

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  
within 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

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Origami Poetry Project™

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