

it befalls in quiet places
 away from the hub of mankind
 within a liquid moment
 deep down you know
 everything that could transpire
 does
 and nothing is to remain the same
 at any point of time

In Quiet Places

moisture lay heavy
 upon the wilted evening
 heightened nervous glances
 fidgety by the energy sensed
 it was but a matter of time
 before all hell broke loose

Clash of the Molecules

a grand facade
 the look of calm
 but harsh September winds
 picked up momentum
 gust after gust wave upon wave
 cruelly slammed the reedy bank
 abuse repetitive and unrelenting
 I hung on far too long then let go
 finally I left you there
 hypnotized by one torn cat-tail

A Facade

I closed my eyes
 and saw you clearly
 the lilt of your laughter
 spilled through empty rooms
 the smell of barn clung
 close to you
 an earthy invitation
 that drew me into your
 sweat and gentle strength
 I did not need to see
 to feel whom I loved

Draw Me Near

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Cover art by Paula Lietz

Origami Poetry Project™

In Quiet Places

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My Wild Hunger

I hungered for a white horse
 the same way some coveted
 a house with a white picket fence
 very young, I knew paint peeled
 liked scabs refusing to heal
 I would not be confined
 I could not be constricted
 I ran with the white stallion
 outside the boundaries placed
 by society

The Art You Are

sacred narratives
 of lore and mythology
 birthing who we are
 billions sharing a planet
 each with a voice to be heard
 with exaltation
 relish the embodiment
 of the art you are

