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Cover: Rainfall—the web

Origami Poetry Project™

Rush

Dr. Mary Annie, A.V. © 2013



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The wind speaks in whispers

But why do you whisper
what I want to hear
shouted?

You tell me you love me
yet it is all in whispers.

Like tiny love notes
left by ignorant children
with undecided minds.

I do not want hidden notes
nor whispers.

I want to love you

outside
like the roaring wind
holding hands
No more in whispers.

But all you do is whisper

between the sheets
between my breasts

my caves
pocket the echoes

the wetness of my whispers
outside the sheets

when you leave.

I hoard the whispers
till it roars in my ears
to deafen.

Rush

When love beckons
I hesitate
for a moment.

The moment gone,

I rush

to meet him wild.

No time to dress

in fineries

Love is a wedding

I celebrate.

Trying to hold

I am trying to hold
the breeze in my fists
the fragrance it brings of you.

I bury myself

within my fists,

I bury myself in you.