

That something-joy
born of your
letting go.

No, it hovers,
waiting for you to be ready
to see it.
And swim in it
and absorb it
since it's always there.

Or rise like waves
full of pushing forward
with small tingles of anticipation.
It won't blink at you
like phone messages
wanting relief.

Or linger
on the backside of memory
with the most delicious taste.
It can't fall out of the sky
like sun showers
to dazzle you.

Letting Go

Please recycle to a friend.

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I would like to mention
that there is no preparation
for wonder.

It doesn't appear on the pages
of all those books
you've read.

Origami Poetry Project

Letting Go

by Jan Keough © 2009

an origami poem
by Jan Keough