

I no longer measure out anyone's existence  
Compare no one to my (high) ideals.  
After all, ain't I the one seated here?  
Writing down the bones,  
Solitary,  
Silent  
Alone.

Both men say they stay "to keep her safe"  
The women swear they stay to torture their souls.  
Neither side will budge on this  
Their stories frozen on this page.

This one knows their voices will alarm the dogs.  
Knows the drunken mishaps (hers)  
Will end with bruises to be hidden.  
He knows it will end with tears (his)  
If he stays long enough to listen.  
By now I am getting better  
at recognizing the red flag warnings.  
His cheating, lies and deceit  
not really a cause for mourning.  
No, it was the sacrificial hanging  
that caused my heart to wreck.  
The noose tightly wound  
around my stuffed bear's neck.

**Solitary confinement: After speaking with  
men about relationships**


*Please recycle to a friend.*

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM  
or email:  
[origamipoems@gmail.com](mailto:origamipoems@gmail.com)

**Origami Poetry Project**

Epiphany: The Fine Art of  
Becoming Visible to One's Self  
by Lynnée Gobeille  
• 2010

Epiphany:  
The Fine Art of  
Becoming Visible  
to One's Self



By  
Lynnée  
Gobeille

**Husband # IV, The "Wanna-Be" Rock Star**

By now I am getting better

at recognizing the red flag warnings.

His cheating, lies and deceit

not really a cause for mourning.

No, it was the sacrificial hanging

that caused my heart to wreck.

The noose tightly wound

around my stuffed bear's neck.

**Husband # III, "The Suit"**

Business man, father of three,

consumed by the idea of appearances

his wish was for me to be thinner.

at 105 pounds and losing more-

they found me unconscious

on the kitchen floor.

Epiphany - an illuminating  
realization or discovery,  
often resulting in a personal  
feeling of elation, awe, or wonder.

- Wikipedia

**Husband # II, The Vietnam War**

The second one went down in flames.

Discovered him hiding in our bathroom

bone tired and weary with regret.....

cooking up his cocaine

in my mother's silver spoon.

**Husband # I, the Hippie**

I knew my first marriage was over  
When I came home to find my husband  
coloring the spines of our album collection,  
reds were HIS...  
blues were MINE.