

... your hand would call me *home*.
 fist and splinters would simmer,
 sweat, and swell with the scent of similar-
 ity—
 two divine instruments of force
 finally united in lack
 of desire for completion (or completed
 structure).

... my voice would punctuate, penetrate
 in guttural, percussive echoes, definable
 only as pain. plaster would crackle, fall
 like tears. my life would stand,
 commemorated by nothing
 but an arid island of dust.

... i would beg for hands to use me,
 become committed appendage for destruction,
 construction of cells—both
 concrete and conceptual
 ly vacant. The sound
 of my penetration would be practical.
 i would be common
 ghost, a haunter of too many halls.

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 ∞

Every Origami Micro-chapbook
 may be printed, *for free*,
 from the website.

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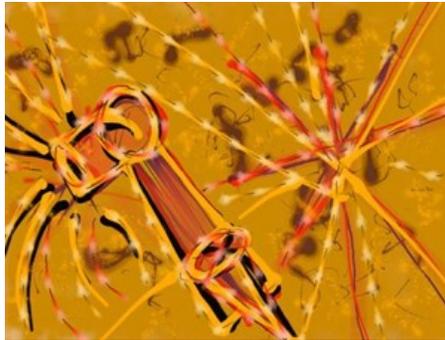
Origami Poetry Project™

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If I Had A Hammer...



A.J. Huffman

If I Had A Hammer...

... i would call myself a nail,
 start looking for the nearest cross
 to create a frame for my self-
 portrait of fragmentary displacement—
 the platinum label of *breathlessness*