

Please recycle to a friend!

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM

origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover Photo of Lucia  
by Julie Carter

Origami Poems Project™

Lucia

Phil Shils © 2014



# Lucia



Phil Shils

The mountains and the moon

I have no ties to the ocean  
although I swam in it as a child  
and then again when I was older.

The mountains are mine  
through my mother.  
She mourned them  
from the plains.

Is there such a thing as  
a tideless planet?  
Only if there isn't a moon  
(and I've many moons).

I slipped into Lucia's room  
as she slept and she  
turned towards me  
because I'm a moon  
and she's a tide.

The water doesn't lap  
it rises  
and remakes the shore.  
The beach where  
we are together  
is in the mountains  
and on the moon.

Puzzles

Trying to get Lucia to do puzzles  
and put the medium orange round piece  
and the large red round piece  
into the appropriate spaces  
I realize that I hate puzzles.  
Where is the joy in putting  
a square on a square or  
a triangle on a triangle?  
Do children really do this?  
She lifts the circle  
to her mouth  
or throws it.  
It would be satisfying  
to me if she  
would put it back  
in its spot  
even by accident.  
It would  
be a relief.

Why does my dog fetch  
I asked my wife.  
She said  
because he knows  
you like it.  
Why do you keep  
throwing the ball?

To my daughter's photographer

Don't varnish her and patronize us by removing  
the scar on her neck where the central line  
was. You don't soften her you deanimate her.  
I want the snot and bits of stuff on her cheek.  
If there is clear saliva glistening on her chin  
like a tear I want it left. The day you took the  
picture it was cloudy and the air was a somber  
blue. Don't make it a sunny day or scrub her  
skin. She was mad that day and thus the  
jut of her chin. In one picture her mother  
kisses her cheek with a tender arching neck and  
our daughter looks frozen and thoughtless.  
Keep in mind that her belly and her chest  
are picketed with thick and thin cicatrices that  
are as immutable as the asymmetry of her green  
eyes. Another photo shows my girl with  
slight contempt some suspicion  
but the beginnings or the end of a smile.  
The original is the perfect image of a goddess  
of leafy things that are made of ice and will cut  
you when it's cold but caress you as they melt.