

This is the place
I was raised, this small
home,
the place I learned
my name, beliefs,
how to be,
to shake hands, exist
as a polite being,
This is the place
I stretched my legs
and began to walk
on the earth.

Raised

On this mountaintop
we can speak to clouds
and stars
Pretending to be some
giant's dream,
imagining our life as
we would like it
Underneath the gaze
of a vast network
of celestial hierarchy.

Evasion

Diligently, with speed
rough hands hew stones
strong hands place
those same stones
until a structure is built
Walls are put in place
forming a moat
a place of solitude
where we can hide from
ugly truths of the world
around us.

Stone Mason

The wrong side
of the bed is any
side of a thunderous
day
I imagine my slamming
shouting conflict
but it only echoes
loudly in my mind
as my lips part to offer
kindness, pressing
down the anger.

Wrong Side

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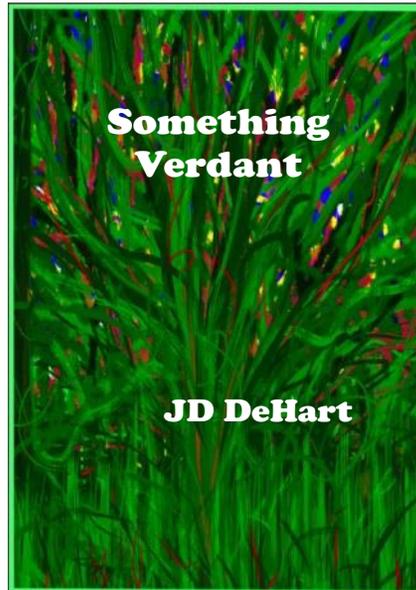
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Something Verdant
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Burn Brightly

Torch the poem
Light up the word
so that it shines

Illumination
for our darkened
path to guide us

Past the tiger's eye
Past the dreaded
anvil
To an open place of
peace and contemplation.

Soaked Through

Rain falls
on the earth
as in the days of Noah
washing us clean

A baptism
from head to the inmost
being

We are soaked through
something verdant
budding inside us.