

www.origamipoems.com

Every microchap may be printed
for *free* from the website.

Cover' 'River View'
by Matthew James Friday

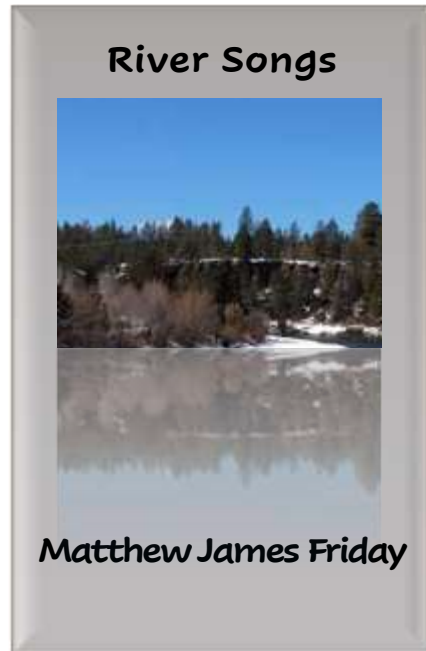
Origami Poems Project ™

River Songs

Matthew James Friday © 2023
•

origamipoemsproject.submittable.com

Donations are much appreciated
Surprise us at PayPal.com
'Origami Poems Project'



4 Otters in the Metolius River

Out of the water they snap,
four glistening ligaments
contracting a fallen trunk.

Back into the water they crash
and undulate upstream, up
the arm of the river, resurfacing

a remembrance of muscles,
constricting in questions
answered further upstream.

The riverbank always beckons
otter again. Otter too easy
a word for one so aligned

with the current, the earth-
brown body of the world,
the giggles of children.

Deschutes' Circles

An osprey curves up to its nest,
fish fixed in a flapping grimace.
Chicks cry out with oval hunger.

At the river bandstand older adults
sit in a fenced-off *oh* discussing April's
aches around an open box of donuts.

On the picnic lawn canada geese bob
heads and hiss to warn the walkers
away from the easter-yellow gifts.

On the arching Old Mill footbridge
flags the color of an invaded nation
flap and flank in a violent wind.

The river's wisdom bends it, breaks
it around rocks, mends with curling
currents and the ocean's distant O.

The Whirlpool

Held in the vertex of two fixed points
a marriage finger-long whirlpool spins
on an axle of flux and micro-
currents cut and bled by stony grins.
Constantly changing, tugged by tides
that tear galaxies from rotating points.
Shrinking and growing, a tiny black
hole of indecision that suddenly hides,
consuming itself, now spooling anew
or two passing twigs sharing a cause,
locked in a dance undulating spirals
as if the river was crafting metaphors
of how life works, how my soul clings
to a spinning body of water and wind.

The River Reclaimed

The geese have reclaimed their river.
They hold court on their current,
gathered in hundreds, mimicking
the summer floats that crowded
their water with that bloated sense
of ownership, drinks and indifference
to the river's true purpose. Tourists
a long diluted rumor, leaving geese
to feed, upturned white exclamations
stating the points of reclamation.

Silver Falls

Perhaps it's all the water pounding
rock that predates primates, torn
curtains of streaming calm, trees
woolled in luminous, languid moss,
everything affected yet connected,
spoken in tongues of river and bark.
Conversation with my brother-in-law
about Creationism, science, evidence,
all the magic offered in mundane,
God's shifting seat around the table.
The waterfalls tell the truth of the gift
given unequally, the slight of hand.
When you realize, it is already gone,
words of an almost remembered song.

On Hearing 'River Snow' by Liu Zongyuan
recited in Chinese

*Grade 4 faces look up at me. International school
in China. Too many poems to choose from.
All human traces. On Zoom, collar shirt,
beard - middle aged man. Not alone.
Dangling poems in the keen river. Smiles.*

Then the Chinese teacher starts a recital of the
'River Snow' by Liu Zongyuan, to rudder the
students' recall of shared knowledge. Instantly,
they serenade in Chinese. For a few seconds I am
with the river snow, the climbable mountain,
knowledge we are not alone.