

What a lie truly is,
Is a tug at a delicate hemline.
A slow run in a pattern,
Unraveling the design
You've always known
Until a tangled ball of thread
Is all that is left
Of anything familiar.

Truly

For all my web-spinning,
Silver and enchanting,
It's luster fades and
Hold weakens.
My moths fluttering
Free into the night.

Charlotte

Alone
Is not such a
Terrible thing to be
It is honest
And inescapable
As tomorrows dawn,
Or the death of
The sun.

Alone

She examined each thing,
Strange and slightly transparent,
With wide-eyed curiosity
Amazed she'd carried such
Treasures inside her
All along.
And she realized with
Astonishment,
She didn't know herself
At all.

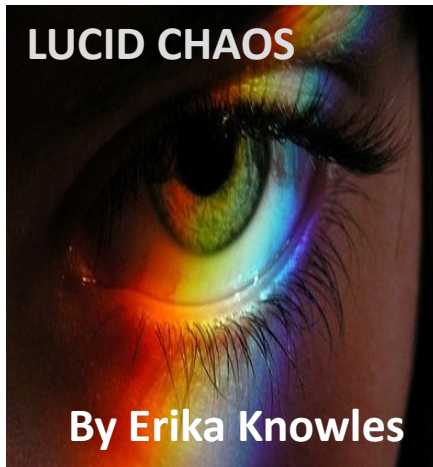
She

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Origami Poetry Project

LUCID CHAOS
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To Wander

A shadow,
Elusive as her solid counterpart
Slides over sand and rocks,
Waves and wind.
Listening
For the angels she chased here
To the edge of the sea.
There is nothing
But tattered gull feathers
Marking the low tide line
And the melancholy sigh
Of the ocean
Raking back its lost
Treasures from the shore.