

The quiet rush as wind clears through the trees
is not the wind, is not the trees: alive
only as long as they're alone together.

JR Declines a Camping Invitation

"I hate Nature. I hate bugs and trees.
Give me the pavement, in the neighborhood."

The Graderubbers

I love to see them writhe and squirm,
and plead their puny case.
I love the look of abject fear
that creeps upon their face.
And once I've let their spirits rise,
it almost makes me shout,
to see that little spark of hope
first flicker – then go out.

In Praise of Weakness

My vision isn't what it used to be;
my eyes supply a different clarity.
The surfaces, the edges in my room
no longer sharp, move more or less apart;
between, new figures find their way. Before,
forbidden any foothold in the world
beyond me, they remained within, without
a form. Deprived of signs, I stumbled in
the dark against their unseen presences.
Projected now around my view, about
private realities, they sound alarms;
my eyes supply a different clarity.
My vision isn't what it used to be.

PRIVATE REALITIES



AL BASILE

For S.S.

He strikes, his mind at every stroke a hit;
sips at facility, and keeps a case of it.
And he has whimsy, yes, to salt his wit;
but faith – alas, the lad hath not a bit.

Christmas Morning in Rumford, 2012

As though the children's wishes made last night
could carry weight to freight the clouds in rising
(so many trained not to expect too much
by recent outcomes), in response the least
to claim the name of snow has settled on
the landscape of this Christmas, barely white.

Please recycle to a friend.

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