If my father was alive you and I might be cruising down the highway with the windows down the soft afternoon breeze would brush against our faces as we head to a Chinese buffet restaurant where we can eat fish fillet and sushi

If my father was alive
I would take you to meet him
in our humble abode in El Monte
Ae'd be sitting in a sofa
a stack of newspapers on his lap
He'd be looking up behind
thick myopic lenses
his eyes wide and good humored
He would nod his head and smile at you
He would nod his head and smile at you

~ 3rd Place

The Difference Kindness Makes

- Jettrey Johannes

And this mercy lifts my spirits, reminds me that acts of kindness appear like moths circling our porch lights drawn to the light.

was harmed. Not one turtle in her market stall. from a tank atter they got loose hundreds of tiny turtles while a woman chased walked carefully in Chinatown on a street μοм ενειγοπε such as the story of something unusual and write down a spot on a quiet page Sometimes I choose

Faith in Us - 2nd Place

www.origamipoems.com origamipoems@gmail.com

Instead of scowling at you like my sister does

tor he would nod his head and smile at you

- Jackie Chou

but I might be slightly happier

or more money for clothes

I may not have a nice car

It my tather was alive

Every Origami micro-chapbook may be printed for free from the website.

Cover: Blue Basin with Water Lilies
Photo by Jan Keough

## Origani Posmy Project™

Kindness Contest Winning Poems © 2016

1st Place
Angel of Kindness by Cynthia Anderson

2nd Place
Faith in Us by Jeffrey Johannes

3rd Place
The Difference Kindness Makes
by Jackie Chou

Thanks to all who submitted - 135 poems in total Our Anthology, 'The Best of Kindness' will be available on Amazon, April 2016

## Origami Poems Project KINDNESS Contest 2016

Finalist Judge, Peg Quinn

Angel of Kindness • 1st Place
Cynthia Anderson

Faith in Us • 2nd Place
Jeffrey Johannes

The Difference Kindness Makes
3rd Place • Jackie Chou



Angel of Kindness - 1st Place

It never rains in Southern California but man, it pours. I'm at the toy store when a curtain of water hits, laced with hail. No other shoppers, so the clerk and I go under the awning to watch. We laugh and laugh, there's nothing else to do. Back inside, he leans on the counter, says, It used to rain like this in Vietnam—two or three times a day. You couldn't tell which way the bullets were coming from.

We are quiet. You never got dry, then, I say. No, and it got so you didn't care any more. For a moment he's far gone. down a dark roadbut he comes to. resuming his life as an angel of kindness. He hands a balloon to a crying baby, and finds a reversible doll for my niece's birthday—Peter Pan and Captain Hook, two sides of the coin that was wagered in his name.

- Cynthia Anderson