

October 27th  
 Awake at 5am.  
 Sleep is a mystery.  
 Four ducks. Five.  
 In front of me.  
 Three landed simultaneously.  
 I just ate a stale dinner roll  
 From three days ago  
 After I scraped off the mold.

**Six matches, Seven cigarettes**

In less than one minute a woman  
 will enter the bar alone.  
 Before she fully removes her coat,  
 you'll be in love.  
 She'll sit three stools down,  
 looking often to the back.  
 Her right hand will touch her neck,  
 her eyes will close as she exhales.  
 You'll feel it in your chest  
 whether you approach,  
 or let her go.  
 Confess or run.  
 But never lose sight  
 of what might be.

**She's Right There**

The label said it was made by Balis Inc. in Taiwan.  
 What a ways, I wondered and thought,  
 This ball has traveled.  
 Again, the birds didn't care.  
 Gobble and gulp.  
 At this point I should clarify that the term "gobble"  
 When used to describe gulls  
 is more of a motion than a sound.  
 It's the shake of the head and throat  
 When swallowing a fish whole.  
 That's the gobble.  
 The place is the gullet.  
 The gulp is the sound.

**Balis**

The old suitcase is packed again  
 with black tees and jeans.  
 Southward and weary,  
 I go alone, wrapped in sun  
 and the scent of field daisies.  
 Hope, the fateful guide,  
 and I, like dreams of water  
 to the field of wheat,  
 will someday come true.

**Gone, again**

**Stain**

The toilet doesn't fit the bathroom.  
 When I piss,  
 I see myself in the mirror  
 hung over the sink.  
 Tonight I'm wearing a sweatshirt  
 from work, a job last year,  
 which is stained with grease,  
 brown, black and smeared,  
 and I remembered every  
 unwashable moment.

**Nature's Guff**

Not much on this Tuesday, I said  
 to a rolling wave that crashed  
 in response  
 and I felt scoffed at  
 and Holy  
 and neverminded  
 until I gave in to the roll  
 of the next wave,  
 and the next,  
 and the next.  
 Road Weary

**North, then South**



**Alexander Raeburn**

*Please recycle to a friend.*

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM  
 origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover Art: Pip Hartnett

**Origami Poetry Project™**

**North, then South**

Alexander Raeburn© 2013

