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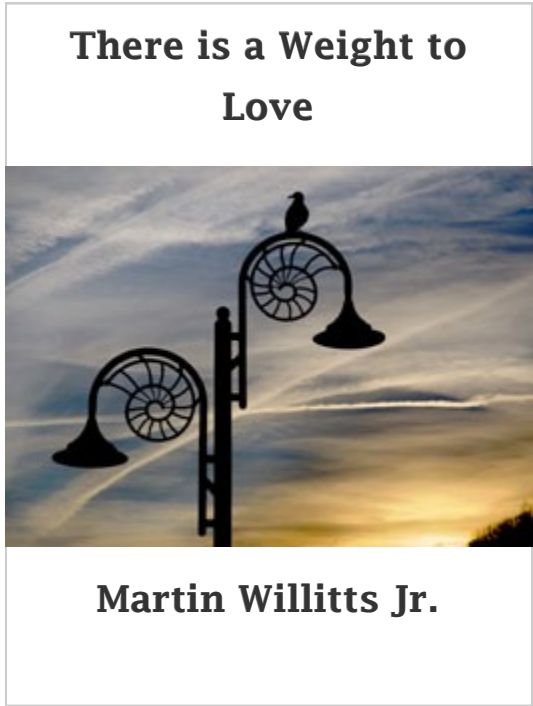
Cover: Ammonite lamp post at dusk
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Origami Poetry Project™

There is a Weight to Love
Martin Willitts Jr. © 2014



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There is a weight to love which deepens or recedes depending on the emphasis given or taken. It is like being called back at dark by parents when you want to hold what's left of light before it retires. There are subtle notes where love is an undertow of sadness. Leaves shudder in abrupt, drenching rain, like this. The moon reaches its climax, and now it wanes, a kiss, like not enough kisses, kisses like haze. When did that ever stop you? Tinderboxes of love open to where a hug burns all the way to your toes.

There is a secret weight to love: all holy fire found in the right person's eyes, and is just as quickly is stubbed out by a careless word, a misunderstanding. This is when in a darkness of stars lose all sense of direction, becoming obscure.

There is a lost weight to love, heavy flakes of love, deserted roads plummeting into darkness of love where no house lights exist, where no one calls you to come inside, find yourself, rest. We often crumble love into wads of paper, toss them into a fire of our own making, and then expect someone to find what is left of love among the ashes.

We try to hold onto the weightlessness of love like a kite in gasps of wind. In the unseen dark there are never any easy answers, nothing to cling to. We have the hard edges of love, its raw burnt beauty, the smokeless memory of love and what it means.

Just that ounce of love, a hawk's breathe before strike. Like a drizzle of moths in lamplight finding light and death, like groves in a familiar record, like the smell of fresh pine needles, things come all together in an apex.

It is always better to experience love than to weigh it.

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I have known the absence of love, like trees know when their leaves have gone. Incantations never brought forth someone to love. Consulting a field guide never found love. Knowing names of things, never added to emptiness.

Nothing to remind us of the source of beginnings or endings.

The hard facts of love are smudged. Meanwhile, days move easily as sap in a tapped maple. Everything has grown silent around you, and sleep sweats. There is wildness in the rain. What was once close seems further away. You try to stay attentive to the person next to you, however you find distractions everywhere. No matter how hard to clear your mind, it is overgrown pasture, a resurrection of wildflowers full of unresolved issues, those old cold ways. What seems unmanageable is not. Love is not a harvest we have to carry with our bare hands, spilling here and there, recklessly, until less remains. Love is not the harshest deep-seated freeze where chimney smoke is low to the ground unable to rise. Love is never a subtraction.

In the dreaming morning, love flies into our hearts like phobes to a nest under porch eaves. In the not-quiet wakefulness, love can be an apple in basement storage for when apples or love is rare, that one can remember why it was waiting for the right moment, a certain crispness of anticipation and enjoyment, when things are needed most. In the breathe of the opening day, lengthening in possibilities and lost opportunities, like ducks tilting into water for something to eat and finding nothing, love is always unpredictable. In the gravity of desire, in the culverts with phlox among the undiminished hope, in the air recalling when you passed by too much of a hurry to slow down to find love, suddenly borne away by air. You never notice the songs coming out of the ground.

How heavy is love in the sparrow's eye? When you find love, it should weigh you down with weightlessness. Love is what is missing in the world. Everything you were missing should be carried away to the edge of the world, and beyond. Sadness should disappear slowly like dew. Darkness should taste like sweet rain after a long drought. You should come into yourself, like a person after wandering around to a place where the door is open like arms, and inside is the peace you need, the love you need, and the largeness inside will amaze you. You will sit in a chair of love. And if you return love, it will be like setting a table with what will nourish each other. You could get fat with such love.

Sometimes finding the clear fluid on the stem of a Norway maple does not mean finding love, although appreciating beauty is a form of love. It is never the same as human touch, or human heartbeat. Love is all risk. Not risk management, not risk assessments, not critical analysis, although it can feel that way. I have known the vacancy of love. Sometimes we trace blue veins like causeways and never notice the things we are supposed to see: the silence of rain; the heat of eyes; the constricted air between not saying anything. Love is a bluebird forgetting it can fly: all panic, all gravity and looming ground, nothing to break a fall. I know sheltering the heart from lost love does not work. Love finds a way, like a draft finds a way into a boarded-up house, like a lightening snap, like a crocus knows it is spring. Love finds its way and has its way with you. Sometimes you do not stand a chance. If the heart shatters, it's because love has been to visit.

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