

In this our new religion
 You feed me, clothe me, bathe me
 And when people come and ask how we are
 We smile and say ..we are fine and dandy ..doing good.
 And our hearts beat a little faster at the mask we wear.
 A mask is not new to us
 And we are adept at wearing.
 Like a shell at the sea's edge ..I lean on you and you on me .
 The birds of the air pull us through another day.
 The song of the ocean is you
 And I am a small sparrow diving into the midnight hours of morning.
 Outside my window a blackbird asks how we are
 And him we can tell.
 You pour me a glass of wine
 It is the colour of fine roses
 And we drift and dream into the heart of it.
 We sew each other back together
 Watch *rebel without a cause*
 And thank our lucky stars
 That the moon has been ours to take as lover ...one more time.

New Childhood

The Valley of Happy Songs

The valley of happy songs is where I want to live
 The valley of happy songs is all that Wales can give
 When the midnight Curlew sings
 When the Sloe berry blossoms
 The valley of happy songs is drifting and a dreaming
 The valley of happy songs is where I want to live
 The valley of happy songs is a cadence
 That I have never heard before
 The valley of happy songs overwhelm, overcome me.
 The valley of happy songs is where I'll walk one day with you my love
 The valley of happy songs is in my heart and in my head
 The valley of happy songs is where I'll walk one day
 The valley of happy songs is beautiful, so beautiful I cannot tell you
 The songs you sing there you've never heard before
 The songs that were sung there were with you when you were born
 Will be with you when you leave
 The valley of happy songs is where I'll walk one day

As a child, a fanciful child – (still am)
 I used to leave messages in trees.
 And with the message – a small acorn and perhaps
 A flower. A sprig of blossom, a forget me not.
 The tallest tree – a big old oak on Low Moor –
 A real battler – always had the most to say.
 I used to leave the best message there – because I thought
 This wise old self held most of the answer.
 (Seeking answers, even then.)
 Mam would help me place it there, and wait further down
 The hill while I said my tree prayer.
 But trees know better than to give response – only the sky
 Above them and the roots below the sky will they speak of.
 And this is as it should be.
 "The skies roots and the bird that lives in the moon – they
 Sing . Let this be our answer to you.
 Now away with you."
 Only once – a piece of paper (Mam's writing) "I Love You."
 And this the answer that I treasure.
 And this the answer that I keep.

Leaving Messages in Trees



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