

He looks away
 when I open the blinds.
 He listens and worries.
 I say "I'll be fine,
 that the world needs
 poets like me.
 He waits for me to finish
 before he speaks. He knows.
 Love grows with age.
 But what will you do with life?
 I will write. I will love.
 Old men may tire
 of setting suns,
 but young men won't tire
 of being young.

Papou, and I

Upside down Christmas tree,
 French jazz on repeat.
 The same two swans
 keep swimming by
 slowly, and it's snowing.
 With coffee gone.
 Two cups, black.
 I remember my
 entire life.
 There's nothing like
 one's first sight
 of snow on the beach.

Neige Sur La Plage

The light's on the right.
 Use only the middle switch.
 Don't step on the tree.
 On the counter is a bag of seeds.
 Eat some if you're hungry.
 Those blankets on the floor
 covering the crack in the door
 should keep you warm.
 Please wake me only
 if the house is on fire.
 Please don't set
 the house on fire.

Welcome Note

Good Night
 I am inspired.
 I am alive.
 I am grateful.

Last Beer on a Messy Table

Good thing I've got a bed,
 otherwise I'd sleep on the floor.

Good thing I've got a hat,
 so my head isn't cold.

Good thing I've got boots
 without any holes.


Good thing I've been willing to
 risk it all and learn the lessons.

Good thing I never waste time
 saying love, or leaving town.

Good thing I write poems,
 as dreamers dream.

Cause I don't have t.v.
 The radio's broken,
 and the last beer is empty.

REFLECHOING



By Alexander Raeburn

Words Count-
 I've dealt with them
 in my work as a journalist.
 Never fun, but always necessary
 this "counting"; since there's
 only so much room on a page,
 or interest
 in the reader's eyes.

Please recycle to a friend.

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Photo
 "Standing on Ledge"
 By Peter Ford

Origami Poems Project

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