

I bow and embrace
the shelter of each other
in my sitting-place.

Often I do embark
where mid-points are unknown
beginnings and ends

In my sitting-place
cares will fall like autumn leaves,
when I sip my tea

Here in the blue-time
hour and horizon muted
in silence of now

Haiku courses through,
on lines, words eddy and swirl,
as leaves on the road

Apricot blossom
ignoring potential frost
springs open for me

Grief no one escapes
a stranger crosses herself
as the hearse passes

says un-sayable
speaks the cry of the moment
the poet's verses

Please recycle to a friend.

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM

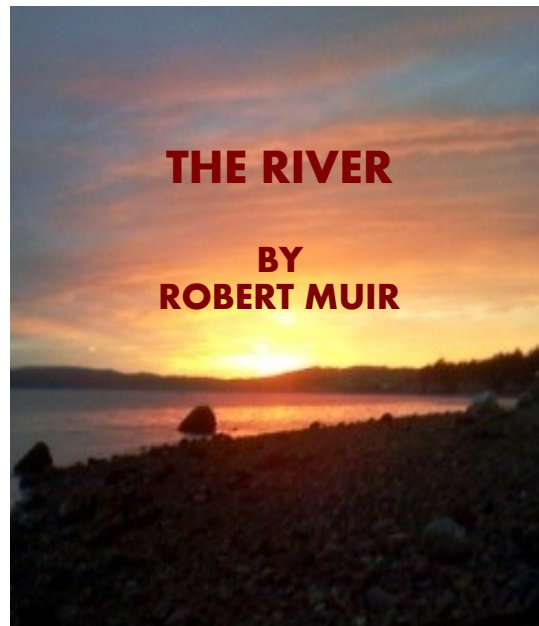
email us at:

origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover Photo by Robert Muir

Origami Poetry Project

**THE RIVER
BY ROBERT MUIR
© 2010**



The currents of time
flow one direction only
sunrise to nightfall

Everyday I climb
mountains most formidable
that range of self-doubt