

for snow and no Sunday service, flakes
falling on my fourteen year old's tongue
all the stubborn, cutting words
thawing in her mouth as she begs
me to come, she'll make the perfect
snow angel, just needs someone
to pull her up so the shape will be crisp
in the Christmas light, the yard soon full
of her flailing limbs, all grin
and chuckle. Ten years melt from her
with eyes that gleam brighter than Venus
in the night sky
rising.

BLESSED BE

Please recycle to a friend.

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Origami Poetry Project

Blessed Be
by Julie Hassett © 2010



Blessed Be

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Wind ruffles the leaves as the cat
jumps from my chair
to the arm of your chair
tail tucked beneath her, waiting
for you to drop the pen you hold fast
in your hand, your soft lap
covered with paper, air hissing
to your brain to wake words raining
from your pen
past the weariness
that slowly lowers your lids
so they flutter like butterflies
on wind which lifts you
above the purple beech, lungs full
running on muscled legs, heart
pounding to the beat of a song that claims
anything is possible.

DREAMING

pail, raspberry jelly, raspberry yogurt, raspberry
ice cubes, pushing raspberries on son, daughter
husband, niece, nephews, aunts, friends, the sun
is going down, raspberries blur
the bushes, and still I pick, I must
grab every one, what
did I ever do to deserve
such excess?

RASPBERRY PICKING

Raspberries kiss my socks. Red stains
in small blotches, my blouse
as I move from branch to branch, prick
my wrist. Thorns pull me back, grab
at my shorts, my ankles. Berries
plunk the bucket, soon full, spilling
on pine needles strewn to the ground last fall
long tracks of scratches
sting the backs of my hands
heavy clusters bend branches. I grab
ripe ones underneath, deep red berries
heavy with sour sweet summer. Fresh

KEEP AWAY

The line of her brand new big girl underwear
curves her bottom
through hot pink leggings.
Brown curls coil, spring
off her shoulders.
She bounces ahead of me
on the black tar path
at the zoo, looks back
only when she fears
I might disappear.

A grin spreads as she spies me
twenty feet behind. She's off again
determined to test the rim
of the distance
between us;

which one will give in first
to the stretch and snap of love.