

ROGER SEDARAT

Techno-Origami

translation of Haji Khavari

The 3-D printer
worked overtime
sculpting lemon trees
complete with bees
on budding flowers.
The overheated machine
filled the cardboard orchard
with the scent of hot plastic.
The 12th nightingale arrived
like a prophet
in a cloud of smoke,
considering the same hand
that pushed “print”
remained destined to strike
a single match
and wave goodbye
to a paradise
of paper.

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