

Drinking dandelion love I swoon,
 wine so stout I eat the moon,
 wishes parachute when blown,
 seedlings scatter to be sown,
 Memories fling me back in time,
 days of gathering fields of shine,
 golden suns small enough,
 filled our wagon spilling trust.
 Joy just being being born,
 fun in games we adorn
 with wondrous eyes still glowing bright,
 soaring walking dancing glee,
 finds this being loving me.

Being Love

Energy drains through me where does it go
 Out to the world to help it grow?
 Tired, I rest from the weary road
 Setting down my heavy load
 Baggage collected from years of hurt
 Laying there prostrate in the dirt
 Raising I find myself refreshed
 Grabbing my keys I leave the rest
 Strolling with friends who help me feel
 I've once again found what is real.

Keys

Provocative meaning so thinly veiled
 revealing desire of love-trains derailed,
 honest illusions created in play
 brought this woman to this very day.
 Focused attention so carefully built
 reworks past words and perspective split,
 adding an inter- to action restores
 boundless emotion from chalice now pours,
 bathing a world waves rock fleets long pining,
 travelling tracks laid by choices aligning.

Desire's Alignment

Begin with beloved.
 End in ecstasy.
 After which,
 Meaning births life.

Love Life

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Origami Poetry Projects

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 by Noël Patoine © 2010

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an Origami Poetry book
 by Noël Patoine

Expanding

When asked
 which word,
 like Eskimo snow,
 deserves more
 definitions,
 I replied,
 "Love."

For surely we
 need not be
 defining our lives
 so narrowly.