

Summer we used dumbbells to stop the floor's
buckling after the flood. My passenger-side
window shattered between exits.
Fishtailed is how you described your hit.
Separate wrecks, our bodies
remained and touch remained:
glass at the bottom of my purse, forms
you covered with to-go napkins
and a bottle of mustard on
the nightstand for indigestion.
Acid fought acid.
You didn't press charges.
After too long in the sun,
I sat in the hall breathing darkness.
I thought about robot monks.
How sometimes the monks were real.
The difference was a riddle,
like figuring if your mustard
worked in mysterious ways.

POURING

I hide my right cheek because a window
shattered while I drove. The school of cuts
reveals my down hair smells like smashed
apples. My neck sweats.
You sneak home with blue irises
I slice green onions a teary automatic
idiot it's hot and I can't see don't apologize
you say you're beautiful like an aquarium
fish I think lopsided before floating.

WRECK

My terminal mother was jealous of outings
without her except trips to the library,
walking distance. So I climbed stairs
to the children's section, where each week
I chose ten books, alphabetically, to read
rather than *To The Lighthouse*, my mind
taken with my mother's tubes,
the dark dresser of orange bottles:
a patch of tulips. Ferdinand refuses
to fight the matador. Anthony bumbles
a pot of spaghetti. Monkey's steal
a woman's caps for sale, plaid caps,
red caps, porch swing and loose dogs.
I made it to the F's.

THE CHILDREN'S SECTION

I bought tap shoes with Friday's lunch money.
"Are you sure?" the salesman asked.
"Yes, my mother wants me to be a dancer."
Black, ribbons. I click-clacked home,
hoping scuffed soles meant no returns.
I popped into the living room.
Mom frowned at my feet.
"You'll wear them to church tomorrow.
And every Sunday after," she punished me.
But I went to bed thinking fame, how instead
of *forgive*, each parishioner would think
dancer, whisper *dancer* until they couldn't help
applauding as I ruffed down the aisle.

PURCHASING POWER

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Project™

ORIENTEERING

Quinn White © 2013

Orienteering a sport that requires a set of
skills to navigate from point to point.



ORIENTEERING



Quinn White

FLORIDA FOREVER

When I was little, I talked to my dead
Uncle Poolie. I found a rock today. It said
Florida Forever. I want to write on a rock.
What should I say? Alive, he yelled at me
for walking on his oxygen tubes.
The tubes were cool: When he took a nap,
I inspected them. He was a diary.
Today, we got a yellow dog.
Today, they sent the dog away.
What does Florida Forever mean?
I studied the ceiling of his face.

THE ORIENTEER

This kid carried balloons.
He now and then let one go.
I asked what he was doing.
He said, "When I find where
the balloons end up,
I'll know I'm home."