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Cover: 'The Sun's Limb was Lifted'  
from Tolkein's *The Two Towers*  
By Lauri Burke

Origami Poems Project™

## Dedication

Martin Willitts, Jr. © 2014



## Dedication

Dedication as a Poem  
for Jan and Linnie,  
Supporting,  
lo, all these years,  
my finding the absence  
my hands are busy



Martin Willitts, Jr.

I am Ready!

I am ready for what is next!

What some think is wind

is inner light, finding

who is ready

who is not.

Miracles are not

living through adversity,

heartache, sorrows, sickness;

do not look for them there.

Nor walking on a tightrope

Nor feeding many with one fish.

These are all fine.

It does not waver.

Look!

a long time before time began.

behind the ancient curtain

to see that secret

I have been reading myself

or is not.

where either God is

with that blazing ember heart

is what you do

But the true miracle

what rises —  
fog, steam, or laughter,  
moving in  
a sonata  
from Bach's hand  
arriving  
at the right pitch  
of silence,  
sheet music  
you could climb as ladders  
to heaven  
gathering notes like jays,  
ascending amazing space  
saying,  
I want this!

Why Death Is Nothing to Fear

There, in death, is music —

hands turning over

hands,

water over forks

parting

like traveling

forever

in a forbidden countryside,

grasses humming

among fountains of flame

dark smoldering,

serenading

anyone alone

so they are not alone

troubled

by lacking

Where the Missing Has Been All of This Time

I have been keeping what is missing in my head.  
All those disappearances, they nest here.  
There is a risk they will be discovered  
flushed out like driven quail.  
There is a risk the missing will be entangled  
in the forgotten areas of my brain  
where more and more vanish like dry skin flakes.  
Every day, there is dying, and new replacements.  
When someone asks, where are those things  
that used to be everywhere, numerous as ants,  
they mean to expedite their eradication.  
When they are not looking, I gather more into me,  
a safe haven, but not a sanctuary — faulty  
and frivolous and frail as a wind without a song.  
What should happen to them when I fall apart?  
The missing understands this,  
but it's the best I can do.  
They dig deep, like mollusks into sand-edges  
close to the escape of ocean, far from light.  
A searcher always knows where to find things.

Love Is Breathing

Love, like music, is breathing,  
the deepest thing  
memory or future or now or never  
finds in air, where  
nothing cares  
what happens next  
because it will happen  
regardless,  
regardless impressions,  
light or shadow,  
are animals born out of expectant air  
to the changes we need to make  
which are never too late,  
just like a solid, forceful wind  
gives in  
to the greater force —  
  
Before I die. O, I can say,  
I loved and I was loved,  
and regret was a shadow  
in that far-off green fields  
only a single step away  
to a person in tremendous love  
and sinews of light  
forgives.