

And how many times must the ocean wave

before I wave back,  
and come out to play

What can I say

at the end of this day  
to prove a life well-lived?  
When all that I've done

*all day*

is receive  
what the gods  
long to give.

*Please recycle to a friend!*

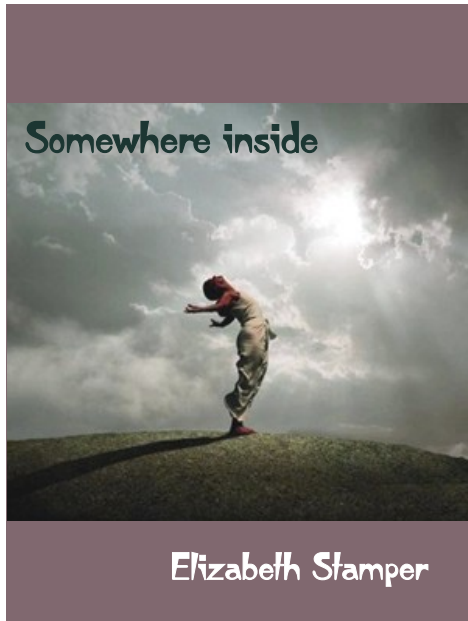
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Origami Poetry Project™

Somewhere inside

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### What the Gods Long to Give

My to-do lists gets shorter every day.  
I indulge in jiggasw puzzles, and poetry.  
I need less food, only  
to drink in the deep blue sea  
on a bright morning.

The lesson for today -  
the edge for sharpening  
the soul's teeth -  
just to endure the cat's complaining  
with a murmur of compassion.

Oh, how long has the body been  
tensed *like this*  
ready to spring like a panther  
at the prey of *details?*  
How long does it take for these muscles  
to inhabit a more spacious,  
a more generous way?  
How many crickets must raise a chorus  
before I truly hear them -

### Somewhere Inside Outside

A long low bank of lavender  
rests on the lip of the sea.  
Below her, milky white  
water is moving  
towards me.  
Above her, the sky says  
Good Morning, Sweet Friend,  
and then ~ tells me  
this:

And, if you will sit quietly  
inside your deep pure heart,  
inside the palm of God's hand,  
inside the arms of the Beloved,  
You will begin to feel  
how needed you are ~  
And hear the sky  
sing:  
Just breathe and see, my dear,  
For your seeing  
completes  
And your loving is why  
we are  
here.

### Dawn

A small seabird circles the sky.  
She is pulling  
back the clouds,  
Undrapping the day.

And it never occurs to her  
that she is too small  
for such  
an awesome task.

### Reflection

A thousand colors cool the ocean at dawn,  
and they all have yet  
to be named.

Perhaps the gulls have names for them,  
and the day we decipher  
their language

Then our words will be birds  
to fly away on

And our thoughts will be free  
as the waves.