



she was bitter like the pound of  
ground walnuts that ruined dinner  
and sent the two black cadillacs on  
their way  
for her first four months in the  
country everyone had said her rivals  
were but the sun and the bend in  
the road  
and yet even after tonight the sea  
remnants of yesterdays full moon  
somehow still sparkles from the

Taking Gods Recipe Too Seriously

being a parent was not her idea of  
poetry until the moment her  
daughter mentioned *if the signers  
of the Declaration wore wigs it was  
not at all strange the nation was  
represented by a Bald Eagle*  
and so as not to go un noticed the  
one a year younger also chimed in  
*the right to bare arms was a clear  
decre about t-shirts and tattoos*  
a week later the kid's guidance  
counselor admitted to the social  
worker *Moses must have experienced  
Mercury Retrograde no differently  
than Confucius*

A Letter To The Weekend Editor

i needed the night to wrestle down my imagination  
of being incontinent with frozen creativity and my  
dreams of following the monastic life of a cricket  
she was sure she had rewritten those lines more times  
than Jesus had been misquoted  
but being the recipient of a prestigious grant called for  
a higher order of not getting down  
on ones' knees to be thankful or repetitive

An Un-Commonplace Luxury

Please recycle to a friend!

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# Indigenous Truth

silent lotus



## Reliving Truth

it was in a local café that foreigners  
can not read about in magazines or  
revised travel guides that i wanted  
to meet you

where the scent of saffron tea  
is not diluted by aimless  
conversation from across the room  
while waiting for the waiter to find a  
waitress who has the chalkboard  
with the list of indigenous wines &  
aperitifs that go with either fine  
slices of cured duck or an almond  
crusted cheesecake

watching a missionary  
try to palm off a prayer book on you  
in the parking lot behind the marine  
paint store and the hair salon was  
never in the picture

## Breakfast

the squirrels looked around with less  
than a romantic ayre as rowboats chuffed  
on anchor lines

a squall that not even the waitress  
could have predicted for two hours  
all the take out orders had been  
tall coffees with one sugar yet each  
had a different story about storm

and no not one not even one  
was a gypsy taxi driver or an  
unemployed airport chaplain