

tissue-paper heart now
 crinkled at the edges, her
 breath like autumn frost
 a chill after moonrise on
 September evenings. In her
 home, quiet as the fog, she
 looks for him everywhere--
 in her wallet, in greeting
 cards with smiling faces.
 She waits for azaleas to
 bloom in the winter.

A tiny house by the highway
 is alive in the darkness with
 a light on in the window,
 its heart beating only for one,
 a sixty-eight-year-old woman
 without even a pet for a com-
 panion, only the nightly news
 on the radio and canned foods
 in her cupboards to live on.
 Just last week someone sent
 her a belated sympathy card
 when her husband had died
 two months ago, enclosing
 pressed flowers: hawthorns,
 pieces of sunflowers. Her

Azaleas

Inside light is bending through
 the linen curtains to lie on
 the carpet like a reflective
 pool. Throw pillows from
 a white sale are part of the
 gift; and, in the hunger of
 time, the rest is all marzipan
 and the crisp snap of freshly
 washed sheets. They billow
 over the bed before sighing
 smoothly inside the room.
 She traces the gentle sound
 of patience, the outline of
 grandeur encircling her days.

Every day precisely at ten
 the girl who lived on the smell
 of flowers would begin her
 decoupage. She cuts out stars
 for the sky and arrows of moon-
 light. Her moods are like fogs;
 they settle and lift, and the
 scents she loved would suffuse
 and evaporate. As she adds
 the finishing touches with her
 face fingertips to the top of
 the box she longs to be a bird
 swaying on top of a leaf.

Flowers and Decoupage

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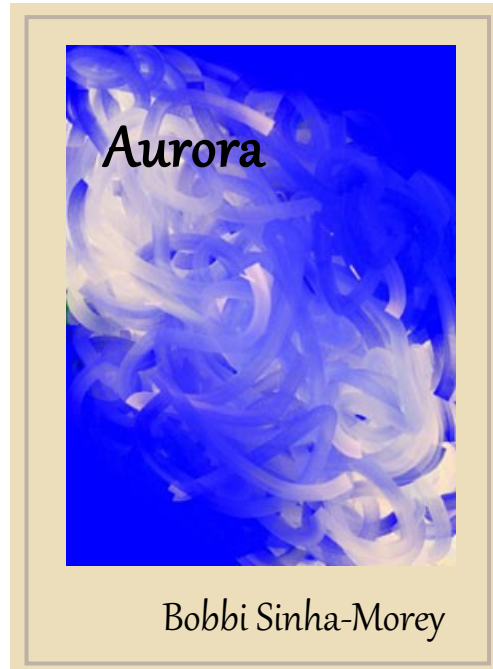
Origami Poetry Project™

Aurora

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Aurora

My new world is not yet
 fully awake: birds perch on
 limbs to watch the dawn
 and dew on the cornstalks
 turn into sweet, idyllic tears
 from a young lass who shyly
 left her hope like the sun
 quietly closes the day. I walk
 my mid-mornings around
 the field and saw her again,
 among dandelions heavy
 with sun, picking delphiniums
 one by one, her flowing white
 taffeta dress pooled at her
 feet; the brown feathered
 curve of her hair waving
 in the hushed voice of the
 wind. Her whispered wishes
 and prayers, though greater
 than the sun, likely unheard.

When she looked up at me
 she spilled her handful of
 flowers into the grass and
 left me standing still. I brought
 them home, put them in the
 milk pitcher on the windowsill.
 My heartbeat longs to hear
 her quiet breath. I see her only
 when the morning star has left.