



Wrighter's Block

by Erica Knowles

Please recycle to a friend.

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
or email:
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover Photo by Erica Knowles

Origami Poems Project

Wrighter's Block
by Erica Knowles © 2010

Ignite.

I want to write a thousand nameless notes
And light them on fire
And feed them to the wind.
Send them flying towards that sparkling bridge.
To burn it to the ground.
So softly on the seashore
A thousand shining grains
Lie waiting to be trod upon
To record footprints
As proof of lovers existence.
And the breeze carries their words
Through time to memory.
I want to forget those words
As easily as fire can consume them
And erase them from memory
Because a lie lit on fire
Is as lovely a lie gets.

Nautilus.

Every detail of life
Is happening
Over and over.
Except smaller and smaller
On an infinite scale.
A continuous circle of circumstance.
We are the wind, recycled.
Potential energy becoming kinetic.
Life, again taking form.
And you and I are atoms
In constant motion
And I think I have fallen
On a scale greater than the universe.
On a scale comprehensible by the human mind.
And on a scale of atomic minimality.
Happening over and over.
Smaller and smaller.
Backward and forward
In time.
Oh, my love.

The standstill.

My mind is gone,
Poured out like sand
An hourglass run through.
Grain by grain, my sanity stolen.
Second by second
Time moves slower.
The standstill comes
A moment too late.
The door has shut.
You are already gone.
You slipped away
Like sand through my fingers.
I am an empty glass figurine
With no purpose.
Alone with eternity.
An empty girl staring
Through the static stillness
At a closed door.
Where your silhouette just was.

Doppler Love.

You came screaming
All aglow and flashing
Like a savior.
We almost collided.
But instead,
You flew past me.
Your once promising
Siren scream
Fading into melancholy moans
Through the widening distance.
Our Doppler love,
So fast and fleeting
And front page worthy.
Like any other disastrous tragedy.

Ghost.

Someone's hand upon my face,
Fingers laced into my hair.
A silent promise,
A calming presence,
You are not alone.
I exhale
And fog up the car window.
A word written there
I had forgotten.
Inscribed a thousand years ago.
But the lonesome mystery remains:
Whose fingerprints are these?
A ghost's.
These words on my windows are
Promises that died long ago.
And like the silver vapor of my breath
My calm slips away
Leaving me alone.