

The peace of God
is a piece of cake.
Heaven is here.
Heaven is now.
God's temple
is a relationship.
It's any relationship.
It's every relationship.
Take a good look
around--the world is
full of temples.
Join one. Join them all.
Join. Join. Join.
Joy. Joy. Joy.
The Joy of God
is a piece of joinery.

Temple

I do not love you.
I am running away
with my beloved
illusions. The sweet
nothing. Nothing
is what it seems.
I love what seems.
I am crazy in love with
the painfully obvious
transparent surface.
I am simply hungry.
You keep the house
and everything in it.
I am taking the dog.
And the windows.

Dear Truth

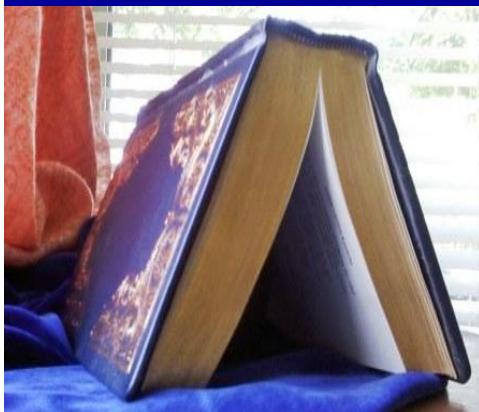
He loved her ear
literally.
Not the figurative ear--
to music or poetry
which she arguably
didn't possess--
but her literal ear.
Its pinna and lobe.
Its cartilaginous-
ness. He loved
to take it in his mouth
and bite it tenderly,
lovingly. And he loved
looking into her brown eyes
which took the world in
literally, and shone
with a happiness
that was brown as earth
with flecks of green.

Her Ear

People look like people
and places look like places
and everything rhymes a little
and has been said before.
Bob Dylan in his late 60s
looks a lot like my mother.
It's partly the nose,
partly the big hair.
Deja vu is the French I knew
before I knew French.
It's nice to meet you.
I've loved you ever since you were born
and probably longer than that.
Can't ken it, canst thou, Kenneth?
Nope. That shit cannot be taught.
This is the poem I've wished I'd written
every since I read it.

Uncanny

Fold This Poem In Half



by Paul Hostovsky

The Way Out

The way out isn't
under or over or
around or even through.
It's with. With is
the only way out.
In fact, out isn't
the way out either.
Out is a misnomer.

Fold This Poem In Half

Fold this poem in half,
now fold it in half again,
and again. Notice how,
if you did it right, it fits
on an eighth of the page,
the way the moon fits
in the backseat window
of the car traveling through
the night, the road unfolding
like a story from childhood,
the white space surrounding
the poem collapsing like time,
into this one moment reflected
in a little corner of the sky.

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