

I wait beside the unlocked door
of an open home and heart.

When you are safely nearby,
clean linens will be drying as

They carry your lingering scent
and I am this much less alone

I have not washed the linens
on our bed as I said I would

small things
their own story
a worn towel
proof she loved
her garden

There are no wrong words
There are no harsh winds
That can remove your memory,
shining friend,
From the hearts of us who love you.

someone at this table
seeks a conversation
wants to be heard
it takes awhile
before I realize
it's me

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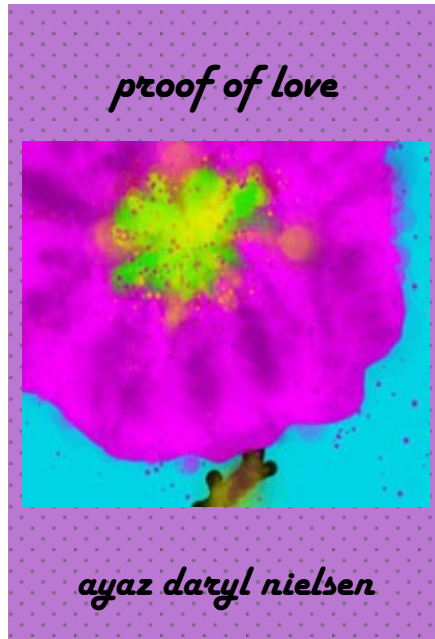
Cover: *Speak with the Tongue
of the Wild Rose*
by Lauri Burke 2016

Origami Poetry Project™

proof of love
ayaz daryl nielsen © 2016



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an odd evening
everyone is lined up
at someone else's door
the problem seems to be
nobody is home
to invite us in
for treats and warm
conversation

my feelings
scamper on
ahead of me
your door opens
just as
I arrive