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

Cover photo: *Lake Tomahawk*  
by Kevin Keough

**Origami Poetry Project™**

**Foothills**

Mo Soulis © 2016

Recycle this micro-chapbook  
with a friend.

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  
screach 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.