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Cover art: *Snow Capped Fjord* by
Lauri Burke

Origami Poem Project™

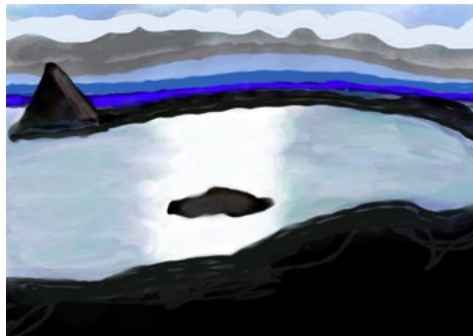
Word Bent Light
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Word Bent Light



Bob Carlton

"The clouds swing..."

The clouds swing,
northward, low.
The falling rain
draws up stems
as darkened earth
pulls roots down.
The leaves wait
for the light to return.
The wind seems one
long exhalation
by the birthing,
springtime world.

Luminous Exchange

Earth tilts
and the wind warms
in return--

The sun burns
the leaf edge
brown, the center
green with processed light,
radiance made flesh,
the flame embodied
in the dancing of nerves,
the churning of cells,
the twisting of thoughts
that reach back out
to the light again.

The Long Buildup

Concrete covers
the smoking city.
The reclamation will come
seeping through cracks
no one will see
at first.

The exiled grasses
will make their first
stealthy advance
in the name of
the unknown, shifting forces
of ice, rain,
and human blindness.

"sun out..."

sun out
fog in
the means
fall
and silence
falls
a voice
faint as wasted air
calls
words only
an echo
recalls

Emergence

The hole spreads
open above us.

Smoke from the fire,
we pass through,
burning away all
that we once were.

Song for an Ancient Love

Nature makes
no mistakes,
and never forgets.
The dirt remembers, the dirt
we cross without touching.
We kick over stones,
unsure of our footing,
lay claim to knowledge
no rock has ever spoken.
I wish I could see you
with the eyes of the earth.
I would wait out the eons
just to hear you reply,
speaking the soft tones
of a gently raining sky.