

Pretty soon we'll all be sineaw and steel  
Floundering with our winpleess flight  
But in due course, we will yet be new  
The tabula rasa of rebirths  
Shucking skin as ever evolving  
Like unblemished babes, soft as down  
Before long we will forget each other  
For the delight of being found  
And in knowing you, I'll smile

#### **TABULA RASA**

We didn't always know what to call it  
Lunacy, sickness, fantasy, lust  
Philosophers deem it vital as knowledge  
As realists lecture on survivalism  
And progressives herald sexual freedom  
All I can say with certainty is  
It wears many faces  
And speaks in many voices, but  
Love is love is love  
Accept it or not, name it or not  
Love is love is love

#### **IT WEARS MANY FACES**

Bend to the midnight malarkey  
Bend like a reed forgone to harsh wind  
Or a woman taken from behind  
To the frogsongs and the starlight  
Beneath the cheeky moon  
With its coy perfume of fog  
The shifting planets are voyeurs  
To our passion and our suffering  
Our love-making and love-hating  
And the frozen cherry blossoms in spring

#### **FROGSONG**

Together we are a mistake by monks  
The inadvertent chemical reactions  
Tasting the first shooting stars  
Fitting like a cork squeezed into a bottle  
Our edges match each other's empty spaces  
As if it were possible to contain the sky  
By rolling it up like a stretched canvas  
Preserving it as a message in a bottle  
For only the other to read

#### **MISTAKE BY MONKS**

## **Yellow Teacakes**



**VERONICA MATSUDA**

#### **YELLOW TEACAKES**

Flowers of the sun  
Royal collar of Egyptian gold  
After winter's brittle dormancy  
Yellow is the most optimistic color  
Fistfuls of a child's pleasure  
The knotted scarf of a woman's patience  
Unwinding to fly free as a kite  
Ushering in an age of Gatsby in sepia  
It's an unabashed overflow with  
Mint juleps and butter-yellow teacakes  
Frittering away sun-baked afternoons  
In villas vying for light of the kings

#### **FUTURE CHILDREN**

To my future children's children  
If children are still a thing by then  
Man-made like all the rest  
Make yours of the finest barrel  
Aged from lip-locked berries  
With robot hearts and monkey spleens  
The beige of a million fucks  
Give them jobs and sweets and passion  
Give them strife and sweaty brows  
And ears just like my father's

*Please recycle ... to a friend*

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**Yellow Teacakes**

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