

Fold lengthwise and unfold. This crease is a guide.

Though a pound of petals is a point of reference, still, almost material, immensurate, our bodies feel the incalculable weight of beauty.

Fold the top corners in so they meet at the centre.

How heavy is the elasticity of our attentions, multiplied by [200](#) bodies, together and apart, [a natural echo](#) between, within, reaching the past and the future.

Fold the entire top down, making sure you leave a half inch or so at the bottom.

And even, how light, the flick of a barb on a bow hair, like a wisp, a pitch of breath, [said, unsaid, I say, and will, and we all](#).

Fold the top corners in so they meet at the middle. Allow for a small triangle to peek out from beneath the folds.

Striations layer lenses, how heavy is a view of mountains you build yourself, again, and again. A [continuously rising](#) ethereal beauty.

Fold the small triangle up to hold the previous folds in place.

How heavy is this warmth, nurture, this hope, plucked out of, tightly wound, dropped down. In [a time of back break we can study the roots](#).

Fold in half, moving outwards, so the triangular fold is visible on the bottom edge.

Would a rare drop in the desert fall more heavily than the first tear in a year? We witness the weightless surrender. Sparks, though light, still fall. Their weight is reflected in the ripples.

Fold each [wing](#) down to meet the bottom edge.

*Robyn Jacob, March 2018*