

THE
NICE
POEMS



BY

LYNNIE GOBEILLE

THE NICE POEM

i sat down and wrote out
this poem. based on the fact
that i worry about your wife, your
son, your daughter...all of whom
drove past me just a half hour ago.
frozen at the stop sign.. i had them
at the disadvantage... they did not
know that by loving you i have come
to learn their names, their likes,
their habits. i can look at my clock
and know.... this is the time your wife
leaves for work (and you will call)
your son goes to hockey,
your daughter off to swim lessons
(and i will see you). all of this

information has been handed to me
with the story of your life.
taking me into the secret parts of
your relationships – knowing the family
animal should not be shared so.
sitting at the stop sign
i look into their faces.
they are the anchor that keeps you
from floating out to sea.... (she
smiles at me) your wife,
and motions me on through the intersection.
all kindness and consideration
how easily she extends this common courtesy.
i am left wishing it was mine to give.

They tell me there is a test
to help decode this problem.
And a pill to swallow
to aid in jogging
old thoughts waves
back to new.....
I could, in time,
learn to remember
and forgive myself
for a life all gone askew/
Cars lost at shopping malls
and panic that has brought me to my knees.
I understand the illness
and note there is no cure.
Still can comprehend
the medical jargon
of that much
I am still quite sure.
I cope with losing this or that...
and wandering in circles....

It is the loss of words I fear
and can not seem to hurtle...
I am a wordsmith by trade....
searching for the exact phrase
beyond all memories and reasons
This is what I do, I hiss
It is the dictionary
within my brain
that I shall miss!
They say I shall only miss it for a spell
and missing will be replaced
by vacant silent stares.
An unremembered time
or face.
Righty Tighy, Lefty Lucy
two and two make four
remember to wash your hands
and lock your bedroom door.

I can recall an old lover
a man I once held dear
How he'd remove his glasses
and say "slide yourself on over here"
I remember the way he smelled
Like heaven
or skyblue Colorado air.
His smile, his laughter,
the color of his hair.
Mostly I can feel his kisses.
Recall the way they took away my pain.
I can not recall his name!
These days my brain cells misfire
hiss and leap and burn
Righty Tighy
Lefty Lucy
Two and two make four
How long before
I can't remember words
forget to lock the door?

the best poems Mean what they say and say it
shall become my new mantra.
i never did like those poems:
ambiguous with their deep hidden meanings
begging us to dissect the poet's brain
analyzing each line until we figure out
what the poem is saying.
any more than i enjoy spending my time
give me straight talk
truth falling from your lips
shooting from the hip
or let me be.
that's how i like to slice my life.
that's how i eat my poetry.

MANIFESTO ON THE ART OF CUTTING