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Cover Art: Pip Hartnett

**Origami Poetry Project™**

**AUTUMN**

Alexandra Palmer © 2012



You'll read her music,  
Scriptures earthly and divine,  
Complex and easy.  
You will dance to it,  
She will surrender to you,  
Her hair – strands of rain.  
You'll experience  
A beautiful symphony,  
Consonance of souls.  
No revelation –  
Just the quiet acceptance  
Of what always was.  
Just the belonging  
To all of the Creation,  
Breathing to the beat.

Grass below your feet  
Will still be luscious and soft,  
There will be still time.  
You will have your dance  
Before the meadow turns white,  
Before the heart cools.  
Should you ever starve,  
She'll sustain you with wisdom,  
Strengthen you with love.  
She'll open your eyes,  
You will see your universe –  
A tiny island.  
You won't frighten you,  
You will find that one candle  
Lights up the dark night.

She will sing to you,  
Her voice – many a timbre,  
Of the old glory.  
She'll sing of your birth,  
The past, what will come to pass,  
Her words will lull you.  
She'll sing, and she'll sway,  
Her eyelashes will flutter  
Like hummingbird wings.  
She'll ask you for it,  
And you will hand it to her –  
Your paradox life.  
She will help you sleep,  
And while you do, she will burn  
All paradoxes.

You'll wake up refreshed,  
And she will have built for you  
A crisp paper-boat.  
You'll want to remain,  
Leave footprints on the shore sand.  
"The tide's high," she'll say,  
"Sail on, my true king,  
Fear nothing, waltz with the waves,  
Your boat's built to last.  
Your worry's lifted,  
The soil of the battlefield  
Is rested and rich.  
Sail into winter,  
Sail beyond the horizon,"  
And so you will. Free.