

There is loss in everything. Winter gives
me new shape, both of us raw against
existence, both of us bare. We're invisible
or invincible, closer to our ends than begin-
nings. I find myself kneeling to better
examine small things, find solace within
myself, marvel at how steel breaks stone,
bone.

On Reading Thoreau, Again

Like crows they rise in a violence
against the sky, a dark constellation,
until they were flying, turning, turning
into the sun, losing themselves
in distance, weaving into a black
scarf until they unraveled westward,
taking with them what I'd once dreamed
for myself, all I believed and now
cannot name.

On Bridges I've Dreamed of Jumping From

The last time we were alone together,
you nicked a vein, on purpose,
I think, on your face while shaving;
I might have touched it. You held
the wound apart. You didn't want
healing. *Wet. Slick.* A rare masterpiece.
You must remember the last time I watched
you bleed helpless in the face of your loss,
how I thought a superhero Band-aid
would have been enough.

On Shaving

Sometimes, when it rains in my dreams,
you come to me in your mother's dress.
We dance together. You grin like a woman
who knows who she is. I taste the damp-
ness
of your lips, and your beauty evaporates
into things darker than the spaces between
stars. This is how our love burns, bodies
aching, lips throbbing, rusty joints twisting,
squealing, bare flesh soaked in kerosene,
primal instincts rising from the mattress.

On Sex

Please recycle to a friend!

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Cover photo: The Web

On Coming of Age

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On Coming of Age



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I asked, "Why have I received only this.
A voice replied, "only 'this' will lead you to that."

~ Rumi

On Coming of Age

I stood on the front porch, palms extended
to catch the drops. I ran down the steps,
splashed onto the street, caught more drops
in my mouth, my thin, floral sundress
clinging to my body, heavy braids weighing
down on my shoulders in the hot August
dampness—before I was old enough to shave
my legs, wear a bra, apply heavy black eye-
liner, before I knew how morning sex
could smell like a raging storm.