



I manage to convince time
to take a break
and let us have the day off.



I manage to tell myself
to forgive
and let the day begin.



I manage to remember
everything about you
once you smile.

I manage to enjoy silence
seeing answers
all around me.



I manage to pick up my smile
where I last left it,
on the doorstep of twilight.

I manage to find the streets of you
and others where you might be,
hiding the map from everyone else.



I manage to like my self
even when I show up late
and have lost the house keys.



I manage to place today
so it's always on top of jars
filled with long ago and maybe.

I manage...

an Origami Poem
by Jan Keough



I manage to fit the day beside
a mango tree, two shade elms,
and a skiff lounging on the beach.



I manage to remind myself
to wind the stars and set them
so they return at night.



I manage to call out loud
to be sure that I am
still awake and calm.



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I manage...

by Jan Keough

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