

Earth
Tremor and
stone
beset upon the calm.
Now water
lines the road's
bed, and we see
no means to pass.
Even so
you break what falls.

Mirror
The attraction is not
unexpected. We see
what is placed
before us, not
what may be.
The mirror is empty
until approached.

In Praise of Rain
Which is not to say lightning or hail.
Sometimes I forget to open the umbrella
until my glasses remind me: Wake up,
you're wet! If scarcity breeds
value, what is a thunderhead worth
in July? A light shower in August?
Even spreadsheets can't tell us.

Flowers
How they share our
desires, shape
our days.
Passion to hope,
fingertips to
lips, some bud
easily, others
struggle. A little
water, light, a kind
voice. Sometimes so
little achieves
so much. Yesterday's
sunflower droops on
the sill. Today's promise
arrives with rain.

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
origamipoems@gmail.com

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<http://john-repoza.artistwebsites.com>

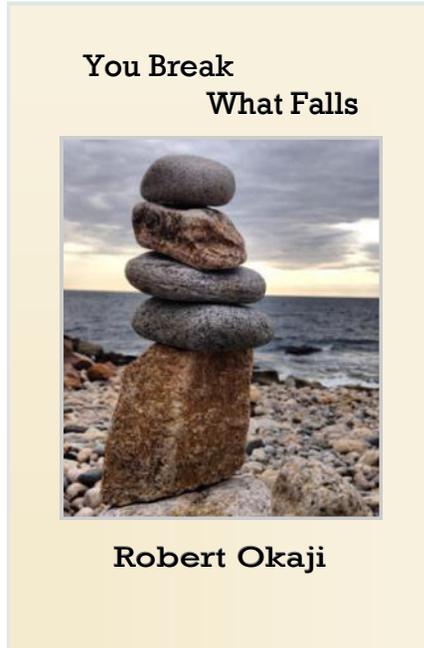
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You Break What Falls
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Agave

It might deceive.
Or like a cruel

window, live its life
unopened,

offering a view
yet reserving the taste

for another's
tongue, ignoring

even the wind.
The roots, as always, look down.

Dog

Not away, but after
or contrary,

the reversal indicative
and untoward: scratching,

she spirals to the perfect
spot between us, touching both,

then sighs. In comfort, in ecstasy,
in contentment, who can say?

But we sigh in response.