

O rarely will the thing you most  
 need rise to your hand.  
 O rarely will your love come to  
 you on your darkest day  
 with the precise counter-spell. O,  
 friend, why do you sit  
 and wait for the bell? Rise now  
 and open the drapes. The  
 man or woman outside has a  
 word for you. It's only a word to  
 start the conversation. But O,  
 friend, you too are made of earth.  
 Alike, you are made of breath, too.

**Walking on God's Good Side**

The saint addressed us.  
 We felt undressed.  
 The priests dress  
 in night and day.  
 The children gather round  
 the square for games.  
 There is violence.  
 There is grace.  
 I turn to prayer before  
 I turn to salt.  
 The saint looks in the  
 mirror. A sinner looks back.

**Conviction**

I once knew a woman  
 named Gayla.  
 She burned with a green  
 flame, a flame  
 of life. She was carnal.  
 She was lovely.  
 And, like an opening,  
 she was impossible.  
 And like a shadow  
 she was ungraspable, ex-  
 cept in the lonely  
 precepts of the poem, here  
 pinned, here laid  
 out like the perishing bride.

**Why Gayla**

It's bitter the  
 taste of old words.  
 I find an ode  
 by a younger me  
 and I wince.  
 And then there is  
 the cutout copy  
 of your lipstick  
 lips. They speak to  
 me sometimes.  
 They tell me  
 you are indifferent  
 still. I give them  
 the old poems to say.

**Bitter**

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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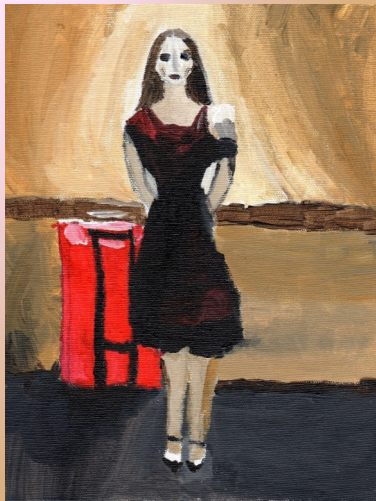
**Origami Poems Projects**

TO WRITING YOU  
 Corey Mesler © 2012

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"To Writing You" in Yes, Poetry  
 "Walking on God's Good Side" in Curio

TO WRITING YOU



Corey Mesler

*"Suddenly a sorrow the color of dawn  
 welled up in him."*

--Kobo Abe

**To Writing You**

The love poem in the drawer  
 is the one I wrote with  
 my eye teeth. Your  
 name has been expunged in  
 case the poem leaves  
 on its own. I spent a day  
 working on a sestina.  
 It turned out to be chowder.  
 And then I wrote a  
 song called "Amy at the Bat."  
 It wasn't about Amy  
 or you so I wrote a long letter  
 which I never mailed.  
 It explained the need for was-  
 ted words, and for  
 the struggle with the limbless,  
 brainless demon called Desire.