



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

I manage to find the streets of you  
and others where you might be,  
hiding the map from everyone else.  
I manage to see disappointment  
laying on the mirror  
where I face myself.  
I manage to hear silence  
only when the repeat of  
unanswered wants goes dark.

I manage to like my self  
even when I show up late  
and have lost the house keys.  
I manage to bless my school days  
where we sang our abc's  
and pined for recess and home.  
I manage to pick up my smile  
where I last left it,  
on the doorstep of twilight.



I manage to try on my life  
without tearing the seams  
that hold me together.  
I manage to place today  
so it's always atop the jars  
filled with *long ago* and *maybe*.

*Please recycle to a friend.*

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM  
or email:  
origamipoems@gmail.com

## I manage...

an Origami Poem  
by **Jan Keough**



**Origami Book and Poems**

**I manage...**  
by Jan Keough  
© 2009



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.