

It's true,
I prefer the company
Of my own imagination,
But anyone who doesn't
Is no kind of dreamer
At all.

Good Company

I'd love to dance
Off the map,
Off the map,
Not caring if anyone
I've ever known
Even missed me at all.
Balancing on the horizon
The only friends I need
Are me,
The sky,
And the sea.

Off the Map

If I could marry
The pen and the paper
I would.
Let words be my savior.
I only wish they could
Love me back,
Instead of just saying they do.

Words

I want to be something
To make a pulse race.
I may be human,
But my heart is a wild animal,
Raging fiercely;
Raging against my rib cage,
Untamed and unobtainable
It beats recklessly
Desperate to escape
I cannot be held.

The Wild

Please recycle to a friend.

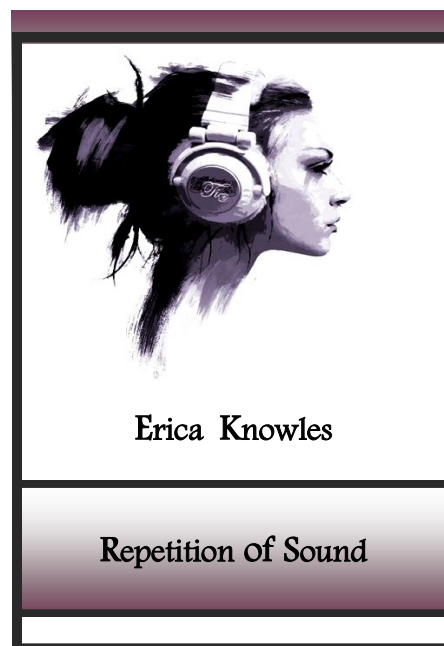
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Origami Poetry Projects

Repetition of Sound

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The Repetition of Sound

Repeat a word enough times
And it just becomes sounds,
And sounds don't mean a thing
Unless
You can hear what they truly are,
In which case
They might become words
And speak to you,
Like an arrow to the heart.