

"To the Woman at the Red Edge Motel" was read by Garrison Keillor on NPR.

Tom's poem, "Old Dollar" is published in his book, **Sad Jazz**. Tom Chandler is poet laureate of Rhode Island emertus.

[www.tomchandlerpoet.com](http://www.tomchandlerpoet.com)

Lynnie Gobeille is co-founder of the Origami Poems Project.

Visit her blogsite:

[waiting.blogspot.com](http://waiting.blogspot.com)

### Acknowledgments

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Artwork by Tom Chandler

**Origami Poetry Project™**

**The Red Edge Motel**  
Tom Chandler © 2011

**Bartenders Blues**  
Lynnie Gobeille © 2011

## The Red Edge Motel Tom Chandler



## Bartenders Blues Lynnie Gobeille

Wadded in some gutter,  
exhausted from keeping its end  
of the bargain down decades  
of fifty cent years,  
one corner singed black  
lighting some hack's cigar,  
someone's wrong number  
inked over the edge,  
furtively jotted in some dark bar  
out on long lonesome blacktop  
that coursed across country  
still open to dreaming  
where someone met someone  
and ordered more drinks and  
spoke softly with meaning  
by dimly lit neon  
the lyrics to sax solos  
wandering through  
someone's sad jazz.

Old Dollar  
by Tom Chandler

Lynnie writes, "I have always loved TC's  
*To The Woman at the Red Edge Motel* and  
the more I read it, the more I wanted to  
try and capture some of the language and  
experiences I'd witnessed while bartend-  
ing out in Colorado in my youth."

easier to get naked  
without worrying  
about what he's gonna' think.  
Oh, yeah  
(he mutters in my ear)  
but I'm here to tell you, honey  
wine is God's little blessing in disguise.  
And even though  
I think he's condescending  
even though  
I'd just as soon  
kick his tired old ass....  
I smile...  
drain my glass.

A commemorative Origami book  
For the event:

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This book explores another example  
of Ekphrasis: poem to poem

**To the woman at the Red Edge Motel**  
by Tom Chandler

**Ekphrasis: Bartenders Blues**  
by Lynnie Gobeille

**Bartenders Blues** by Lynnie Gobeille

He says to me:  
You girls, you sure do like your wine  
And I think:  
Okay, maybe he's onto something here.  
He says:  
Yeah, you ladies, love that vinefruit,  
it opens you up to life,  
makes it easier for a guy like me  
to help you through the night.  
He says:  
(All swagger and cocksure attitude)  
You like your wine.

And I think:  
Okay, maybe  
some of what he's putting down here  
some of this shit he's spreading  
just may be true.  
A little bit of wine  
sure can make it easier  
to fancy dance my way  
around the room.

**To the woman at the Red Edge Motel**  
by Tom Chandler

Some tourist of love  
in his cheap suit of longing  
will elbow the bar  
in the lounge of no last names,  
dip his cuff accidentally  
in your seven & seven  
and ask you to dance  
to the faint moan of muzak,  
perfume your earrings  
with breath mints and gin  
as the lights grow yet dimmer  
as his hand on the switch  
hovers inches away  
from the slick red edge  
of your hungover heart  
with its faded no vacancy sign.