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Cover: 'The Sun's Limb was Lifted'
from Tolkein's *The Two Towers*
By Lauri Burke

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Dedication

Martin Willitts, Jr. © 2014



Dedication

Dedication as a Poem
for Jan and Linnie,
Supporting,
lo, all these years,
my finding the absence
my hands are busy



Martin Willitts, Jr.

I am Ready!

I am ready for what is next!

What some think is wind

is inner light, finding

who is ready

who is not.

Miracles are not

living through adversity,

heartache, sorrows, sickness;

do not look for them there.

Nor walking on a tightrope

Nor feeding many with one fish.

These are all fine.

It does not waver.

Look!

a long time before time began.

behind the ancient curtain

to see that secret

I have been reading myself

or is not.

where either God is

with that blazing ember heart

is what you do

But the true miracle

what rises —
fog, steam, or laughter,
moving in
a sonata
from Bach's hand
arriving
at the right pitch
of silence,
sheet music
you could climb as ladders
to heaven
gathering notes like jays,
ascending amazing space
saying,
I want this!

Why Death Is Nothing to Fear

There, in death, is music —

hands turning over

hands,

water over forks

parting

like traveling

forever

in a forbidden countryside,

grasses humming

among fountains of flame

dark smoldering,

serenading

anyone alone

so they are not alone

troubled

by lacking

Where the Missing Has Been All of This Time

I have been keeping what is missing in my head.
All those disappearances, they nest here.
There is a risk they will be discovered
flushed out like driven quail.
There is a risk the missing will be entangled
in the forgotten areas of my brain
where more and more vanish like dry skin flakes.
Every day, there is dying, and new replacements.
When someone asks, where are those things
that used to be everywhere, numerous as ants,
they mean to expedite their eradication.
When they are not looking, I gather more into me,
a safe haven, but not a sanctuary — faulty
and frivolous and frail as a wind without a song.
What should happen to them when I fall apart?
The missing understands this,
but it's the best I can do.
They dig deep, like mollusks into sand-edges
close to the escape of ocean, far from light.
A searcher always knows where to find things.

Love Is Breathing

Love, like music, is breathing,
the deepest thing
memory or future or now or never
finds in air, where
nothing cares
what happens next
because it will happen
regardless,
regardless impressions,
light or shadow,
are animals born out of expectant air
to the changes we need to make
which are never too late,
just like a solid, forceful wind
gives in
to the greater force —

Before I die. O, I can say,
I loved and I was loved,
and regret was a shadow
in that far-off green fields
only a single step away
to a person in tremendous love
and sinews of light
forgives.