

This is the spot
 on the Route 1A bridge
 where she threw her baby
 into the harbor
 where gently
 she pushed it up
 into the soft maw
 of darkness up
 into the end
 of its tiny life up
 into hushed rooms
 of the past back
 to stay safe
 and a baby.

RUTH BRIGGS

A thousand yards out I paused,
 saw all that loose blue sky and how
 the sea I sat on was a version of air
 and how the wind stroked my hair
 like a woman's hand as ducks and brants
 flashed by and a jellyfish pulsed its song
 of joy about how I could never die
 when floating in this painting
 of so much beauty
 and so what if I did.

KAYAK JOURNAL

Wadded in some gutter,
 exhausted from keeping its end
 of the bargain down decades
 of fifty cent years,
 one corner singed black
 lighting some hack's cigar,
 someone's wrong number
 inked over the edge,
 furtively jotted in some dark bar
 out on long lonesome blacktop
 that coursed across country
 still open to dreaming
 where someone met someone
 and ordered more drinks and
 spoke softly with meaning
 by dimly lit neon
 the lyrics to sax solos
 wandering through
 someone's sad jazz.

OLD DOLLAR

Dance with me
 on silvered water,
 over bridges, up stairways,
 on cloud-painted ceilings,
 through giant ivory halls
 with syncompated echo
 where gravity is a feather's touch
 on a mirrored floor
 and full orchestras swell
 discreetly behind the potted palms.
 My white-gloved hands
 are always available.
 My gleaming hair
 is perfect.
 I absolutely refuse
 to fall down.

SO SUIVE

the ants

ten million
 carry off a baby
 ten billion
 budge a one car garage
 a few thousand
 fire a light revolver
 yet vanish in silence
 at a touch
 turn into
 tiny saints
 barely caring
 beneath a small boy's thumb

**CLOUD-PAINTED CEILING,
 MIRRORED FLOOR**



Tom Chandler

origamipoems@gmail.com
 www.origamipoems.com

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Cover artwork by Tom Chandler

Origami Poetry Project

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