

@ Pink Trees Press 2019  
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Origami Book # 1

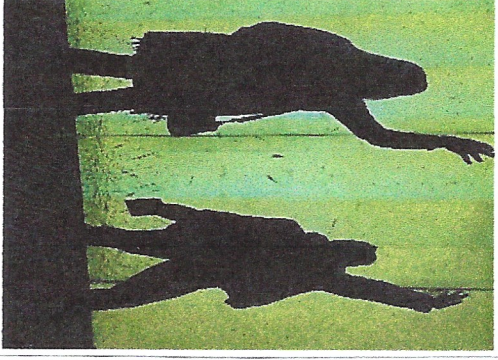
"Sunken Ship" was published in The First Literary Review East, July 2016  
"Relic" was published in CTRL+B The Girls Write Now 2019 Anthology

"It Lives in the Basement" was published in The Algebra of Owls  
"The Fix" is was published in Poems About Love and War

"Art" was published in The Best American Poetry Blog

### Acknowledgements

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**It Lives in the Basement**  
Loneliness crept up the stairs  
stood in a corner  
observed the situation  
searched for the easiest to infiltrate  
curled around her unknown  
smoke unseen  
loneliness holds her tight  
she thinks its warmth is comforting  
quickly she's left abandoned,  
alone, trying to make snow angels  
at midnight.

### Relic

We rush  
What colorful lament leaves regret?  
Leaves we meant to photograph.  
We gaze up looking for stars  
Building the sun.  
The equality of secrets,  
Secrets positioned,  
Pruned and tied neatly along the  
fence.  
Task at hand becomes a distraction:  
Phone calls unanswered,  
Voices unheard,  
Messages unread.  
Is there serenity in the steps you shuffle?  
And what comes of the pages?  
Myths of scorn and greed  
Blanketed in the silence of memory  
lost.  
We return again to meditate  
As we move along underground tracks  
Through underwater tunnels.

### The Fix

You're heroin  
she's your virgin junkie  
euphoria of a first kiss  
did it ever exist?  
She's an addict  
looking for a cure  
it was easy for you  
to hide the needle  
with your charm  
crawl into her  
in her stupor  
dogs bark in her nightmares  
on canvas she paints  
in navy and black  
she awakes in spattered clothing  
a bed of broken mirrors  
you destroyed her garden  
infiltrated her silence  
she was so beautiful once

We gather again.  
A scrap of ideas,  
A phrase of prayer,  
A creation, we made.  
Our ancestor's assignment  
remembered.  
What will be remembered?  
In this rhythm beaten down  
Generations lost,  
A faded photograph-  
Only to be slipped between the pages  
Folded to form book,  
Book to be passed on  
To future relations  
Still unknown,  
Still unconceived.  
Held on by tradition.  
Held on by a string.  
Held on until your grasps fails.  
Let go.  
Are we left empty handed?  
What imprint in the dust?

### Art

It was art.  
Abstract and alcohol fueled,  
Liquid paint splattered  
graffiti covered and dangerous.  
Surreal.  
Savage Beauty of  
Alexander McQueen  
spray paint guns  
aimed at a white dress.  
Fragile.  
An evening gown  
made of peonies and roses  
disintegrating.  
You said, don't write about life  
write about art.  
Was it not art?  
The finger painting of my hair  
the pigment of your eyes  
the sculpture of my thigh.  
You said, don't write about life  
write about art.  
My solo performance  
when you left me nude  
in the gallery  
covered in snow?