

Lois Marie Harrod © 2012

As my mother
would find my brother
lying in the grass
that he was supposed to cut,
his languid brown hair
humming among the green strings
so often complained
he sank in his desk,
loose and lanky
in that sleeveless t-shirt
with its slow coda of stripes
these lazily lines for you.

Song with Nothing to Do

“Emperor Concerto”

How did he do this,
except from great love,
bring forth this music
that touches our deepest silences,
frees those
birds long caged
to sing against
a bright noon sky,
each note now shielding,
now revealing
the brilliance
that is salvation,
that is annihilation,
that is neither,
that is both.

M.S. Rooney © 2012

Note: *Emperor*— Beethoven’s last concerto

Christian J. Collier © 2012

Nina sings the sound
of heartbreak softly
to lessen the sting. Yes,
the blues are still blue
& sweeping like black birds
over the swaying gulf. I can
close these eyes of mine
& feel this woman’s dancing fingers
push against the lean piano keys.
The loneliness creeps
from under her nails, over the round
of the fingertips & falls like shaken fruit
from a tree. How sad those days must’ve been.
They tightened her jaw
& made her wear her Blackness as a garment:
Her soul peeps through these slow songs
like the meat of a breast through a soaked shirt.
I watch my empty glass cry for another drink,
just some vodka or whiskey
to make the night a little easier,
thinking to myself, *Nina, my mood is indigo, too.*

Indigo

Midnight Blue

You can walk into
midnight blue
when the moon is full
white, ghosts of *Blue*
Indigo sway, wave
silken notes you wear like skin
sound depths
of infinite sky
a pool so very
black and blue
to the naked eye
the Duke’s fine sighs
soft smooth as lemon balm
infused with mint
sweet scents
entice you to
midnight blue.

Mary Mueller © 2012

Laylangievangeline

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Selected Poems & Their Poets

Midnight Blue by Mary Mueller

“Emperor Concerto” by M.S. Rooney

Song with Nothing to Do
by Lois Marie Harrod

Indigo by Christian J. Collier

Laylangievangeline by Dawn Nikithser

To The Man Playing The Accordion
By Diane Elayne Dees



Note: Title is combo of 3 songs about women:
Layla by Derek and the Dominos, *Angie* by The
Rolling Stones, & *Evangeline* by The Icicle Works

Dawn Nikithser © 2012

It mattered
Even though
I will never be
On the radio
Or a video
Or golden on a wall.
Had I come to meditate, I could never
a cabaret in Berlin, a street market in Spain.
Instead, you gave me Paris in the 30s,
in shining goblets, the sight of holy spires,
of sweet black coffee, the taste of ruby wine
have emptied my mind of the smell
the sound of poets reading aloud to poets.
I just watched your shoulders
move effortlessly against the sky
as you faced the water, oblivious to my awe.

To The Man Playing The Accordion

Please recycle to a friend...

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Celebrating Music

OPP Poetry Celebration Contest 2012

Congratulations to the Poets:

Mary Mueller

M.S. Rooney

Lois Marie Harrod

Christian J. Collier

Dawn Nikithser

Diane Elayne Dees

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See web for bios, acknowledgments,
& printable OPP micro-chapbooks

Diane Elayne Dees © 2012