

Way Of Origami

I fold
fold paper in
fold into myself
fold my hand
a Royal Flush
folded from me
when I fold into myself
I create these things
and imbue meaning
into them
through
my writing
and you believe this
because you finished
reading me

Property of Doctor Yes

A white boat made of wood,
wood refined into something they call *paper*.

It sits on a wooden river
colored a rich caramel
with a white background.

It has no sail
so isn't permitted movement

Why is it there?

Because it allowed me to write this

A Game of Sudoku

They speak wrong numbers
a syntax line,
an error column,
a diagnostic fault of reality
warring over my way of thought
moving through my straw head
of full entry and brain matter,
whispers of shape with no end.
Like the quiet, you want nothing
because something is missing.

I Am Content

I eat when hungry,

I drink when thirsty,

I sleep when tired.

What more could I want?

That's how I know

I'm trapped.

Mount Olympus

And then boom
a drywall with holes from butterflies
and a leaf with ostrich eggs
the skeleton lay
an ant caught in his joint
looking at Life
her heavenly skin
a green away from him
he explodes into ash
is reborn

a rose bush
with no
thorns