

**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  
as it watches  
this sound the moon makes

**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 trims pale  
through the gauze  
of a thinly clouded morning  
and for an instant  
explains itself:  
beautiful  
small white ball  
made as any fire  
before it flares out  
shapeless in the clearing sky.  
When I wake first  
I watch your sleeping face  
explain itself to me.

**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 cruelly,  
marquees announcing ruin,  
and all of us posed in priestly robes  
with fishnet hose and garter belts  
beneath.

**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.



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Cover artwork by Tom Chandler

**Origami Poetry Project™**

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