

# Origami

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i.  
memory is a paper thin thing—  
curls over on itself,  
    end searching end.

flattened, a crisp creased edge becomes  
a sharp horizon of  
    possibilities.

did I love you?  
were we kind?  
your hair was short and dark  
when we met; your hair was  
long and light.

folded again, moments become  
novas reborn, lighting up  
    long forgotten secrets.

tuck those away, bend the memory  
into something new,  
swan or crane or star—

*Confluence*

memory in bloom.

ii.

if the blank sheet becomes so  
wrinkled

crumpled

and torn

that something entirely new rises from

the rubble,

you are almost there.

iii.

how, for hours, my young son sat  
folded over his creations,

a small god giving and taking life

at will, on a whim, bent to

his imagination, succumbing to

his frustrations.

with a blank sheet,

he made the world.

iv.

paper thin moments

bloom and die and reappear:

an ouroboros mind.