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Cover photo by Jan Keough:
Detail of 1880 New England
headstone

Origami Poetry Project™

—TIGHTROPE—

by Scott Devon © 2012



(R)ex Deus

If I could sample the sun I would use it,
I would dip my brush lightly in the atomic light.
And if scattered atoms be my stardust
I would let sunsets explode upon the world,
And paint a yellow road
That leads back to you.

It is all giving,
No face may feel the warmth without its blessing.
And if blessings be the warm tide of the world,
Then drown me in you.

If I could turn lightning to liquid I would use it.
I would drain the sky of anger
So I might better see
All the light from all the suns who have already died.
And those pinpricks that map the black
Would shine me home to you.

It is all giving,
No heart may make a beat without its blessing.
And if blessings be the under-current of everything
Then know this, I am, I know you.

The Bars

The bones of the cage that contain his pacing
Shining with old scars, standing with a stiffness born of survival
Like him they remain
And the prisoner, blind now, let's his tips taste the world
While memories run through his mind on
Feet made of fumes.

Memories like old wounds that re-open when he dreams,
And on waking he wonders if the constant dark
He calls the day is really night or day or night:
But sometimes on those dark days the wind changes
And the prisoner still likes to listen
As it whistles through his weak walls

Singing to him of the things it's seen.
Of the heights it's touched, of the fires it's fed,
Of the birds it's born away.

And during the song the prisoner, blind no more,
Can see every place where men breathe.
And so inspired he takes the key from where he keeps it
Unlocks the door, hears it click, but
Can't walk out, for the small voice inside him says,
No, you are blessed by this place, for to make no decisions,
Is to make no mistakes.

Tightrope

Standing, with the heel of his left touching the toes of his right,
In the dying dark before the dawn he can see
A path stretching between the platforms.

The steel is taut against his skin, but it seems so far.

Imagined wings sprout from his spine, see-through against the sky,
The feathers fanned against the stars as they snuff out one by one.
His wings feel almost real as he slides his left foot forward.

If he believes he will not fall then the ground cannot touch him.

The sun shows itself now, so bright you could believe it was the only one.
In the warm wind his feathers feel strange, this new breeze is the
Blood that makes them beat. As the air begins to rise, here
In the in-between belief dawns on him.

Next a strong gust kicks up, and the steel shifts beneath him.
Below is the solid ground, but the sky seems so safe.
For the man, caught up in the moment stands on nothing
And only the wind drops as calmness claims the sky.