

Time is valueless
in the night, as our bones have no meaning
for us in our dying.
If it would have been possible
to gather all the hours
I have wasted for nothing, without loving,
I would pile them one over the other
like the style of a sundial
I would set fire to all those dried hours
and be burned with the towering pillar of love.

Dried Hours

My prayer fell from me
the way a big dry branch is falling
with a great noise
since then I am walking the world
like an orphan, like someone who has lost
something of a dear value

My Prayer Fell

After the last rains
I print my foot into the good earth
between the shriveling winter flowerbeds
and cover it with more earth.
Perhaps a trace of me will remain
in the world.

Footprint

I saw myself laying on my deathbed
sad, wrinkled and disappointed of my life
it made me feel sad, wrinkled and disappointed
of my life, so I looked the other way

I Saw My Self

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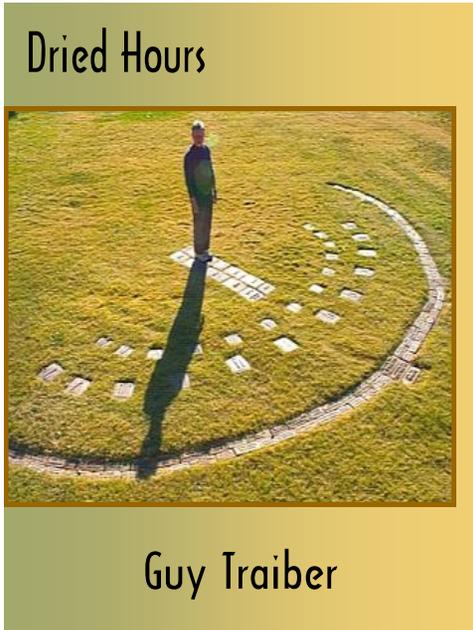
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Dried Hours
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A Spiritual Search in a Dirty Dusty Tea Stall Made Out of Rusted Iron, Colorful Plastic Sheets and Some Other Unidentified Objects, Occupied by Lowlifes, Dogs and, at the Moment, One Tourist

There is nothing in the little dusty chai-shop
that indicates the existence of god
or any other point on the spectrum
between world and self-understanding.

But it is just the same with life
or with this shrunken dirty woman
leaning on the low stone fence
and laughing against the bust sky.