Even the blind and deat notice the Presence and the absence. It is always like rain without thunder.

> what's your excuse then? However, when you are awake, you were not awake!

When the sacred watches over you have excuses:

What was present was never really there. .

What touches you against your skin—a chill? God?

All leaves are different:

the top from the bottom—

but they are always the same leaf

with the same intention

to fulfill their lasting promise—

never to last.

Not all flight is a grand romance; however, all romance can fly away at the first sign of wintery frostbitten words.

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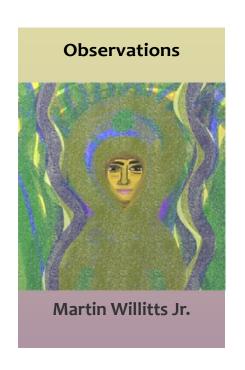
Cover: *Hapi - Nile Flooding God* by Lauri Burke

Odgani Posny Project **

Observations
Martin Willitts Jr. © 2016



Donations **A**ppreciated



There is an overcast of stickiness.

You can see it shimmer in waves
like the Aurora Borealis.
It is the return of sorrow and meanness.

What was given is returned tenfold.

Next time, try some other technique.

In every short breeze there is laughter. You just have to find it.

Every nerve ending is waiting for that touch; the one that can lift you out of your skin.