

Please recycle with a friend.

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover: Plaster thru wallpaper (detail)

Origami Poetry Project™

What You Left
Laurie Kolp © 2015



Donations Greatly Appreciated



Kiss-less

Can you see tomorrow in a kiss, a kiss,
someone asks for on her death bed, a kiss
the kisser thinks will be kissed the next night, a kiss
requested over and over again, a good night kiss
on the cheek fifteen times—please give me one more kiss
she asks her lover that night, a good night kiss
she's not asked for before, on her cheek, a kiss
between cries for help. How could you know that kiss
was to last hereafter, until I can kiss
you again, oh, to kiss
you again, kiss
kiss.

Bottomed Out

The truth shadowed thin,
a five o'clock barstool stretching like arms
spanned wide,
her smile touching judging eyes
like a first kiss
while plastered walls outlined in blue
hide beneath smooth porcelain skin.
A mantelpiece, her perfect face
wears happy well
although inside she screams
into a bottomless bottle abyss.

Winter's Gray

A fragile limb void of leaves
sways against the frigid breeze
snaps in two one Sunday morn
slow progression, silent storm.
Suddenly a rush of steam
barricades the river's stream
entraps my mind, gasping fear
only prayerfulness can clear.
Comfort me, my hands I pray
for strength to handle winter's gray.

What You Left

I found your old journal hanging
in the branches of our shady oak
where you once took refuge

with worn pages scribbled upon
words undecipherable
their meanings misunderstood

like you.

The Pain—

tucked away, keep it
in the fold of wings
you hold to your breast,
concealed like a gun
the steel that stole your breath
absorbed in folds, red sheets
longing for an origami crane, Tsuru
to keep me tucked away too