

And makes known
 (as you know yourself
 lying in bed each morning)
 that there is only
 one intention, one rising
 that lifts
 and sets you breathing.
The entire cosmos
 of me or you
 in place,
 growing more
 still and real.
Where the curve
 of each slanting moment
 melts into wonder
 cups every morsel
 and frees it all -
 unlayered, unwaiting
 understood.

But I am sorry
 that after spinning lines
 winding through your mind
 I can't say
 what you must
 only
 tell yourself.
That an intention
 must be treasured
 by your wanting it:
 an essence
 that finds you -
 the nucleus of everything -
 and awakens your truth
 gazing patiently
 smiling
 aware.

Then panic arrives-
 searching, pushing
 to find it again.
 foolish me, foolish mind
 foolish wanting.
I'd have to tip my horizon
 spill that point
 back into my palm
 and roll it like mercury's
 evanescence:
Until it stays there -
 shy as a spoonful
 barely steaming.
 my intention
 waiting, shining
 like loosened light.

Often
 I could see it tucked there
 protected from
 a loud, hurried voice
 of my wanting something
 better.
But I couldn't understand
 my wanting it
 and then
 wanting something else.
Until one day
 I saw pain
 wearing itself into fading
 turning away,
 soon to be out of reach -
 like a point on the horizon
 a troubled painter paints.

Please recycle to a friend.

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
 or email:
 origamipoems@gmail.com



Origami Poems Project

The Intention

by Jan Keough © 2009

The Intention



an origami poem
 by Jan Keough

The intention

It was always there -
 my Intention
 folded and lying beneath layers
 two - three - four
 or more as days began
 or ended.
 Or were hard to conceal.

Pretty layers and dull ones -
 important enough to stretch
 or best to let fall
 as if nothing.

Layers I never meant
 to acquire
 but layers that would cover
 the shyest hint of
 something wanting free.

An Intention that caught me
 gazing open-eyed
 at a calm afternoon's trace
 outside my window
 past the lawn and lavender
 past the little step where
 the cat would hide
 past the cool air
 rising from shadows of
 indistinct worries

Worries that could
 never
 console or comfort
 or pour the palest
 cup of tea
 to share.