

Honorable Mention

Content

Outside a restaurant in Chivay, Peru
the short-haired yellow dog
gazes furtively up at you
and away,
brings her head and brown eyes
down shyly, yet hopefully.

*Hola, perro, you say.
Orbs raise, blink.
Tail wags, thumping the stucco wall
where you lean.
Oh, you're a good dog.
You're such a good dog.*

She sits, raises her paw,
presses your leg with kindness in return.

Honorable Mention

Saint of the Day

In class she knits prayer shawls.
Smooth yarn rolls between her fingers
like rosary beads. Each stitch
a wish for recovery from sickness
heartache, addiction. By noon

she is halfway there. The instructor
frowns at her, blind to the work
of her soul.

- Jan Chronister

Confirming friendship,
she lays down, rests her chin
on your shoe,
content to be near you and rest.

- Marilyn Zelke-Windau

Editor's Appreciation

Holstein

I was also a child.
And also had one,
and another a year after,
and another,
and could not touch

even one.
Had I been born into a kinder
world, my milk would have been
for them. No one would have pulled
my children from my body

to crates, their lungs
full of loss.
Had I lived in a kind world,
long stretches of me
would have weaved
in the stretches of the world,

Origami Poems Project
KINDNESS Contest 2016

Finalist Judge, Peg Quinn

Honorable Mentions

Saint of the Day - Jan Chronister

&

Content - Marilyn Zelke-Windau

~

Editor's Appreciation
Holstein - Gretchen Primack



www.origamipoems.com
origamipoems@gmail.com

Every Origami micro-chapbook may be
printed for free from the website.

Cover: *Trumpet Flowers*
Photo by Jan Keough

Origami Poems Project™

Kindness Contest © 2016

Honorable Mentions

Saint of the Day by Jan Chronister

Content by Marilyn Zelke-Windau

~

Editor's Appreciation

Holstein by Gretchen Primack

*

Thanks to all who submitted their work.

Our Anthology, 'The Best of Kindness'
will be available on Amazon, April 2016

my natural-born children
taking in the milk I created
for them, not for a trade
of strangers,
and my life would have been mine
and theirs

as long as my body wanted life.

Child, put your head where our kind

is never allowed: at my flank,

at the great spill of me. Smell me

from your bent neck.

- Gretchen Primack