

Fresh gingerly tea filling up the cup
And my empty mind....
The steam swaying in front of me
I have something to look forward to.
The aroma blends in the morning air
And into my senses
This is my moment
Life can wait...

Inspiration

A fresh wound
Neatly packed with a clot
Dense and fibrilose, a perfect plot.
The pink dermis peeps through a crack
Ready to emerge, everything's on track
But do not scratch before time
Or you may find
That it has left a scar behind.

Healing

My existence was in vain,
And my entity unseen
When they dug me up as a fossil,
They marveled that I had been.

Fossil Factor

We die as if we have never lived
We live as if we'll never die
Well, probably.... it's better this way
My oblivion gets me through the day.
I do know I am here right now
I don't know how, I don't know why.

Oblivion

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Origami Poetry Project™

Moments
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The lost moment

Supple moments of life
Slipping gently though time's crevice
Like thousands of tiny pearls
Broken free from a neck string
Bouncing off in vain
Some never to be seen
Some never to be found.