**Origami, Refolded**

Suzanne Rogier Marshall

Given a square of washi paper—mine

textured, stained earth shades and ash—

I line up the edges, press sharp folds

on a hard surface, rotate, reverse,

turn over, under, over years into

mountains, valleys, crevices,

unseen ravines.

My paper worn, wrinkled, torn

along deep seams, edges softened,

I unfold, smooth the creases.

Light feathers through.

I begin again. A simpler shape—

paper wings, flight aligned

with the vast, dark Universe ever folding,

unfolding.