

**Different snowdrops**

Different snowdrops, different lives  
Outside my window, a snowdrop is singing.  
It is brave, so I am brave.  
You say – lets go down to the woods  
And see the snowdrops, the bluebells.  
I don't even know where the woods are, except  
The ones I've been living through all my life.  
For you, the woods are just somewhere you visit  
With picnic laughter and bright star feet.  
For me, the woods are what I wake into each day  
And try and crawl out of, make my way home.  
But, just this snowdrop has come today – to say  
One day, for you, there will be no more woods.  
I could not explain this to you – how myself and this  
White guardian sing out our hearts under the snow  
That would bury us, crush us.  
Just to stay alive. This is our aim.  
And this cannot be explained.

**Indigo**

Maybe, one day, in the lives between lives  
(which lie like leaves or wounded soldiers)  
They will bring me to a place of rest.  
And they will bring Indigo to me – in a pot  
Of cool balm – and anoint me –  
My head, my feet – and I will be whole, well again.  
Maybe. And, maybe they will say – rest little one  
Rest sister. For nothing can harm you now.  
And you have done your best.

Maybe, one day,  
In that place that I dream of  
They will bring me to the ancient wells.  
The wells of beauty and truth, of wisdom and grace.  
And Hope – which is the greatest of these.  
And they will say – drink sister, drink dear child.  
For there comes for you now, peace.  
And under a golden tree by a river I will sit.  
And count the golden apples that fall thereof.  
And they will say – rest, for you have earned this place.  
To you – we say welcome.  
Of you, we are proud – rest child, rest sister.  
For that other road is fading, on which you did your best.

**The Healing Pool**

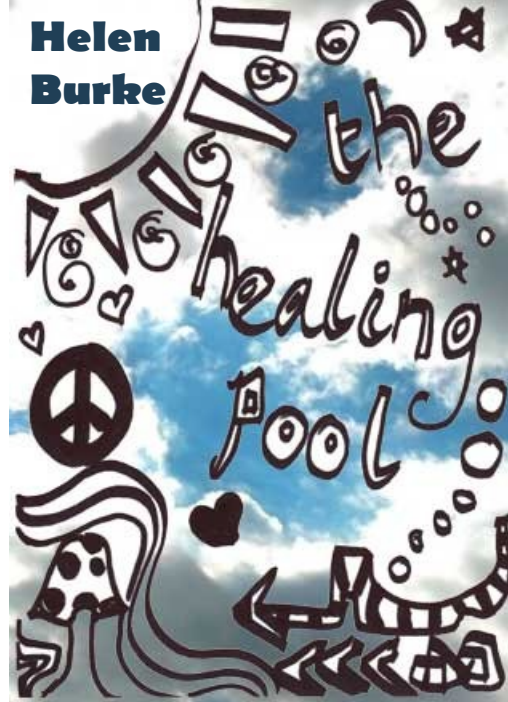
Yesterday, was not a good day.

But, last night, I dreamed I was dipped in water.  
In such a pool as I have never seen.  
It was glorious – the water silver and deep  
And luscious flowers growing all around.  
And people balanced in the water, like acrobats  
Or dolphins, leaping higher as they gained strength.

(And I said, let me walk here forever.)

And around the edges of the pool were all manner  
Of creatures, living side by side – because over them  
The waters had cast a spell. Of truth, of hope.  
And two pools there were – and I was dipped in the first – then jumped myself, into the second  
Without a thought of harm or capture.  
And the water washed over me, and was warm and rich on the body.  
And seemed like an old friend.  
And I wanted to stay and be beside this pool for ever.  
Never to leave its warmth, its beauty.  
And even now, I have no memory of leaving, or being asked to leave.  
Only a voice saying “Later my dear, later.”

And when I woke – sure, the world was turned around.



*Please recycle to a friend.*

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**Origami Poetry Project™**

**The Healing Pool**  
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