

THIN WINGS

Pat Nolan



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I can only hear it
reading long after midnight
a fine white rain

forgotten poppy petals
pressed between the pages

Only birds call at
fire thorn gate
and they're always drunk

light rain late afternoon
just makes everyone drowsy





crumpled up among
the loose ends of a late morning
my paper self

mist soaked landscape bird frolic
sheer sheets of silver tipped rain

Window open
autumn moon candle flickers out
silk gown off

happy thought curtain drawn
heaving body's orchid fragrance



TV on too loud again
recluse's soap operas echo
throughout the neighborhood

I am a portrait in a window
the garden looks on into



Orange dust of evening
just before the sun drops
below the skyline

through the particle haze dance
joy and marvel of the mind

The infrequent hypnosis
that throws open the curtains
on a bright goodness

just yesterday
seems so long ago

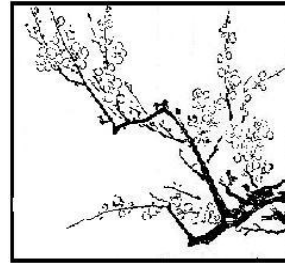
Friends urge me to view
the Masters show in Frisco
I stare out the window

too long in exile
bamboo in winter mist



I have become attached
to the heating pad at my back
fingers stiff cold

water pours off the roof
a young flowering plum



Anxious drunk too soon
completely forgot
who was to come visit

spider down from the shadows
but there isn't much wine left



i'd been in the dark
a ray of sun illuminates the spot
where i left my empty cup

elbow nudged by a shadow
another one of my small spills

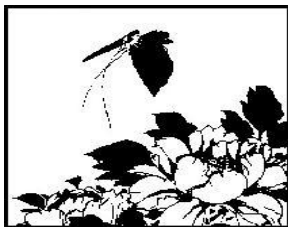


Heavy hearted
threw my back out at
the thought of why

cold coffee from a chipped mug
morning fog just now lifting

On the phone
outside a butterfly settles
on a leaf

her voice light
shimmering on thin wings



THIN WINGS is a limited edition tanka
sequence of 26 copies hand bound by the author,
lettered A
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with the author's seal.



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