

# *There, in Folded Space, We Must Have Met*

*by Rommel Chrisden Samarita*



Photograph: “Met” by Dave Thewlis. “There, in Folded Space, We Must Have Met” was written by Rommel Chrisden Samarita for *Rattle’s Ekphrastic Challenge*, February 2016, and selected by Thewlis as the Artist’s Choice winner.

Things are always a question of after  
or which life is after another.  
Our world is a geometric construction  
of lines and interactions.

We are shapes dwelling in space;  
we are intercepts found in planes.  
The order of things has taught us  
how to count squares and circles,

Angles and rectangles that form  
the unity of two worlds.  
Counting is not so different from  
charting possibilities

Or engendering the very possibility  
that the world we inhabit  
May really be flat. In the beginning,  
it was folded into half to mirror

Spaces, beings, and times, so we may learn  
not of existence, but co-existence.  
We must have met there. There, in folded  
space. Because we are made

To walk in search of. We are made  
to linger for presence. We are made  
To stand and witness. We are made  
to stretch our fingers up the sky

To trade silence with salvation.  
Just like the travelers, or passengers,  
Or statues, or trees. We ask “what will I  
become after this life?”

We live in half and have lived in another  
half. Like shadows betraying bodies,  
Our curse lies in not knowing our close  
approximations. Travelers are

Travelers, passengers are passengers,  
statues are statues, trees are  
Trees in this life and after. There, in folded  
space, we must have met.

