

She must diet first on winter stones  
brought to the surface by uprooted trees;  
this, so she might ease out of her own  
comforting home, out of childhood ennui  
Now, residing in clouds of recreation,  
from bedroom to workshop, she swallows fears  
of her entombment and that ideation  
confirms it, visible to the naked eye,  
even one infirmed by lifelong fasting.  
The cost of a drug is heaviness, why  
one can't move, full of Sara Lee, gnashing  
on cotton candy made of lead, but her  
nerve holds, tentative as clarified butter ...

*Breaking the surface*

SELF-PORTRAIT TRIPTYCH 38

When she turned around to get her sunglasses,  
she thought she might find him contemplative,  
considering the loss of their years, the morass  
of their moods, the decision to un-live  
together; she worried that when she  
drove back with the car fully packed, he might  
beg her to stay or wipe tears away, but he  
was leaving through a magazine, her *Time*.  
In a year, they would meet again, he, released  
from the Navy, she ensconced in Providence;  
they would spend two days stoned so the memory  
would remain vague, his house refurbished, hence,  
her complete lack of recall as to which bed  
they spent in sex or how he led her to bed ...

*Crossing the line*

Geography invites its special cure,  
Swiss Alps, Eureka Springs, Rome, NYC.  
To believe they are the same is sincere  
of the provincial. No ceremony  
could satisfy her upsurge, electric  
and pure standing in line at the toll booths,  
crawling by the granite cliffs in traffic  
grew nine million potentialities,  
pooling toward the Cross Bronx. Under the roofs  
or so she thought, as she gained speed instead  
of kissing the ground. She'd come to believe  
seeds sown on hostile soil can lift their heads  
even among brutal weeds, but reproach  
is a weary yield; thus, she plowed on north.

*Crossing the line 2*

He tells us he uses it to down trees.  
We believe him through one then two murders  
but when we hear bells toll on number three  
we ask where he's going, and he murmurs  
*nowhere spectral*, looking quite suspicious  
we gleam, shifting his eyes this way and that,  
perfectly synchronized for lies' delicious  
escapes. It's hard to love him with his axe  
now that the facts from the woods look so bad,  
but we've loved him all his peculiar life.  
His mother won't give up despite such sad  
evidence. She huffs, *well, it's not a rifle!*  
believing too choicely might show panache. Yes!  
Just now sped, she denied a fresh carcass.

IT'S HARD TO LOVE AN AXE MURDERER

## A SONNET ON WHY WRITE SONNETS

One writes a sonnet in fifteen minutes  
to uncover what one might have in mind,  
not necessarily to beat Guinness  
Book of World Records, but rather to mine  
unknown fields of pleasure buried in silt  
of everydayness one lives with without thought  
to its harmful effect. Black lung's sad ilk,  
cachectic thinking, ruins minds, is that not  
true? A sonnet addressed to you may leave  
one open to complaint. Someone might say  
rhyming words with "you" is downright lazy!  
Stu, blew, few, through, two, queues are easy prey.  
No matter. It's great fishing in a mind,  
one's own babbling brook bobbing fourteen lines.

## BARBARA'S ORIGAMI SONNET COLLECTION

(38 + 2)



By

BARBARA SCHWEITZER

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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**Origami Poetry Project**

**Barbara's Origami Sonnet Collection**

38 + 2

by Barbara Schweitzer

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