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Cover art: *The Green Piano*  
by Helen Burke

Origami Poems Project™

Kidnapping THE LAST HAPPY DAY

HELEN BURKE © 2016

Recycle this micro-chapbook  
with a friend.

Do not fear the shadows –  
But stand yourself firmly  
In the path of the sun.  
If there are only five questions in the world –  
Never learn the answers – and always on a  
Monday – fall in love.  
See yourself wheeling like a great white bird  
In the sky  
Swooping and diving  
In the chiaroscuro of the sky.  
Learn what you can from  
Sun and stars and moon.

Do not count the days –  
But live them, breathe them,  
Swallow them whole, and wild and free.  
And play always that green piano in your mind.  
Play it as if your life depends on it.  
Which, by the way,  
It does.

Do not count the days, but rather LIVE them.  
Live them as if your next breath were a shipwreck,  
As if you next heartbeat were the centre of a storm.  
See that the pot of dreams does not stand empty  
And mend all you many wars with your different  
Selves.  
Go everywhere. Do everything.  
Show a little kindness, even to yourself.  
And do it by Wednesday.  
And play always that green piano in your mind.  
Play it as if your life depends on it,  
Which by the way, it does.  
Set the table and eat there with someone you love.  
Do not collect time or lost horizons in a match box.  
If you come to a dead end –  
Laugh, laugh and walk on.  
Endure, until hope fills your heart again.  
Eat midnight between two slices of bread and if  
Your cat won't sing – don't force him.  
(And play always that green piano.)  
Do not count the days, but live them and let no-one  
Send you trouble in their dreams.

Play That Green Piano

## Kidnapping THE LAST HAPPY DAY



HELEN BURKE

### Kidnapping the last happy day

You can ask why did we do it ?  
But I would say – why not ..?  
We have kidnapped the last happy day  
In the Universe.  
It was easy – it was just being itself –  
Not expecting trouble.  
And we have had enough – action was called for.  
Its not that I like to see it's hands and feet bound –  
Its not that I enjoy bringing it water.  
But what else was there for it ....  
No one else seemed bothered , to give a damn.  
And now you're sitting up,  
Taking notice of our demands  
Which are –  
Not money or helicopters  
Or our own private island – no.  
All we want is more happy days like this one  
While there's still time.  
All we want is an end to the endless riddle  
Of wars and suffering.

And until you meet our demands  
We will be ceaseless in opposition.  
So – 12 o'clock on the Brooklyn Bridge is  
Where you will meet us.  
And you will bring the document  
Signed in your own blood.  
And the Happy Day that shines like a  
Beacon in our kitchen  
Will be released.  
It will have been well-treated and  
Not harmed in any way.  
And you will not recognize us –  
We will look like every other  
Person in the Universe.  
Except you.

My Name is Still Available

Let me be clear, my name is still available  
For hurricanes.  
But I fear it will never be used.  
Because  
All I will insist on is calling it Poetry.  
And perhaps a Little Night Music.  
And evenings of Wild Flamenco ..  
And some decent Chinese Food.  
I can sense my removal from the "List" already  
And the box next to Hurricane Norma  
Gets ticked.  
What can I tell you ??  
The woman wears beige and reads romance....

Smile Robbery

There has been one.  
All over the world. Somewhere in a locked vault  
The key  
And it aint me.  
Thousands of smiles that would have been spent,  
And traded  
Lie in zipped holdalls. Festering. Rotting.  
People have died just to get to this point of  
No return.  
Someday, when the time is right –  
A guy will come for the bags,  
For his share of the ackers. Only to discover  
The crown has gone up in value and the smile ...  
Is worthless.

ackers - money, cockney, we think.