

Space Between The Stars

Perceiving the space between the stars
like space lingering between us
streams our silent, glimmering selves.
Awake, we orbit in a galaxy of possible
retrieval trembles through every pore,
a slurry of outcomes glistens with relief.
If by slipping, our heart stumbles
and the grasp falls from our reach,
we exhale desire but not release.

Adrift through this measureless oasis
in a state of complicated grief
from so much wanting betrayed.
Astonsishment stares back at us,
days move through their shy increments,
months cluster around all that we love,
And years revive every respiration
that carefully sighs with the world -
to begin, to love, to end.

On Johann Vermeer's 'Little Street'

He paints to heal the sense scars
beauty's left behind.
He knows the street before he begins
before charcoal strokes phrase the view.
Before a cleaning girl in her white, white bonnet
sweeps footsteps from the cobbles -
Scuds stones until a clear, gray sheen
slides rinse into the canal
Swirling her out and beyond
to somewhere she will never be.

He is a witness to within
to the no-importance
to the mosaic abundance
that rests in sun-dappled silence.
He fingers the layers of radiance
unfolding each barrow of intimacy.

It's a little street to house a family.
It's a house that's seldom noticed.
It's no one's street.
It is his own.

As Is

I could have left it as is -
That tall wanting of something else,
Like an embrace or convergence
Or a vessel with leftover sweetness.
But I chose to spill the contents
Of that well-polished cup,
Letting memories seep out
Far beyond my sweeping.
Inside an etching, pressed deep,
Had cracked the little-me bowl
Mingling my own tenderness
With the far-flung universe of being.

It was a crack that looked like
Sharing its ken of hidden meadows
Where burrows of common things hide.
The cleft was barely legible, lightly seen,
With no wish to intrude on my sanctity.
It shone with the eyes of many tapers,
Their foreverness of life-hope burning true.

And they glowed, leaning inward,
Draped like patience waiting,
Simply waiting there for me,
For me to arrive, as is.

Permit wonder

Electrons wander orbits tipping the cosmos.
Planets in weary tread stoic a pace unshared.
Embryos slide into time chasing desire & find.
The mind awakens from its cloister to canopies
of sensations that blaze and speak within.
We lay in twilight harbors moored to mysteries,
Netted between the sureness of a soft breeze
And moments capsized.
Wandering these many roads is the heart,
Orphaned or welcomed, in song or moan,
Backpacked, stowed or falling loose
Around another's clear gaze.

Could someone run ahead—secure lodging
Corner a spaciousness
Of no particular place?
And trim the smooth to manage the harsh.
Concede the fine points forever displayed.
Unargue differences that winter a summer's day
And doubt every open door closed.
Breathe in, exhale
And permit wonder
To rest on the tongue.

a little encouragement

a little encouragement
particulates
through you
like a reason to live

finding you at home
it wanders
those familiar rooms
lost from view

in this sanctuary
of clear thoughts
all others
just slip away

now you see
a book still open
to the very page
that once comforted

and all that is true
arcs overhead
wanting nothing
but your company

from a secret voice
within the world
encouragement skips like laughter
waiting to be heard

It seems best to write from the heart
but not always easy to hear
what's being said.
I've tried to listen well.

Here are some of my favorite poems.
JCK



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A Little Ado About
Everything

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