

Celebrating the Towers

In poetry and verse



Inspired by the Origami Poems Project event
Sunday, April 21, 2013

Joan Fishbein

Helen M. D'Ordine

Pat Larose

O.R. Gami

Jen Slater

Sleight Of Hand

the free-fall ride
soft ice cream store
wood planks whose undersides
played my weekend passageway
through puberty
where I tried my first French kiss
drank warm illegal beer
smoked my brother's cigarettes
my favorite summer span
seagulls pelted with clam shells
my childhood cotton candy
jelly apple jamboree
my home town boardwalk
slashed crashed pulverized
by earth's chaotic sleight of hand
taste of the greenhouse gassed future
I have no doubt we'll confect again

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Joan Fishbein © 2013

The Towers, 2013

Haiku

poets fill the room
their poems like prayer flags
encircle us all

Pat Larose © 2013

There was Chandler, Dennigan, Dolphin & Brown
who read poem after poem, all winners,
hands down!

The cupcakes and cookies were really delicious.
The wine was delightful, the occasion auspicious.

'Twas Poetry Month, a *cause celebre*
and on this spring day, *bon mots* filled the air.

We sat in the round, overlooking the beach,
thoroughly enjoying Origami's outreach.

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Helen M. D'Ordine © 2013

I am Not A Poet

I am not a poet

I do not like

Discussing the weight of words

Or

The way his voice melted, velvet

As he read about the mother he lost

When he was eight

I find black coffee

Intolerable

And had to look up the word *superfluous*

In the dictionary yesterday

And yet there is comfort

When ink tattoos blank pages

Fills vacant spaces

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origamipoems@gmail.com

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Joan Fishbein, Helen M. D'Ordine
Pat Larose, O.R. Gami
Jen Slater

