

## 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

♥ ♥ ♥  
Origami Poetry Project

## 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  
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## 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  
cologne'd 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

## 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

## 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  
with me the mystery of a long lost golden ring  
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 starsparks 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

## 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  
there is nothing else  
to do.

James Penha © 2010

## 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 set fire to empty phrases,  
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