

they found the beast gleaming
in the forest, like a half-moon
hidden behind some ferns,
then threw their chains on,
then threw their language on,
then threw their faith on,
dragging the poor creature
out of the forest of its youth
and strength, putting it on display
for civilized people
in the new world of old ideas.

Domesticated

it is as if they are standing
toe to toe
back to back
arranging the small colored pebbles
pretending that if they glue
them all together just right
they produce a living, thinking
whole being
who people do not grow this way
but the truth is much more organic,
essential, and complicated.

Assembling Line

the sounds in the other room
must have been awful
but he was not born yet,
not though of yet, not named,
yet, when all of this happened,
he was not bold yet
in his formal wear, not appreciated
yet in his full form,
and the betrayal is softer
but still burns his soul like ether.

Betrayal

flap and fledgling,
a small figure on sticks,
spread out like Christ
and observing the garden,
now and then a deer
nibbling at the corn dangling
from his burlap coat.

Scarecrow

Please recycle to a friend!

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Assembling the Moving Parts
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The Blue Automobile

the car used to be bright
but now exists under a layer
of unfair rust,
now sitting useless under the tree
like an old retired man,
the engine probably housing
a hive of bees like the swarm
we saw in that yard last summer,
the other cars in the driveway
sending up photon images
headlight hieroglyphics onto the wall
while we try to catch sleep.

Gravity

this is the spot where the fire
happened, those moments
of conflagration, and life spent,
so that for weeks when we drove
by, we thought about nothing else
but now we have moved on,
now we drive past and think about
our trappings and wares, our account
information, and dissecting
mounds of fried chicken, for we must
always move on.