

THE FOLDING CRANE

*Control is folding shirts neatly only to stuff inside a bag. Aka an illusion
Life suds stain, mangle, and wring out our succulent joy to leave residue
A spin out of our entire being will ensue as we lose the center of control
Remember: An iron's as close as you'll get to a crease-free life. We wrinkle.*

*Our desires have no desire to hide or bleep themselves. They live **au naturel**
Wide open they are purposeful in their approach, yet afraid and vulnerable
Stapled barbs piercing our hearts, our unnecessary shame centerfolds
Living sharp on high alert, prickly and aloof, while remaining surface smooth.*

*Money talks in riddles and rhymes, cracking at the surface skin as broken bones
Pointing at the ever-shifting interests and wandering decimals: the fractures
Of society's inequities. Its cruel logic and clear contempt. Its dull structure
Apple-crisp fresh billfolds tease the poor while pursuing those sweet deals.*

*Sans belief, minus faith, trust, truth, and basic moral compass, we crumble
Give up the semblance of try, with ethics appearing visible as ghosts
Quickly lose the rules, the laws, and decide that the only way is our way
Folding fast as we liquefy our backbones, collapsing rudely, as cheap chairs.*

*This gamble with the spice of your tandoori, your fragrant curry, is living
Always play with a poker face, bold heart, cards laid out for each game
Risk owns the deck, the flow, and stakes, but take a seat at the table
These hands with callouses, blisters, and scars, these hands go all in.*

*Once bitten, say our elders - knowingly, sagely, annoyingly - is twice shy
Idioms on a Sunday morning, read from newspapers or off a coffee cup
Twofold is surely just failure evolving? A do-over doubling to twice grown
Evolution is folding failure into our dough, absorbing all our Worth Watts.*

*Like a cake, we fold it in, sponging up experience to make us all sweet and soft
Our recipe reads like a poorly-written cookery book, hungry for disaster
Beaten by threats of expiration and potential vomit of our shameful flavors
Discarded in dumpsters and out of car windows, our essence never tasted.*

*Our pages turn in the wind and stick with saliva, a dampness dense and needy
Inks wet with a desperation we cannot control, letting our characters blur
We index our wonderous deeds, our acts, and our chapters like librarians
Yet we fold our dreams, hopes, and ambitions to fail as fast as magazines.*

*Arms folded in defiance, a soldier at your castle gate forever saying no
Twists tight as an elbow to the throat seals the wretched deal to deny
This is damaging treason found in brain gyri and sulci willing war
This is a proof-point for paranoia on speed dial leaving a body longing.*

*Embracing a spectrum, a body, a being all at once, you are my everything
In you and your infinite spaces, a cavernous love now exists within me
I fold you gently and with great and sublime tenderness into us
Two lives are with sudden, infinite ease, and easy grace, made whole.*

*All hope is contained in whispers with hands pressed tightly in this gesture
An emoji entered in your current thread to speak ardently to your god
Clutching at a meaning made real to validate these honorable beliefs
We kneel at the foot of our beds, seeking the faces of truth in expectant altars.*

*Life unfolds as a picnic blanket upon a lawn, attracting ants curiously
Laying out feasts and temptations as we formulate, quickly, a menu
To follow the appetizers, mains, and desserts served to you or not
Eating only the pure protein, real fats, and rich sauce of life's endless mystery.*

*1,000 cranes will carry you to heaven, soul lifting to 30,000 ft. minimum
Folded to receive your wishes for happiness, good luck, or perfection
Complexity held in every precise crease, every fold screaming with simplicity
An ideal of a worthwhile existence, resisting a meaningless life.*

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