

LEAVES

Sings the scarlet
 a song of trees
 and chill and frosty light of the morning
 a dream a whisper
 a long for belonging
 somewhere that's new
 some place of abandon
 and willing to die that it may be so.
 Sings the scarlet
 let me go now
 cast me finally away
 I surrender safety
 life I sacrifice
 to freedom and the winter wind.

LIFE

In the eye of a flower
 or the surge of a storm
 listen to the song
 and treasure the sadness.
 Caress those sweet dreams
 and fold them away
 neatly in the time gone.
 In artist's delusion
 she coaxed a pencil
 across a blank page
 creating an emptiness
 where none was before
 a nest with no egg
 she walks to the wetlands
 arousing the heron
 from it's long slumber.
 Disregarding her light
 she calls on her darkness
 and drains all the pain away.

BITTERN

Skulking denizen of the marshes,
 a big bird, tall, with long sharp bill.
 It stands at water's edge,
 in imitation of the reeds,
 striped brown and yellow,
 camouflaged and hidden,
 to all but the most prying eyes.
 Then a pause,
 a quick thrust and jab,
 with that ever so deadly bill,
 another frog,
 one of eight downed
 in the last forty minutes,
 I've sat, observing,
 And now comes the good part.
 I see the tip,
 slip up one side of the long bill,
 and down the other,
 twice.
 It did the same,
 after every other frog it ate,
 the satisfied bittern,
 just licking its chops

WISDOM OF TREES

Consider the wisdom a tree must have
 standing, as it does, for hundreds of years,
 proud and heavy, strong in its place,
 ever aware of all that surrounds it,
 yet rooted and solidly planted on earth.
 Do you think this tree rejoices in spring,
 drinking deeply of soft April showers,
 sapping rich, new life and new leaves,
 lush and green in seasons of warmth,
 sharing secrets with birds in its branches.
 And will the tree mourn when autumn comes,
 dropping its leaves by way of tears,
 bowing and swaying in gale and storm,
 brittle and black in hard cold times,
 naked limbs sheathed in snow and ice.
 A tree must know all of these things and more,
 steadfast in its being of here and now,
 understanding the wisdom of worship,
 branches upraised in constant homage,
 serene in the dignity of silence.

VULTURE ROOST

Dozens return every evening,
 circling gracefully round and around.
 They silently land on great hanging branches,
 that sigh and droop with the weight of birds.
 Rustling wings they adjust their feathers,
 and perching hunched they await the darkening.
 What are the secrets things they will dream of
 these lords of the effortless floating?
 They soar all day, balancing, tipping,
 on thermals they alone can see.
 People look on them with dread and fear,
 a wiser few in awe or worship.
 The roosting vultures are unconcerned..
 Peacefully resting the night away
 In the morning light, rousing one by one,
 the birds shiver and shake their great wings.
 They fly from their dark black feathers,
 thousands of glistening dew drops.
 that glitter like scattered diamonds,
 flashing and falling in rising sun.

Thanks for reading my work,
 enjoy, and wander in wonder.
 Dedicated to George.



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 The Dignity of Silence
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