

VALENTINE, LATE AT NIGHT

You sleep. I read and write lines.
The literacy of love fills our home,
weaves scenes of us, young,
laughing and touching tongues.
Keep asleep; I'll put away the words,
find you in the dark joining
of our married breath.

Marguerite Keil Flanders © 2010

♥

GOODNIGHT, THE STARS

And good-night the bridge
of breath that sways me
into mystery mine,
folding me as a vessel
to wind down dreaming
blue streams where thoughts
have no tomorrow.

Jan Keough © 2010

♥ ♥ ♥
Origami Poetry Project

All You Really Need is Love March 14, 2010

an *Origami* love poems medley



THE TOWERS

Poets

Doug Norris
Kara Provost
Debbie Barchi
Mary Mueller
Noel Patoine
Bob Muir
Kim M. Baker
Marguerite Keil Flanders
Jan Keough

CONVERSATION HEARTS (A Dialogue)

On Valentine's Day, we exchanged gifts.
She got NECCO Sweethearts;
I got *Magic 8-Ball*.

"BE MY VALENTINE"
OUTLOOK NOT SO GOOD
"MELT MY HEART"
ASK AGAIN LATER
"EVER AFTER"
MY SOURCES SAY NO
"SOUL MATE"
DON'T COUNT ON IT
"I LOVE YOU"
REPLY HAZY, TRY AGAIN

Doug Norris © 2010

BONDS

I want to hold you,
little hedgehog
with stiff short-quilled fur,
heavy in my hands
as a dense loaf of farm bread
or a stone, but warm
like that bread
newly from the oven.
After all, we are made
of the same stuff:
hedgehog, coral, flower,
woman, man.
I feel such affection
for our bones.

Kara Provost © 2010

FOLLOW ME INTO THE GARDEN

Follow me into the garden tonight.
We'll be as self-sufficient as moths
probing with pleasure the secret delights
of moon drunk flowers and love drunk thoughts.
The garden we sow patiently by day
tending the soil with seed-spattered hands,
at night may lead us to a different way
scattering all our superfluous plans.
The throbbing crickets, the barking dogs
recede as we discard our daily cares.
My lips seek the tender heat of yours
nestled in the fragrance of the summer air.

Oh, follow me into the garden tonight
to darkness that deepens all senses but sight.

Debbie Barchi © 2010

SONNET TO A CORGI

No, I do not blush nor retract the hand
That offers gifts, faint morsels, tricks of love
To lure a kiss, sweet treats of rice and lamb.
Forget the past – no harm the shredded gloves,
The shoes in which I will not walk again.
I know your nature runs to the herds, nips
The heels of indolent sheep, heeds the queen's
Gruff command. Like a blind shepherd I grip
Your leash. Such countenance demands my soul.
Your ears attuned to sprites' chatter inspire
Your smile. Those eyes framed in princely kohls
are enchanted mirrors of devotion's keen desire.
But I, a human cruelly tied to earth
Will return you to the fairies' heart of mirth.

Mary Mueller © 2010

* *Welsh legend has it that Corgis are gifts
from fairies and elves.*

H♥A♥I♥K♥U

A wind walks lightly
balancing a lover's kiss,
bridging the distance.
Romantic heart clings
to a whispered promise made,
cross my heart I lie.
Noel Patoine © 2010

it had to be love
that jolly rancher
candy not cowboy
breathing watermelon
into my butterfied mind
but hell
she spelled pell mell
in my ponytailed
hair not horse
existence
fingers like weeping willows
pillowed my dreams
so moonstruck
I would have eaten anything
even the rind
the existential seeds

EVEN WATERMELON

Kim M. Baker © 2010

Love you gave became
a burden I could not bear.
Now you sit in jail.
Bob Muir © 2010