

I imagine  
that there is pleasure  
somewhere  
but it has failed to arrive  
here  
in one piece.  
It sits atop or below or beneath  
in pieces  
while you and I  
open and reopen each package  
marked fragile,  
whether addressed to us  
or not.

**Marked Fragile**

So, the missing  
who have never really left  
line the soft-sided interior  
where you are stored

And because  
it takes time  
for boxes to weaken,  
hurts fold and refold  
in the mind

They live in rooms  
where doors are  
slightly closed with  
so many boxes  
pressing tight

They walk through  
your heart's wall  
to rest in quiet spaces  
where only memories  
are stored

**Never Left**

To every season there comes a time  
when hope's next caress reveals,  
standing in the doorway,  
a view of all that is possible.

Every whisper of *why* is  
cued by a tilt of the universe  
that brims with possibilities  
found by careful footing.

Every wish gives shelter  
to rain-soaked petitions of *perhaps*,  
familiar with the reasonable *no*,  
but awaiting a better mindset.

Every desire leaves a mark,  
stretched tight around *hope*  
the heart's causeway,  
lined with lessons learned.

**The Possible**

You wanted to sit and talk.  
I wanted to walk to the beach.  
You left the door propped with a big shell.  
I turned to see you come down the steps,  
waiting.

Your face filled the place where sunlight  
tried to enter the window.  
You mentioned a bonfire that night by the shore.  
I noticed the tablecloth was just ironed.

You left the railing honest with white, flaking chips  
to satisfy someone but didn't remember who.  
You had painted the door gray-green,  
soft brush strokes hid the torn wood.

I went there once and met you at the bridge:  
followed your truck up and down the dunes.

**At the bridge**

**What's Right With Today**



**By Jan Keough**

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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**Origami Poetry Project**

**What's Right With Today**  
by Jan Keough © 2010

**What's Right With Today**

What's right with today  
is the nearness of it  
  
morning has been waiting  
without expectation  
  
that tincture of yesterday  
dissolved overnight  
  
you awake to find  
an acreage  
within your palm