

May I Offer You Closure

I have fallen in love with a poet.
The one who lives in Racine
He sits on the shores of a lake
perched on a rocky terrain....
swears he is followed by angels
and hears voices....
I have fallen in love with a poet
her hair cascades past her breasts.
She has this slant six mind - magic;
and shares in soft whispers
white spaces where I can rest...
I have fallen in love (oh, yet again) with a poet.
His whiskey breath haunting my dreams.
I sit and read their prose pieces
knowing nothing appears
as it seems.

On meeting marie in paris

red checked tablecloth
order chilled wine - ice on side
sip slowly - savor
talk of poetry
talking of art and magic
leaning towards words
two elder ladies
eating a moveable feast
we laugh at ourselves
sharing time and space
falling in love with language
rejoice in word play

your shape shifting
what will future pictures show
out of focus mind
simple abstract waitz
feeling kinda blue inside
Miles shows the way
dreaming i can fly
hear my mother call my name
grounded by the lies
wind stirs voices near
women chatting in the sun
cell phone shatters peace
measuring distance
moving toward required space
leap into unknown
sunday mornings
we wake mommy
her breath stinks of cigarettes
scotch and sin.

Reflections



Golden blossoms yawn
Hummingbird hovers close by
Suspended in time

Please recycle to a friend.

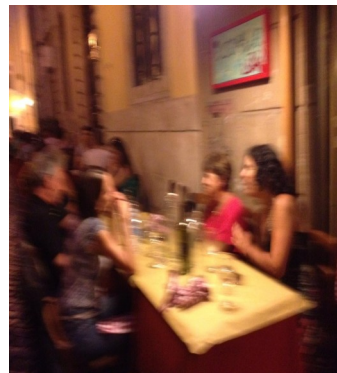
WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
origamipoems@gmail.com

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Origami Poetry Project™

Life not quite Understood
by lynn gobeille © 2012

Life not quite Understood



lynn gobeille

On Visiting My Sister In Wisconsin (1979)

I

there has been no rain
water barrels running low
wells will soon be dry

we fill the bathtub
drawing straws to see which one
of us will wash first

we share every drop
water gardens with what's left
soon the crops will die

II

around the table
we sit playing poker game
drinking whiskey shots

smoking old cigars
pretending this is Wild West
last round we all smile

knowing no thing stays
tomorrow we will leave here
go our separate ways

but for this one night
we three sisters laughing loud
know the grace of love