

L and carressed by sea awash  
 I in laps and waves beckons me  
 F from eastern sky winds churn up  
 P escalate whip white caps to  
 O airy wisps crabs burrow  
 W nautilus and whelk are tossed ashore  
 E dashed on sand gulls soar  
 R dive take flight here also  
 O egreys skim the waves fog puff  
 F and spray move in hover a gust  
 T tattoos sand raintrops splash  
 H herons seek shelter find a place  
 A away from wind behind dunes a rivulet  
 T rolls down flows courses into  
 O ever-forming streams sun  
 N far off a spark  
 I imposes frees sparks of salt spray that hang  
 G near shore form halos thru  
 U the haze crystals shimmer on the waterline  
 E

*- Proverbs*  
 Life and death are in the power of the tongue

from the dark  
 a far-off spark  
 appeared spread its glow  
 illumined all below  
 flowers turned their heads  
 color flashed from beds  
 light washed over all  
 painted leaves dropped from trees  
 announced the fall  
 painted leaves freed from trees  
 light-washed under all  
 no color flashed from beds  
 flowers turned brown heads  
 dropped had no glow  
 joined all below  
 spread no glow  
 far off a spark  
 faded it was dark

Duality

golden-fingered ash point the way  
 as Canada geese in ever-changing  
 practiced formations fly high  
 above belled delphinium spires  
 that echo the hue of morning sky  
 buds and seed-pods crown  
 spindly stems of cosmos moving  
 over fluffs of lavender sedum  
 fanned atop green succulent foliage  
 copper accents of swamp maples  
 herald fall squirrels scamper  
 on oak branches laden with acorns  
 leap to crack open and store  
 strawberry fruit of Korean dogwood  
 Summer's eased on  
 by Autumn's frosty breath

Ensemble

Crystal drops  
 leap and fall  
 born in frothy tops  
 of rolling wake  
 at sea  
 where all  
 seems placed  
 for beauty's sake  
 crowned by sky  
 and cotton puffs  
 they sparkle  
 crystal butterflies

Iridescence

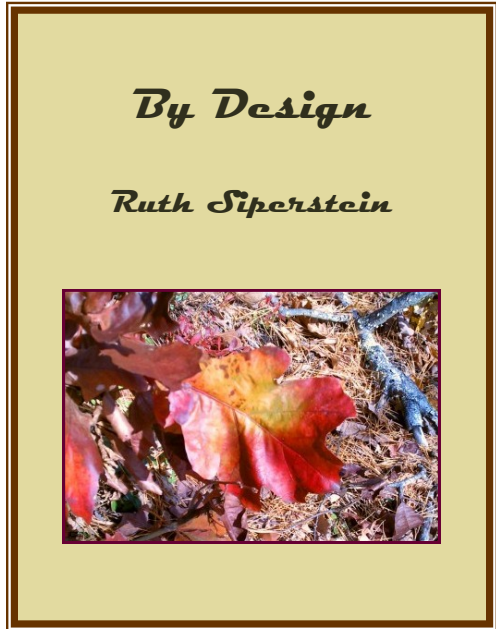
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Oak Leaf photo by Jan Keough

**Origami Poetry Projects**

*By Design*  
 Ruth Siperstein  
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Ruth writes,  
 "Since I am lucky to live where I can see  
 the cove and the trees, that is what  
 often catches my imagination. I love the  
 changing light and the magic it creates."

from topmost branch  
 of tallest oak  
 a rust- colored robin calls "I spoke"  
 surveys the scene plans his flight  
 shakes off traces of sleepy night  
 soars with fluttering outspread wings  
 cardinal adds his voice now sings  
 solos blend in the serenade there  
 in marshy swale they fill the air  
 and peep-toads drone a rhythmic bass  
 finches flutter and soar in graceful  
 arcs adding their throaty trills  
 to choral offerings now in the still  
 of night or calm of day often  
 these avian muses guide my pen