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Cover art: *Blue Basin Fjord*  
by Lauri Burke

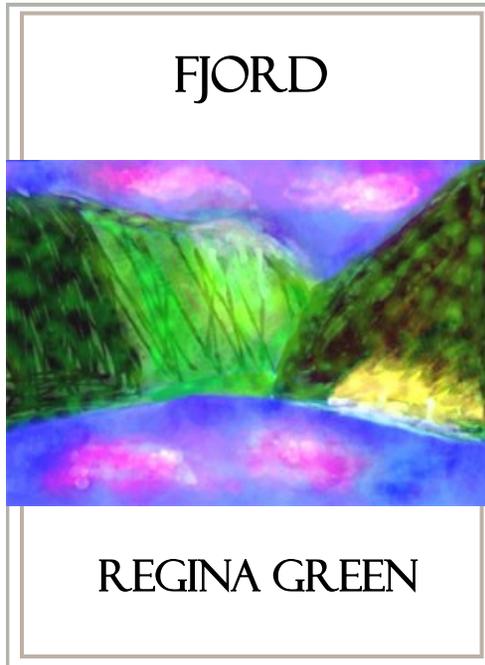
Origami Poetry Project™

FJORD  
REGINA GREEN © 2015

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3. i had a hint of something that felt like understanding.  
our feet were cold unlike the palm of your hand  
on my cheek.  
we had been standing there with snow  
melting around us.  
as teenagers we forced ourselves into adult situations.  
it was about translation errors.  
i couldn't be bothered but you were sure of one thing.  
through the window one would think we were kissing,  
like really in love.  
our bodies matured right before our eyes.

4. a fjord is a long narrow arm of the sea between  
very high cliffs. they can become ice-clogged.  
we're looking down at one right now.  
it's not ice-clogged yet. in fact, the weather allows us  
to take our shoes off.  
we're listening to some sufjan stevens and  
making out to the music and his voice.  
we have to climb pretty high these days.  
we can feel our legs getting strong.

5. i have time to prepare.  
snow falling  
and many beautiful things  
besides.  
you came roaring.  
sheep mixed up with  
the dense firs.  
how is it that  
light is coming in  
when you are already  
in?

6. fjord twice is  
fjord, fjord.  
say it and your  
tongue will  
freeze. mormor  
said so.  
it was a long  
time underground  
for some.

1.

i remembered when snow would fall more often.  
when you could look at a person and see brightness.  
the way their hair lay on the pillow. their hands in  
tight fists to ward off the cold. they say the fjords  
in norway are deeper than the sea around them.  
how the currents are some of the strongest.  
i like thinking about this when your back is turned  
to me.

2.

there was a frozen river.  
that time we went out on it  
hoping to make our way to the next country.  
i'd asked you for another cigarette. suddenly  
a rumble beneath our feet. the water, you said.  
the water is moving under our feet.  
you had that look of turning back but more of  
love of something pushing its way to the surface.  
we took hold of each other.  
lay our bodies down on blue hardness.  
your mouth suddenly a map. i thought it was.