Leaving me alone. My calm slips away And like the silver vapor of my breath Promises that died long ago. I hese words on my windows are .s'tsodg A Whose fingerprints are these? But the lonesome mystery remains: Inscribed a thousand years ago. I had torgotten. A word written there And fog up the car window. i exhale You are not alone. A calming presence, A silent promise, Fingers laced into my hair. someone's hand upon my face,

Chost.

You came screaming
All aglow and flashing
Like a savior.
We almost collided.
You flew past me.
Your once promising
Siren scream
Fading into melancholy moans
Through the widening distance.
Our Doppler love,
So fast and fleeting
And front page worthy,
Like any other disastrous tragedy.

Doppler Love.

At a closed door. Through the static stillness An empty girl staring Alone with eternity. With no purpose. I am an empty glass figurine rike sand through my fingers. You slipped away You are already gone. The door has shut. A moment too late. The standstill comes lime moves slower. puoses λq puoseς Crain by grain, my sanity stolen. An hourglass run through. Poured out like sand Ay mind is gone,

Where your silnouette just was.

The standstill.

Oh, my love. Backward and forward smaller and smaller. Happening over and over. And on a scale of atomic minimality. On a scale comprehensible by the human mind. On scale greater than the universe. And I think I have tallen In constant motion And you and I are atoms Life, again taking form. Potential energy becoming kinetic. We are the wind, recycled. A confinuous circle of circumstance. On an infinite scale. except smaller and smaller Over and over. Sujuaddey si

Nautilus.

Every detail of life

Please recycle to a friend.

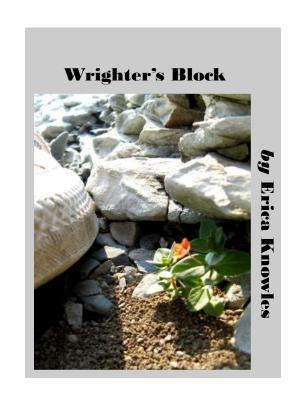
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Epotona Amood finaling

Wrighter's Block by Erica Knowles © 2010



Ignite.

I want to write a thousand nameless notes And light them on fire And feed them to the wind. Send them flying towards that sparkling bridge. To burn it to the ground. So softly on the seashore A thousand shining grains Lie waiting to be trod upon To record footprints As proof of lovers existence. And the breeze carries their words Through time to memory. I want to forget those words As easily as fire can consume them And erase them from memory Because a lie lit on fire Is as lovely a lie gets.