



...may 31, 2012...

paper twisted birds and flowers  
grow width and height and depth  
crafting a three dimensional  
imaginary world -

fold and press - rotate and curl  
in leaves without their chlorophyll  
and birds that claw no slender twig  
near blossoms that no nectar fills -

and yet and yet - each pleated crease  
recalls somehow a vanished scent  
shivering a somewhere breeze  
that breathes a different kind of spring.

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