  
he shot milk from the cow's teat  
toward the cat's open mouth,  
he never missed, smiling,  
Thank you, to the sloshing  
bucket of milk, to the mud riding  
up his galoshes. He sang  
through tomatoes and harvests,  
thank you.

Your great-great-grandfather  
had these words of advice:  
There are two choices in life.  
You can be happy, or you can be sad.  
I think he's right.