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

and for an instant explains itself: beautiful small white ball naked as any fire before it flares out shapeless in the clearing sky.

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

this sound the moon makes as it watches

this ancient bell filled with noisy mud

this black-skinned drum with its thump of death

this swan-necked harp with its music of wings

this battered squeezebox wheezing fire

this cracked sax rusting in arthritic hands

this broken fiddle played by a thousand ants

MORLD'S SADDEST SONG

sometimes my restless heart ...

and when I look up

There is a sky inside,

the moon seems to pulse

swelling thick and heavy in my chest

at clouds drifting in ragged harmony,

where stars quietly consume themselves,

INTIMATE IMMENSITY

out over an ocean made of hammered silver,

OTAMURS NUS

origamipoems@gmail.com www.origamipoems.com peneath.

with fishnet hose and garter belts

to shape their lives into a kind of

spending a part of each year in a cage

The performance artists are at it again,

shooting themselves in the head for applause,

AVERAGE MASTERPIECE

throwing themselves before trains,

marquees announcing ruin,

a frame around each cruelty,

masterpiece of wounds,

and all of us posed in priestly robes

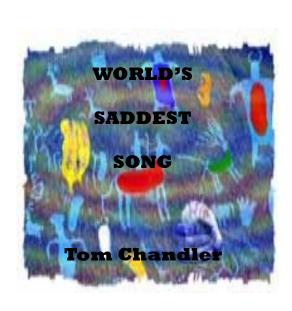
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Cover artwork by Tom Chandler

Ortgami Posmy Project ™

WORLD'S SADDEST SONG Tom Chandler © 2009

www.tomchandlerpoet.com



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.