



*This poem was a favorite
of the poet's mother.*

Words have strong hands
that wave us over,
crumble our impatience
into the bowl of tea
poured just for us.
But you must lift the cup
and you must figure how
to sip the strength
from the swimming
new leaves.

POURED JUST FOR US

One hope pulls at me:
that you are reading this
and for a moment
we are friends.
You scan words that
just milliseconds
ran from my mind,
marched thru these fingertips,
and walked right into your
open, sacred eyes.
So we are reading together
and I am satisfied.

ONE HOPE

Outside my window sits the moon
and pieces of long-ago stars.
They have tinsel-like whispers
telling me to be unafraid.
They share my secret -
that they are lonely, too,
always roaming in darkness
so far from each other,
waiting for sunset
to bring them back into view.

OUTSIDE MY WINDOW

It is a chair and nothing else
confined to where it sits.
It is a song and nothing else
until music floods our heart.
It is a flame and nothing else
unless your home is on it's path.
It is a smile and nothing else,
reaching out for you to share.
It is the sun and nothing else
until clouds remove its warmth.
It is you & me and nothing else,
but it is everything.

A CHAIR

Please recycle to a friend.

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Origami Book and Poetry

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SMALL FONTS

by
Jan Keough



SMALL FONTS

You ask
such big questions
with words
that print large.

My answers
though
must be in
small fonts.

IDEAS OF OTHERS

I read the news to see what
the ideas of others
have done today.

I have a snack after reading
since I'm so hungry
from these ideas.

I take a walk
to help me digest
so many ideas.

And on my walk
I see a sky full of birds
but no ideas.

Since the birds
have no ideas
other than the sky.