

www.origamipoems.com
origamipoems@gmail.com

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Boxborough Poems

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Boxborough Poems



Tricia Marcella Cimeria

Boxborough Story

In 1974 my family moved to Boxborough, Massachusetts and we lived in a nice new house, a Colonial. I was ten. We lived on Guggins Lane surrounded by fir trees that rose up darkly all around us. There was a brook with smooth stones nearby. My father planted sunflowers out front. In my school there was a boy who caught bullfrogs and jabbed pencils into their stomachs and the captured frog's eyes were like my mother's eyes when we went to visit her every day in the hospital psychiatric ward and she would look at us helplessly and cry. The frog's soft, punctured belly was like my heart.

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And the boy? The boy was like the neighbor who found out my family's sad story - the story that I knew was called Your Mother is Crazy, the one I desperately wanted to hide - and told everyone on our block. Everyone.

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Mrs. March

In Concord, Mass. I saw Louisa May Alcott's Brown Orchard House. I loved the March sisters came to life in that house, I thought with awe. I never gave a thought to Mrs. March Marmee steadfast Mother. Did she stay in bed mornings while her daughters glanced at each other uneasily? Did she sit quietly on a kitchen chair starting out the window unseeingly? Did she rise suddenly from the table leaving the meal she cooked untouched, might after night? In our brown house, my mother did.

Day Trip

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One of the best things my family did when we lived in Massachusetts was when we went to Maine for the day: The rocks, the ocean, the gulls with their eerie cries that made me feel even lonelier. Real starfish. Real friendly people who smiled, said hello without — hesitating.

Walden

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We lived in a town in Massachusetts not far from the famous Walden Pond. My father took us there, my sister and me; told about Thoreau who worshipped solitude. No one knew I hid in my closet alone, crying a pond a lake an ocean of tears during those days of my mother's depression. No one knew that at ten I felt older than Thoreau with his walking stick, weary of the human world.

child wood

for the two boxborough years my child hood was a child wood: trees stones ferns guggins brook birds & creatures earth & me. every leaf that fell fell for me I believed. god — or someone — loved me in those woods. there, I understood what I was. I was not invisible. I was nameless but necessary as the rain.