

We are fragile, even in our beauty.  
A gust of wind or just a spring breeze  
can loose us from our branches  
and we float free and forgotten  
into the tidal basin and are  
swept into the ebbing evening.

#### Cherry Blossoms

My breath is calm  
My stone path swept clean  
My mind is green stillness  
My tea cup full of jasmine.  
In times of suffering,  
my thoughts are sweet figs  
or a feast of yellow tulips.  
I am not afraid.

#### My Breath is Calm

Just wait quietly  
as the tea steeps.  
Lift cup, warm hands.  
In breath,  
smell leaves,  
out breath.  
Take sip.  
slow down,  
let go.  
With care,  
set cup down.

#### Tea Time

Our lives bump into one another  
like prayers in improper places.  
In the slight disorder of silence  
we slip behind the sound,  
in this moment,  
of our two breaths  
smoothed and worn by suffering.

#### Two Breaths

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**Origami Poetry Project™**

*Standing where I am*

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## Standing where I am



Garrett Phelan

### I Am Brief

As brief as grass,  
wind,  
a wisp of fog.  
A fly blows past.

A breath in.

The cricket  
leaps,  
so does my heart-  
now, now, now  
and now.

A breath out.

I am brief.  
I come, I go.  
I am.  
I was.

### Praise Begins In Harmony

Today begins in silence  
requires nothing, expects nothing.  
The heart still and stable  
the breath still and slow.

The mind subtle and gentle,  
an aerie of courage.  
Praise begins in harmony  
of what is and what isn't.

In one moment of what is good,  
this is good, that is good.  
The possible opens the heart  
and praise is in harmony.