

ALL MY ANCESTORS

I don't know who my ancestors are,
 their lives are no business of mine,
 but a great aunt supposedly traced a line
 back to a signer of something,
 some constitution or declaration,
 a revolutionary activist type,
 but that doesn't mean I know them.
 My brother claims to be related,
 so I guess then I would be also,
 to three Yankees in the civil war,
 who came to live here from Scotland,
 just in time to fight , bleed, and die,
 and that might explain strange yearnings
 for Celtic lore and mysteries.

My grandfather banded bald eagles,
 before he died in smoke and flame,
 my grandmother wrote lines of rhyme
 but was gone before I could know her,
 I had an uncle who was insane,
 another aunt wasn't too well either,
 and my parents worried their lives away.
 None of this matters anymore now,
 all of these people just lived their lives,
 and I am supposed to do the same
 with the heritage I've inherited,
 it is what it is, I am what I am,
 so I do it the best as I can.
 Nobody said it would be easy.

WINE

My sister distributes fine wine
 Bordeaux, Chianti, Chardonnay,
 she's very good at what she does,
 Pinot Noir, Sauvignon Blanc
 I don't know how to say that
 at least I can say Merlot.
 Bringing the most expensive bottles
 to the most exclusive places,
 she ever so deftly removes the cork,
 releasing the heady aroma.
 Pouring some into a crystal glass
 she gently swirls it round and round,
 Waxing poetic on vintage and aging,
 holding the goblet up to the light,
 observing the sedimentation,
 she praises the depth, color and hue,
 examining it as one might
 an especially beautiful rose.
 Then bringing it near her expert nostrils
 and inhaling deeply , sighing.
 She speaks of complexity, fruitly or dry,
 full bodied, wood, mineral and earthy.
 Me, I would rather drink the stuff,
 and save my nose for the lilacs.

Poem II

I don't do very much anymore,
 but make little poems and art.
 Sometimes the sadness hits so hard
 that I want to crawl into the darkness
 and never come out of it again.
 How can it be such a solace
 to hide that way, from all of the light,
 like a soft, naked worm in the soil,
 sheltering under the leaf and loam.
 Don't let the storms wash you out in the open
 and subject you to the hard harsh glare,
 don't expose yourself to hot wind,
 it will dry out your sensitive soul.
 There is so much that hurts us so much,
 all of the things we don't understand,
 sometimes we just need to crawl away,
 and make little poems and art.

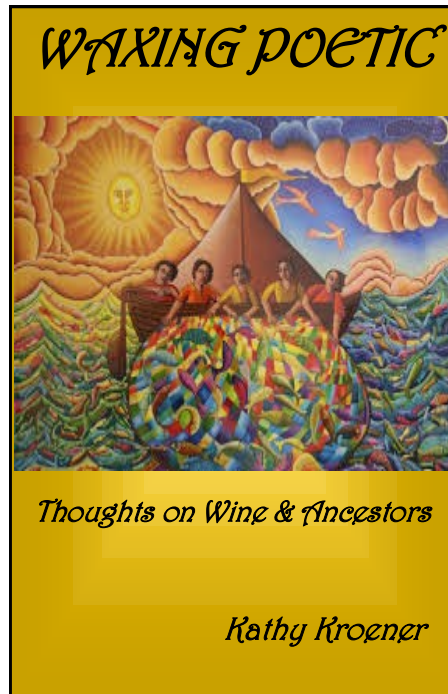
SHAPES LIKE FISH

Fill a paper with bits of color
 chosen at random maybe
 crowd the space
 with shapes like fish
 in schools, tightly packed.
 Thousands of them,
 swimming through a place
 with rhythm and pattern
 crowding, crowding
 filling the page,
 and making art.

Waxing Poetic:

*To speak lyrically, or eloquently.
 To pass into a mood or state.
 Literally means to pass into a mood
 or state of being poetic.*

~



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Origami Poetry Project™

Waxing Poetic
Thoughts on Wine & Ancestors

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