Witness

A heron stabs, assured, snatches a fish, swallows it in dim morning light.

Water stitches back, images rising, an heron in whining insect light, swallowing the fish.

After the violence we have seen, it seems swallowed by stillness of a requiem.

We’re always at the entrance of seeing or not-seeing. If we search, deeply or not-searching, if we search, deeply we’re always at the entrance of seeing.

And we will be welcomed, even though we are unique. To be where we are meant to be. It is a matter of longing. This is the same light I have always chased. This is the same light I have always chased, like the heron would we see.

I had inhabited the waiting morning, was rising and being pruned. Sparks of light released, birds were relieved and began to sing.

I went out before the sun before the morning glories peeked open, in moving shadows.

This was not the first time I hoped it was not the last.

I was waiting for the moment when the world slips away from now into the unknown.

The air was weeping silently.

Whatever was held back released into absolute forgiveness.

Bench of Reflected Moments

Light reflects off water waves dizzy and sharp. Splashes of words, eons of light, a heron stabs, assailed,尺化es. Light reflects off water waves.

In The Beginning

a flush of morning begins partial songs of awakenings. I went out before the sun before the morning glories peeked open in moving shadows.

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In The Beginning

Every microchap may be printed from the website.

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In The Beginning

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In The Beginning

I had inhabited the waiting morning, was rising and being pruned. Sparks of light released, birds were relieved and began to sing.

my life was being drawn and written the ink hardly dry and already it seemed almost over on the way to starting all over again.

hundreds of times always indecisive always uncertain, being corrected and revised.

the morning glories opened like newborn birds waiting to be fed.