

I pray for you,
Yours

I'm excited for the day coming when the
air electric catches our breath away, the day
when a moment's glance of absence will have
been mistaken for eternity's leave, and for the
day when the season's first butterflies have
their way with our stomachs.
I'm excited for the day you might relate
of what your excitements were -

Wherever you are,

Still yet when He sees fit,
Yours

I find the days go on to show the world
getting smaller and time drawing shorter for
our hearts to grow fonder of that our eyes will
warmly greet one day. The season's coming that
our words will mingle in the happy reverie of
pounding through quiet times, past moments in
crazy rapids, and in seeking on toward depths
and peace. I look forward to the morrow that
closes quickly.

Ms Someday Soon,

My heart seeks yours,
Yours

I mistook someone across the room for
you today, and bluish even now at the mistake.
Having called with too familiar a
salutation, the like I've yet to meet you with.
How awkward it was parting from those moments
grasp! As if I had inadvertently handed someone
precious time meant for your acquaintance, what
was there but to offer apology and withdrawal?
Some silly notion I suppose -

A quick note,

By His hand,
Yours

I like to imagine when we meet, we'll be
ink and pen together. Not given to the
confines of some page's pleasures, but the
rather, trailing a passionate scrawl from our
maker's hand onto eternity. Knowing no
bounds of safety's margin, our life'll be His
signature, and in His trust we'll be drawn.

Miss,

Yours



Steven Drenning Jr.

Whom I've yet to meet,

I went searching for you today, looking
in all the places I couldn't expect you to be.
I wondered in vain at where else I might look,
full well knowing you to be removed from the
every which direction I should take towards.

In His timing,
Yours

To whom I would be given,

I thought today of how, when we finally
meet, I might be presented -
If today I were a flower pressed between
pages of writing on the wall, then it could be
safely supposed you might see some manner
of mean man, whom quietly to himself, and if
indisposed toward a dance, then only just so,
and so then for a moment's uncharacteristic
passing.

The beholder's whim might find him
crushed or pristine, surely though unfaded,
though the signs of the times were so
clearly read.

You'll find me towards the back -

In His word,
Yours

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Project™

Yours

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