

they found the beast gleaming  
in the forest, like a half-moon  
hidden behind some ferns,  
then threw their chains on,  
then threw their language on,  
then threw their faith on,  
dragging the poor creature  
out of the forest of its youth  
and strength, putting it on display  
for civilized people  
in the new world of old ideas.

**Domesticated**

it is as if they are standing  
toe to toe  
back to back  
arranging the small colored pebbles  
pretending that if they glue  
them all together just right  
they produce a living, thinking  
whole being  
who people do not grow this way  
but the truth is much more organic,  
essential, and complicated.

**Assembling Line**

the sounds in the other room  
must have been awful  
but he was not born yet,  
not though of yet, not named,  
yet, when all of this happened,  
he was not bold yet  
in his formal wear, not appreciated  
yet in his full form,  
and the betrayal is softer  
but still burns his soul like ether.

**Betrayal**

flap and fledgling,  
a small figure on sticks,  
spread out like Christ  
and observing the garden,  
now and then a deer  
nibbling at the corn dangling  
from his burlap coat.

**Scarecrow**

*Please recycle to a friend!*

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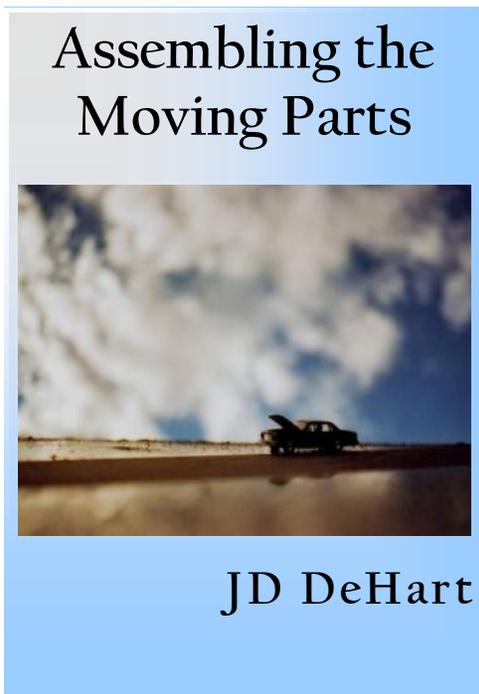
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**Origami Poetry Project™**

Assembling the Moving Parts  
JD DeHart © 2014



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**The Blue Automobile**

the car used to be bright  
but now exists under a layer  
of unfair rust,  
now sitting useless under the tree  
like an old retired man,  
the engine probably housing  
a hive of bees like the swarm  
we saw in that yard last summer,  
the other cars in the driveway  
sending up photon images  
headlight hieroglyphics onto the wall  
while we try to catch sleep.

**Gravity**

this is the spot where the fire  
happened, those moments  
of conflagration, and life spent,  
so that for weeks when we drove  
by, we thought about nothing else  
but now we have moved on,  
now we drive past and think about  
our trappings and wares, our account  
information, and dissecting  
mounds of fried chicken, for we must  
always move on.