Everything was white, my soul, my bones, my blood. And yet I have never felt so alive. As if a great drifting lay above and below me had little particles of my small self dissolving. From the December day. From the top window I could see the world... just. I could see the perfection of what might be achieved If we could just hang on in there...

And a figure walking in the distance that I knew And a figure walking in the distance that I knew

And ...some people spend their whole lives, snowed in. But we've been lucky, we have braved the blizzard And gotten soaked through to the skin.

Do you remember the funny house in Wales And waking to a prisoner level of the white stuff. It felt like a weight had been lifted from me I could just stay within the snow circle I could just stay within the snow circle

uj pəmouş

All is revealed. When I was a grain of sand. Then all is revealed. - bhow of the world Where all such dear friends are gathered... Under the bridge of time To the ends of the world, Flowing and rolling away to the seas edge And an apple for my head -And a dreamer for my spirit self -With a sparrow for a soul Except that I was a dancing girl I knew nothing. When I was a grain of sand, then When I was an apple. .teet owt het is love ...in her two feet. Who so easily captures the minarets and towers And the dancing girl And the flight of the birds, And feel the plumage of the forest səλə λω esolg close ωλ eλes

I knew what I was about. When I was an apple, then When I was a sparrow. That dazzled me in flight. And become each tree, each drop of nectar I could tether the air to my wings I knew what I was about. When I was a sparrow, then When I was a dreamer. That I could do this. The heart of it into my ribs, and laugh I could hover over a green field and place I knew what I was about. When I was a dreamer, then When I was a dancer. And balance on the edge of clouds. Down from the sky and wear them both I conid pluck the blue sky and the moon I Knew what I was about.

Once I knew

When I was a dancer, then

Please recycle... to a friend.

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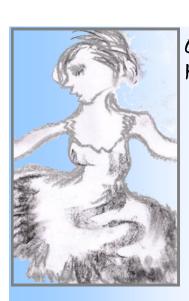
Cover: Degas-esque by Helen Burke

Origani Posav Project ™

Once 1 knew
Helen Burke * 2015



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Helen Burke

Once I Knew

Man Sweeping Leaves

So , it's like this.

A man is sweeping leaves in the garden.

He sweeps all the troubles of the world away.

I ask you what you are sweeping and you say

World peace into that corner

And against the flower border, an end to famine.

And in the centre, I say... where all the leaves are piled like

A mountain of souls ??

That is all our happy days piled up together... lest we forget them.

And you sweep for another hour.

A man who understands the art of leaves

Is a man amongst men.

And myself behind the glass reaching out to you,

To the air that swirls around you and speaks of an end to winter.

And the snowdrops by the door cheering you on.