

if only,
if only,
if only I had been silent
like regret.

Nothing bends me over though
quite like relentless regret,
like the charred word
hissed from the lips of gossip,
searing the flesh,
branding the unbidden,
irreversible tattoo of too late
taps my forehead
in chinese water torture,

but also those garden variety,
white-lie regrets
that buzz around me like gnats,
drip and drizzle on me,
sog me with their inconvenient truths,
regular regret,
like a broken date
or deliberately missed phone call.
How human. How inhumane.

Not just the kind of regrets
that swamp me without warning,
regret like a dress
only in the size fit for girls
not fat with rage or shame,

Please recycle to a friend.

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
or email us at:
origamipoems@gmail.com

Origami Book and Poems
**Prayer of the
Bent Over Woman**
by Kim M. Baker © 2009

Prayer of the Bent Over Woman



By Kim M. Baker

"On a Sabbath, Jesus was teaching in one of the synagogues. And a woman was there who had been crippled by a spirit for eighteen years. She was bent over and could not straighten up at all." (Luke 13:10-11)

Prayer of the Bent Over Woman

Banish the bent-over spirits,
the raging regrets, acoustics mute
to all but me, voices like paranoia,
cluttering my brain,
bending my spine.