

I couldn't count
how many ways the
woodpecker could
divide the beat.

Pointing out
at the swell
on the Bay,
did you say
Black Ducks or
was it black
ducks?

A murmuration
of starlings churn
and pour their thickness
between office towers
inflating the square
they knot and loosen
clouds of sixteenth notes
before they leave to
sleep under the bridge

Seagulls leaning
into the wind
might lend themselves
to poetry though
generally they
prefer pizza

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Projects™

SIX BIRDS

ARTHUR BULL

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ARTHUR BULL

The owl glides
in the cut
that follows
our property
line, silently
spelling out
in a lost script
the details
of some small
animal's
final moments.

That Northern Gannet
pierced the bay's skin
like a syringe,