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Origami Poetry Project

Watching

by Jan Keough © 2010

Watching



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Jan Keough

don't you love kindness?

the caught-by-surprise
smile as the door
opens just as you
reach to push it
before your
grocery bag of anticipation
sogs apart on the floor.
such is what
spins electrons
refills memories
sets the table
for our sometime
time together.

about so many things
but these two I will recall.
I,
That he felt himself
drowning
in the bodies
of Japanese sailors
and gasped
Il,
that during a moment
of ecstasy
he saw the loosened cow
strolling down
the far-away lane -
all-encompassing
was his vision
that day.

He wrote...

Green Enough also appears in
my origami book, *Paper Dreams*.

You watch me cross the field,
toil through stubbled hay
to find a crease where the pond
hides behind unbloomed forsythia.
The rock wedge is uncomfortable
except for its fine-grained solitude
and I am now, like you, watching
blue-gray clouds announce nothing.

Watching

We sit and rearrange the dampness
soaking between us
your closeness thrills me
and wears away the chill of morning.
Red-wing blackbirds exhale spring,
the far-away roads hum and whine.
You envelope my waiting;
our silence becomes a whisper.
And those thousand interruptions,
my mist of well-meant moments,
are sired off in exile
by your patient awareness.

Green Enough

I would like to be
green enough
to envy no one,
to shy away
from that noisy wanting
for more.

Spill me into
a seaside dimension
where tidal pools
remember my name,

and each shoreline,
familiar with patience,
waits with the tides
for my return.