

~Start empty, be brave, and forge on, and what is truly yours will shine for you. ~
 And what do you do when those things that are yours begin to glow for you? What is there left to do when you have finally come upon and discovered something that you truly want on your journey? Well, one thing: Pursue with all your being the thing you have found, for it is yours to have and make a part of yourself if you brave enough to claim it.

~ Here's some advice: Travel light. ~
 You will learn what it is you want along the way. You can't start a journey with a pack filled to the brim of things that you "might" need. Leave room for the things you will learn and come to love. Leave room for only confuse you and drown you in clutter, muddling your thoughts and your vision of yourself, blocking your best path. Your best self. Be in a state of constant motion, a state of doing and bettering. Never stop learning. Never stop pushing forward. If you can do this than I truly have no doubt that you answer will become obvious and reveal themselves. But first you have to let go of everything you don't need and don't know.

~ I can't decide if being human is terribly difficult or terribly simple. ~
 I'm not sure if it's overly easy or more complicated than we can even really fully know. Or maybe, if there is some possible way that it could be both. I say this because I feel like flaws make up the human race. Or at least the human part of our race. So all of our difficulties seem to be the reason we are what we are. If only we could embrace that.

May 18, 2011

Travel Light

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Projects™

Travel Light ~Musing & Thoughts

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October 4th, 2010

a visible thing

"Isn't it funny? The truth just *sounds* different." -Almost Famous

I wish the truth were a visible thing, clear and bright, like crystal or ice. Beautiful, and sometimes bitterly cold, but beautiful just the same. Perhaps in its presence we could see our own breath, reminding us of ourselves and to be honest always. Perhaps the truth would reflect back, a part of us. Reflected on its smooth surface, showing us a person we might otherwise have forgotten.

And lies. Lies could be thick and dark, warm and easy to cozy up to. The heavy warmth muddling our minds and making us sleepy. But while we sleep in their heavy velvet touch, we'd grow uncomfortable, tangled up in their weight. Sweating under their heat. We'd have to drag ourselves up eventually, and crack a window to save ourselves. A means of allowing the truth to come rushing in, in all its subzero splendor, rousing us from our sleep.

Wide-eyed like children.

October 8, 2011

Surfer's Path

I'm folding up
 The Surfer's Path t-shirt
 That came in the mail,
 That you never wore,
 But I know if you were still here
 You would have.
 I lay it out on my bed,
 So when I get home
 After this long night
 It will remind me of how
 As a child, you would let me pick out
 One of your t-shirts to wear to bed.
 And with the hemline below my knees,
 You would tuck me in,
 And if you were still here
 I know you still would
 So, take it easy.

March 11, 2011

God or Whoever

Dear God or Whoever,
 I never ask for anything
 Except to not run out of gas.
 And forgive me,
 God or Whoever but,
 I don't think that even really counts.
 So if you could just listen
 To this one thing
 I'd really really like that.
 Thanks a lot,
 I hope you heard me down here.
 Or wherever I am in relation to you.
 Alright,
 I don't do this often
 (As I'm sure you know)
 So, take it easy.