

She knew the human heart,  
 and because she was a giant,  
 she knew about things  
 that were elemental.  
 She knew the voice of frost.  
 She knew the vulnerability of ice  
 as it remembers water.  
 She was fleshy  
 and archival.  
 Canonical  
 and non-canonical.  
 He sat up with her  
 for three nights.  
 The old god,  
 delighted.

He sat  
 in the crook of her arm,  
 felt warmed  
 by something almost geothermal.  
 He loved the sound of her voice.  
 He loved the chambered resonance  
 of her vowels.  
 Her enormous brain  
 held fold upon fold  
 of poetry.  
 Riddles, boasts, incantations.  
 Praise poetry.  
 Opaque poetry.  
 Poetry  
 translucent as amber.

**Another Origin Story**

The god, alarmed  
 jettisons  
 some of the poetry,  
 scatters  
 it out,  
 backwards.  
 Great poets  
 are nourished  
 by what he brought  
 to Asgard.  
 The rest of us  
 find chunks  
 of bird shit,  
 count ourselves  
 lucky.

He took  
 long sips.  
 He was cheating  
 the giantess.  
 The first poetry  
 pours  
 into him.  
 He escapes  
 in the form  
 of an eagle.  
 Her father  
 follows him,  
 also  
 in the shape  
 of an eagle.

**Lucky**

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 printed from the website.

Cover: *Giantess gives out shit & honey*  
 by Lauri Burke

**Origami Poetry Project™**

**Commotion**  
 Nancy Jasper © 2016

*Commotion* and *Another Origin Story* first  
 appeared, in somewhat different form, in  
 Nancy's collection of Icelandic poems, *Egil Is*  
*Baffled By Grief*.

Recycle this microchap  
 with a friend.



**INTRO**

These poems are based on an old Norse  
 story about how gods and humans  
 received the gift of poetic inspiration.  
 They are based on Snorri Sturluson's  
 account in his Edda.

Snorri's account is wonderfully episodic.  
 In the central episode, Odin agrees to  
 spend three nights with a giantess, in  
 exchange for three sips of the Mead of  
 Poetry. He cheats, and escapes with all of  
 the mead.

*Commotion* and *Lucky* follow Snorri's story,  
 more or less.

The third poem re-imagines the three  
 nights with the giantess.

**Commotion**

There's a certain misogyny here,  
 (how large women are,  
 how demanding)  
 but I think, on balance,  
 Snorri gets it right  
 about Odin's three nights  
 with the giantess.  
 How poetry  
 is not only a fine ferment,  
 but also  
 carries with it  
 a history of commotion,  
 skirmish,  
 the ogre's bed.  
 How even  
 in its origin story,  
 the poet  
 is formed  
 from spittle,  
 the honey  
 mixed with blood.