worked in mysterious ways. like figuring if your mustard The difference was a riddle, How sometimes the monks were real. I thought about robot monks. I sat in the hall breathing darkness. After too long in the sun, You didn't press charges. Acid fought acid. the nightstand for indigestion. and a bottle of mustard on Non conered with to-go napkins glass at the bottom of my purse, forms remained and touch remained: Separate wrecks, our bodies Fishtailed is how you described your hit. window shattered between exits. buckling after the flood. My passenger-side 2nmmer we used dumbbells to stop the floor's

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're beautiful like an aquarium fish I think lopsided before floating.

**MKECK** 

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 the dark dresser of orange bottles: a patch of tulips. Ferdinand refuses to fight the matador. Anthony bumbles to fight the matador. Anthony bumbles pot of spaghetti. Monkeys steal

I made it to the F's.

red caps, porch swing and loose dogs.

a woman's caps for sale, plaid caps,

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.

"You'll wear them to church tomorrow.

Of Jorgive, each parishioner would think
dancer, whisper dancer until they couldn't help
dancer, whisper dancer until they couldn't help

PURCHASING POWER THE CHILDREN'S SECTION

POURING

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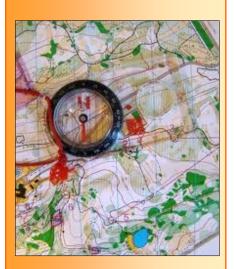
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ORIENTEERING
Quinn White © 2013

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."