

Love is the coming and going  
of Belonging. Angels tell me  
your name in darkness.  
Some women are raptures.  
Some smooth air.  
Some are stamped with angel's whispers.  
I am entralled with blue light  
moving on your face.

2.

I am poor.  
I will always be poor.  
But as long as your hand is delicate  
struggle between the ratters of my heart,  
I will be rich. The kind of richness  
that raises print into light  
filtered through angel plumes of blue flares.  
I see your concentration  
to make things right, like a promise  
older than rocks.  
You want to make things right:  
You want to learn how to make them better.  
Teach me how to love,  
tender as your attempt of writing  
to get things right.

3.

**David Delivered out of Many Waters**  
Blake illustration (1805) to *Psalm 18* -  
In whiv David asks God for salvation  
from his enemies

From the bottom of many waters,  
with my arms stretched wide, I beg,  
give me salvation from my enemies.  
The waters are dangerous,  
but my request is more dangerous.  
It is a plea for Deliverance:  
make my enemies perish.  
In this murky water, I hear Christ question  
the worthiness of me and my prayer:

*Why pray for violence?* For this,  
I have no answer. The sword, or song;  
I know them, but not together.

I am drowning in anger.  
No angels can lift me.  
No prayer can part these seas.

**THE COMING AND GOING  
OF BELONGING**



**MARTIN WILLITTS JR.**  
*Reading William Blake*

**What Do I Know of Belonging?**

"I am under the direction of messengers  
from Heaven daily and nightly." Blake 1802

1.

I am pierced open by angels  
engraving angles of light.  
What do I know of Belonging?

Some men are wretched,  
month of fog and rain.  
Some lash at darkness,  
as if it made any difference.  
I am exhausted by angels.  
I am sleepless with them.  
What do I know about Belonging?

Some men build cathedrals  
in their lonely hearts, bells stuck,  
never ringing out angels, never  
holding the breath of God  
into belonging, or into a garment,  
or keepsake of tenderness.

Loss is angel's feathers raining.

Some men never recover  
from a tremendous fall.  
Some men hurdle darkness at others.  
What do I know of belonging?

**Outward Creation**  
"I do not behold the outward Creation  
& that to me it is hindrance..."  
From *A Vision of the Last Judgment*

In the nothingness after,  
there was a cleansing,  
my tears were wiped by hair.

I heard the universe welcoming me.  
It came from everywhere & nowhere.  
I was translucent. I was air.  
I was the music, the Silence,  
& merged light.

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**David Delivered out of Many Waters**  
Blake illustration (1805)

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OF BELONGING**

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