

Water for the Banyan Tree

She waits with the banyan tree by the river.
Her heart sends roots to the deepest current
where oldest memories swim
amidst fish without eyes.
Long ago, when she first saw him,
he flew a kite from a boat
in the middle of the river.
He followed after the white
ocean-bound bird.
She built a door that opens to nothing,
a dim view of the other bank.
On misted dawns when distant children's whispers
might be dreams or might be real,
from the door's threshold, she plays a flute—
since he once told her
that messages carry farthest
over water.

Prague, Three Places

I
synagogue ruin
only shadows of trees
cross the threshold
II
angled rooftops
moons slide down to pools
after the rain
III
sidewalk blossoms—
street noise and a song's
last notes

The Ruins of the Mission of Solitude

Grass sticks through cracks
in the floor, where sparrows hop tracks
as thin as torn strands bearing spiderlings.
A sudden flock of birds
carries away their song
like dust cast off from crushed adobe.
Where a bell should have been,
one blackbird rasps to split the day
into before and after.

**Pantom: Quartet of Houses Around the World
Inuit/Manila tin house/Hong Kong flat/your home**

Whalebones, deep sea murk, lichen,
Mark where you will live.
Red blooms on the ledge over the door.
Bring what the water nourished inside.
A shell on a tin wall clasps a pocket of sea air.
Red blooms on the ledge over the door
by the harbor boats, one light awake.
Wave window patterns cast rippled shadows.
New Year guests come with a red paper dragon
by the harbor boats, one light awake.
A tin-gray shell clasps a pocket of sea air.
New Year guests come with a red paper dragon
with whalebones, deep sea murk, lichen—
wave window patterns cast rippled shadows.
Mark where you will live.

**A Crossing in Manila
Seeing a three-year-old girl alone on a city street**

She spun in green.
A quickened breeze sent her lost
alone among worn-tin cobbled shops.

I should have helped her.
But I had taxi rides to catch,
a right-angle day, lines already written.
Where to take her home,
in Manila dissolved,
a city she didn't know by its names,
but only its moments?
Here, where sampaguitas opened, withered.
There, where she chased a pink ball.

Instead, months gone at Charing Cross,
from depths that a fountain kept,
I lifted up a coin of someone's wish.
Then since I have clasped it,
a sense of cold regret.

Charing Cross

Charing was the site of one cross of twelve
that once marked the funeral procession
of Queen Eleanor of Castile
from Lincoln to Westminster Abbey in London.
In the shadows of sunset,
at each spot
where the funeral procession stopped for the night,
King Edward I placed a cross for his wife.
Although only three of the crosses
on this pathway remain,
the words "Charing Cross"
reflect this devotion like etchings on stone.



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Origami Poetry Project™

Charing Cross

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