

Making known (as you know yourself  
awake in bed each morning)  
that there is only one intention,  
One rising that lifts you,  
breathes you into a vivid cosmos,  
A curving joy always present.  
Unlayered,  
Unwaiting,  
Understood.

And then panic to find it again.  
foolish me, foolish mind,  
foolish wanting.  
I'd have to tip my horizon,  
spilling that point into my palm,  
to roll like mercury's evanescence  
Until it stayed there – shy  
as a barely-steaming spoonful,  
shining like loosened light.

It lay tucked in my heart,  
protected from a loud, hurried voice  
asking for something more.  
One day I saw pain  
wearing my intention into fading,  
turning it inward, away,  
soon to be out of reach,  
like a point on the horizon  
a troubled painter paints.

Looking past lawn and lavender,  
past the little step  
where the cat would hide,  
Past the siphon of cool air rising  
from tumbling shadows  
curried with indistinct worries.  
Worries that could never  
console or comfort or pour  
even the palest cup of tea.

*Please recycle to a friend!*

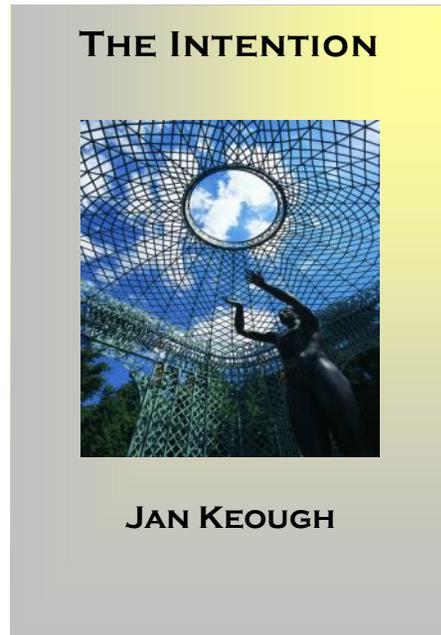
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**Origami Poetry Project™**

**THE INTENTION**  
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*This poem was created from a reverie.  
I present it as it arrived at my doorstep.*

*I hope you have such a visitor—  
your own Intention—waiting to be  
seen.*

/jk

## THE INTENTION

It was always there – my Intention,  
lying beneath layers,  
reluctant to be seen.

Layers I never wanted  
that covered the shyest hint  
of something wanting to be free.

An Intention watching me while I gazed  
open-eyed at a calm afternoon's trace  
outside my window,