

Lock Down

She struggles on in her world
Minus lover
Struggles to confront the demons
In her mind's attic.
Splits her thoughts into
Smaller fragments
As if to fit them
Within the structure
Of these walls.
She hears slowly:
Some here have no one to go home to
Some here have no visitors at all
Some here live inside their own minds;
Sit in silence, alone.

Sensory Perceptions

He said:
*It smells the way I'd imagined
your home would smell*
Believing in his words
She was no longer invisible.
Wonders if there will be chocolate
in heaven.

The Koan

As he slowly undresses her body
She questions the jewel around his neck.
*The image can not be seen
unless you are enlightened*
She sees only the reflection of his sorrow
Kneeling at his feet, bows with respect.

Poet's note:

"For some girls, our bodies are not
immortal so much as
expedient, we have punished
them or (are) wearied from dragging
them around for so long..."
From the book, *dangerous for girls*
by Connie Voisine

Let Us Write of Diversions

She'd wake to the sound
of her mother's fist
slamming the kitchen table,
the drunken slurred words
echoing down the hall:
she's a little shit and a whore
will amount to nothing at all
even at seven she knew
to gulp back the tears
shut the door.

'Fly paper for freaks,' said a
friend, Danielle Nelle,
describing the people in my life.

Fly Paper for Freaks



by Lynnie Gobeille

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*Cover photo, Tea Cup in a Box,
by Jan Keough*

Origami Poetry Project

Fly Paper for Freaks
by Lynnie Gobeille
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