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Cover Art: Pip Hartnett

Origami Poetry Project™

IN REAL TIME

Lynn Gobeille©2013



*what is love, really?*

the act of staying  
when you  
have the means to leave

the art of saying  
and not saying  
what you mean, knowing

you own the one true fact  
that would cut  
him off at the knees

choosing not to use it  
holding yourself back  
in check mate silence

to be in that moment  
half on ... half off  
one foot out the door.

suspended between the exit sign  
and all those doors  
closing behind you.

stay, she whispers,  
and so you set the suitcase down.

and you turn your body back around.  
stay he pleads,

In real time he is spinning a web. Dancing and glistening in the light of her affection.  
Pulsing with the beat, beat, beat of the words as they tumble from his lips.  
She is energized by his fragmented story telling- leans forward to devour every kiss.  
They share ideas - and yet there is never enough time for this and this and this.

Their worlds collide and re-divide.  
They end calls with: "I'll try to speak with you soon"  
Part company with: "I'll try to catch you later"  
Both knowing they can never own this bliss.  
They go back to being busy, busy, busy.  
In real time there are no happy endings.  
At least not the one they might have been wishing for...  
She simply went back to her world.  
He went home and shut the door.

In real time? He has meetings to discuss his money and meetings to discuss new jobs  
and meetings to design structures that will support someone else's dream.  
In real time he is always driving, driving, driving to a new jobsite.  
Sketching plans- an architect of steel and iron beams.

In real time? She has meetings to discuss new submissions and meetings to define poetry  
and meetings that will ultimately build structures 26 characters 46 lines per page.  
In real time she is diving, diving, diving down into a new thought space.  
Ink on paper- an architect of some one else's dreams.

In real time? His life is filled with a wife, a dog, a beautiful home,  
and the glorious knowing that he has a lifelong companion at his side.  
His dance card is filled with good friends, plans, trips, and so many adventures still to take;  
his cup overflowing.  
His day is busy, busy, busy. He is always and forever: busy.

In real time? Her life is filled with books and papers, the blessed silence of inner peace,  
and the glorious knowing that she has discovered her life's work.  
Her dance card is filled with the blue heron's flight, the yellow finch and the iris breaking open  
in the morning light.  
Her day is busy, busy, busy. She is always and forever: busy.