

CREATURES OF THE FOLD

by Natalie Meisner (YYC's 5th Poet Laureate)

We are magical creatures,
creatures of the fold
with clever fingers & nimble minds.

We can take, between finger
and thumb
a single sheet of paper;
velvety velum textured or smooth
in crayon shades, brightly hued
or plain and simple white
& make a thing that did not exist
only a moment ago.

We are magical creatures who,
in the blink of an eye (even less)
think: paper & remember how folded
into this word is our history
thousands of years people
on every continent finding
things to write on
including, but not limited to:
papyrus, silk, clay,
sandalwood, birch bark
even the earth herself.

We are creatures of the fold
making maps, drawing symbols
on pop-up blueprints:
fold here, along this dotted line,
writing a love letter to the future
slipping through time
etching dreams into fortunes,
think, try, invent, play
in the wet sand before the tide.

Yes we are magical creatures,
creatures of the fold
& for each crease to hold
our touch must be gentle
& patient & kind.

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All twenty-nine bones of our clever fingers
carpal, metacarpals, phalanges, trapezium

All twenty-four muscles

All one hundred and twenty-three ligaments

median, ulnar, flexors extensors

must work in tandem

a symphony of cooperation,

for no one finger makes a fold alone

Oh magical creatures, Oh creatures of the fold

If each digit works together

a new shape will form

If we give more than than we take

If we use what is at hand

& a touch firm but kind

with just the right amount of pressure

something new will be born.

