Two poems, room for an image

Read or use exact text access. Printed patterns and an actual heard/performed response stay distinct.

C — Folded city

C1. Crease, crease — a street begins.
C2. Small doors lean into the light.
C3. A roof remembers fingers,
C4. a bridge holds its breath all night.
C5. Here is a square with no name yet;
C6. here is a space we can keep.
C7. The city loosens its paper hands
C8. and lets a new path creep.

D — The pause on the shelf

D1. Not the whole river.
D2. Not the whole sky.
D3. A strip of blue,
D4. a corner turned high.
D5. I leave a little room
D6. beside the things I know:
D7. a shelf can be a harbour
D8. for what I let go.

Which line would you keep? What does it help you imagine?

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