

Because a prayer is never
enough to hold a woman.
Because the body must
house the heart—here
and held in this moment,
love, old tree feeding itself
in the deep. Say you'll never
let go. Before my bones
quiet, before it's much
too late to believe
your heart could ever stop

To the Boy That Took My Breath Away

It's easy to imagine looking
one way through your eyes,
then looking out. You'll smile
to see me, mouth open, a breath
sounding itself; my voice will
shake out its dread, a muffled
crack, and not much more.

To the Boy That Broke My Heart

Knowing portends what I'll take
from this, whether I'll walk or crawl,
the breath of my breath, its given,
how, listening, I might step into
your mouth, proceed into your heart,
and, breathless, creep through
your bones, as if something could be
done to keep us together, as if
I could hold onto my wanting
someone, my wanting you.

To the Boy I Pushed Away

Last night I woke to that same dream,
the one full of people that aren't you.
The fear came back when I rose
from the soaked cloth of sleep
after digging down to the bone.
I'll love, if I can, with knowing
our moments are gone. How I wish
you could be present, and pretend
for a moment, you miss me too.

To the Boy That Ran Away

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To the Boy Who Stole My First Kiss

It's an old story, you and I, hip to hip,
gathering wreckage in that kiss, me
not washing for days after wanting
the scent of both our bodies to sink in
somehow. I've so much to learn
about the sharp divide between *before*
and *after*, from biting into a fruit-bearing
heart, knowing the past sometimes
runs sweet and the future even sweeter.

To the Boy That Raped Me

Let me bruise again: think about
the ripe fruit in your palm eaten.
I could pretend I don't remember.
I could pretend and not be sorry
for wanting to be dislocated,
to be taken apart and put back
together again. I'll just keep think-
ing of you like this, like my throat
won't swell from the stings.

Please recycle ... to a friend

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'Face in Hands' Sculpture

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