

Not all flight is a grand romance;
however, all romance can fly away
at the first sign
of wintry frostbitten words.

All leaves are different:
the top from the bottom—
but they are always the same leaf
with the same intention
to fulfill their lasting promise —
never to last.

What touches you
like a pussycat against your skin—
a chill? God?
What was present
was never really there.

When the sacred watches over you
while you are sleeping,
you have excuses:
you were not awake!
However, when you are awake,
what's your excuse then?
Even the blind and deaf notice
the Presence and the absence.
It is always like rain without thunder.

In every short breeze there is laughter.
You just have to find it.

Every nerve ending is waiting
for that touch;
the one that can lift you out of your skin.

There is an overcast of stickiness.
You can see it shimmer in waves
like the Aurora Borealis.
It is the return of sorrow and meanness.
What was given is returned tenfold.

Next time, try some other technique.



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