Crafts of the Imagined: Where

only the crease remains
an edge and the unknown
and your refusal of limits
the pants, papers, brows
delicate on a ridge
the horizon where a line must meet
change, between a cut and a chance
between a line and our overlay
and no such blank color
as the one of one step
slashed—tether of old
a slack noose—a start.

what happens with a fall
Flat.

what happens when waves
Fold.