

# Origami Birds

*David Rock*

I release my pretty doves  
and they ascend like sparks  
to disappear. And look  
how restless I am,

rather like a child,  
thinking how  
small I feel.  
But small is fine.

I also have a mountain  
where I can go  
to be alone.  
And when I come down,

all beautiful and old,  
having seen everything,  
having talked to God, I will say  
to the first person I meet:

Here, take this bird I made.  
My left hand has no idea;  
my right hand is totally  
blind, feeling its way.