

Tremor and  
stone  
beset upon the calm.  
Now water  
lines the road's  
bed, and we see  
no means to pass.  
Even so  
you break what falls.

**Earth**

The attraction is not  
unexpected. We see  
what is placed  
before us, not  
what may be.  
The mirror is empty  
until approached.

**Mirror**

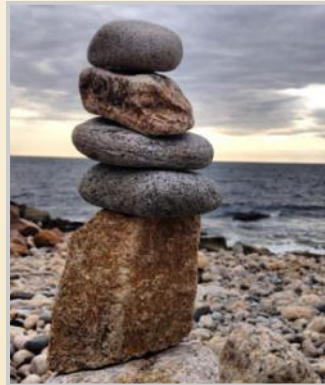
Which is not to say lightning or hail.  
Sometimes I forget to open the umbrella  
until my glasses remind me: Wake up,  
you're wet! If scarcity breeds  
value, what is a thunderhead worth  
in July? A light shower in August?  
Even spreadsheets can't tell us.

**In Praise of Rain**

How they share our  
desires, shape  
our days.  
Passion to hope,  
fingertips to  
lips, some bud  
easily, others  
struggle. A little  
water, light, a kind  
voice. Sometimes so  
little achieves  
so much. Yesterday's  
sunflower droops on  
the sill. Today's promise  
arrives with rain.

**Flowers**

**You Break  
What Falls**



**Robert Okaji**

**Agave**

It might deceive.  
Or like a cruel

window, live its life  
unopened,

offering a view  
yet reserving the taste

for another's  
tongue, ignoring

even the wind.  
The roots, as always, look down.

**Dog**

Not away, but after  
or contrary,

the reversal indicative  
and untoward: scratching,

she spirals to the perfect  
spot between us, touching both,

then sighs. In comfort, in ecstasy,  
in contentment, who can say?

But we sigh in response.

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**Origami Poetry Project™**

**You Break What Falls  
Robert Okaji © 2015**

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