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Cover: Spiral Galaxy with Camille
Claudel study

Origami Poems Project ™

Comings and Goings
Darrell Petska © 2022

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Starline

Primordial cataclysm
to star ignition

energy birthing
matter birthing
sun moon planet

volcanic mayhem
to dawning life

paroxysms of being
protean fertile mobile

to this infant's first breath
lungs of the cosmos expanding

Vocabulary of Joy

This new life holds me:
now is all

yesterday and tomorrow
mere make-believe.

Braids of trust enwrap us,
our heartbeats complementary

eyes speaking one meaning,
truth absolute

our embrace the universe—
being's entirety.

We want for nothing
in this holy moment:

this purity,
this love

this elemental joy.

Incremental redemption—
this taste of innocence,
this joy our children share with us
as they animate the high blue plain
with cottony giants and castles,
lions, dragons and bears—
a small step on the steep path
cautioning us to become again
as little children, humbly to waive
our grown-up griefs and strifes,
relearning that essential goodness
known before our eyes came to see
only troubles looming in clouds.

Lesson in the Clouds

He's a light-year ahead,
swept-wing sleeves flapping,
sneaked feet flashing in sunshine,
his backward cap swirling
on the verge of extinction
uttering unheeded warnings—

Walking Grandson Home from School

The kid's already banking left,
dematerializing through our hedge,
dumping school day at the door.
He's like a ransacking raccoon
rummaging for crunchies and sweets,
hightailing upstairs shouting about
recess, baseball and Spinzitsu masters.
The hallway clock tolls the situation,
Lego pieces clinking in combat,
music of the spheres rocking my chair.

On the Earth
spinning in space
around the Sun
spinning in space
within the galaxy
until mind
ceasing to spin
weds space
endlessly spinning
time's window
opening again
to all possibilities.

Breathing In, Breathing Out

My Daughter, Hen
Her covey of chicks
she goads along,
clucking permissions,
squawking disapprovals,
her wide gaze weighing
temptations and threats
but woe to the wanderer
who breaches her limits—
a stern nudge,
a penitent cheer,
then on to meander,
learning the ways of the flock.