

and who am i to question or deny?

he says he thinks i'm strange
stranger than not knowing
the year my father died...

and wants it to be true,
he doesn't like to be called a liar
but he swears he read the obituary
in the paper. oh, he could be wrong
about that part, too. maybe
someone told him about it...
look, i say,
i can't tell you the date,
not for sure, but i know
it was the same year my best friend
stopped calling me to meet for coffee.

people mark my life...
he says he thinks maybe he'd
read about my father's death
in the newspaper
but maybe he's wrong...
his mind does that to him now.
he says he thinks he remembers something

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Origami Poetry Project

Marking Time
by Lynn Gobeille
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he asks me when my father died
and I say, april,
i mean, i think it was april...
i remember 'cause
the trees were just starting to bloom...

and he says... no, no,
not the month, what year?
and i say: well, it was back when alexis
and i were still friends, so I guess
that would be, what? ten years ago?
and he says: who's alexis
and why aren't you friends anymore
and why would you remember the year
your father died by recalling an old friend,
anyway?
and i say: that's just how my life is,
how i do life, ya' know?