

Playground

Children laughing, giddy
on the see-saw—
we two, locked together,
know that joy

Your body—an origami
angel's wing—unfolds

Unimagined, unexplored,
a curve of flesh shifts,
revealing hidden space

The folded edge of bone
holds a hollow for an instant
then, letting go, reveals
the fullness that was there

Space, folded back like paper
shows its other side,
concave becomes convex,
the hollow fills, your body—
an origami angel's wing—enfolds

Children laughing, giddy
on the see-saw—
we too know that joy.

Timothy O'Leary