

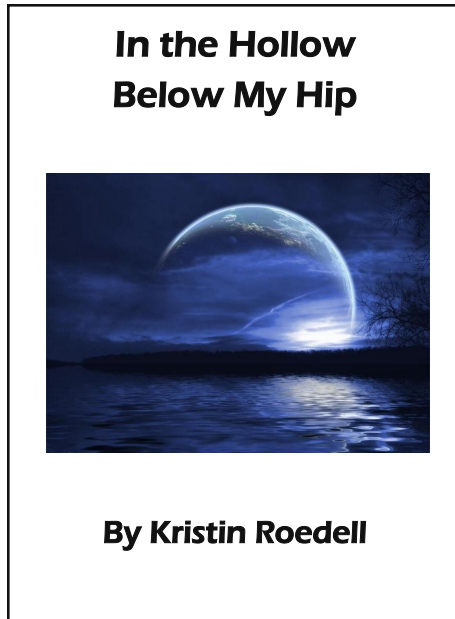
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**In the Hollow
Below My Hip
by Kristin Roedell© 2012**



In the Hollow Below My Hip

your hand was nested
like a small bird--
quiet as a skylark
before morning breaks,
certain as corn silk
in an Indian
summer.
I asked you then:
is love the thirty hours
when pride
and pretense
fall away--
or the lenient years
that pass between us,
resting in the hollow
of constancy?

You said,
certain as earth,
which waits
with endless patience
for rain, for sun,
for fertile seeds—
you said,
we are both.

Now that you are home for good,
There is an expectant quiet.

Then my fragile faith
lifts in the way of autumn geese,
who know how to shear
the laddered clouds.
I still look for the courage
to welcome the raven
dark on my wintered lawn--
I have not opened
my arms or thighs,
but ever hoped
another spring.
Still, the hawk, the raven,
the days etched gold
end to end stretch long;
I should wear them like summers
of blooming clover
and ask not to ask
for more.

There is a simple Grace

that arcs the flight
of an angler's line,
moves the minnows
in a rippling flag,
fingers the current
at the river's edge.
Sometimes I stand
on a sandy bluff
and a hawk turns
one pin --
wheeling feather,
it drops a hundred feet
to strike the burnished
sides of stippled trout.

Southern Comfort

Across the road
from the Tennessee campground
green grass bent to drink the river--
trees trailed their limbs
beneath seed scattered skies.
The sun set in an orange ball.
Beech trees, silver
clad ladies slim
in the faint light,
were radiant as
the over the shoulder smile
of a beautiful woman.
I lingered there,
until every lovely thing
held by night and sleep
soared—
the way gulls rise up
from white capped swells
brilliant in a yellow moon