

Wind ruffles the leaves as the cat
 jumps from my lap to the arm of your chair
 tail tucked beneath her, waiting
 for you to drop the pen you hold fast
 in your hand, your soft lap
 covered with paper, air hissing
 to your brain to wake words raining
 past the weariness that slowly
 lowers your lids, so they flutter like butterflies
 on wind which lifts you
 above the purple beech, lungs full
 running on muscled legs, heart
 pounding to the beat of a song that claims
 anything is possible.

Dreaming

A bee is pillaging the last purple bloom
 of the Buddleia, head first in pollen
 feet a whir against orange flutes
 gathering the last few grains of autumn.
 You rest in a puddle of light
 sun pooling on your skin, pale
 and smooth as the quartz egg
 luminescent on the window ledge
 cradled in a copper cup.
 Brown blossoms scrape the pane of glass
 just above your head, dreams
 brittle and cool, rooster doodling
 lame dog curled in a ball, ear cocked
 for something to change.

Ingathering

A fly knocks from one glass pane
 to the next, longs to reach the hot pink nubs
 on the crabapple tree. New green leaves flick
 their wings at him. Branches lift in the wind.
 He rubs his back feet in vexation,
 stares as a yellow flicker glides
 to the burgundy maple
 wings stretched wide. He can see so clearly
 daffodils sway in the breeze. The peacock
 blue neck glittering in the sun, caws to him
 calling him back
 to a branch just out of reach.

Trapped

Weariness drifts over the brindled lawn
 around purple tips of crocuses
 clusters of bulbs hidden in a crust of soil.
 She wonders when she will travel beyond
 the stone wall that encloses her garden
 and what she will find there.
 Bright tails flick the skin of water.
 Circles fan outward
 bend the reflection of a weeping cedar
 that ripples, green-gold and fragile
 calming soon to a deeper stillness.

View from the Gazebo

Arise

Unlikely as pussy willows poking through snow
 you live past all prediction of cold

 hold the wooden tray again
 laden with full mugs of steaming tea

 oxygen machine no longer hissing
 long tail looped across the wood floor

 now useless as you move
 from chair to table. Bald head fuzzed

 with new growth
 you rise like Lazarus to write.

Arise



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Please recycle to a friend.

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Origami Poetry Project™

Arise
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