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Cover: *Startled Flight*
by Helen Burke

Origami Poetry Project™

A Certain Kind of Mist
Helen Burke © 2015



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A Certain Kind of Mist

Has arisen this morning over the field .. and
It is blowing away our walk amongst the bluebells.
Sometimes mist takes ..sometimes it gives.
Mist reaches out into the soul. Entwines itself there
Like brambles on the open road ..like a lost child ..
Like a star unknown on the way to being a comet.
On our bluebell walk there were hills and valleys
And a strange bright creature that walked with us ..
It changed into a bird and then a tall rugged foxglove.
It had a story in its soul that was my own.
I said to you – how good it is to walk here
Where my footsteps can echo the earth's heart once more..
And the bright creature smiled and shone the mist away .
And the mist she did not mind .. and the song she sang
Was the song of all good peoples as they walk
Upon the earth, leaving only kind words and deeds.
That is the mist I dream of.. hope to be
Until the bluebell wood is come again, my love.

Picasso Woman

Today , again , I am her.
Picasso woman with all that that implies.
My nose is upside down and cabbage shaped,
And my mouth suctioned to my breast
My eye is in my foot, the other one throbs in my stomach
And keeps a close watch on the rest of me. My coiled hair
Stretches from here to Timbuktu and is both green and blue
And the eye in my stomach is lilac.
What's a gal to do ??
My hands are nests of blackbirds coiled around the moon
And it's a privilege to wear these mermaids legs.
The tail swishes and has its own buttonholed agenda
Of summer days and mountain tops and misty nights and
Eagle hearts. The eagle herself is my spine that never retreats.
My garden is full of the old boat that rocks that I must call myself...
And the Picasso woman I am become smiles to see the pieces
I have become, without even trying .
I can paint myself no other ending than this, the whole of me
A currew, a lighthouse, a word I did not know, a sparrow
Sunning itself in the sun.

Glass Robins

As if they are.
Or is it me that is the glass bird in my silver cage, unable to move.. or fly.
They have built a temple to beauty and happiness in the elderflower bush
And I may sit and watch them.
They allow me in.
Their birds' wisdom is captivating.
Four of them .. or maybe five .. a lucky number
They fly so fast I cannot catch their eye
Though they catch mine.
Glass in the wing, exquisite.
Bright and sharp and visible to God.
Emily Dickinson robins...
She had them in her mind's eye.
I have them, they have come to me for a reason
And I know it not..
Just that I am becoming glass, like a tiny mermaid or an
Emperor butterfly crossing a bridge.
I will wield my red glass heart and send you all I can
Of hope and feathers. . I will be safe in the nest
For as long as I can be.
Then (the 6th bird) I will fly home.