

Everything is mutable each thing
 has its time, milkweed forming pods that strew
 seeds parachuting on silken strings
 old log built fence kneels down to fall in two
 vines close embrace splintered wood as they do
 foliage turns yellow as lowered sun
 like bitterweet before orange bursts through
 bees visit beach roses while blooms still yawn
 shoals of fish jump to break water's calm
 visiting air in their flight
 while swan ducks head down into their realm
 urgent in motion as seasons shed light
 Each day fans its way to dissolution,
 knows nothing can hold back evolution.

MOVING ON

Glass moves far too slowly in scale of years,
 for us to catch its incremental flow,
 brief time-lapse lives so quickly disappear,
 our vases lag behind to watch us go.
 Patiently they droop toward their own bases,
 thinning at top, like women losing hair,
 window panes compete in glacial races,
 no owner left to tell if race was fair:
 Mirrors must be dazzled by transition,
 visages grown old in their reflection,
 rapid surge that never sees remission,
 not like their molasses detraction.
 No matter if my steep decline comes first,
 stay long as time, my dish can't write this verse.

SO THERE

It hasn't been a customary spring,
 our weather has been cold, unseasonable.
 Bob's in the rehabilitation wing,
 how long will that choice remain feasible?
 He turned 85 on May 26,
 I brought a big cookie for his birthday;
 very difficult for his mind to fix
 on difference from any other day.
 I guess you know the nursing home is next,
 temperature on porch each morning's 40,
 in June we celebrate our 60th
 by then trees in full leaf will be pretty.
 Thank you for nice note and birthday greetings,
 spring is slow this year, but time so fleeting.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND

It used to be like falling off a log
 the realization of extreme cache,
 one's hip movement alone in full sashay
 made tongues hang out just like a thirsty dog's.
 Not required to plan or make maneuver,
 walking naturally one was a stumper,
 no need sexuality to uncover,
 Yet every woman has a fated date,
 when years accumulate and grow round,
 but that she necessarily gains weight,
 don't feel you have to view decline with hate,
 for time and ease dance free with moribund.

IT'S ALL GOOD...

Please recycle to a friend.

**MOVING ON:
 5 SONNETS IN TIME**

By

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Origami Poetry Project

Moving On: 5 Sonnets in Time
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HANAMI (FLOWER VIEWING)

Watch for maize tulips to melt like butter,
 as paddles fall asunder and settle,
 May has moved to cost them the battle,
 now they swing in breeze's soft-toned mutter.
 Just before, they stood yellow-fleshed like corn,
 their centers black-powdered as munitions,
 wafting clouds of pollened invitations
 to bees bumbling humble, freshly born.
 Standing now, orchestra batons full ripe,
 leading kited blossoms visual sound
 of raining slant and drifting pouring pipe,
 piling in confetti-papered mounds;
 drama crescendos higher into hype,
 while all bloomed stunning beauty runs to ground.