



Weave day into night,
 braid them together,
 and scent my pillow
 where dreams wait.
 Let in a summer's exhalé,
 embracement that heals,
 forgiveness that forgets,
 waiting that knows.
 Write me a tomorrow
 that has nothing of
 today's sweet tears
 and seal the page.

Write me a song
 that sings every note
 the wind knows,
 fragrant and blue.
 Untie the breeze
 and watch it blow
 through continents
 of watchful trees.
 Carve me a room
 to eclipse an anxious world
 and bead it with gems
 of pure contentment.

Paper Dreams

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origami poems
 by Jan Keough

It's cheaper on the heart
 to forget.
 Sepia coat
 that glare of truant memory.
 Beg off the recall
 of second-stage regret
 and reschedule
 intimacy that rewinds
 those painful retrains.
 Begin the migration
 to that open space
 where you wall off
 all that is near and true
 because there rests

The Surety of You

I would like to be
 green enough
 to envy no one,
 to shy away
 from that noisy wanting
 for more.
 Spill me into
 a seaside dimension
 where tidal pools
 remember my name,
 and each shoreline,
 familiar with patience,
 waits with the tides
 for my return.

Green Enough

This Water Fountain

This water fountain speaks
 so quick.

Moments ago
 it had nothing to say.

But the pump was off,
 water was asleep
 in damp, tiered rooms,
 growing green
 with leaves and dead bugs
 who had stayed too long.

I wish I could understand
 the trill, this unformed chit chat,
 melting between synapses
 making my mind
 curl up in that syntax
 seeping past sense.

I'll listen
 to this storyteller
 for hours,
 ear to drippings,
 watching drops become sound
 and sound become
 nothing more
 than presence.

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Origami Poetry Project
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