

**Easter Monday Circles**

Over the Deschutes river near the Old Mill, hundreds of tree swallows gather, celebrating water and sun and chance in endless tightening circles, part-panic, part ballet. Above them circles a single bald eagle, rising higher and heavenly, wings written with feathered prayers, to become spotted obscurity in blue, angel to the waxing Moon smudging the morning with its blink, taking turns to encircle the hope. The eagle merges with the moon, the swallows disperse, and the river conducts the resurrection song of sun and water and chance.

**Remains of Redwood**

Near the storm tossed tannum of trunks and bleached branches that moustache the beach's upper lip there grins a vast ghost-white base between two huge rocks, confused for a rock or a rejected coral reel. But this is the core of a long vanished mammoth swept down from California by some infernal tempest, torn apart and thrown fossilized onto the beach long before there was Bandon, OR, the forgetfulness of the white folk, the settlers and the loggers robbing the coast of its space and emptiness.

**Just Hunger**

I run down to the sloping, sandy yellow field, bumped by blackened heaps of old snow. Here a swainson hawk patrols, marking ley-lines with sharp eyes, then watching them tremble from atop a roadside telegraph pole. Something new today: the shrubs torn up and the frosted field marked with little orange survey flags. His plot bordered by a growing forest of blocks and backyards: White Salmon town spawning. Does he understand that he has lost the land of his ancestors, no recompense or apology, just hunger.

**The Impossible Resident**

Just when you thought you knew all their tricks. An Anna's Hummingbird appears outside the patio doors. It's winter in White Salmon. The Columbia's clouds disgorge over the rounded hills. Everything is damp, empty, still except for this tiny buzz of disbelief searching all the doorsteps, gardens, frosted feeders for food enough to last until spring. This impossible resident cajoling just enough calories. Should snow spoil her search, she will take to her tree post, hidden by bark and tremble herself into torpor, heart slowed while cosy relatives frolic south.

**Devotee on the Deschutes**

Here is poetry, Apollo winks, on a warm March afternoon the constant river shredded by rocks into a silk archipelago, shimmering in sunlit stillness, the music of immovable motion shattered by a retriever wrecking the river, threatening to shake itself by me. Poetry paddles away from another dog's soiling bark and the empty commands of owners. Apollo is laughing. You are no Epsom Orpheus, just a devotee on the Deschutes.

**Against the Current**

The red tailed hawk flies a tugged line over the pines that rig the riverside, along a taste of cracked toffee rocks.

Oddly slow, the hawk, as if fighting a tide. Puppet wings but the strings are invisible. Behind the river groans. There's a plan

to build 250 homes against the cliffs, trees to be cleared, paths suffocated, the hawk's clawed opinions ignored.



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