

a murmuration  
of starlings  
at dusk  
his gaze finally  
turns skyward

chapel ruins  
I fall to one knee  
stretch out my arms  
and open  
my palms to the rain

hospice dusk –  
she asks for a map  
of the stars  
the things  
I've learned since  
her passing...  
like the surprising  
weight of a cloud

morning mist  
strumming  
an untuned guitar

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**Origami Poetry Project™**

**the surprising weight of a cloud**  
Stephen Toft © 2016

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twilight...  
the river ice  
creaks

long distance call –  
the receiver cold  
against my ear

rainy afternoon –  
my cat looks  
out to sea

autumn leaves the scent of you