



**by Melanie Faith**

## About This World

**about this world**

Physically or in the heart's secret  
compartments, wounds accumulate. Yet  
who can explain it? On a road to nowhere,  
out of nowhere--

wonder

flares like a strand of Christmas bulbs  
from night's velvet canvas,  
and you drive past, head swiveling

marveling

for this life, it's worth every kind of  
moment.

What to say about this world?

That there will be years

you'll yearn for passage from here.

Others, you'll mourn the inevitable leaving.

The irony—only those you hold closest

can push away until it breaks the bone

in cellular despair. If you hold no one close,

you break anyway.

Satisfaction is limited here:

when it's 90 degrees and clear,

people grouse for snowflakes fall.

When it's deep below freezing

they bemoan for sun they loathed.

No one makes it

through this world unscarred.

**better self**

In the dream

my baby was born

a week after you

came into this world.

They laid her supple form on my chest.

*I need to have a book,*

I told everyone within earshot,

*to name her.* I named her

Sophia Veronica. Sophia because

I like the sharp s with the soft f,

the spirited old world charm

whose meaning is wisdom. Veronica,

the protagonist in a nineties sitcom

I flicked through the night before.

From the labor bed, despite the tearing

of my flesh, as the horror stories I've heard  
about birth, I clambered

down stairs immediately after delivery

to fetch the naming book myself.

Surely, this says something more

about your auntie than I'll admit

when awake. I was sorry—

but not for myself - to awaken. To find

Sophia Veronica wasn't my body's

but another, more familiar kind

of my creation. I was sorry

Dear Peanut, Sister's Little Sprout,

that I have no cousin to offer you

but what I have to offer you -

a collection of my better self

in alphabet.

**newfoundling**

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.

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**Origami Poetry Project**

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