

Origami Poem Projects™

BEGINNINGS ~ ENDINGS

Robert Graves Jr. © 2013

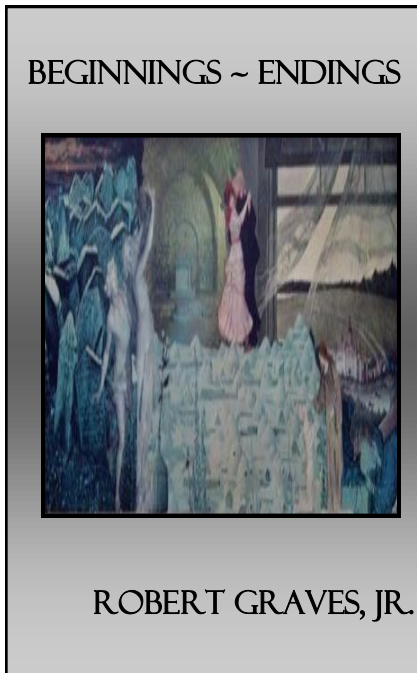


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Cover art: *Dance of Life*  
Jan Keough



### Prologue

*Suddenly a chill is in the air  
And autumn leaves begin their curtain call,  
Wave their plumage in the gath'ring breeze,  
Tumble to the earth and shed their hue.  
Anonymous and brown against blue sky,  
They teach us that in time all things must die.*

*They teach us that in time all things must live.  
The colors that we raise in our small season  
Inspire in others hope that there is reason  
To persevere through wintry gloom,  
Stake our faith in springtime's bloom.  
New leaves, new pages rustle in the air.*

- Robert Graves Jr

### Snapshot

Life happens so quickly, it seems,  
That what was could be what one dreams.  
A snapshot is proof of something that was,  
But do we feel its touch because  
We long for what could have been,  
Yearn to do life over again?  
Weddings, birthdays, first days of school,  
Magic times when we played the fool,  
Christmases blurred into one happy day-  
Why did we not take time then to say  
The things our hearts might have revealed?  
And now in a simple snapshot is sealed  
The truth that life doesn't stand still.  
Beginnings find endings, mock our mortal will.

Ben

Images of you lay against the flowers  
You could not see, could not touch.  
They were not joyous, not the brief  
Recollections I have of your young soul.  
But the soul is eternal and ageless,  
Still there behind the tribulations of  
That life. In that dreary room, in that  
Stark, tired building that embraced  
Your last day, there were other  
Wounded souls, trapped like fireflies  
In a jar, longing to escape those walls.  
They spoke revealing to us the flashes  
Of your light saved in their hearts  
With hopes it might show them  
The way to a place without want and  
Fear and pain.

And we, outside that jar, were ashamed  
That our flesh and blood had not been  
Your shelter, a pantry to feed your hungry  
Soul, a "living" room to embrace your life.  
There is no fear or pain for you in that  
New dwelling, but we beg your forgiveness.  
We are condemned to carry sadness in this  
Life for the loss of your presence.

Darlene

The morning that you left the Earth,  
Raced to some distant place  
From which I knew you'd not return,  
My heart fell from my chest,  
Left an ache of desolation,  
Endless tears of bitterness.  
I was angry at you  
For leaving me alone,  
No warning, no forgiveness,  
No lie to say you loved me still.

Then I found where you had gone,  
Saw you frail and vulnerable,  
Ached to hold you once again,  
Say the things within my heart.  
I stayed behind that drawn line,  
Grateful for an audience,  
Happy for your second chance  
To take the floor,  
Dance another dance.

Grandmother

Today the world is new for you-  
Child of your child has made it so  
Of life than you to a nobler view  
If this new soul had never been.

To look into your daughter's eyes  
And live this miracle again,  
Baptized in that sweet newborn's cries,  
Will bind you closer than before  
To one who made your own heart leap  
When she first entered your life's door.  
You have new memories to keep,  
A fire to warm the coming years.  
And as you watch this child at sleep,  
Recall the blessing in those tears.