



Write me a tomorrow
that has nothing of
today's sweet tears
and seal the page.

Let in a summer's exhale,
embracement that heals,
forgiveness that forgets,
waiting that knows.

Weave day into night,
braid them together,
and scent my pillow
where dreams wait.

Carve me a room
to eclipse an anxious world
and bead it with gems
of pure contentment.

Untie the breeze
and watch it blow
through continents
of watchful trees.

Write me a song
that sings every note
the wind knows,
fragrant and blue.

Paper Dreams

To beg off the recall
of second-stage regret:
Instead, begin the migration
to that open space
where you wall off
all that is near and true
because there rests
the surety of you.

It's cheaper on the heart
to forget.
To sepia coat
the glare of truant memories.

The Surety of You

And each shoreline,
familiar with lunar patience,
waits with the tides
for my return.

Spill me into
a seaside dimension
where only tidal pools
(modest oceanic realms)
remember my name

I would like to be
green enough
to envy no one,
to shy away
from that noisy wanting
for more.

Green Enough

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This Water Fountain

This water fountain speaks
so quick.

Moments ago
it had nothing to say.

But the pump was off,
water asleep
in damp, tiered rooms,
growing green
with leaves and dead bugs
who'd stayed too long.

I wish I could understand
this trill
this unformed chit-chat
melting between synapses
making mind
curl up in syntax
seeping past sense.

I listen
to this storyteller for hours
ear to drippings
seeing drops become sound
and sound become
nothing more
than presence.