

I wander where wind is bending
 grasses in the meadow
 and I look for you
 your luminous cups of gold
 filled with sunlight
 my mother sought you
 for a small bouquet
 and taught me
 that holding your golden light
 beneath my chin
 reflected your glory
 she placed you in a blue bowl
 yellow and blue
 like the colors of the flag
 of her childhood homeland
 with its fields of gold
 stretching beneath the blue of the sky

Finding Buttercups

between the sloping turf
 and the quiet cove
 lies the salt marsh
 there rushes grow
 and the water bird dwells
 neither land nor sea
 but a joining of the two
 and in floodtide
 the swans rest
 on images of themselves

Selvedge

moving up into sunlight
 I trod with mica diamonds
 beneath my boots
 and caught my breath
 when I heard a white-throat call
 "Sam Peabody" "Sam Peabody"
 so timely so right
 on that clear bright day
 with cloud shadows sliding over the peaks
 and the lakes blue in Shem Valley
 I want you to know
 you were there too

one late-summer day
 when we walked the woods near Chatham
 you gathered a bouquet of bunchberries
 arrayed in autumn red
 my acquaintance with
 that fragile dogwood
 stems from that interlude
 when you gave me its name
 I never see it but I think of you
 yesterday, hiking on a Cardigan trail
 just below the granite dome
 there they were marching right along
 the edge of the path among the mosses
 their bracts dressed in summer-white

Barbara

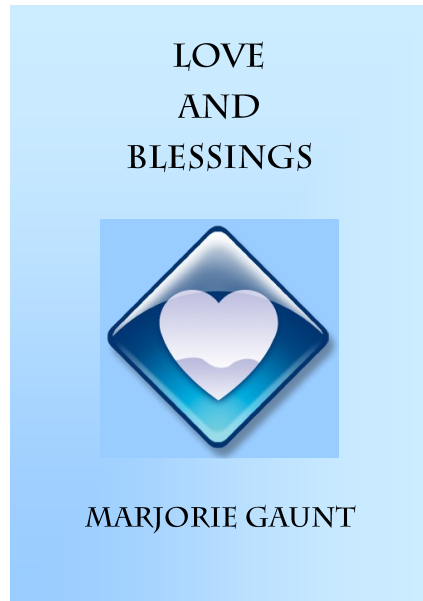
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LOVE AND BLESSINGS

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Narcissus

wearing white stripes, dark cravat
 a song sparrow perches in the forsythia
 outside my window
 peering preening and peering
 occasionally making quick forays
 at the glass

day after day he comes
 head back throat throbbing
 he sings and sings
 trying to win the bird
 reflected there

this cold morning

Blue

swimming in Crotched Pond one blue afternoon
 encircled by shoreline fringed soft with pine
 I heard a cry then saw a single loon
 so close we faced each other eye to eye

startled it plunged beneath blue waves and I
 pale legs kicking arms pulling bore
 deeply down through darker blue to try
 to see what watery wonders loons explore

through blue shadows weeds entangling my toes
 I could not follow in the loon's swift wake
 breathlessly I surfaced still not knowing

shattering the mirrored sky it rose
 far far down the calm blue bowl of lake
 its eerie cry echoing echoing echoing