

THE PROBLEM WITH THE POMEGRANATE

The problem, said mother,  
With the pomegranate  
Which Eve plucked  
From that tree in Eden,  
Devouring its sweet flesh  
In blind enchantment  
Before taking the plunge  
Into the rhetoric of life,  
Is its full red fury,  
Its remorseless, deep,  
Unforgiving stain.

Summer, 2006

*Please recycle to a friend.*

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM  
or email us at:  
origamipoems@gmail.com

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**Origami Poetry Project**

*Selections from:*  
**Until The Blue Kingdom Comes**

by JAMES B. ROSENBERG

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*by*

**JAMES B. ROSENBERG**

PAIR OF SHOES

Voiceless in the closet  
Dust thick on cracked leather skin  
Tongues curled and ugly  
As a Dall painting. Sightless eyes  
Stretched shapeless by faces  
Too knotted up to bind  
Or to release

Summer, 1999

KAFKA'S HUNGER ARTIST

In the beginning Kafka's Hunger Artist  
Drew large crowds to the cage  
Where he sat cross-legged on his bed of straw,  
A living impersonation of a dying animal.  
But all too soon the crowd lost interest  
In the non-spectacle of one lonely man  
Slowly starving himself into a bag of bones.  
You could hear the cry of collective relief  
When what was left of the man was replaced  
By a living, robust, roaring tiger.

April, 2009

MY FECKLESS CHICKADEE

I met my feckless chickadee  
At an oyster bar in Tennessee.  
We both took lemon in our tea:  
What a marvel of serendipity.  
Though I loved her well, I could surely see  
In her nitwit eyes that she hated me.

July, 2010

AND NOT ALL APPLES ARE RED

And not all apples are red,  
And not all jealousy is green.

A prism explodes the light beam's unity  
Into the thousand colors of October –  
Beyond the limits of violet,  
Below the threshold of red.  
Truth bends and breaks;  
But is truth the prism,  
Or is truth the beam of light?

Back in the Garden, she hands me the apple:  
*The snake told me to do it.*  
The apple is red as blood, and I take a bite.  
Almost blinded by the furious disappointment  
In God's green eyes, I turn away in shame,  
The shame of now and forever.

October, 2009