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ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
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origamipoems@gmail.com

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Origami Poetry Projects™

The four o'clocks by my house
by Marc W. Kohler © 2012

The four o'clocks by my house



Marc W. Kohler

I depend on the four o'clocks
To bloom every year
I trust that they will bloom
That they will bloom.

They bloom, though, they bloom,
And have bloomed for the past twenty years
At this time like all time
Like no time special
And no time noticed
But bloom just the same
They do.

They will bloom at four o'clock
At four o'clock they will bloom
But why Daddy, why only at four o'clock?
I do not know, and that is the truth
Four o'clocks bloom at four
Sometimes three
Sometimes earlier,
And sometimes later.

The four o'clocks by my house
The four o'clocks by my house
Bloomed late today
Late today, they bloomed.
Where are the flowers today?
She asks as only a daughter can.
They are sleeping, they are resting.

There is one last note

There is one last note
At the close of any day
In the darkness or twilight
There is the toast, the ending toast
By the hearth, and by the fire
In the ending of our day.
Farewell, and goodnight
We say often and
Understand them little
And feel them even less,
And yet we say them
Still we repeat them

And we dearly love them,
Though not sure why,
No more or less than the love
We bear those who have passed our way.
May the goodness of good and
The safety of safe hands
Caress you wherever you are,
May the twilight shine in you
and through you
And in standing or lying
In living or dying
May this light be the reflection
Of eternity in you.
Good night, my love.
My sweet, sweet love.