

“For some girls, our bodies are not
 immortal so much as
 expendable, we have punished
 them or (are) wearied from dragging
 them around for so long...”
 From the book, *dangerous for girls*
 by Connie Voisine

Poet's note:

As he slowly undresses her body
 She questions the jewel around his neck.
*The image can not be seen
 unless you are enlightened*
 She sees only the reflection of his sorrow
 Kneeling at his feet, bows with respect.

The Koan

He said:
*It smells the way I'd imagined
 your home would smell*
 Believing in his words
 She was no longer invisible.
 Wonders if there will be chocolate
 in heaven.

Sensory Perceptions

She struggles on in her world
 Minus lover
 Struggles to confront the demons
 In her mind's attic.
 Splits her thoughts into
 Smaller fragments
 As if to fit them
 Within the structure
 Of these walls.
 She learns slowly:
 Some here have no one to go home to
 Some here have no visitors at all
 Some here live inside their own minds;
 Sit in silence, alone.

Lock Down

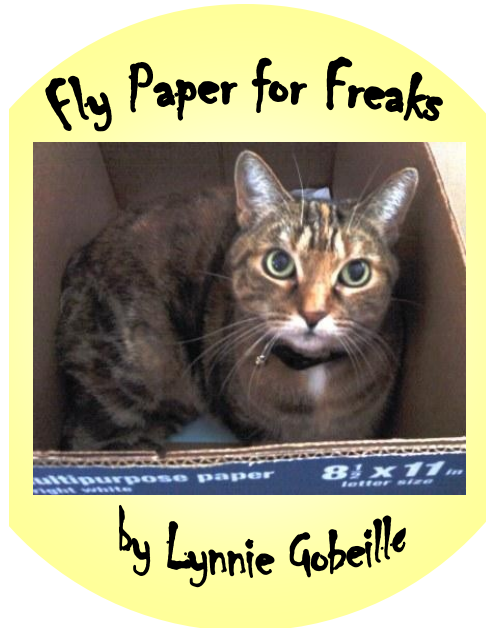
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Cover photo, *Tea Cup in a Box*,
 by Jan Keough

Origami Poetry Project

Fly Paper for Freaks
 by Lynnie Gobeille
 © 2011



'Fly paper for freaks,' said a
 friend, Danielle Nelle,
 describing the people in my life.

Let Us Write of Diversions

She'd wake to the sound
 of her mother's fist
 slamming the kitchen table,
 the drunken slurred words
 echoing down the hall:
*she's a little shit and a whore
 will amount to nothing at all*
 even at seven she knew
 to gulp back the tears
 shut the door.