

I watch mother's hands—
 the needle captured
 watch the shifting of thin fabrics,
 between two callused fingers,
 as she pulls the fragile stitches
 tighter. I study scars—wonder
 what she sees when she looks
 at my hands. She smiles, so I smile
 back. I'm not supposed to talk,
 to ask. I'm to see only the deftness
 of a needle and the bright patterns
 of cloth, the hidden stitches—
 the way she laces us gently
 together with her lies.

Stitches

I was only wanting to rise full-bodied
 like a heavy wet bird against the grey,
 suede sky—my mother gesturing,
 outstretched calloused hands, moist
 starry eyes. No words. I want to recover
 the legs of her lies, drape them over
 my arms as a life preserver, float across
 the wind for miles, ignoring
 the drowning.

Carried by the Wind

Sometimes in the night I count
 the embraces that never come.
 I call them *perfect*.
 Even while they shatter
 like anything else's
 bones.

Emerging From Broken

The kitchen is draped in silence.
 The walls bleed for us.
 We bake, my mother and I,
 watch the cookies rise up
 like warm, soft bellies.
 The room is hot
 and the oven buzzes
 with a thousand stings.
 My mother, she turns to me:
 I do not understand her expression.
 My silence captures the smell of the past.
 I am hungry again.

Baking

Please recycle to a friend!

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Stitches

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In Mommy's Shoes

I used to love playing dress up
 as a little girl. I saw my mother's
 closet as a magical dimension,
 a place filled with beautiful clothes.
 On me, her blouses became summer
 dresses, dresses ball gowns, silk
 scarves belts, and high heels
 catapults into the future. I spent
 countless hours staring at myself
 in the mirror, secretly wishing
 I was something beautiful heart
 could wear.

Mona Lisa's Smile

Can I paint what's on my mind,
 creating my own masterpiece
 straight from the heart? I've loads
 of filled tubes, brushes, a canvas
 large enough to achieve your smile.
 I mix shades, sweep brushstrokes
 with little confidence, rely on smudges,
 charcoal sketches, the imperfection
 of a little girl's memory too vague
 to know what's real.