



by Lynnie Gobeille © 2009

“A rare find,” she tells me
when I inquire.
“more rare than eclipse
of sun and moon.”
Beloved sea-flower
in her outstretched hand,
‘Reason enough,’ she states
“to empty my pockets
of their weight.”

The Weight of Stones in Pocket
(Remembering Virginia Woolf)
Back lit by skies winter light
oceans ebb and flow,
gulls cry, circling us in flight.
I watch the stranger on the beach
as she bends
picking up sea-glass with her hands.
Dusting off the webs of salt and sand
bringing the treasure to her lips
as if to devour it.
Working her fingers
over the smooth surface,
mesmerized
by the glimmer of lavender dye.

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A Room



Two musings on Virginia Woolf and
her talk “A Room of One’s Own”

Poems by:
Jan Keough & Lynnie Gobeille

Origami Poetry Project
A Room
by Jan Keough & Lynnie Gobeille
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A safety, a welcoming,
a presence that turns
a key, a latch,
an insight,
into wave
after wave
of discovery.
It is a splendor
where time
becomes lost
like an echo.
Discourtesy
fades from disuse.
Misunderstanding
troils shores
not your own.
by Jan Keough © 2009

My Own Room
I would like to think
That a room of one’s own
is something to be found
like a jar or basket
ready to be filled,
but it is not.
It is a quality
hidden inside,
Stored within, waiting -
combed from choices
to be untangled,
to be pulled away
from distractions
that own the mind.
A room that is nothing
but expansion,
it’s beauty
a reflection of hope.

“A Room of One’s Own” is an extended essay by
Virginia Woolf... based on a series of lectures she
delivered at two women’s colleges October 1928.

The title comes from Woolf’s conception that, ‘a
woman must have money and a room of her own if
she is to write fiction’.

It also refers to any author’s need for poetic license
and the personal liberty to create art.”

– from Wikipedia

“But, you may say, we asked you to
speak about women and fiction –
what, has that got to do with a room
of one’s own?... ”

So long as you write what you wish to
write, that is all that matters; and
whether it matters for ages or only for
hours, nobody can say.”

From ‘A Room of One’s Own’
by Virginia Woolf