Origami

Kelly Mogk

*Southern Methodist University*

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—
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.