

Love is the coming and going
of Belonging. Angels tell me
your name in darkness.
Some women are raptures.
Some smooth air.
Some are stamped with angel's whispers.
I am entralled with blue light
moving on your face.

2.

I am poor.
I will always be poor.
But as long as your hand is delicate
struggle between the raters of my heart,
I will be rich. The kind of richness
that raises print into light
filtered through angel plumes of blue flares.
I see your concentration
to make things right, like a promise
older than rocks.
You want to make things right:
You want to learn how to make them better.
Teach me how to love,
tender as your attempt of writing
to get things right.

3.

David Delivered out of Many Waters
Blake illustration (1805) to *Psalm 18* -
In whiv David asks God for salvation
from his enemies

From the bottom of many waters,
with my arms stretched wide, I beg,
give me salvation from my enemies.
The waters are dangerous,
but my request is more dangerous.
It is a plea for Deliverance:
make my enemies perish.
In this murky water, I hear Christ question
the worthiness of me and my prayer:

Why pray for violence? For this,
I have no answer. The sword, or song;
I know them, but not together.

I am drowning in anger.
No angels can lift me.
No prayer can part these seas.

**THE COMING AND GOING
OF BELONGING**



MARTIN WILLITTS JR.
Reading William Blake

What Do I Know of Belonging?

"I am under the direction of messengers
from Heaven daily and nightly." Blake 1802

1.

I am pierced open by angels
engraving angles of light.
What do I know of Belonging?

Some men are wretched,
month of fog and rain.
Some lash at darkness,
as if it made any difference.
I am exhausted by angels.
I am sleepless with them.
What do I know about Belonging?

Some men build cathedrals
in their lonely hearts, bells stuck,
never ringing out angels, never
holding the breath of God
into belonging, or into a garment,
or keepsake of tenderness.

Loss is angel's feathers raining.

Some men never recover
from a tremendous fall.
Some men hurdle darkness at others.
What do I know of belonging?

Outward Creation

"I do not behold the outward Creation
& that to me it is hindrance..."
From *A Vision of the Last Judgment*

Once I went outwards of myself
and created myself, I was welcomed.
When I spoke simply, I was understood.
When I opened my nailed eyes,
angels were everywhere,
exclaiming so loudly,
sparrows filled the winds.
In the nothingness after,
there was a cleansing,
my tears were wiped by hair.

I heard the universe welcoming me.
It came from everywhere & nowhere.
I was translucent. I was air.
I was the music, the Silence,
& merged light.

Please recycle to a friend!

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover image from web:
David Delivered out of Many Waters
Blake illustration (1805)

Origami Poems Project™

**THE COMING AND GOING
OF BELONGING**

MARTIN WILLITTS JR. © 2013

