

WHEN I LOVE YOU

At night you let me cling
to your warmth
without complaining,
my cold feet on your legs.
Every morning when you say,
"Hi, beautiful wife,"
even if I look like hell. In the garden,
the flowers you planted are blooming.
When the afternoon shadow
of the giant fir tree covers the yard,
the sun slips below the neighbor's house,
we sit by the fire pit and talk.

Lori Desrosiers © 2010

THE RENDEZVOUS / NO SHOW
(FOR WAYNE)

I took pain-staking-care-
showered-pressed-
wore laced underwear...
rouged my lips-
tinted my eyes....
shaved my legs
cologned my thighs
gone to extremes
to impress you.
only to be left- waiting- there
sipping my wine-
as people stared
wondering why
you'd cause -such pain-
gone to extremes
to distress me.

Lynnie Gobeille © 2010

HEISENBERG IN LOVE

And so the peach I describe
dripping juice down my chin
as I bite into its fleshy sweetness
is my dripping
lines from pen
to paper. And so what matters
in the universe
is how I meter
its rhythms. And if I write
what matters is energy
it is
and it is mine. And so I write these lines
about you;
there is nothing else
to do.

James Penha © 2010

SMALL WONDERS

Surely not one of the seven worldly wonders,
perhaps not even the millionth on that grand list.
No, not as marvelous as the Hanging Gardens
nor as startling as the shimmering Egyptian pyramids;
yet, still strange enough to call you to the window,
to ask you to stand with me, to gaze and to share
finding its way into that now vacant robin's nest.
With your head nestled on my shoulder we could ask
how chaotic galactic gasses cohered and shaped
our universe. Or how, when we first rendezvoused,
your velvety voice ignited starparks and thawed
the icy air. But on this grey February day the why
and how of a circle of gold in a bird's lodge will do.

Bill Sullivan © 2010

MERMAID

Anima of the sea
Singer of salt
Keeper of wrecks and secrets
Silent storm beneath
The cool skin of moonbeam waves

Hair curling and spilling
Over ripe breasts
Undulating midriff flowing
Into a swim of fins and scales
Even Odysseus cannot resist
Your wordless call

James B. Rosenberg © 2010

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE

MARCH 14, 2010

a collection of *Origami* love poems



THE TOWERS

Poets:

Nancy Brown
Barbara Schweitzer
Bill Sullivan
James Penha
Lynnie Gobeille
Lori Desrosiers
James B. Rosenberg

HOW DO I LOVE?

Does the moon
So love the earth that
It never turns away?
Does the mountain
So love the sky that
It forever reaches for it?
Does the river
So love the sea that
It rushes past boulders
To embrace the tide?
Does this puny word love
Mean all this and still
It cannot mean all
I feel and need to say.

Nancy Brown © 2010

GRAVITY

What holds a life to the planet we're told
is the weakest force and yet each of us
knows the inexhaustible arguments
that hold us one to the other, the lines
that tangle like unkempt hair, rasta knots
that begin to melt the separate shafts
into nests invincible to the comb.
We've known gravity in a different
realm, this realm of relating, of what? – love?
I've known love that bored holes through sense,
love that leapt out of windows locked shut
for the season. We all know these stories,
we thrive on these stories; they gather us
into tribes of well-meaning believers:
that love's bond is crazy glue all the way,
greater than gravity, greater than gods.

Barbara Schweitzer © 2010