



## The Whisper of Birds

by

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Cover art by Helen Burke

**Origami Poetry Project**

**The Whisper Of Birds**  
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It is only that the dark trees are hiding them  
It is only that the old boats are hiding them.  
The owls fly inside my own eyes – in and in,  
flying lower and lower.  
My thoughts become feathers.  
My dreams have no edges.  
Flight swallows me.  
I am owl and moon and river and night:  
The stars watch over me – the pulse of the water  
greet me, keens for me  
that I must watch here, so late.  
It is the hour for owls.  
I hear the slow beating of their coming.  
A train passes, holds the moon  
in each of its windows.  
Myself, I am held by the promise of owls.  
My throat holds a shadow, it grows and grows  
and from it  
flies the first of them.

## Owls

Tonight,  
the moon is a river.  
A silver shadow whose face we admire.  
The moon turns the rivers pages  
like a book.  
Softly, the page turn, one by one.  
In the river ourselves, our faces, turning.  
Here, where the edges of trees  
frisk our shadows  
and trace the night shapes of houses –  
we are watching for owls.  
I am convinced they are near.

## The Whisper of Birds

This says it all – the whisper from the trees.  
This morning , a magpie –  
(the not so lucky bird .. by whose decree?)  
Who says which bird should by a single  
brighter feather  
Be the lucky one??

I want my words, my life to mean something  
And nothing comes – except this bird –  
Sitting doleful-eyed staring in at me.  
As ever he is on the wing.  
Never resting, never knowing when  
his last day may come,  
Or what song he's best to sing.

My thoughts they come and go like the  
murmur of the trees.  
The birds they whisper in their souls  
and so create the day.  
What a piece of luck they are – even this magpie  
as soft he watches over me.  
He picks at the bread placed for him  
in the old tin.  
His mind is set on seeking out  
a different tree where  
No-one will fear the whisper in his throat,  
his midnight words.  
He's soon away.  
And I am glad – for his little piece of luck.

## The green field

I dreamed I was a horse  
and the green field all around me  
kissed my feet.  
In my eyes two doves smiled  
and the sun and moon were mine  
in equal measure.  
The day was music within my bones.  
The night was music within my blood  
and I was blessed.  
I ran within that green field, where,  
in its sweetest, farthest corner I saw  
lay buried, a silver-box – so small,  
yet within the box,  
lay the root, the tree,  
the waiting forest of my dreams.

## Waiting.

And from this, - I ran.  
And ran, and ran, far, far from it, until –  
at last, I saw it no more –  
and was sad.  
For years I ran and ran and ran – until –  
the moon it was that stopped me.  
Under her light,  
I looked down and saw that  
within my own body lay that green field,  
within my own heart lay that silver box.  
Still and silent – in the moons light.