

about birth, I clambered
of my flesh, as the horror stories I've heard
from the labor bed, despite the tearing

I flicked through the night before.
the protagonist in a nineties sitcom

whose meaning is wisdom. Veronica,
the spirit old world charm
I like the sharp s with the soft f,
Sophia because

to name her. I named her
I told everyone within earshot,
I need to have a book,
They laid her supple form on my chest.

came into this world.
a week after you
my baby was born
in the dream

better self

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a collection of my better self
but what I have to offer you -
in alphabet.

that I have no cousin to offer you
Dear Peanut, Sister's Little Sprout,
of my creation. I was sorry
but another, more familiar kind

Sophia Veronica wasn't my body's
but not for myself - to awaken. To find
when awake. I was sorry -
about your auntie than I'll admit

Surely, this says something more
down stairs immediately after delivery
to fetch the naming book myself.

newfounding

You are yet in the bread cave,
the woman cage whose jaws
will unhinge for passage—

what should I say, supple firecracker,
animate sapling,
about this world-place? Today there's
intermittent

thunderboomers. Driving gales. The
kind that sideways blind,
dampens hems and soddens coat-sleeves.
This, too, happens: we must meet and heft
discomfort

deepening in the marrow. Seldom, though,
does it last longer than a shiver
and a cast off,
just as your mother knits and purls,
preparing midst sickness.

born

There are many ways to be born
into this life. Wriggle worms
form new skins, shed unnecessary ones.

Water and wine and from the hand
of God to the hand of God returned.
Song is another that makes the heart better.

There is the body finding a body.
There is a body's own body thinning
or thickening. There is befriending.

Puppies or kittens or canaries or fish -
there is animal affection, given then given
back.

There are travels in big planes, there are
imaginative leaps. Thirty-five years,
all of these ways - only one
you-gift.

About This World

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