

i have friends who have never ever left.
 never moved never traveled
 to the exotic nor any other place.
 stayed put...as if rooted to expand and grow
 rich in family and love. do they dream
 of places never been, the way i dream
 of one small space to call my own.
 could it be true?
 that someone else's dream
 is another's home?

could it be true?
 home is that place free from worry
 free from that skin chewing anxiety
 felt growing up.. waiting for the storm surge.
 crazy-making parents teaching it was best
 to remain silent. learning to keep home
 hidden deep inside.

in Parcheesi
 being sent home
 makes you a loser
 my sister and i
 come
 from a long line
 of suicides.

Please recycle to a friend.

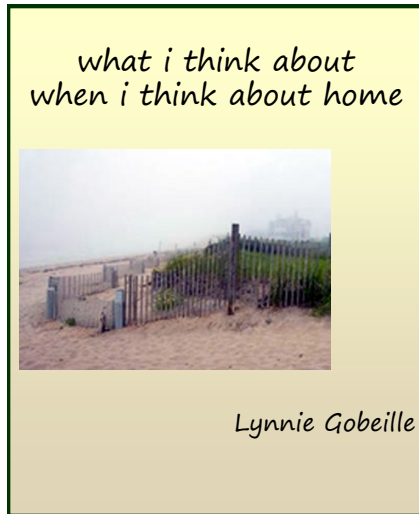
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Cover Photo
 Green Hill Beach—So Kingstown
 Richard Benjamin, photographer
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Origami Poetry Project

*what i think about
 when i think about home*

Lynnie Gobeille © 2009



Green Hill Beach—South Kingstown
 Photo by Richard Benjamin

suddenly i am eighteen again
 under an overpass on I-95
 where my friends have left me
 to overcome my fear
 of being alone.

i have never been comfortable in my
 own skin
 never dropped a plumb line through
 to find my center
 always a 'tad askew