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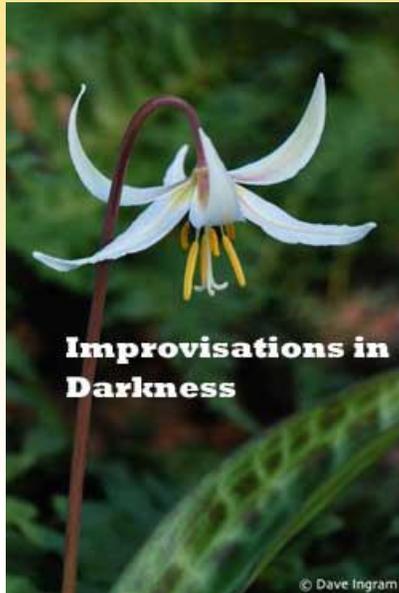
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Origami Poetry Project™

Improvisations in Darkness  
Martin Willitts, Jr. © 2014



## Martin Willitts, Jr.



8. (This is for my mother,  
heading into Alzheimer's  
like it was a destination,  
a one-way, no exit strategy,  
and all the others  
hopelessly lost,  
as everything disappears,  
nothing remaining,  
then dies –  
I might be coming your way.  
9. Until then,  
I grab onto fistfuls of light,  
keep them in a drawer,  
write flames of memory,  
turn darkness into origami,  
my chin in yellow  
from holding a Buttercup.)  
The opposite of loss  
is finding.

7. Memory comes,  
and unfortunately,  
goes  
when age removes it,  
replacing with forgetfulness,  
shadows of memory,  
lights going on  
one by one,  
hallways emptying.  
Why can't memory be  
a Buttercup  
we held to our chins  
when we were children  
to see who liked butter,  
but instead,  
this Buttercup Memory  
would show  
who remembers  
what is necessary  
and forgets  
what needs forgiving.

## Improvisations In Darkness

1. The delineation from lamp  
circuitous  
around a corner, into  
a dark room, narrowing  
into lost light, is still  
disappearance  
of one reality  
into another, all hazy  
edges  
into nothingness.  
Going into the unknown,  
expect surprises.  
2. Going from dark  
into darker,  
there is always  
ambient light –  
like rain  
against windows,  
soft, then hard,  
then noticing  
it's gone.

hair on our arms, rising,  
like antennas,  
like microbes searching  
communally.  
Emerge into light  
with the same, tentative steps.  
6. When doubting in shadows  
remember  
first buds –  
blue Johnny-Jump-Ups,  
white Fawn Lilies,  
pink Chinese Hellebore,  
crepe-paper Oriental Poppy.  
First to appear in shadows  
in snow  
under last year's leaves,  
white, bell-shaped  
Snowdrops uncurl,  
first and foremost.  
What comes, goes –  
but memory, ah, memory  
is something remaining  
curling out of itself  
when needed.

The lack of light,  
The lack of imagination.  
True blindness  
is not seeing things  
for themselves.  
We do this, in first love.  
Later, the light comes on,  
we realize we made a mistake,  
an error in judgment,  
darkness floods the heart,  
switches off our brain,  
drains blood from our veins.  
True blindness  
continues  
when we continue  
even after  
knowing the facts.  
5. In Total Darkness  
we learn to use other senses,  
the ones less traveled,  
pinpricks of awareness  
as air against skin,

3. In Total Darkness,  
you develop a sense  
of where things are.  
You do not need to see them.  
You know their shape,  
density, their dark purpose,  
knowing how to avoid them,  
like radar.  
If only  
this worked  
in relationships,  
there would be no failure,  
we'd all know what to do,  
who to avoid,  
what to say, when to say it  
instead of blurting  
the first thing  
coming to the tip our tongue  
and no way  
to reel it back in.  
4. In Total Darkness  
there is no such thing  
as darkness.