

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.