

and we carry regrets and guilt and sorrow
 the same way we'd carry a tea tray
 into our mother's living rooms
 lined up
 each plate and spoon and cup
 we keep moving so as not to be hit by
 the reality.
get busy living, or get busy dying
 becomes our heart's mantra.
 and we want to hold on to who we love.
 and we want to hold on to who we love.
 HOLD so tightly they will feel
 the heat of our hearts
 and be cured.
 selfish
 and hurting
 and wanting
 the
grace of the gods
 to light our way home.

Regrets Only

Thinking of all the other Sundays
 spent sitting in someone else's living room
 fulfilling wifely duties –
 visiting the in-laws.
 Or the Sunday afternoon teas with Nana,
 counting death.... When I'd rather have
 been swimming in the pool.
 Now that I have my "freedom"
 gained though death and loss.
 A Sunday to myself
 seems less important.

Postscript on Lymphoma

Please recycle to a friend.

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 origamipoems@gmail.com

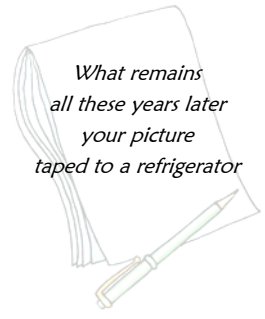


Origami Poetry Project

Postscripts on Lymphoma
 by Linnie Gobeille
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L is for listening, to voices that lie
 M is for moving, from all things that tie
 N is for nothing, no words left to say
 O is for open, with hopes that you'd stay
 P is for praying, with each turn of the light
 Q is for quitting,
 R is for run,
 S is for sanctuary
 Then there was none,
 U is for YOU, all that we had
 V is for victory, over the spoils
 W is for wishing, for life with all of its toils
 X Y and Z find me alone.
 Silence and prayers, bringing you home.



A is for Alice, my mother's first name
 B is for body, hers racked with great pain
 C is for cancer, said in a rush
 D is for dying, done in a hush
 E is for evidence, proof that we try
 F is for failure, tears that we cry
 G is for God, who watches us fall
 H is for heaven, room for us all.
 I is for insomnia that comes with the dusk
 J is for joy, were we asking too much?
 K is for killing, with chemo and such

Pictures of Alice

Getting the Ending Right

I have nothing good to say today
 Nor repeat
 Nor blossom
 Nor flower

I hold no secrets in my palm
 No magic
 No illusion
 No power

I have only these few pictures here
 No envelope
 No stamp
 Just sorrow.