Even the crane made from paper,  
folded and folded along careful lines. Even the lines

of the palm uplifted to receive it (but of all  
those lines only one named for love). When I believed

in a name for everything, even the smallest  
and most far, the child offered her simple square,

creased into neck & wings & pleated beak  
and I took it against the minnow-thin

alleys of my hands, and sometime  
just before or after sat across a table from you

while inside my body street after street  
tracked to the winter river, the city’s

skyline pierced by church spires whose dark  
unfolded against the different dark behind

so for a moment it seemed anyone  
could know their edges,

could coax them into closeness  
by telling herself spire, sky.