



delighted by this
new discovery
breaking free from structures
those wages & sins
connected by dots
drawn by
dollars
and woe.
thoughts roam
the hammock beckons
Be Where You Are
eat bliss
find Home.

Right the Moment
soft shape of connection
falling into this.
*dreaming of mermaids
and motorcycles
a man
and meeting
who
can dance.*
this is what
my soul's employment
should be.

This is the desk
where I'd sit to eat...
purchased second hand
hauled home by me,
placed here in all it's glory.
Different room
(now above a garage)
same story.
This is the place
I hang my coats
on a rack purchased
just like the one
I'd left behind there.
These are the photos
that hang on the walls
in different groups
their purpose to remind me,
that this space here
has walls the same
as all the walls
that once confined me.

Divorce Re-visited
This is the furniture
that filled the space
in the house
we used to live in.
This is the place
I used to sit
by the window upstairs
when we first moved in..
this is the desk
covered with quotes
where I'd sit to think
of things you wrote
poems on scraps of paper.
This is the space
I'd come to know
where I'd humble my Self
to form the words
to shape the thoughts
that filled the days
that over took our story.

"Either the wallpaper goes, or I do." - Oscar Wilde

Moving On



by

Lynn Gobeille

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Moving On
by Lynn Gobeille
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Moving

The act of packing up one's life
becomes a chore.
Keep this?
Toss that.
Why save this letter for another year?
This one you wrote and left
taped to my refrigerator door.
Simply stated:
"I can not love you anymore."
Cleaning out the vegetable bin
becomes a chore.
Keep this?
Toss that.
Why save this one lone radish?
This one that escaped its cello bag
finding freedom for a spell.
Rolling around
within the confines of this metal cell.

This has become a chore.
Keep this?
Toss that?
What am I saving all this for?
Memories have kept me caged here
whirling in the mind- tapes labeled
"home."
Looping slowly,
packing up the things I thought I owned.

