



## Wrighter's Block

by Erica Knowles

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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Cover Photo by Erica Knowles

**Origami Poems Project**

**Wrighter's Block**  
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### Ignite.

I want to write a thousand nameless notes  
And light them on fire  
And feed them to the wind.  
Send them flying towards that sparkling bridge.  
To burn it to the ground.  
So softly on the seashore  
A thousand shining grains  
Lie waiting to be trod upon  
To record footprints  
As proof of lovers existence.  
And the breeze carries their words  
Through time to memory.  
I want to forget those words  
As easily as fire can consume them  
And erase them from memory  
Because a lie lit on fire  
Is as lovely a lie gets.

### Nautilus.

Every detail of life  
Is happening  
Over and over.  
Except smaller and smaller  
On an infinite scale.  
A continuous circle of circumstance.  
We are the wind, recycled.  
Potential energy becoming kinetic.  
Life, again taking form.  
And you and I are atoms  
In constant motion  
And I think I have fallen  
On a scale greater than the universe.  
On a scale comprehensible by the human mind.  
And on a scale of atomic minimality.  
Happening over and over.  
Smaller and smaller.  
Backward and forward  
In time.  
Oh, my love.

### The standstill.

My mind is gone,  
Poured out like sand  
An hourglass run through.  
Grain by grain, my sanity stolen.  
Second by second  
Time moves slower.  
The standstill comes  
A moment too late.  
The door has shut.  
You are already gone.  
You slipped away  
Like sand through my fingers.  
I am an empty glass figurine  
With no purpose.  
Alone with eternity.  
An empty girl staring  
Through the static stillness  
At a closed door.  
Where your silhouette just was.

### Doppler Love.

You came screaming  
All aglow and flashing  
Like a savior.  
We almost collided.  
But instead,  
You flew past me.  
Your once promising  
Siren scream  
Fading into melancholy moans  
Through the widening distance.  
Our Doppler love,  
So fast and fleeting  
And front page worthy.  
Like any other disastrous tragedy.

### Ghost.

Someone's hand upon my face,  
Fingers laced into my hair.  
A silent promise,  
A calming presence,  
You are not alone.  
I exhale  
And fog up the car window.  
A word written there  
I had forgotten.  
Inscribed a thousand years ago.  
But the lonesome mystery remains:  
Whose fingerprints are these?  
A ghost's.  
These words on my windows are  
Promises that died long ago.  
And like the silver vapor of my breath  
My calm slips away  
Leaving me alone.