of yourself if your brave enough to claim it.

"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, if you've made it far enough to find a piece of yourself, I can guarantee you're only going to want to do one thing: Pursue with all your being the thing you have found, for it is yours to have and make a part

need and don't know.

~ 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 the things that you will discover and the things that will define you. Leave room and leave the rest, it will only confuse you will discover and the things that will define you. Leave room and leave the rest, it will only confuse you and drown you in clutter, muddling your thoughts and your vision of yourself, blocking only confuse you and leave the rest, it will stone the rest, it will wour best path. Your best self, Be in a state of constant motion, a state of doing and bettering. Mever stop learning, Mever stop pushing forward. If you can do this than I truly have no doubt that your anstop learning. Mever stop pushing forward. If you can do this than I truly have no doubt that your answers will become obvious and reveal themselves. But first you have to let go of everything you don't swers will become obvious and reveal themselves. But first you have to let go of everything you don't

are. If only we could embrace that.

I'm not sure if its 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

Travel Light $^{\sim}$ I can't decide if being human is terribly difficult or terribly simple. $^{\sim}$

May 18, 2011

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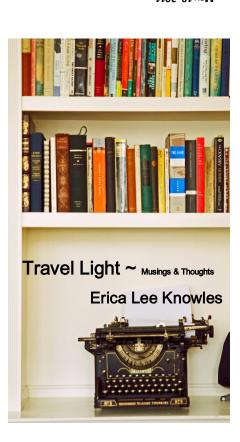
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Travel Light ~Musing & Thoughts

Words from Erica's facebook "notes" © 2014





If only I had ever asked. I know you still would And if you were still here You would tuck me in, And with the hemline below my knees, One of your t-shirts to wear to bed. As a child, you would let me pick out worl to em brimer Iliw II After this long night So when I get home I lay it out on my bed, You would have. But I know it you were still here That you never wore, That came in the mail, The Surfer's Path t-shirt du gniblot m'l

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. I hope you heard me down here. I hope you heard me down here. Or wherever I am in relation to you. Alright, I don't do this often I don't do this often

Dear God or Whoever,

So, take it easy.

God or Whoever

March 11, 2011 October 8, 2011

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.