



by Lynne Gobeille © 2009

"A rare friend," 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."

Dusting off the webs of salt and sand
Bringing the treasure to her lips
Working her fingers
as if to devour it.

Picking up sea-glass with her hands
As she bends
I watch the stranger on the beach
Gulls cry, circling us in flight.

Back lit by skies winter light
Oceans ebb and flow,
as the sun and moon.
More rare than eclipse
of sun and moon."

Picking up sea-glass with her hands
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Picking up sea-glass with her hands
Dusting off the webs of salt and sand
Bringing the treasure to her lips
Working her fingers
as if to devour it.

It is a splendor
Where time
becomes lost
like an echo.
Discourtesy
Misunderstanding
fades from disuse.
trolls shores
not your own.

It is a quality
but it is not.
ready to be filled,
like a jar or basket
is something to be found
That a room of one's own
hidden inside,
combined from choices
from distractions
to be pulled away
that own the mind.
A room that is nothing
but expansion,
its beauty
a reflection of hope.

by Jan Keough © 2009

The Weight of Stones in Pocket
(Remebering Virginia Woolf)

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A Room
by Jan Keough & Lynne Gobeille
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Two musings on Virginia Woolf and
her talk "A Room of One's Own"

Poems by:
Jan Keough & Lynne Gobeille



A Room

"*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