

Summer turned to night  
and lightning bugs  
were floating at my height,  
a skyful of sparks  
that winked and disappeared  
and reappeared like stars  
across the backyard;  
I could catch one in my hand  
and watch the cracks between  
my knuckles glow, amazed  
to hold a piece of light  
I could carry through the dark,  
as if my fist was a tiny house  
where people were laughing  
in the kitchen.

LIGHTNING BUGS

This thousand year old oxygen  
tastes like the inside  
of god's morning mouth  
his big snoring face pressed  
against the vaulted ceiling  
I stretch both hands above my head  
to touch his beard of stars.

ALONE IN LEON CATHEDRAL AT 7AM

He gently swatted  
the mosquito that bit her knee,  
so softly she hadn't noticed.  
Later, he searched the ground  
where she had sat, found the  
tiny crumpled body, froze it  
in an ice cube which he saved  
for cocktail hour.

PROGRESS REPORTS II.

She said she was washing her wings  
in the dirt, tired of sitting the light  
for the rest of us, tired of lifting  
her beautiful self above each  
melted Icarus, over rooftop ledges,  
spires stiff with inspiration  
poking the guts of the red city sky  
and that is why she peeled the feathers  
back from her shoulders, squatted  
on the sidewalk with the dog longing  
and broken glass, gazed with longing  
at the crowds drifting past,  
raised whispers of pain into broken  
music and slowly wiped her fingertips  
across her filthy skirt; she was  
washing her wings in the dirt.

MRS. IMPOSSIBLE

## BEARD OF STARS



poems

by

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*please recycle to a friend*



Origami Poetry Project  
**BEARD OF STARS**

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## TREETOPS

I love to watch them  
plunge in the slightest wind,  
nodding their answer,  
so agreeable  
on clearly blue days like this,  
handed down to the world  
from somewhere  
clearly not the world  
but another place  
completely,  
where so many days  
with exactly three clouds  
sliding toward sunset  
are gathered  
that one slips away  
and becomes right now.