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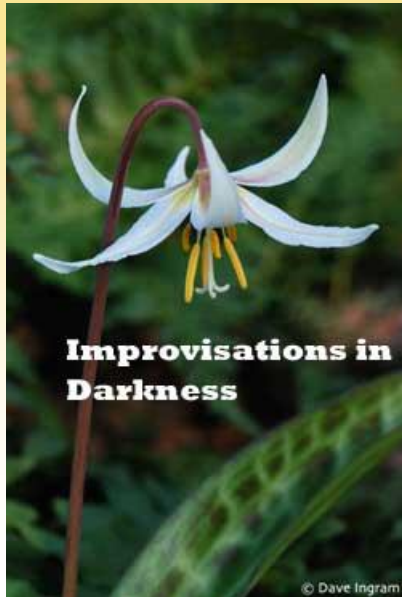
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Origami Poetry Project™

Improvisations in Darkness
Martin Willitts, Jr. © 2014



Martin Willitts, Jr.



8. (This is for my mother,
heading into Alzheimer's
like it was a destination,
a one-way, no exit strategy,
and all the others
hopelessly lost,
as everything disappears,
nothing remaining,
then dies –
I might be coming your way.
9. Until then,
I grab onto fistfuls of light,
keep them in a drawer,
write flames of memory,
turn darkness into origami,
my chin in yellow
from holding a Buttercup.)
The opposite of loss
is finding.

7. Memory comes,
and unfortunately,
goes
when age removes it,
replacing with forgetfulness,
shadows of memory,
lights going on
one by one,
hallways emptying.
Why can't memory be
a Buttercup
we held to our chins
when we were children
to see who liked butter,
but instead,
this Buttercup Memory
would show
who remembers
what is necessary
and forgets
what needs forgiving.

Improvisations In Darkness

1. The delineation from lamp
circuitous
around a corner, into
a dark room, narrowing
into lost light, is still
disappearance
of one reality
into another, all hazy
edges
into nothingness.
Going into the unknown,
expect surprises.
2. Going from dark
into darker,
there is always
ambient light –
like rain
against windows,
soft, then hard,
then noticing
it's gone.

hair on our arms, rising,
like antennas,
like microbes searching
communally.
Emerge into light
with the same, tentative steps.
6. When doubting in shadows
remember
first buds –
blue Johnny-Jump-Ups,
white Fawn Lilies,
pink Chinese Hellebore,
crepe-paper Oriental Poppy.
First to appear in shadows
in snow
under last year's leaves,
white, bell-shaped
Snowdrops uncurl,
first and foremost.
What comes, goes –
but memory, ah, memory
is something remaining
curling out of itself
when needed.

The lack of light,
is the lack of imagination.
True blindness
is not seeing things
for themselves.
We do this, in first love.
Later, the light comes on,
we realize we made a mistake,
an error in judgment,
darkness floods the heart,
switches off our brain,
drains blood from our veins.
True blindness
continues
when we continue
even after
knowing the facts.
5. In Total Darkness
we learn to use other senses,
the ones less traveled,
pinpricks of awareness
as air against skin,

3. In Total Darkness,
you develop a sense
of where things are.
You do not need to see them.
You know their shape,
density, their dark purpose,
knowing how to avoid them,
like radar.
If only
this worked
in relationships,
there would be no failure,
we'd all know what to do,
who to avoid,
what to say, when to say it
instead of blurting
the first thing
coming to the tip our tongue
and no way
to reel it back in.
4. In Total Darkness
there is no such thing
as darkness.