

They found me in the parking lot,  
White lighter in hand,  
Dashboard covered in ash,  
Singing "Let it Be"  
Close range to my steering wheel.  
I looked up,  
"DROF" imprinted on my forehead.  
"No wonder she's always late."  
Was all they could say.  
I rolled the window up.  
I wasn't done singing.

#### Hot Mess

I never trusted blue eyes,  
"So what's different?"  
They ask,  
"Crows feet." I reply  
Always was a sucker  
For fine lines.

#### Fine Lines

I found charm  
At the bottom of a bottle,  
Johnnie Walker Black.  
But...  
Considering I drank alone,  
It was wasted and promptly lost  
Along with my car keys and ID.

#### Bottom of a Bottle

I'd like to believe  
I sang him to me  
But, what is more likely  
Is that it was  
A mix of profanity  
And excellent taste  
In literature.

#### Love Potion

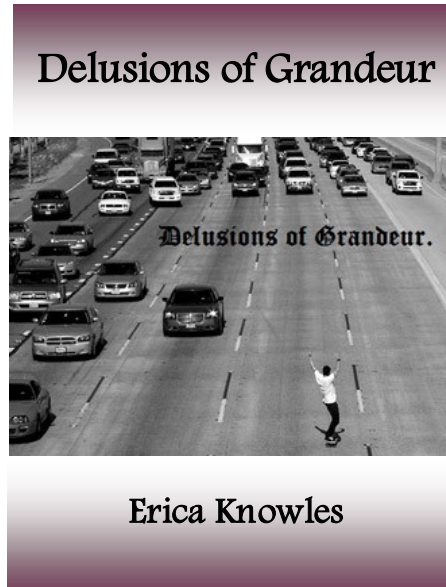
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Cover design by Erica Knowles

**Origami Poetry Project**

**Delusions of Grandeur**  
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#### **Blues for Breakfast**

I am somewhere  
Swirling in my coffee mug,  
Mixed with Miles and Aretha  
And, looking out  
On the pouring rain,  
The blues course through  
My over-caffeinated  
White-girl veins.