a lesson 1 long remember no dance no bow no curtsey I retort those are not my gloves here are your gloves Iynn greets me returning to school next morning brobably with hand in my pockets my own I went home without gloves seemingly taunting me with her denial repeatedly to my request for their return she denied their possession Iynn had taken my gloves the facts remain true my memory has discarded some details Iynn had taken my gloves were gone gloves ωλ dioves

Please recycle to a friend.

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## Origani Posmy Project

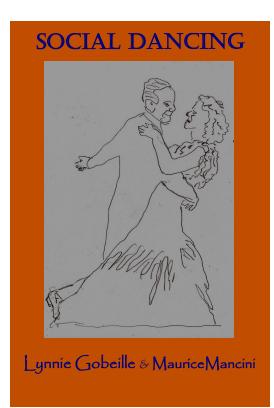
Cover Drawing by Maurice Mancini

Lynnie Gobeille's poem "on taking down my facebook page," appeared in The New Verse News, May 23, 2011.

Social Dancing

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Səvolg pats coats we clambered about the coat rack class was dismissed it must have been winter but the dance after the dancing it is not about the dancing but really this story has gone on for too long and even cha cha'd waltzed we tox trotted swongst bows and courtesy's miss malmberg, the principal arrived Aconbs of boy and girls laughing, giggling and snickering properly attired we meet in the cateteria after school оись з меек at ten or eleven social dancing

Maurice Mancini

## social dancing

## on taking down my facebook page

after reading Sherman Alexie's poem The Facebook Sonnet

## Lynnie Gobeille

Sometimes to be picked facebook to dance was a blessing. before the teacher Sometimes i felt "as if" could / would i was back in 7th grade, pair me up seated on a metal chair.... with the durina OTHER "social dancing lessons" fat girl sweating, in my class. waiting

praying