



delighted by this  
new discovery  
breaking free from structures  
those wages & sins  
connected by dots  
drawn by  
dollars  
and woe.  
thoughts roam  
the hammock beckons  
*Be Where You Are*  
eat bliss  
find Home.

soft shape of connection  
falling into this.  
*dreaming of mermaids  
and motorcycles  
and meeting  
a man  
who  
can dance.*  
this is what  
my soul's employment  
should be.

**Right the Moment**

This is the desk  
where I'd sit to eat...  
purchased second hand  
hauled home by me,  
placed here in all it's glory.  
Different room  
(now above a garage)  
same story.  
This is the place  
I hang my coats  
on a rack purchased  
just like the one  
I'd left behind there.  
These are the photos  
that hang on the walls  
in different groups  
their purpose to remind me,  
that this space here  
has walls the same  
as all the walls  
that once confined me.

This is the furniture  
that filled the space  
in the house  
we used to live in.  
This is the place  
I used to sit  
by the window upstairs  
when we first moved in..  
this is the desk  
covered with quotes  
where I'd sit to think  
of things you wrote  
poems on scraps of paper.  
This is the space  
I'd come to know  
where I'd humble my Self  
to form the words  
to shape the thoughts  
that filled the days  
that over took our story.

**Divorce Re-visited**

*"Either the wallpaper goes, or I do." - Oscar Wilde*

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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**Origami Poetry Project**

**Moving On**  
by Lynn Gobeille  
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**Moving On**



by  
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**Moving**

The act of packing up one's life  
becomes a chore.  
Keep this?  
Toss that.  
Why save this letter for another year?  
This one you wrote and left  
taped to my refrigerator door.  
Simply stated:  
"I can not love you anymore."  
Cleaning out the vegetable bin  
becomes a chore.  
Keep this?  
Toss that.  
Why save this one lone radish?  
This one that escaped its cello bag  
finding freedom for a spell.  
Rolling around  
within the confines of this metal cell.

This has become a chore.  
Keep this?  
Toss that?  
What am I saving all this for?  
Memories have kept me caged here  
whirling in the mind- tapes labeled "home."  
Looping slowly,  
packing up the things I thought I owned.

