

The wishing is what got her into trouble.
 Not the want.
 No, the wanting opened doors
 revealing spaces in her heart.
 It was the wished for things, those
 candle blowing moments
 face aglow with heat and fire and hope
 that were her downfall.
 One minute suspended there
 dreaming of all possibilities;
 and then with a quick release
 and a whoosh
 all wishing slipped away.
 Eyes reopened
 she felt their need.
 Their hunger to hear her wishes.
 Which, of course,
 they all knew she should not do
 if, in fact her wish was
 to have all wished for things
 be true.

one word echoing
 II.

I.
digging into the blackness

“the waste basket is a poet’s best friend”

i have owned this poem
 for years now.
 allowing it room to breathe.
 listening for sounds of movement.
 knowing the truth lies dormant...
 resting in the dark spaces
 of my heart.
 over time
 i have changed a word –
 digging deep within...
 slicing out whole lines.
 often lying awake
 words troubling me at night.
 if this is to be my eulogy –
 i want to get it right.

I feel the insanity rising,
 it looms around the corner,
 perched atop the conversations
 at the water-cooler, simmering
 just behind the second cubicle,
 their voices armed.
 Gossip floats around me
 occasional remorse slips in.
He said/ She said's
 drifting by me.
 I stand silently,
 leaning back and away
 in my attempt to not lose touch
 with all I am outside of there,
 who I am within.
 Stirring cream into my Styrofoam cup.
 Their insane chatter, chatter echoing.
One week of vacation is not enough.

there is a level of insanity
 III.

some go to bed before the appointed hour
 found acceptable by others of our class
 some of us are just not capable
 of facing the rigors of the daily task.
 made fragile by our mind set
 we drop a plumb line through our path
 setting the corners against resistance
 accepting the die we've been cast.
 "if melancholy was born to us
 or we were born to it"
 seems not to matter much these days
 when pieces cease to fit.
 and so we bore no children
 keeping our fears beneath our skin
 wherein we hide our failings.
 silence, our greatest sin.

! tie and untie the strings
of what went wrong
 (for Emily Dickinson)
 IV.

surface / depth
 "just sex"
 or more ?
 it all depends
 upon which door
 you choose to open,
 or to close,
 reflecting / love
 or just our fears?
 these thoughts
 that bring us
 close to tears
 safe within
 our darkness.

blackness
 V.

digging into the blackness



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 by
 Linnie Gobeille

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