



Words have strong hands  
that wave us over,  
crumble our impatience  
into the bowl of tea  
poured just for us.  
But you must lift the cup  
and you must figure how  
to sip the strength  
from the swimming  
new leaves.

**POURED JUST FOR US**

One hope pulls at me:  
that you are reading this  
and for a moment  
we are friends.  
You scan words that  
just milliseconds  
ran from my mind,  
marched thru these fingertips,  
and walked right into your  
open, sacred eyes.  
So we are reading together  
and I am satisfied.

**ONE HOPE**

Outside my window sits the moon  
and pieces of long-ago stars.  
They have tinsel-like whispers  
telling me to be unafraid.  
They share my secret -  
that they are lonely, too,  
always roaming in darkness  
so far from each other,  
waiting for sunset  
to bring them back into view.

**OUTSIDE MY WINDOW**

It is a chair and nothing else  
confined to where it sits.  
It is a song and nothing else  
until music floods our heart.  
It is a flame and nothing else  
unless your home is on it's path.  
It is a smile and nothing else,  
reaching out for you to share.  
It is the sun and nothing else  
until clouds remove its warmth.  
It is you & me and nothing else,  
but it is everything.

**A CHAIR**

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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**Origami Book and Poetry**

**SMALL FONTS**

by Jan Keough

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**SMALL FONTS**

BY  
**JAN KEOUGH**



**SMALL FONTS**

You ask  
such big questions  
with words  
that print large.

My answers  
though  
must be in  
small fonts.

**IDEAS OF OTHERS**

I read the news to see what  
the ideas of others  
have done today.

I have a snack after reading  
since I'm so hungry  
from these ideas.

I take a walk  
to help me digest  
so many ideas.

And on my walk  
I see a sky full of birds  
but no ideas.

I think that the birds  
must have no ideas  
other than the sky.