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Cover Art: Pip Hartnett

Origami Poetry Project™

AUTUMN

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You'll read her music,
Scriptures earthly and divine,
Complex and easy.
You will dance to it,
She will surrender to you,
Her hair – strands of rain.
You'll experience
A beautiful symphony,
Consonance of souls.
No revelation –
Just the quiet acceptance
Of what always was.
Just the belonging
To all of the Creation,
Breathing to the beat.

Grass below your feet
Will still be luscious and soft,
There will be still time.
You will have your dance
Before the meadow turns white,
Before the heart cools.
Should you ever starve,
She'll sustain you with wisdom,
Strengthen you with love.
She'll open your eyes,
You will see your universe –
A tiny island.
You won't frighten you,
You will find that one candle
Lights up the dark night.

She will sing to you,
Her voice – many a timbre,
Of the old glory.
She'll sing of your birth,
The past, what will come to pass,
Her words will lull you.
She'll sing, and she'll sway,
Her eyelashes will flutter
Like hummingbird wings.
She'll ask you for it,
And you will hand it to her –
Your paradox life.
She will help you sleep,
And while you do, she will burn
All paradoxes.

You'll wake up refreshed,
And she will have built for you
A crisp paper-boat.
You'll want to remain,
Leave footprints on the shore sand.
"The tide's high," she'll say,
"Sail on, my true king,
Fear nothing, waltz with the waves,
Your boat's built to last.
Your worry's lifted,
The soil of the battlefield
Is rested and rich.
Sail into winter,
Sail beyond the horizon,"
And so you will. Free.

You will rule the stars,
You will ride the Milky Way,
Curb a wild comet.

You will know your moves,
Your mind will be clear, agile,
You will shed your doubts.

The passage of clouds,
The low whisper of twilight
Will render your thoughts.

She'll stay by your side,
Nature's daughter, your true love,
No gloss on her lips.

She'll call you her own,
Honey is too sweet for her,
A hint of pepper.

It's summer still. Fall
Will lower the bridge over
Her castle's moat. Wait.

Color in her cheeks,
She'll let you in her temple,
When golden leaves fall.

When loneliness rings,
She'll wrap you in reds and golds,
Hand you a scepter.

She'll make you her king,
You'll be her Sun and her Moon,
She will bow to you.

You'll call her Autumn,
You will be kind and patient,
You won't offend her.