

If you're living or dying either
way you're a loose thread
unravelling from yourself
and there's always more of you
and there's never enough of you
and there's always a little breath
of you left behind in some balloon

Some days
all the cobwebs
look sad and fragile
as hundred-year-old
chicken bones waiting
for the chicken to return

When was the last time you put something
in your pocket to keep it
from crying, but it kept crying,
and when was the last time
October lasted for over a year?
When was the last time you fell
on a raindrop, and an egg cracked your shell?
And when was the last time some dust swept
you away?

August I still
hear your sunlight
singing in the quiet
little church
of my shadow

Please recycle to a friend!

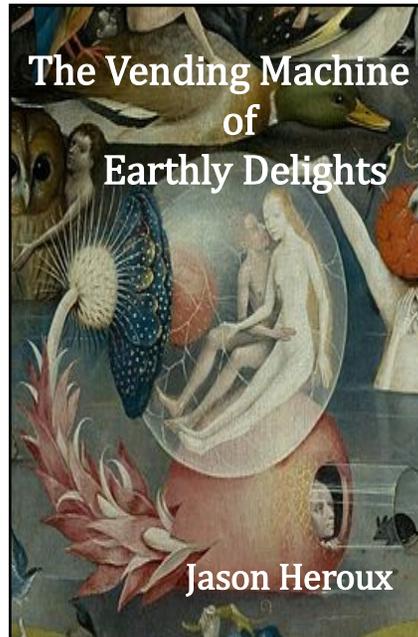
ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover: The Garden of Earthly Delights
Hieronymus Bosch / Wikipedia

Origami Poetry Projects™

**The Vending Machine of
Earthly Delights**

Jason Heroux © 2013



Every raindrop trembling
on the tree branch is such
a beautifully beautiful grey
garbage bag of broken rain

After I finished my chores
I was given a raindrop
to spend in the woods
I was given a shadow
to spend in the light
a hook to spend
in the fish, a tank
to spend in the war
a bird to spend
in the cage, a shiver
to spend in the wind