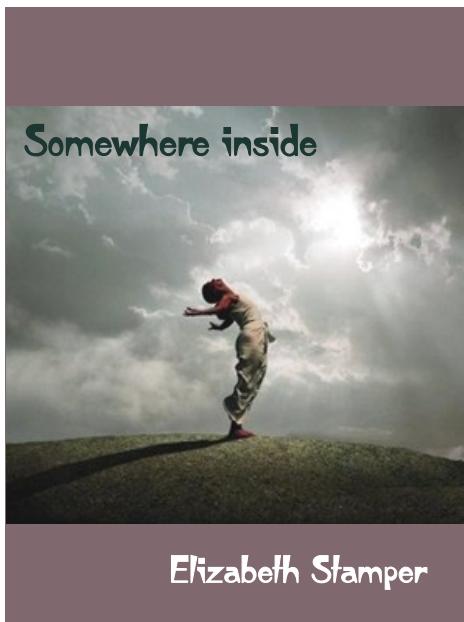


You will begin to feel
 the walls of your mind ~
 And hear the air
 how free you are
 how many crickets must raise a chorus
 before I truly hear them -
 How many crickets must raise a chorus
 a more genorous way?
 to inhabit a more spacious,
 How long does it take for these muscles
 at the prey of details?
 ready to spring like a panther
 tensed like this
 Oh, how long has the body been
 what the gods
 is receive
 all day

Somewhere outside ~
 Outside the walls of the people
 the walls of the world
 whisper:
 And your loving is why
 my reason to be
 just breathe and see, my dear,
 sing:
 And hear the sky
 how needed you are ~
 You will begin to feel
 inside the arms of the Beloved,
 inside the palm of God's hand,
 inside your deep pure heart,
 somewhere inside ~
 And, if you will sit quietly
 above her, the sky says
 Good Morning, Sweet Friend,
 and then ~ tells me
 Water is moving
 below her, milky white
 rests on the lip of the sea.
 A long low bank of lavender
 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
 with a murmur of compassion
 Just to endure the cat's complaining
 the soul's teeth -

Somewhere inside Outside
 Outside the quiet ~ tell me
 the walls of the people
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What the Gods Long to Give



Please recycle to a friend!

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Cover art from web

Origami Poetry Project™

Somewhere inside

Elizabeth Stamper © 2013



Elizabeth Stamper

Dawn

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