

SKYWRITING

In that gray cloudlessness
between cyan and cornflower,
our words became ice, steel
wings barreling to
the edge of escape

UTAH SANDSTONE

I run from exceptional red.
Distance. Majestic arches. Loop-
de-loop of common want. Canyons,
or peace of mind. Say Zen. Say
Zion. Watch as wind-up forests
spiral from sand. Leaves whisper
to their coming branches in the vacant
hinge of a song. Don't they
still reach for you. The lonely hoodoos
eroded in failed embrace. Treble clef,
or trouble. No beats for the metered dream.

THE KANSAS CITY ROYALS COPE WITH LOSS

A river isn't really blue. The Mississippi
has dried, and even love is transparent.
We adorn ourselves blue. So loss
can be quantified in color. Such
is the brittle paintbrush, naked
and grieving, but we are not
the color of grieving,
nor tobacco spat in the dugout
in shame. We remember
the dirt, and who we loved,
long before we searched
clouds' faces for ghosts,
her grays in the white
with in eternal blue.

GALLERY HOP

Walking through the galleries on High Street
absorbing art, the watercolors bled together—
a blue-green pond carries the weight of ducks.
The familiar arches of the Short North beneath
gray clouds, strokes of paint whoosh cerulean
onto wall, a window with its subject unmoving.
I wait stock-still for the art to understand me,
as if a painted cloud could somehow awaken
within something akin to the sound of wind
on the lake in the presence of trees who long
lost their leaves, age marked by a reception to
desire. With whom will I share my barren age,
those outermost rings which mark the end.

ARIZONA DESERT

sand lodged in the crooks of fingernails
watch the way light

reflects its own water
the last time something glimmered

was birth driving ninety
through the Arizona desert

the scorch in red rocks
pursued our same dreams

pricklier than a cactus
you leave who you love

the phone conversations
of dryer lint and treble

in heat, tires tremble
in cold, you wait

CITY AT NIGHT

When the city stops buzzing, streetlights
invite reflections onto storefront windows.

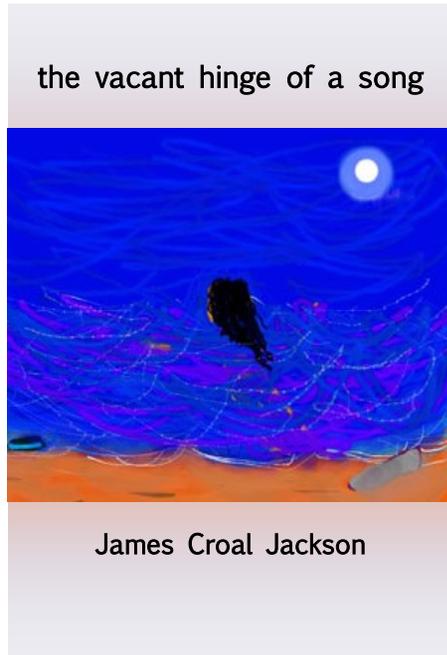
Finally, the distortions make us young,
removing cigarette burns and ash.

What love is reserved for the old? The bridge
seems sturdy in winter but more slippery

with its blue-streaked ice – and mouths of
gravel seem ageless. Time rescinds her reach

toward the cradle of sleep –
maligned shoes end on a cold porch,

slathered in a salty grit. Snow on
the doormat waits for extinction.



the vacant hinge of a song

James Croal Jackson

www.origamipoems.com

origamipoems@gmail.com

Every Origami micro-chapbook may be
printed from the website.

Cover: *Night Swimming*
by Lauri Burke

Origami Poetry Project™

the vacant hinge of a song
James Croal Jackson © 2016

'Utah Sandstone' previously published
in 'Turk's Head'



Donations Appreciated