

You're blue
I'll pretend I'm yellow
together we'll grow
like green after rain.

Colors

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"Chores" was published in *The Nassau Poet Laureate Society Anthology 2016*

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"Like That of the Purple Orchid in My Garden" was published in *Grobbling the Apple: An Anthology of New York Woman Poets*

"Missing" published in *The First Literary Review East*, September 2019 and is forthcoming in *The Nomad's Choir Journal*

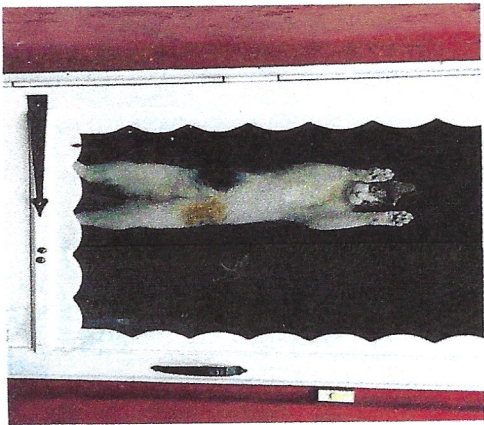
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Linda Kleinbub

Origami Book #2

Linda.Kleinbub@gmail.com



Linda Kleinbub Origami Book #2

Prell shampoo you
left in my bathroom,
even after I asked you
to take it with you.
I don't know why I'm
telling you this,
now that the green shampoo is gone-
I have to confess,
I saved a lock of your hair
sometimes I take it out
it smells like you.

Missing

Like that of the Purple Orchid in My Garden a cenfo

The moon tonight is dazzling, is full.
In dreams I'm wild with guilt
entering the seawater at twilight
like Blake, naked in his garden.

I'd give anything for one more night
and part my lips with a globe,
be gentle with me, I'm new to this.
As dawn breaks, he enters.

I lay down in the tweed of one man
this first frost night
as in a children's book
composed entirely of snow.

Stumbling

Thorns, thistle, be careful baby
that's her heart soft, wet, fragile.
He looks at her wanting to eat her up.
She looks delicious, doesn't she?

Vulnerable antique lace
disintegrates easily.
His glass shards invisible,
pierce her skin, even through
the clothes she wears.

The swallows will still fly
over the blackberry bushes
up into the maples.
She's just a girl with tears in her belly
digging in topsoil, planting deception,
linking memoir to history.

Jousting heart,
only she understands this devastation.
Newly slashed her skin pours poison,
oily dark,
staining sheets infiltrating purity.

Never play games with
ornamental lovers.

I met my love under the Brooklyn Bridge.
Who is my love?
Disappearing, ice melting, eclipsed.
Then the subway returned me to my home
I had forgotten.

Did I dream this?
I drown in my swim.
Is he the reason?
He pezeenbs

I've seen children who jump double-dutch.
I've seen with nuns who live in convents.
Did he touch my hair?
Did I imagine him?

Or was it the arch in Washington Square
Park?
I met my love under the Brooklyn Bridge
as a jazz trio plays Mercy, Mercy.
I want to blow gold and crimson
leaves

Greenwich Village After Louise Glück

Chores

It's not the rain, I know it.
It's these birds
who make that noise.

I hear them.
The noise does not cease
like your expectations of me:
always wanting more.

That noise
as I go through the motions
on that old bed of ours.

In my head
it's your laundry that I do tonight
the heavy load
showing your soiled garments
into the machine.

Watching the gyrations
your spin cycle.
Oh, those damn birds!
Their caw, caw, caw.
How can I compose myself
in this clamoring silence?