of our two breaths 'tuəwow siyt ui , bnuos edt bnided dils ew In the slight disorder of silence like prayers in improper places. Our lives bump into one another

Two Breaths

smoothed and worn by suffering.

With care, .08 f9l 'umop mojs .dis 946T out breath. 'səvbəl lləmz ln breath, Lift cup, warm hands. .sq9912 691 9A1 26 Just wait quietly

.nwob quo fes

əmiT ६**э**Т

.bierte ton me l or a feast of yellow tulips. my thoughts are sweet figs In times of suffering,

.9 tea cup full of jasmine. My mind is green stillness My stone path swept clean My breath is calm

My Breath Is Calm

swept into the ebbing evening. into the tidal basin and are nettogrot bne serf free and forgotten can loose us from our branches A gust of wind or just a spring breeze We are tragile, even in our beauty.

Cherry Blossoms

## Praise Begins In Harmony

Today begins in silence requires nothing, expects nothing. The heart still and stable the breath still and slow.

The mind subtle and gentle, an aerie of courage. Praise begins in harmony of what is and what isn't.

In one moment of what is good, this is good, that is good. The possible opens the heart and praise is in harmony.

## I Am Brief

As brief as grass, wind, a wisp of fog. A fly blows past.

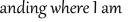
A breath in.

The cricket leaps, so does my heartnow, now, now and now.

A breath out.

I am brief. I come, I go. I am. I was.

## Standing where I am



origamipoems@gmail.com

Every Origami micro-chapbook may be printed from the website.

www.origamipoems.com

Cover: Standing where I am by Garrett Phelan

Origani Poenr Project™

Standing where I am

Garrett Phelan © 2016



**Donations Appreciated** 



Garrett Phelan