

My Job is Listening to Birds

Gone is the wake up and get to work
No more long drive in traffic spending frustration
The cube is someone else's,
I haven't opened yet
I had anger
For a long while over a year
I did it all so well and now was useless to the cause
That cause
I listen for the mail now
I listen for the heat to bubble up hot and banging
I listen for neighbors coming and going and people
walking their dogs
I walk in the park now
I walk through empty neighborhood space
everyone gone to their cause
or silent behind the curtains
Cautious waves when a rare one is encountered,
intent on the iPod
or fearful glances behind a rolling pram
as if I will spread the disease of unemployment
to their unformed child.

I Am Being Tested

I am being tested
and I'm finding wanting
in things I didn't want before,
not wanting what I did before
and knowing the difference.
A plan of self-discovery is needed
but I'm not interested.
The person I thought I was does not exist
and truly it's a little frightening
to wonder what's really there
when the wolf is not at the door.
I think I have become the wolf.

Through no fault of my own I am getting calm
Getting tuned to the moment
Where I wanted to be, was afraid to be
Against myself, against God
Against knowing what I wanted
What I can have now if I want it
It is easy to sit here zoned with boredom
Reading books to distract
Having tea and measuring days with spoons
And not measuring up
So today I went outside in the new spring
And watched my golden hair in the sun and breeze
And the chipmunk who decided I was no threat
I'd hoped it would climb up my tower and take
the golden and white hairs to make a nest
It didn't

I was left to wonder what this particular
non-anger was
To return to pre-employment naïveté
Where things could be so ordered
and productive
and working toward change
But I know better now
And what is that?
It is not sadness,
it is not depression,
it is not anger,
it is not waiting,
it is not wonder
It is empty
And I am listening to birds.



Upon Thinking of the Shortness of the Future

I have no skill at rhyming in conformance,
I have no skill in conformance at all.
And that has, at times, served me well.
I am no slave to fashion, to thought,
to technology gone wrong.
I'm living on the ground, not up in the clouds.
And yet this leaves me with the children
getting old,
the parents getting older,
the grandparents dead.
The end of time is beginning
to take on dimensions of clarity.
It seems a tunnel, the sides smooth
and no place to hang a hat,
a thought, a hope,
a dream, or an aspiration.
Is there some small degree of hope in regularity,
in schedule, in habit, in conformity?
I sigh. I cannot, even now,
in the face of what is,
bear to take the small comfort.

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Projects™

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