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## Origami Love Lessons

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## Origami Love Lessons

### **Author Bio**

JULIA CHIN is a sophomore English major with a Writing Concentration and a Music minor. She writes for The Gettysburgian, sings soprano for College Choir, and swing dances for herself—everyone should have the chance to laugh at the delightfully silly messes they become now and again. She is in love with words.

# Origami Love Lessons

JULIA CHIN

Pretty, patterned paper can be practical if it is  
 Deep cobalt, salt-sprinkled with constellations.  
 I chose it because no matter how much they  
 Twinkle and shine and give light to the Earth,  
 The stars will not bend to my will.

You left me with paper cuts on both of my  
 Ring fingers, the smell of scarlet rust soaking  
 Through thin layers of what were once trees,  
 Plus the inevitable feeling that I'll never be  
 An expert at this timeless craft.

Squares folded easily under my thin hands  
 Until I had produced an aviary of  
 Swans, cranes, doves, larks, and ravens,  
 Each a collection of geometrically cut edges,  
 And that's exactly what they did: cut.

Their paper wings fluttered inside my chest  
 Until I bled inwardly from the constant  
 Rubbing of sharp corners and creases  
 Against pink cardiac muscle  
 Beating to the steady rhythm of

you.

you.

you.