This too is fundraising. I want my fuckin' money! ι qou,t θινε α Jnck! – sys эн

on his cell phone. He is talking about money. A guy sitting in front of me is yelling The poor people are going to work. I'm on my way to another meeting. When the bus arrives all the poor people board.

my pockets for money. This too is fundraising. talking to myself. At the bus stop I search I won't make any calls. I walk down the street who have money. I leave the meeting knowing among everyone to contact three people Before the meeting ends there is agreement

You talk about people who do. This is what you do when you don't have money. We mention names of people we don't know. talking about people who have money. They call this fundraising. We spend the time where people are talking about money. I'm sitting in another meeting

(For Holly) **MEETINGS**

Each small fist is a nail hammered to air. Our sons catch breath - struggle to breathe

The faces of our sons are the fingerprints on our souls. What is lost is bone and memories more than sperm. We tried to make a home out of the ruins of imagination.

Between somewhere and nowhere. Between the entrance and the exit. If was about the land and body we could no longer see or touch

The burning innocence, the hot scars on our failed breath. Something made us jump back from the heat of it, When we became tathers

> The secret directions to the heart. A map of love, a way of knowing We never held

Lye young men who no longer desire our worn suitcases and torn books. Not only from the land but from our sons. We are exiles

FATHERS IN EXILE

My heart stopped. I filed for unemployment. Today I returned my poems to my lover. What do you want? I want a Mercedes Benz. Cut the metaphysical bullshit! Me and says -The poet's path. The writer interrupts to explain the journey we are on, Are having a difficult time. I start How to get published. Writers A writer calls me asking about

> If not today then tomorrow. We will all lose our jobs

(For Temo)

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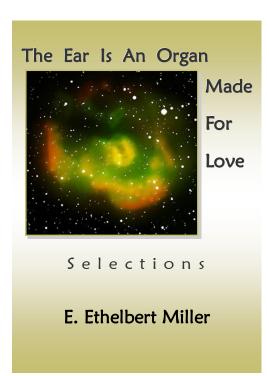
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The Ear Is An Organ Made For Love Selections

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STONES

Maybe next year we will live with more urgency.

We will love days of dangerous new beginnings.

Lonce waited near windows and doors for your return.

Outside it is October (again), everything is changing color.

Red, orange, brown. The leaves are falling.

I remain black. A small stone for your coat pocket?

I like how your hands hold me. Maybe you could skip me across

the lake and make me believe It's love.

NERUDA

(For Naomi)

Neruda's head is across town. It's in the garden outside the OAS building

I need to go there. No, I need to find what they did to the rest of Neruda's body.

Where are Neruda's hands? Legs? Feet? Did someone believe Neruda's poems came only from his head?

What does one make love with? Bring me Neruda's poems. Ask them to confess.