



He remembers his sister making fun of him.  
 (isn't that what siblings do  
 poke a little fun  
 when the pain is so raw- so new?)  
 she laughed at him  
 as he slid his tiny fingers  
 into each custom, fine-drilled hole.  
 She likes to tell the story  
 of the night their father left,  
 how her brother dragged  
 that ball from room to room.  
 He swears he can remember  
 though he was only two  
 how it made him feel closer  
 to the man he never knew.

**Ode to the Bowling Ball  
 Their Father Left Behind**

our mother did not mean  
 to miss christmas  
 tho' i remember  
 the year she hid out  
 lying there in her nightgown.  
 how all of us children knew  
 it was the scotch-flu  
 that held her down.  
 she did not mean  
 to stumble home blind drunk  
 to tumble down our stairs  
 telling us the dog tripped her  
 asking us if we remembered  
 to say our bedtime prayers.  
 I did not mean to miss  
 last christmas  
 to over compensate  
 for all my sober years  
 i guess i drank my self away.....  
 the fear in our mother's voice  
 still echoing in my ears.

**Paying for Our Sins**



she tells us  
 how she envies us our freedom  
 to try on clothes like that,  
 she speaks of all she has lost.  
 we share a few kind words  
 and leave,  
 sobered by the cost  
*harshing on the mellow*  
*crashing back to earth.*

we are laughing and  
 trying on the mirrored skirts  
 all styles too young for us these days  
 the years slipping off our faces  
 the fear of foreclosure forgotten  
 accidents and incidents misplaced  
 twirling within the joyous illusions  
 of our youth  
 when a stranger watching us  
 remarks that she has a colostomy bag  
 attached after a recent cancer surgery,  
 and no one left to listen  
 when she talks.

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**Origami Poetry Project**

Harshing My Mellow  
 by Linnie Gobeille  
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**Harshing My Mellow**

we go every year  
 my sister and i  
 to the local flea market....  
 we wear our bathing suits  
 underneath our shorts  
 as there are no dressing rooms  
 and we want to feel free  
 to try on everything we see!  
 the same flea market salesman  
 is there year after year....  
 he never seems to change.  
 his prices always remain the same...  
 \$20 a piece  
 \$18 if you buy two.