

choices

what I have learned from this:
though I loathe to admit it
often refusing to this day
to believe it's true
so much depends upon
listening to words ...
believing they are true.

happiness

the year you lived with me
here, in my small writer's cave,
you complained bitterly
about my 5 a.m. writing habit.
I worried when you were late to dinner
(a meal I seldom prepared
before your moving in)
passion gave way
to discussions of light bills...
taking out the garbage...
the simple acts
in our day to day life.
so much depends upon
being the mistress
not the wife.

beginnings

It made sense to me
to believe in something again.
That's why I began to collect sea glass.
I like to watch the way people swoop in..
bending, ever so slowly, to pick it up.
Lavender, rose, those emerald hues.
How quickly they discard
the ones that cause displeasure....
I am fascinated by the touch the feel
their colors and names trip up my tongue.
Look, feel the smooth richness of this one,
I call it *Crème Brûlée*. *Lascivious green*,
Topaz lust, *Opaque pain*, *Withering Azure blues*,
these stones all tumbling into my sacred tin.
I placed his name on a small piece of scrap paper
tucked it deep within the sea glass, burying it there
under the browns of *Original sin*.

survival

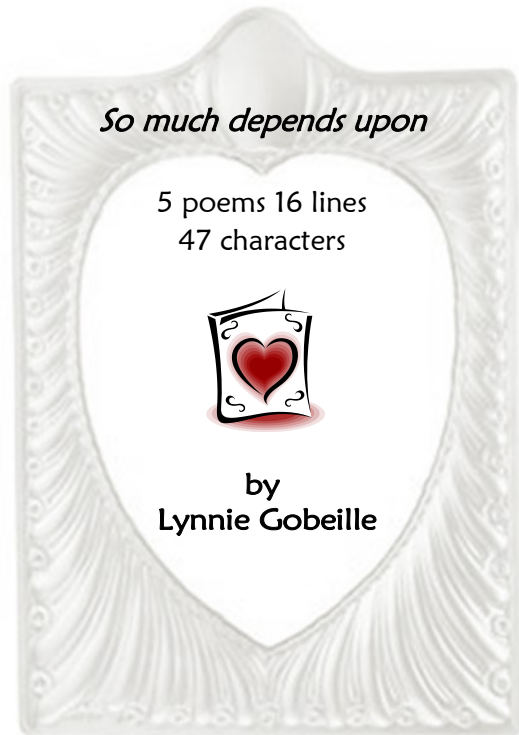
I was nineteen when I met him
he was forty years older than.
he called me his baby doll -
and led me in. bought me a bicycle
and taught me how to ride, gave me
a full length leather coat that cinched
tightly at my waist. he liked to make
love rough... and when I was bleeding
said it was the best for him that way.
and so, when he laid the towels down
on his bathroom floor and stood over me
pissing hot urine on my thighs, I sighed.
so much depends upon
believing your first lover's lies.

finding home

Inuksuk*

So much
depends upon
the
precisely placed
rocks
or bread crumbs.

*in-ook-sook



So much depends upon

5 poems 16 lines
47 characters



by
Lynn Gobeille

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Origami Poetry Project

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