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Expanding of a Sphere (Arrival of a Potential)

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and meanings that meant so much
Shredded ideals flicker,
fly away, fallen, silently,
one-by-one
to the ground.

Paper illusions build and build into piles of twisted origami cranes.
Brutally, she snaps the necks,
one-by-one
and the cranes, cry,
see all the others upside-down,
limp heads dangling,
hopeful, and hanging on.
Dangling.

Something about a fight
and how bulging veins pull up festering words in stale sheets,
wrapping cold within and keeping cold outside,
squinting crane after crane into the big king bed,
like a teddy bear sleepover gone wrong.
Branches sweep against unshaved legs.
Trying to spread her.
Trying to let Sunlight back in.

Her eyes, seeing the night of all dark nights, sleep,
in the way
only open-eyes-of-darkness
sleep.