

Little Children  
 In the world  
 where toys are words  
 and play  
 is language  
 little children  
 are wise, old,  
 grace filled  
 angel-sages  
 with wide-open,  
 generous minds  
 that are as wholehearted,  
 far, and deep  
 as the ocean  
 (with its heaps  
 and oodles  
 of water)

whose steady  
 presence  
 is love feeling itself  
 so that we may all  
 be possible  
 for one another.  
 My mother and father  
 were giving parts of themselves  
 to each other for eternal care  
 when my soul was alerted  
 of the possible creation of space  
 for another person on Earth,  
 which eventually led up  
 to my being able to come  
 and have life in this world, again.

**On Earth**

Light  
 There is something  
 that has lassoed itself  
 around my mind  
 like the loop-trapped neck  
 of a calf kept grounded  
 by a good rope horse.  
 It came from a recent conversation  
 with a friend of mine  
 who I was telling of how,  
 after having been turned back around,  
 to face the light,  
 I saw that my fears were so tall  
 because I'd been starting  
 at their shadows.

**From the Sermon Preached  
 at Their Wedding**

Well, She said, keep laying  
 the fears down then...  
 and thanking them  
 for delivering you to you.  
 -----  
 Omaha, Nebraska.  
 9/11/2010

**Smile, You're Beautiful**

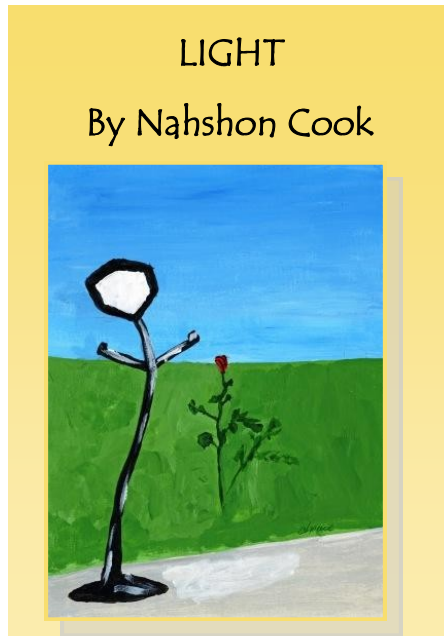
I was coming home  
 from the Starz Film Center  
 down Speer Boulevard  
 yesterday evening,  
 when I drove by a traffic light pole  
 where there was a barefoot,  
 young-looking guy  
 dressed in a pair  
 of grey, washed out,  
 unironed chinos  
 and a red, thin cotton,  
 sweaty armpit stained T-shirt  
 who was standing on the corner  
 like a beggar with a cardboard sign  
 that had "Smile, you're beautiful!"  
 written on it in big black  
 permanent marker letters  
 for everyone (slowly inching by him  
 in the rush hour gridlock) to see.

Dear reader,

These poems are my offerings of  
 gratitude for the healing power of love,  
 and I hope (with my whole heart)  
 that you enjoy them.

Peace and a smile, beautiful people,

Nahshon Cook



*Please recycle to a friend.*

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**Origami Poetry Project**

LIGHT  
 By Nahshon Cook  
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