

a man's words  
 can be bombs bursting  
 the bouquet of salt  
 rain on a tin roof  
 or just far away  
 an echo  
 in his head  
 far away  
 there are no words where the winds don't blow

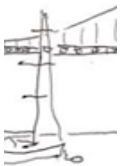
I like the way the wind whispers across the waters  
 spaces in the conversation  
 before the thought is well defined  
 wind that lifts the birds to effortless flight  
 blows through your hair  
 rustles your skirt  
 tugs at my senses  
 and stirs memories as it rises to a roar  
 high above the surface  
 across the bridge  
 I can almost feel your voice  
 I can almost hear your breath  
 I like the way the wind whispers across the water

between the breadth of the wind  
 and the beat of my heart  
 the memory of you lingers  
 the warmth of your breast against my chest  
 and the smell of the heat  
 as it rises from your skin  
 and I long to rest once again  
 in the slumber of childhood's past

wind as waves  
 seen through my window  
 in the trees  
 breaking on the shore

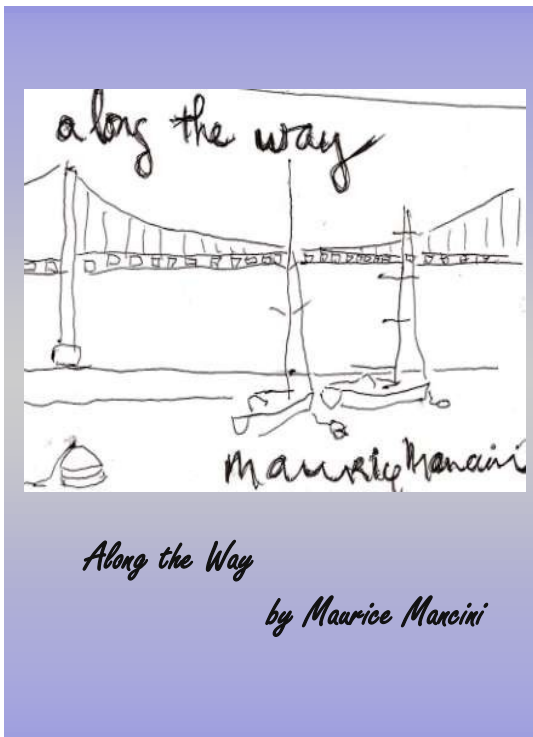
*Please recycle to a friend.*

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM  
 or email:  
 origamipoems@gmail.com



**Origami Poetry Project**

*Along the Way*  
 by Maurice Mancini © 2010



*Along the Way*  
 by Maurice Mancini

Maurice Mancini writes,  
 "I am not prolific,  
 I work full time as a boat carpenter and  
 repair technician, often alone.  
 I have the liberty to look to at the world  
 around me and let my thoughts fly,  
 or crawl behind the rise as case may be."

do not take a picture of me  
 capture me forever frozen  
 as I was for a moment  
 let me paint a picture of myself  
 for you  
 as I am now in this moment with you  
 becoming