

WORLD'S SADDEST SONG

this broken fiddle
played by a thousand ants
this cracked sax
rusting in arthritic hands
this battered squeezebox
wheezing fire
this swan-necked harp
with its music of wings
this black-skinned drum
with its thump of death
this ancient bell
filled with noisy mud
this sound the moon makes
as it watches

INTIMATE IMMENSITY

There is a sky inside,
the moon seems to pulse
where stars quietly consume themselves,
and when I look up
at clouds drifting in ragged harmony,
swelling thick and heavy in my chest
out over an ocean made of hammered silver,
sometimes my restless heart ...

SUN SFUMATO

Anyone can stare
into the sun
when it brims pale
through the gauze
of a thinly clouded morning

WORLD'S

SADDEST

SONG



poems

by

Tom Chandler

LUNCH AT THE MALL

Violent nails
and a miracle of hair, she
finishes her burger
and the light grows even stronger
when she leaves.

The lipstick print on the edge
of her coffee cup
is incredibly delicate,
a fossil of a tiny fern.

AVERAGE MASTERPIECE

The performance artists are at it again,
shooting themselves in the head for applause,
throwing themselves before trains,
spending a part of each year in a cage
to shape their lives into a kind of
masterpiece of wounds,
a frame around each cruelty,
marquees announcing ruin,
and all of us posed in priestly robes
with fishnet hose and garter belts
beneath.

When I wake first
I watch your sleeping face
explain itself to me.

shapeless in the clearing sky.

before it flares out

naked as any fire

small white ball

beautiful

explains itself:

and for an instant

and for an instant

to shape their lives into a kind of

spending a part of each year in a cage

throwing themselves before trains,

shooting themselves in the head for applause,

The performance artists are at it again,

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Origami Books and Poems

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by Tom Chandler

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