

Origami Poetry Project™

Foothills

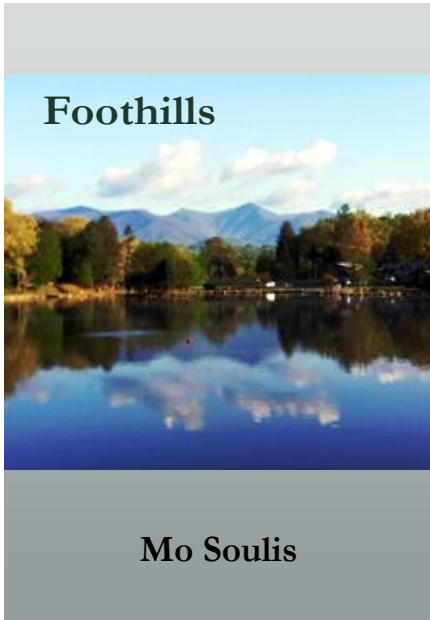
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Recycle this micro-chapbook
with a friend.

Cover photo: *Lake Tomahawk*
by Kevin Keough

Every Origami micro-chapbook may
be printed from the website.

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Foothills

Mo Soulis

Nature -

Late spring evening –
Fireflies coming out soon.
Look! – there's one now.

Front porch,
morning sun on my face –
Think I'll skip work today.

The trees were felled
and my heart ached.
Then I saw mountains.

Rouge sunflower
sprouting in my flower box –
Should I let him live?

Moon flowers blooming
at sunset –
light up the whole garden.

Quick, little chipmunk -
run for cover...
hawk's nearby.

Leaves and branches
bend with the wind.
Where is the wind?

Wind chimes
in a summer evening breeze –
Soothe me to sleep.

Ouch! How can it be
so small, bite so hard?
Hungry no see-um...

Life -

Train rumbling by,
distant traffic sounds...
Me, I'm sittin' right here.

Long John's on the line
drying in a spring breeze.
Free at last!

A baby stirs, cries –
the morning glory opens.
Another day begins.

My neighbor doesn't meditate.
How does she find peace -
every day in her garden.

Winter freight train - icy wheels
screech and squeal.
Glad my head ain't glass.

Trucks, saws, a chipper –
endless fascination
for a small boy.

Grocery cart down...
Afternoon escape attempt,
foiled by the wind.

In the morning I hear
neighbor children laughing –
sometimes crying.

Seen my cell phone?
I hear it ringing...
Ah, in my pocket.

Too big for the feeder -
greedy brown thrasher
keeps falling off...

Polite tufted titmouse.
Takes one seed, steps aside,
then - back for another.

Two indigo bunting
resting in a pine bush.
And miles to go...

Fill the suet feeder
each morning --
Empty by sunset.

Noisy little wren,
head back, beak to the sky –
Serenading heaven.

Ruby throated Grosbeak
pausing at the feeder.
Just passing through.

Love -

His wife, sitting
in the morning sunlight –
warms him all over.

Oblivious to her goodness
all these years...
A thing of wonder.

In their autumn years,
he simply loves her
gentle presence, soft touch.

With the passing of time,
her innate goodness
brought out his own.

The summer flower in twilight
reveals her tender spirit,
her quiet smile...

Like a silent snowfall,
he treasures most
her soft white hair.