

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*.