After HD

I flow over the ground,
healing its hidden scar
– the scar is black,
the bedrock risen,
not one stone is misplaced.

I relieve the ground’s
burden with white froth,
I fill and comply
– I have thrown a pebble
into the night,
it returns to me,
settles and rises,
a white dove.

Self-Portrait with Knife

Lacking benefit of prayer or belief,
it slips through flesh,
praising its temerity. Or, parting
the onion’s core,
reclaims the right to weep.

How many nights have we shared
these pleasures? I smooth the blade
with steel, listening to the fine hum.

Self-Portrait with Knife

with steel, listening to the fine hum.

Every year, combined in our shared darkness,
now stumble over themselves,
different and undersaid, our words
don’t ever hit the lowest ambition.
I won’t that my friend may never
the last time exist the tunnel.
This one, too, will stand long after
will the air forgive my forgetfulness?
I lose myself in breathing.

Years End

If I lose myself in breathing,
will the air forgive my forgetfulness?

Self-Portrait with Knife

Our dogs hide under the bed,
escaping thunder.

But the sun shatters
a cloud and I know
we will live forever.
Each hour is the sky,
every day, another
star. Now the trees
join the wind
in rejoicing. This
is what we make,
say. Only this.

Bone to Bone

He claims two sides frame every story.

I count three, sometimes more,
believing in multiplicity,
threats concealed
but never
buried. A dust devil twists across the path.
What ascends, what dies?
Heat, ashes. A shadow’s flesh.
The earth, restraining all.

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Cover: Soft Evening on the Shore
by Lauri Burke

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