

**NOTES FROM THE  
ALL YOU CAN EAT BUFFET**



**JASON HEROUX**

To whom it may concern,  
in my current role as a log  
burning in your fire pit  
I believe I've developed  
the skills needed to be  
a wisp of black smoke  
and would like to apply  
for a position in the sky.

Cover Letter

I lived inside  
the cavity of a decayed tooth.  
I woke up, ate a slice of cold ape pie  
and then went back to sleep.  
One day the two towers fell  
and mankind cloned a sheep named Dolly,  
but the cold ape pie didn't sit well with me.  
And there is still so much of it left to eat.

Cold Ape Pie

I hate to be the one telling you this  
but you're okay, go back to sleep.  
Your shoes are polished and walking  
along Main Street as if you had feet,  
and the wind outside is just a rumour  
started by a few unsteady trees.

More Good News from the Madhouse

The Daily Special

was a lifetime of joy  
and sorrow, dreams  
hopes and fears.  
But it went fast.  
And we're all out.  
All we have left  
now are the bones  
if you still want them.

Lonely Telephone Booth

I'll never forget the way  
it glowed on the corner  
like a glass of expired milk  
no one wanted to drink  
or how it rang once  
late at night asking for help  
as I hurried past pretending  
I had somewhere else to be.

[www.origamipoems.com](http://www.origamipoems.com)  
[origamipoems@gmail.com](mailto:origamipoems@gmail.com)

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**Origami Poems Project™**

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Jason Heroux © 2016



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I think I hear something screaming under  
the heat lamps,  
and the cotton candy machine is broken.  
Even though the floor is dry  
I love the way the yellow wet floor sign  
keeps warning people to watch their step.

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