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## How Origami was Invented

The last I went to confession was to whisper  
I like being alone. I was penanced to sing  
Stayin' Alive one hundred times. Solitude  
almost tastes like grapes, of course not  
but alone I can think such things,  
there's no one to counter strawberries.  
Particularly the Big Holidays are a good time  
to have a conversation with buildings,  
everyone's gone, to talk with buildings  
you merely lean against them,  
they do the rest, brick is thrilled  
to be touched, marble, I shun marble, so  
haughty. Cities need to be alone and oceans  
and the moon gets too much credit  
let's leave it out of this. I've been given  
vast sympathy for this affliction.  
Did you know the face of someone who thinks  
you're a loser  
slash  
psychotic looks like a photo of Nixon  
lifted from newspaper with Silly Putty  
and stretched? While thinking of that sentence  
remember this isn't a science.  
If I was not alone sometimes I'd all the time  
not want to be with people. This

because we invented spandex and chit chat.  
Other species invent beehives and asexual  
reproduction and spots on wings that look  
like eyes but are just spots.  
Sometimes I wish the mouth  
looked like the mouth but was just the mouth  
being kissed. The mouth  
kissed both presents and works against  
solitude. If that idea was origami  
I'd refold it into a heron. I can't, not yet,  
but I'm alone this weekend and there's paper  
everywhere on which I've tried  
to write a clear path to you.

Bob Hicok

First appeared in *The Kenyon Review*  
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Bob Hicok's latest book of poems, *Animal Soul* (Invisible Cities, 2001) is a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award. His work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Boulevard*, *The American Poetry Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *The Southern Review*, *The Pushcart Prize XXV*, two editions of *The Best American Poetry*, and other publications.