

Poetry Series

L. K. Thayer
- poems -

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L. K. Thayer()

Actor/Singer/Songwriter/Poet.

New L. K. Thayer - Poetry Blog Website

Admit One

sometimes
the longing
will
whisper in my ear
like a seashell
calling the ocean
at ease
in my
private world
my secret cove
I explore
my inner world
the world
I may let
you see

L. K. Thayer

After

after the day
after
after the taste
of each other

after the memory
of each twist
and turn of
bodies writhing
after the first
time

after the pulse
slows down
after a good
night's sleep
after reflecting
every muscle
and curve

after words
after all
after glow

L. K. Thayer

Aroma Overload

the merlot is drunk
swallowed every grape
chewed every seed
the lilacs
have given
what the give up
freely

aroma overload
aromatherapy
telling lies
just to be alone

what is the price for peace
of mind?
how do you spend
your time?
the high cost of
living
time well spent?

I languish
in the luxury
of my
imagination

L. K. Thayer

At The Lake

we rode upon broomstick horses
galloping through the thick thorn forest
dragonflies hovering
plucking the plumpest raspberries
ripe and sweet, from crowded bushes
generously heaving

inexhaustible, our imaginations followed
every footprint
our shadows danced, lit by the man in the moon
we left no stone or cartwheel unturned
felt the moss squish between our stubbed toes
washed our feet in the sand of the blue lake
gleaming

she was always there to greet us
the lake, loyal and lucid
the sound of her
reassuring shore beckoned
waiting to cup us in her watery hand
guiding us
float our dog paddling cherub bodies
teaching us
as her loving waves caressed
our rosebud cheeks

beautiful, bountiful, bliss filled summers
roll off my memory like pearls dropping
one by one, off a necklace in need of repair
memories, I gather up and tuck safely in a jewel box
just as my grandmother Audrey would've done

in the dense lilting air
mosquito bitten arms wave
in remembrance of innocence
of youth unencumbered

the balmy summers of nature's breast

beating like the wings of a morning dove
soft, gentle, humid
clinging to the child
in all of us

L. K. Thayer

Bare Bones

Rigid now
At the very thought of you
So warm once
When you wrapped yourself
Around me
Now, bone cold
Veins are ice
Unthawing.

You are a silhouette
Of your former self
Now I see through you
Your bare bones
Dismantling.
You used to stand strong.

My old love song.

L. K. Thayer

Battery

shutting down
pulling
the plug
your
electricity
no longer
flows
through
me
there is
no light
at the end
of the
tunnel
i am
in
shock

L. K. Thayer

Being

my need for solitude
envelops me
I cling to it
this lover who won't
betray me

wrapped in the arms
of my invisible friend
I feel safe
I don't have to explain
who I am
or talk about my day
it knows my secrets
intimately

like a warm bath
I draw on my silent
partner
who let's me soak
in the grand
stillness
of
being

L. K. Thayer

Canopy Of Loss

canned soup
canned laughter
can i have some more?

unending
ever wanting
wanderlust,
distrusting.

forever shaking off
the dust of the road
last ditch effort
kept me

tying my shoes
and tying one on.

L. K. Thayer

Change

you landed like a carrier pigeon

in my heart

opening it like a valentine

with shadows and light

illuminating my way

with a click and a new gaze

now as seasons change

and the ice of Winter has

taken it's toll

Spring arrives without you

and I must continue

L. K. Thayer

Cheap Date

wasted youth on
being wasted
tasting the lips of liars
with checkered pasts

playing the game
not playing the game
being game
taming
the shrew

I liked to shop
hunting for bargains
hunting for game
game over

he was no bargain
what is the price
you'll pay?
at what cost?

L. K. Thayer

Dark Dream Tango

love drunk
mercy man
swallows his upper crust
he tries to get into
my Maiden Form
he looks for the upside
to his frown as
his hollow leg stands alone
uninvited to dance
staring through the cut glass
cockeyed
stinking of Merlot
and memory loss
duality and mischief
cloud his dormant
dungeon
winos looking for the womb
in search of mother's milk
to nurse their
dark dream tango
and mend
their tattered egos
they numb and lick
their wounds
with
their emotions bottled up
they suck
the bottle dry

L. K. Thayer

Dear Vessel

Dear Vessel,

oh wondrous container
one who contained me
when I could not contain
myself

forgive my assault
my senseless ruination
I, in my inner selfish madness
abused you

I was your enemy, devouring
my emotional wasteland
you have always forgiven
my attack of your fortress
you have been kind
and supple and patient

I see how I have worn you
gravity prevailing
it is a tug of war

I want to be your friend
I want to make amends
to cleanse

my divine palace
keeper of my soul
house of blood and breath

till death do us part

L. K. Thayer

Death

ahh, what a fun ride
that was!

shedding the skin
of the tired serpent
leaving the hollow shell
of who
you used to pretend
you were

you wake up
refreshed!

and search deep down
for the next lottery
ticket
at the bottom
of your
purse

L. K. Thayer

Delusion On The Rocks With A Twist

the thick air
looms
like moisture
on the upper lip
of a Tennessee Williams
chanteuse
in need of Southern Comfort

past her prime
she peels off
what's left
of her composure
like her false eyelashes
she has come
unglued

she has listened
to one radio station
too long
has drown in the
tunnel of love
and wants more
than a penny
for her thoughts

her tired taxi dancing dogs
have turned into flats
wishing for a kitten heels

she applies her lipstick
once again
tracing the memory
of his last kiss
then walks downstairs
to order
the usual

L. K. Thayer

Down From A Swan

Dazed as dazed from arsenic
From your tongue that traces me
Your taut body entwined
Between my taut thighs and the hum
Of our boat that is made with down from a swan
Satiated, we maneuver it – our hands
Like talons ringed with gold bands
Under the horizons climax
The night's bosom heaving waves
That cradle us
Caught between the moon's crescent
And fullness, drunk and interwoven
We were cast out to sea for weeks estranged
And woke with the desert in our throats
Lips stuck together, tongues tied we longed for
Nectarines and the sound of cupid's wings
hovering over us
Morning raises it's sleepy head
And we lay like starfish
on the shore of infatuation

L. K. Thayer

Fire Escape

sometimes i trip over
the ghost of you
as i pass by an old haunt

your essence overcomes me
the taste of your tongue, sweet
when it wasn't busy
being sharp

a flash of you behind your shades
hiding from my truth
draped in your passive aggression
and button down shirt

the postcard from beyond the sea
how thoughtful
a man with a love affair of words
so spare

i sold your ghost on ebay
tore our Kodak moments
and fed them to the hungry fire
but it's the fire i can't put out
that douses me

your arms folded now
where i used to be

L. K. Thayer

Friday

I ache for your
touch
the need to
devour
and be
devoured
slow and hard
and gentle
wanting the full
weight of you
on me

my legs and
thighs
and breasts
up against
the size of
you
drinking
each
other in

manhandle
me
squeeze the life
into me
come
and let me
swallow
you
whole

L. K. Thayer

Hand Me Down

in the
spiral
downward
jungle
where
we met
I crouch
and listen
to see
if I hear
that
your arms
still miss
me

L. K. Thayer

He Owns Me

he is my bliss
I do not want to
betray
his tenderness
he is my
containment
his body rises
with each breath
tail curled
I am his
father
I am his
world

L. K. Thayer

He Sees

he sees the light
behind my laughter
he sees the rainbow
around my shoulders
he sees beyond me
and below me

he sees my beauty
when it escapes me
he sees before me
and what lies ahead
he sees my nature
and I am fed

he sees the diamond
in my rough
within his love
i am enough

L. K. Thayer

Homesick For Tuesday

I hate when the sky kisses me
I'm not ready for it.
I'm not Sunday school
Or trailer trash,
I dare you to love me.

Forgive my petty footprints
On the rinse cycle.
My sword will cradle you.
Chivalry is not dead.

Shout from the attic
'I hit bottom long ago! '
And watch the army wilt.

My eyes are strapped
With molasses, covering my
Pancake make-up
Needing butter for my transition.

The smell of Mary Magdalene
At midnight
Shedding roses on gravestones
Makes me homesick
For Tuesday.

L. K. Thayer

Hope Chest

my restless wanderings have faded
it's nice to want to wear the same coat
the lining is familiar to my skin
the hem has been let out
the fabric is softer
my buttons stay buttoned
more often

I feel my heart
encased in this conch shell
beating
the waves
have subsided
my rock still skips along
the top of the water
with a skip in my step
crossing over stepping stones
to solid ground
unearthing my Plain Jane-ness

less paint on my palette
fewer strokes to get the picture
pastel watercolors trace the outline
of the girl that was once
a girl

Raggedy Ann dreams have
pirouetted into stuffed throw pillows
where I lay my head
the parent has grown up
the child has put away her toys
the ones that were worn out
the ones that she played with too long

no longer do I look
for the Jack-in-the-Box thrill
or dare how high I can swing
without a net to catch my fall

L. K. Thayer

I Guess She Must...

my hands are getting older
the thumb I used to suck
and stuck out
to
get a ride
from
some stranger who
thumbed his nose
up
saying to himself
how could she ever
get in a car
not knowing
where I would
take her
or who the hell I am?
I guess she must
have
issues
with trust

L. K. Thayer

If...

I've laid in bed at my grandparent's
house, the one at the lake
where my mother still lives
and heard the train whistle blow
from across the water, echo
the sound of home.
the smell of lilacs and suntan lotion
the sound of Loons calling for
their mate and I wonder,
if my dad hadn't left
would I have a mated too?

did he look for me in my toy box
playing with my dolls?
did he see me come home with
bloody toes from riding my tricycle
barefoot up to the corner store for candy?
on the front lawn, he bounced a beach ball
on my head, that was him wasn't it?
I waited for him to meet me after school
he never showed,
we didn't know what happened to him or
where he had gone.

I found him later, across from me
stuttering in the booth at the delicatessen off hi-way 12.
I was 18. I was with my brother, who couldn't
yet walk, when he split. His parents
lived just down the block, they never came
to see us. He sent music &
cards after we met & wrote I love you in crooked script.
I didn't think him sending me the song Lisa, Sad Lisa,
by Cat Stevens, was a very thoughtful gift,
but he was never
really tuned in so how would he know.
he called me a few times, his voice
hollow, I didn't like
the sound of him.

please

don't call back.

L. K. Thayer

Impression

no matter
how hard
I try

I cannot erase
your touch
and the
impression
your lips
left
upon mine

L. K. Thayer

In The Blue Air

in the blue air of the morning
i wait for your song
the sound of your voice
tucks me safely
in my nest

in the blue air of the afternoon
i awake from my nap
knowing you are
behind me
and watching over
understanding

in the blue air of the evening
you whisper soft sweet tones
of love that never waivers

your love waits there
in the blue air
for me

L. K. Thayer

Kismet

to age upon the fringe of being
in essence or invalid
significant signposts of mortal beasts
starve between bites
uncovering kismet

the shattered ball gown heaves
a snake's coat shed's light
fractured...
rapture and rust
unite

dripping wet...
dinner is served

L. K. Thayer

Life Is Full

my life
is full of
peace
I like it
that way...
that's how
I conduct
my
orchestra

L. K. Thayer

Like The Sun...

tattered
like a torn dress
that was never
asked to the
prom

folded neatly
hiding
under the bed
where
the bed bugs
bite

take hold
of the night
where gypsies
dance
with fire flies
in the scarlet sky

and the crescent
moon
screams forward
aching to shine
and be a star
someday
like
the sun...

L. K. Thayer

Lock Box

Hellooo? ?

I want more
than the echo
of my voice
ricocheting
between the eardrums
of manic fossils
and stone stares of
alligator handbags
and knock-offs
on sale

you lost me at wishy-washy
when you had your chance
you crumbled like
sponge cake
with nothing but my eggs
keeping the batter
together

going to mass
couldn't fix
what was broken
like a lock box
you opened
and saw nothing
was in it

don't break
my heart

hello?

don't hang
up

you can find me
I'll be waiting

in the
lost and found

L. K. Thayer

Look To The Sun

do not lose
your innocence
and replace it
with guilt
do not choose to walk
down the dark alley
look to the Sun

do not hold hands
with guilt and shame
and befriend them
they will ultimately
betray you

channel your passion
wisely into
a creative force
that will shatter
destruction

plant seeds in your garden
where fragrant life
can blossom
and the fruit of your labor
can be squeezed into divine
nectar poured
from a crystal goblet

L. K. Thayer

Madame Cafe

she no longer
daydreamed
of sunsets
nor of a man on a
white horse
nor of miracles
nor of dancing till
dawn
nor tantrums
nor true confessions
nor her lover

she only imagined cities
who's cafes she could write in
a table and chair she could
inhabit
with her pen and paper
scribble her thoughts down
drink a glass of wine
and let the rhymes take
her away

she would live her life
simply
by walking to the café
to her table and back
then walk from her table home
to a solitary life, of her cats
and books and paintings
and poetry

she knew that this
was what she wanted
when she woke in
the morning
after brushing her hair
and feeding her cats
she would put on her shoes
roll down her socks

grab her pen and notebook
and walk down to
the café
she felt a warm feeling
of home
not at home
but within
herself

L. K. Thayer

Master

they
want you
to go to collage
to get
your masters degree
in something...
but we haven't
mastered
ourselves.
we haven't
mastered
peace on Earth
or loving
each other
or loving
ourselves.
that's what
I'm trying
to master...
loving myself
a little bit
more
so I can treat
everybody else
a little bit
better.

L. K. Thayer

My Youth

I used to like
the sharpness
of a hi-way fence
how gracefully
I hurtled it

tasting
the closeness
of the edge

I'm sorry I took you
for granted
my youth

and the miles
I've left
behind

L. K. Thayer

Needing

when my cat
kneads me

I tell him

I need him
too

L. K. Thayer

Ode To Anne

A high wire act
A tight rope walker
No one could tame
Her lion.
Her wild beast
Ate her alive.

She unzipped her
Open wounds for us
To witness
And stare at by the side
Of the road
Stopping
Because we had to.

No one could
Comfort her
No one could rescue her
No one could
Save her
From herself

From death
To birth
We love you Anne,
For what it's worth.

L. K. Thayer

On The Edge Of Anywhere

as the blank page
taunts me
the whiteness
of the paper
blinds me
my life floats by
like a vapor trail
I can feel
the moisture
in the room
of me
casually drying up
I pull down the cover
for the first time
baring all
exposed
in front of
the dead city
with dead dreams
and dying chants
of sycophants
and paparazzi
parasites
clinging to the past
and what was the best
of the worst
review
they ever
had

L. K. Thayer

Only Ashes

now
in the still
lonely heartfelt beat
of the moment

your memory
visits
like a taste
I once craved
but can't quite
recall

the burning
ember
charred

only ashes
remain
unswept

as I pretend
to forget
you

L. K. Thayer

Praises From A Tenor Sax

like salt
on a bloodsucker
recoiling, shriveling
paralyzed fits
of punishing
pawnshop

reuniting with the sell-out
the down and out
muck and mire choir
singing praises
of a tenor sax
and a song
you can't let go of

fill the loving cup
and drink it dry
try to stay away
but you can't fight
the pull of the taffy

you get stuck
in the sweetness
and you want to
die happy

L. K. Thayer

Rowing Toward Heaven

swaying in the breeze of witches
flapping crimson tides broke.
the shine of his galloping caldron
at midday, dripped down his boot.

off in the distance, the fisherman
eloped with the dove.
carrying squeals of laughter
trains crashing on formica.

scalding brew of wizards
missed planting forget-me-nots in February.
I miss wearing his raincoat.

lost at sudden death, I found myself
rowing toward heaven.
wishing for a second helping
of charming,
I settled for freedom.

L. K. Thayer

Salvation

the wound heals
with salve
spread with
fingers caring

healing salve
salvation
lingers
to the touch

is feeling whole
too much?

can you trust
your pain?

Let salvation
reign

L. K. Thayer

Sealed With A Kiss

what's in your
envelope today?
is it full?
is it ripped?
is it empty?
is it stuffed?
how much?
what with?
you read me wrong
return to sender
the envelope
please
did I win?
how much?
how lucky am I?
the envelope
sealed with a kiss
and sealing wax
don't take it back
I pray
you
remember me
on my best
day

L. K. Thayer

Shirt Pocket

I wish
I could ride
in your
shirt pocket
so I could see
what you do
and know
where you go
and feel
your heart
beat
when you
think
of me

L. K. Thayer

Silence & Cashmere

it took a long time
to thread the needle...
I too, have been coming
apart at the seams
torn
shredded by time's
dull blade

my circle of friends
narrows
my hummingbird wings
carry me to fewer
petals...
I don't linger as long
small-talk isn't as sweet

my patience has
worn thin
like a serpent
shedding it's skin
I am restless
yet, stillness
soothes me

I am comforted by
silence
and cashmere
and feeling
loved
by a select few
who tell me
they do

L. K. Thayer

Sky Tears

sky tears
soft dripping dew
cleansing
renewal
washing away
regrets

death
birth

the sky crying
in the new year
wishing for peace
on earth

L. K. Thayer

Slay Me

patience is a vulture
preying upon
my hysteria
out damn spot
out of the corners
of my mouth
out of my mind
ferocity is wagging
a tail to and fro
from belly
to beast
shaking the follicles
of my weary existence
into the dawn of my
depression virtues clinging
like wax paper on a
cookie sheet
I ride the rooftops
and climb the fire escapes
looking for fire breathing
dragons
out from their caves
out from under their rocks
out of an instance
become what you slay
slay me with your words
and tongue sharpening
like a dagger cutting
to the chase
slay me
I'm yours

L. K. Thayer

Standing Room Only

you made a
cameo
appearance
played a bit part
upstaged me
stole all the best
reviews
standing ovation
standing room
only

don't believe
everything you read
at a moments notice
the theatre
can go dark

L. K. Thayer

Sugar

sugar
the 'devil's'
quicksand
quick fix

will swallow you whole
sweet and seductive
will paralyze
until you
realize

you shouldn't have taken
that first bite.

L. K. Thayer

Sundae

gasping, hot humid air
mind over matter heaves
when will the knock at my door
take my breath away?

I peek through the shutters
uttering a sigh of madness
and hold onto my silk cocoon
fluttering hearts and palpitating
eyelashes
dance the tango of twisted canals
in hotel lobbies and cats pajamas

the thunder in my thighs readies
for it's occupant, turning the bed sheets
down a notch
my jeans slide off my hips
in a tangled bunch
waiting for my alter ego

my bedroom street smarts kick in
with baited libido on tap
I uncork my inner monologue
and halleluiah chorus
waiting for the dark horse
my stud, my mount
to come hither

frankincense & myrrh billow
in the shabby room
scaring up romance and cutting
strings attached

no mercy for the wicked wench
who wets her appetite for Creme Brulee
with whip cream
and a cherry on top

L. K. Thayer

Sunrise Falling

I stick out my thumb to hitch a helicopter
Or anything to get me high,
Looking for a pick-me-up, a forklift.

Strangers open their trench coats to let me in,
Buttons sewn on with meat hooks.

I can see my breath.
The canopy of dire straights has lifted a bit.
With each mile I fabricate, I see signs
Of selfish compost.
Gates of forlorn sweaters
Counting sheep.

The billboards scream swashbuckling ink,
Buy me! Buy me! Try me!
Tires turn counter clockwise.

Time is punished, waiting for cocktail millennium,
And sunrise falling.

Daylight sinks into submarine, as knees bleed.
No band-aids for suicide mutilation.

Tearing at the gauzy bandage of white picket fences,
My armor is evaporating.
As I search for helium, suffocating
From a life of beige.

L. K. Thayer

Supreme Being

emanating
rockets of desire
pleasured past
bringing pleasure forth
be true to yourself
in each moment
between breaths
of anticipated
glory

for thine is your
Kingdom
you shall reign
Supreme
everlasting
on nature's golden
throne

L. K. Thayer

Table 4 Two

my trash
is your treasure
catch what has fallen
from my nest

fly beneath the wires
and the telephone poles
bounce back
if you hit the wall

when you find Shangri-La
call me
reserve a table
for two
we can go Dutch
and order
the tiramisu

digest our dreams
and order
a second helping
of hope
to go

L. K. Thayer

Take It All In

lady in waiting
at Chuck E. Cheese
my crust is getting thin
my patience
is at an all time low
on par with my
equilibrium

I'd rather be scatting
on a jazz riff
behind a base guitar
I'd rather wear the tight
red dress
that gets the neighbors
frothy

tip toeing between the line
of dusk and divinity
I stray further
from the apple pie
a-la-mode
that I was weened on

my ballet slippers
on point
point out the imbalance
between left and right
and right and wrong
it occurs to me
that something is amiss
that something is off
and there's a piece
of the pie
that I haven't been
served

are my dreams
at the back of the bus?
did I not get the memo?

did I forget to
R.S.V.P.?

in that case...
I need to call
my tailor
just
to take
it all in

L. K. Thayer

The Beach

We walked on the sand near the ocean
The waves touched my feet
The water was cool
I held onto him.

We walked in unison
Twin souls
Parallel
Feet touching sand.
I scratched his back.

We watched the seagulls watching us.
They were waiting for a handout
Vying for position.

The vendor said they'd eat popcorn.
We made their day, they made ours.
He sang to me.

We wandered and felt the comfort of the sun
Embracing us,
Erasing any past hurt.

Like waves wash over a footprint in the sand.
He held my heart
I held his hand.

L. K. Thayer

The Fool

backward
summersaults
off the
trampoline

wide eyed
wonderment
and hand
in the cookie jar

little darling
my little lamb
tripping over
your shoestrings

be careful
when
the strings
are
attached...

L. K. Thayer

The Hermit

the door is closed
to solicitors
and peddlers
of happy hour punch

save your conversions
and conversation
I don't have ears for you

I dwell in my house
of cards
and vacuumed
footprints

I order take-out
and tell him
to keep the change

L. K. Thayer

The Meter Is Running...

as the hip
get hipper
and the lines
grow deeper
time creeps
closer
breathing
down my neck

I haven't seen
Jack
since he fetched
a pale of water
and I keep
getting thirsty
for someone
to get me

and the clock
keeps tick talking
and will somebody
please
call me a taxi
because
I swear

New York
isn't
even really
New York
anymore...

L. K. Thayer

The Neon Ball Gown

I am the one who left
and pushed the plate away
ripped up my roots
carried the soil in my shoes
sunk in the mud holes
and stumbled without a light
to guide my wandering wiles
the one who followed
her own voice, a scream
that was music to my ears

from ten thousand lakes
to the crystal coastline
the shimmer of silver moonbeams
cut a swatch in my fabric
that led me to the neon ball gown
I curtsied for leading men
and bowed to the audience
who kept egging me on
donning a mask of provocation
eight miles wide and three flights below

here I live at arms length
away from you all
shattering myths and molding my clay
with my fingertips
again in the mud, carving a trail
too taciturn to follow
don't come near me
I hold the locket
in the breast pocket of my coat
I bend my elbow
and massage my heart

L. K. Thayer

The Orange Hat

Her infrared stare fractured him
He was captured by her orange hat
The one that she never wore again.
She held his attention.

Some might say it was wrong,
Their need for clandestine play.
Drama unfolding...

The mystery of the heart
In a nutshell
Cracked and layers peeled
Stuffed in the cheeks
Of impostors.

What of it?
The secret is theirs.
They are cracking the code
Of their dependence

And drinking the milk
Of their condensation.

L. K. Thayer

The Parade

once when i was little
i was wearing a new
dress
with my grandmother
watching a parade,
it was sunny and i was
gleeful,
happy in my new dress.
a girl walking my way
punched me in the stomach.
i guess parading in my new
dress
made her mad.
she made me cry.

L. K. Thayer

The Past

the past
is always behind us
one step

one step forward
two steps back

it follows us, waiting in the wings
it sleeps next to us in bed
it greets us in the morning

sometimes with regret
sometimes with longing
and melancholy
sometimes with beaming rays
of remembrance

it's always there

waiting
for us

to recollect

and call collect

L. K. Thayer

The Purple Dance

the white paper
reminds me of the white dove
that sat all night
perched
on the lattice of my
balcony

how many times
have I looked over
Shady Acres
and gazed up at the sky
at the pregnant moon?
full circle
watching over
watching and waiting
for the next sliver
the next slice
the next shift in tide
the ebb and flow
like a goddess cycle

the wind chimes
sing their melancholy
notes
as Spring
lets the Jacaranda trees
know
that it's time to dance
their purple dance

the white dove knew
that I needed its presence
that night
it was sent as a reminder
that all
is in God's hands

L. K. Thayer

The Size Of Thighs

dear god,
I think you messed
up.
i wanted thick hair
and thin thighs...
not thick thighs
and thin
hair.
oh well...
i do the best i can
with what you gave me.
you just got it mixed
up.
i forgive you.

L. K. Thayer

The Unfinished Line

Melancholy sand in the sleep eye of dawn,
restless wanderings in my mind as I envision thee
lying across my pillow, a tussle of grey hair against
your arms crossed.

Star crossed lovers catching not but one glimpse
except what lies upon the page. My thoughts churn
up magical rendezvous of bread and wine, of me
in white frills being taken at full force under the elms.

When will the missing puzzle be complete
When will my heart skip
When will we meet at last under a starry moon
embrace the flames of love that only time

can extinguish.

I ache for your lips upon my neck, sending shivers down
my legs, I take your salty flesh, tasting waves of your pleasure.
One call, one syllable, one murmur of your existence

knowing you are flesh and blood,
meeting my flesh and blood,

surging pulses race
across

the unfinished line.

L. K. Thayer

They Catch; They Retrieve Me

Out of sight, out of mind they come
Out to play.
Out of lack, out of cupboards bare
Out from undercover, out of shame
They come out to play.
They catch; they retrieve me.

Out from loneliness and regret,
Out of obsession and need, they
Hover like bees over honey
They feed; all is forgiven
They breathe
They catch; they retrieve me.

The earth is beating her wings
She takes flight upon fancy
To hold everything that is dear
All the poets and players
Taking them to her heart, taking
Them To her breast
She feeds them as they
Come out to play
They catch; they retrieve me.

From wombs and absent fathers
From broken spirits and dashed hopes
From final curtain calls and ghosts
From the west sea to the east sea
From each different coast
They come out to play
They catch; they retrieve me.

From downtown to upstairs
From eight o'clock to half past five
From dawn to almighty dusk
They risk all to deliver their sacred brew
Of sweet pine and nectar
Squeezed from their guts
They come out to play

They catch; they retrieve me.

L. K. Thayer

Ticker Tape Charade

The no vacancy sign
on the motel
flashes it's neon smile.
I walk to the corner
on cobblestone hopscotch
bricks with depression inlay.
Counting my steps
and feeling out of sync
with my ebb and flow
and the low life I'm leading.
Leading downstairs
to the bar stool,
the ones that swivel
and turn in or turn away
or can turn you around
and I hear
"Tell It Like It Is"
on the juke box.
I want to. I want to call him.
But I can't.
Cause that's how I set it up,
like a game
of pool, chalk the stick
and miss the shot.
Dime a dance girl
One trick pony,
phonies approaching you.
How could you? How could I let you
lead Mr. song and dance man?
With all your ticker tape charade
and tap shoe parade
tapping into the
meat of my matter.
My cancer
was easier to beat.

L. K. Thayer

Umbilical Cord

I am the closest one
to my mother
but I moved
the furthest away
the soonest
I know why now
because
I was too attached

I think they forgot to cut
the umbilical cord
maybe I should go back
and ask them if they could remove it
it gets in the way
it would just take a second
just one snip
ouch!
done

I feel her pain too much
in my center
at the core of me
when she's sad, I'm sad
I try to cheer her up
she says I am the only one
who makes her laugh
it's my job, it's up to me and
I take making her laugh
very serious

my brother and sister
seem to have no problem
detaching
maybe different doctors
delivered us
they both made babies
one has two, the other, three

I had a choice

I didn't keep it
I know
that I would have been
too attached

the cord would have
strangled me

L. K. Thayer

What Was Clean

and we get caught up

caught off guard

caught in the wild ride

losing our pride

and what we've worked hard

to gain only

to remain anonymous

nobody knows us

and we want to express

the fire we feel in our gut

to make an impression

to make a deal

not with the devil

but to rebel

against apathy and rust

misery and mistrust

turn misfortune into hope

so we don't hang from

the rope of despair

wanting someone to care

to reach out

escape the day to day tear

repair what hasn't decayed

and remember

what was clean

to begin with

L. K. Thayer

While Oysters Make Pearls...

I saw God
in three dolphins
swimming
I sat in his sandbox

the seagull's footprints
reminded me
of peace signs
upside down

nature is whaling
while oysters make
pearls...

I am playing
in God's sandbox
soaking up
the sublime

Mother Ocean
Mother Earth
Mother
me

L. K. Thayer

Wire Around My Heart

barbed and razor sharp
there is a wire around my heart
do not attempt to reach
it's soft center
there is a sign that reads
do not enter

L. K. Thayer

Yin/Yang

feeling more yin
than yang
i opted to stay in

with my thoughts
my laptop
and my lapdog
who fights for his right
to my lap
his lap

wrapped in my new chenille
bed jacket
perfect for a poet
and her private
terrain

scratching his belly
scratching my brain

L. K. Thayer

You Betcha

I can't get the bitter taste
of you out of my mind.
I gave you my lining,
I gave you my inseam,
I gave you my crème de la crème
but you're wasting my
electricity
so I'm turning you off.
like a panther crouched
on the limb of a tree
I wait for a twig to snap
to see if there's an echo or
something to bounce off of
but not a murmur or a morsel
to feed my vacant heart.
you sit back in your
easy chair
while the rest of the world rots
and sinks into potholes
on bumpy roads to
nowheresville
while you sip on your cognac
scratching your balls
and wonder how much
to bet
on horse number three.

L. K. Thayer