

Instructions for Folds: Why Iris?

1.

A mattress pressed kind of a surface flattened
—dart, tip, creasing horizontally

2.

She said it was
transformative, to pull

front and back

flaps || the way a garment
changes everything (almost
in half) a woman folding

almost to the bottom

is dark green better to please
ourselves or others growing

3.

From the bottom is wine, as buried, fruit
festive arm warmers for Christmas choir

4.

By turning
the most unusual orientation
what is peculiar typified or
defied, repeat || step 7 and pressed || flat
the way we see is
sharp, shaped like a diamond or a heart
with multiple points || beating

5.

A finger inserted is opening
what hides beneath color, a skin ||
to crave texture disfigured, what we want
a persona projected, pulled
to the middle and sewn

like a pocket despite a tendency
to partner we operate

in threes

6.

He said he had a vision: valves, a rush
a red || when our walls

weaken vessels
grow thinner and thinner, color spills
out blue, when white remains

a kite inside a kite

7.

One square, holding
two, another

8.

Repeating step 12 || fold inward when
two meet in the center a diamond
split and four flaps again on each side ||
a preoccupation with patterns || I wanted
independence from other bodies
but a seam run down the middle
all that separates these halves

9.

When corners adjoined
in the center form four small
flaps, when flipped || coercion
only, what stems, what flowers to see

10.

For each of the other "new diamonds" lack slits
hide beneath folds
or disguised making new, cursed

by clocks trying to fold time
is an elegant box, engineering

movement of patterns, I wanted a partner yet
a linked pair signaling the presence

of disease || earth turned under a huge

metal belly in fractal lateral, a human mind split
at the edges what follows

is excess text unless you are invested
in keeping distinct || I don't think that rules out recombinatory

Anyway, those handwritten notes we made on Valentine's Day must've
disappeared into the folds of clouds and state borders somewhere above Arizona

11.

Both front and back, no visible slits
showing when a layer, a strata lapses
bends back into alignment with itself

12.

An eye folds and parses, light into colors
repeat with opposite-shaped pockets

13.

Fold first the flap, making a flat
surface on front so no slits are
visible || to what extent a perfect
diamond is viable || opening or dyed
mustard to muddied green, who
are we trying to please? forced
to hurt again—how colors bend
if folded into another, resist
clotting, stretched thinner and thinner

14.

Male eye liner, pushing, mobility upward
in place-making, folds, why iris?

15.

While holding—
the bottom line exposed, turn
the whole thing over and repeat ||

Tucking sharp

mental corners into softer
habits, skim melody and harmony
into concurrent streams ||

A throat and a cervix can't separate lesions or cells

what water remembers dissolving

help form four hands, hold
white sheets taut || recursive and with whom to rest

husbands, nuns, and us, we are
sheets of cells folded into tissues

till a single axial dot
till old leaf skeleton in
still pond

16.

Toward center becoming a semblance of you
facing down

17.

Then fold where two converging in the isometric are small, secluded
corners from which escape may be secret or left used to protect or
mark then diamond into a pure or nearly private place can be
cutting to cede control where surfaces meet a study in impossible shapes
any part, especially remote a projecting point, horn, stone then
paper as carbon flawless or almost crystallized extremely hard,
to center: an end, a margin, an edge

18.

What a corner conveys or reveals
in bars with notebooks

19.

Until smaller pockets are
a manifestation, when viewed
from the side || the colored
part and two triangles rising, a disc
in the eye that parses
light into

a hand or || ethereal || to say,
isn't that what you wanted?

20.

Repeat steps 18 and 19 until
a perpetual cycle of re-imagining
relationship unfolded ||

Then we were all the same derived from the same matter
broken for the sake of remaining
siblings joined to another
matter forming another, when finished
the promise
of origins if we should look
like leaves, the tips curling down

21.

Pull each of the corners, to four or more

Gold coast train ride with another family, company
to be mined or hidden in calligraphy || solitary figures cast
shadow islands rippling in grass || in the bright with others
by day doing the work for which no effort can make happen
but singular busy || presence

Night peels—make a second skin—your own bed knows you
to be met there || soil preparation the roots spread out, facing downward

The flat soft space that holds an impression, asleep. “It might not happen...

...tomorrow, or the next day...”

Life is long for knowledge of him?

Folded lengthwise and wide