

Unfolding

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1. Suppose I were to begin by saying that I have nothing to say. My life like a bowl of rice, a fluorescent light, a stop on the train.
2. Suppose I were to begin by saying that I used to wake up in the night and turn on the light to write down words that weren't even true.
3. The ink black like fur.
4. Then the room dark like fur.
5. Now I sleep through the night. Now I write lies. I don't sleep, I don't write.
6. Suppose I were to say that I have my life set up like a Potemkin village. That I am in love with comfort. With wine and unwinding.
7. That I am unwinding. My body and life one thread drawn out from the past. Everything I've done and everything I am, everything, one thread.
8. That I am unfolding. Unfolding and unwinding in three dimensional space, with diagrams, with engineers, with strings. With walks in the park, with sunscreen, with gelato, defeat.
9. I can unfold origami like a master, like an artist, like a chef.
10. I can unfold origami almost as well as I can drink and daydream.
11. A paper fox. A shark, a cat, a rabbit. A horse, a bear, a wolf.
12. A mouse.
13. Suppose I were to say that I am unfolded. That this is what it is like to be unfolded. That I remember when these shapes made up a figure capable of mystery and motion.
14. That this is what it is like to be exhausted. To be tired, to go to sleep, to not sleep, to wake up again. To be a creased sheet. Not blank but somehow more blank than before, when fresh squares of cardstock fell out of plastic wrap like snowflakes.
15. That I have a fear burnt to nothing in a lantern. A fear being slowly forgotten.

16. Life like water put on to boil and forgotten.
17. It rises and disappears.
18. I am afraid of my thoughts, of my own thoughts. How they might not be interesting enough, how they are not interesting enough. Not now, not before.
19. I was self-conscious at seventeen and one day thought *at least my thoughts are beautiful, at least I think truly beautiful thoughts.*
20. Interesting enough for what?
21. I have no answer for that. Or, the answer is sad like endeavors are sad. I only like goals when they are in front of me.
22. Unfortunately I think this means I like conquest. Unfortunately I think this means I do not think beautiful thoughts.
23. I'd give up thought for rice and art. For an origami village in the snow.
24. To see beautiful colors, to see truly beautiful colors. For my hands to fold a flower, a mailbox, a window. For it to snow and for me to crunch through to my paper village like a giant, like someone in control.
25. The crunch of snow. I could not be happier if my ears were flowers that ate sounds. Ate the crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch.
26. I could not be happier if someone french-braided me into a vineyard. Invited me to dinner, looked into my eyes. Said, oh, your eyes, they're green, and gold, and the shape.
27. A hand open like an antler, a stop on the train, a room dark like fur.
28. A blank sheet, so pink, and pure, and the shape.
29. An unfolded fortune.
30. To think truly beautiful thoughts.
31. I could not be happier.