

The Night's Discrepancy



M.J. Iuppa

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 ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
 origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover art: Coyote Paints the Night Sky
 Yonaka-Yamajo—The Web

Origami Poetry Project™

The Night's Discrepancy

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Lying flat on our backs on damp sand,
 we point out the fizz
 of shooting stars streaking
 across the sky: *Look!*
There!
 But you never see what I see
 exactly—you see what you
 want to see.

*

Gazing up, our eyes steadied
 the quicksilver sky—fizz of stars
 left us with one reconciled wish.

In February

If for now
 snow without wind
 floats feather-

light, anointing
 this woods
 with crystal

talc, glowing
 milliseconds
 mounting

on lacquered
 branches
 quiets me

Bereft

All night the drone of the highway schooner
 scraping black ice off country roads floats
 in unsteady light and swirl of snow colliding:
 How can weather be scoured away when
 a blue mist sulks for hours in the orchard,
 lingering over tracks of deer and opossum
 that have uncovered icy windfalls?
 To survive, one must be aware — coyotes'

glossy breath staggers beneath pines—
 their baleful cries echo—rungs of sound
 climbing higher and higher. . .

only noticed by one of us.

*

One star's light in a pitch-black sky,
 a small tear in its fabric,
 large enough for an eye to see
 the universe and you.

*

Quiet—
 sitting alone
 on a bench, watching leaves
 spiral in gusts of flashing gold-
 finches

Acknowledgments

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 Gazing up ~ *Three Line Poetry*