

Summer we used dumbbells to stop the floor's  
buckling after the flood. My passenger-side  
window shattered between exits.  
Fishtailed is how you described your hit.  
Separate wrecks, our bodies  
remained and touch remained:  
glass at the bottom of my purse, forms  
you covered with to-go napkins  
and a bottle of mustard on  
the nightstand for indigestion.  
Acid fought acid.  
You didn't press charges.  
After too long in the sun,  
I sat in the hall breathing darkness.  
I thought about robot monks.  
How sometimes the monks were real.  
The difference was a riddle,  
like figuring if your mustard  
worked in mysterious ways.

#### POURING

I hide my right cheek because a window  
shattered while I drove. The school of cuts  
reveals my down hair smells like smashed  
apples. My neck sweats.  
You sneak home with blue irises  
I slice green onions a teary automatic  
idiot it's hot and I can't see don't apologize  
you say you're beautiful like an aquarium  
fish I think lopsided before floating.

#### WRECK

My terminal mother was jealous of outings  
without her except trips to the library,  
walking distance. So I climbed stairs  
to the children's section, where each week  
I chose ten books, alphabetically, to read  
rather than *To The Lighthouse*, my mind  
taken with my mother's tubes,  
the dark dresser of orange bottles:  
a patch of tulips. Ferdinand refuses  
to fight the matador. Anthony bumbles  
a pot of spaghetti. Monkey's steal  
a woman's caps for sale, plaid caps,  
red caps, porch swing and loose dogs.  
I made it to the F's.

#### THE CHILDREN'S SECTION

I bought tap shoes with Friday's lunch money.  
"Are you sure?" the salesman asked.  
"Yes, my mother wants me to be a dancer."  
Black, ribbons. I click-clacked home,  
hoping scuffed soles meant no returns.  
I popped into the living room.  
Mom frowned at my feet.  
"You'll wear them to church tomorrow.  
And every Sunday after," she punished me.  
But I went to bed thinking fame, how instead  
of *forgive*, each parishioner would think  
*dancer*, whisper *dancer* until they couldn't help  
applauding as I ruffed down the aisle.

#### PURCHASING POWER

*Please recycle to a friend!*

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM

*origami poems@gmail.com*

Cover - The Web

**Origami Poetry Project™**

**ORIENTEERING**

Quinn White © 2013

*Orienteering* a sport that requires a set of  
skills to navigate from point to point.



## ORIENTEERING



Quinn White

#### FLORIDA FOREVER

When I was little, I talked to my dead  
Uncle Poolie. I found a rock today. It said  
Florida Forever. I want to write on a rock.  
What should I say? Alive, he yelled at me  
for walking on his oxygen tubes.  
The tubes were cool: When he took a nap,  
I inspected them. He was a diary.  
Today, we got a yellow dog.  
Today, they sent the dog away.  
What does Florida Forever mean?  
I studied the ceiling of his face.

#### THE ORIENTEER

This kid carried balloons.  
He now and then let one go.  
I asked what he was doing.  
He said, "When I find where  
the balloons end up,  
I'll know I'm home."