

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

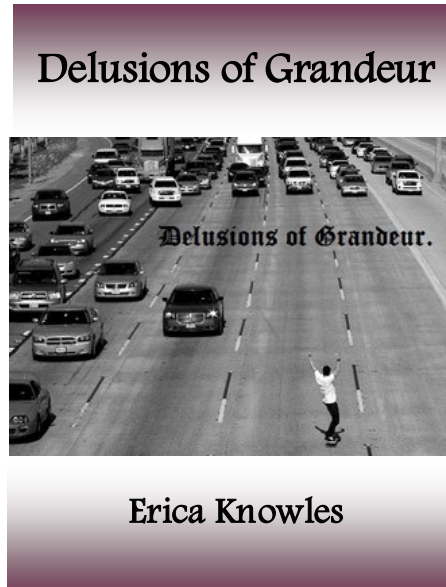
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Delusions of Grandeur
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Blues for Breakfast

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.