

Avon Poems

Avon Poems

By Doug Tanoury



FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING



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DETROIT, MICHIGAN USA



Printed on recycled paper

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Avon Poems

Lilac Glaze

In the black and white
Of early memory
The lilacs bloom gray
Across the drabness
Of a yard without color
where grass needs cutting
And a kennel full of dog shit
Needs cleaning

Under the grayscale sky
Of pale recollection
The lilacs bloom dull monochrome
without fragrance
And each leaf is frozen forever
In the profound stillness
Of a childhood memory
Distant and colorless

Avon Poems

Breakfast Cooking

Break out the big iron skillet
The one blackened with use
And resembling a moonless night
Awaken it with wide-eyed frying
Eggs sizzling and bacon popping
Fill the kitchen with the muffled sounds
Of slippers gliding over the linoleum
Bowls rattling and cups clanging
The toaster loading with metallic clicks
As a series of spring mechanisms lock
Like automatic weapons

while I marvel at how quickly she moves
How delicate the cause and effect
How passionate the physics
In the soft and flexible
Determinism of a Sunday morning
where sausage links appear in a plate
At the end of a causal chain
Traced back to a hand
Using a fork to place them in a skillet
The one blackened with use
And resembling a moonless night

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Buttered Rum

One tan thigh
An earthen hue of raw sienna
The underside of sycamore leaves
That float more than fall
Breathless and feather light
Through autumn air
Toward the forest floor

One nutmeg breast
The burnt umber of late summer
Hot to the touch like sun-baked sand
with Parchment nipple
That floats and sways ever so slight
Through autumn air
Breathless and feather light

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Misty Nude

Stretched naked across the bed
Her head propped up by a hand
Supported by an arm
Resting on an elbow

One leg is extended
And one is raised but bent at the knee
And there is a slight fragrance
Coming from a candle

The light casts her in semi-silhouette
And there is a trace of smile that flashes
Across her lips but shows no teeth
An illusion of the half darkness

That paints the outline of breasts and torso
Yet obscures arms and legs
Like a fragmented sculpture
Of a limb-less Venus

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Nighthawks

I see them sometimes
At 1:00 a.m. or shortly thereafter
Gray figures that move stiff and slow
Through the icy white light
Of an all-night Laundromat.

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Soft Honey

Her hair catches the light
And is a yellow dawn
That glows on far horizons
Softened by a haze
That hangs on the lake

Her hair is liquid light
Bright as an August afternoon
with highlights of captured color
That glistens and dances
Like sunset on the water

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Sweet Lips

I come to you as a witness
To the sound of slippers that slowly
Sough their way across hardwood floors
And to swear on sacred books
Of hair that smells like mornings in mid-May
And to testify in truth
To the texture of skin
with the silky feel of cattails
That ripen in early August
For my destiny is to document
In full and faithful detail
The taste of lips that bear only
The faintest trace
Of rose syrup sweetness

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Orange Blossom Mist

Standing in a grove,
In the weak rose-tint of dawn,
Breathing liqueur sweet
Air, waiting, hoping to catch
A glimpse of spring's swaying hips.

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Liquid Blue

And this Saturday morning
Has replayed many times
As I am now reminded
By the pre-dawn emptiness
Of Main Street today

But it always begins
with me looking out
A large window across
A street shadowed and dark
Slowly sipping coffee

For it is the Latin music
Playing in the background
That reminds me I could spend
My life counting cigarette butts
Flattened on the streets

Or rummaging through
Dumpsters for returnable
Cans and bottles in an endless
Search for what I don't know
Some critical bit of data

So I continue to seek
On the street something that
Is self-revealing and will
Grant me insight into the
Puzzle of me pondering

A Saturday morning that
Is sleepily unremarkable
And tiringly insipid like
Reader's Digest volumes
Of compacted and condensed stories

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Daydream Pink

For Terra

A jewelry-box
Ballerina, twirling on
Toe-tips to music
Box tunes, sets your baby-doll
Dreams of womanhood dancing.

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Ionic Green

I have been napping in the shade
where ash and maple leaves mingle
Together to form a high arbor
That is ornate and finely sculpted

Like a cathedral's vaulted ceiling
Adorned in classical patterns
Of intertwining foliage
I lay in the house of the Lord

As the sun lights leaves and branches
Like large panels of stained glass
In panes of brightness and shadow
I lay like the remains of a dead saint

Arms folded solemnly across my chest
I rest like a relic under a marble altar
In half-light and silence I dream
Beneath a domed sanctuary

Avon Poems

Dazzling Plum

Spring awakens pale
Blue plum blossoms with morning
Dew drops, glistening
In fragrant newness, hungry
For a long gentle drizzle.

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Classic Place

And if were possible
To change the past
Alter it profoundly
In some fundamental way
I would return
To the substance of me
were I began
In extraordinary smallness
And place my hand
On the skinny shoulder
Of ignorance
And with open palm touch
A pale cheek of indifference
And cup in mine
The scrawny hand
Of humble starts that drifts
Now through my fingers
Like so much sand

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On Beyond Red

On a day without sun
Only her hair has color
And brightness like
Like a magenta blossom
Set against the matte
Surface of a metallic
Gray morning

And amazed at a
Blaze not burning and
Fire not consuming
I watch quietly
Waiting for words
From God to rise above
The whispering flames

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Glistening Ginger

Thinking of her wets
My appetite, exciting
My taste buds, bringing
To mind the smells of all the
Spices in grandma's pantry.

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Sentimental Rose

Roses tell no tales,
Deep sleeping through hot summer
Time dreams of barefoot
Adolescents walking in
Moonlight. Roses never tell.

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Conversation

And somehow there has grown
An icy silence between us
That expands to fill the empty space
Between our words and transform them
Into awkward pauses
And there is a tightness slipping about us
Like a snake that slowly winds and constricts
With ever increasing pressure
Around its prey cutting off movement
Until neither inhale nor exhale can escape

Our sentences are laborsome
And talk tends to lapse as time goes by
Into periods of nervous quiet
That populate and punctuate the conversations
Of those long parted and seldom seen
And there is graceless effort about us
Like a broken wing bird
Unable to fly
That repeatedly tries but always fails
To get airborne once again

Avon Poems

Lyrical Pink

The geraniums and begonias
In baskets hanging from the
Front-Porch awning bloom
In half-hues of violet

And wash-tints of lavender
That Punctuate green leaves
In many places with petals as
Delicate as insect wings

In evening their flowers
Are sunrise in the trees
In a still life of morning light
That is poetry in pigment

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wild Heather

Open country dreams
Of wildflowers spilling down
Steep mountain slopes, bright
Color crackling, ablaze
Against an April sky.

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Cinnamon Sun

This summer I share with her
I wish would never end
But somehow linger and continue
Beyond the border of its days

To slip past August and September
Into another season of warmth
where days grow no shorter
And nights no longer

where I walk barefoot in December
Side-by-side with her along sidewalks
Baked hot in sunshine brightly brilliant
Like a July afternoon

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Oriental Gold

Raindrop beaded leaves,
Cricket on a blade of grass,
Rice paper prints
Of loons in a lake, feeding
Quietly among the reeds.

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Pink Font

And I tell her
write to me in feminine fonts
That flower and bloom and
Twist in flowing script
And curve in colored pale pastels
That calls to mind
A fullness of Lips and the hint of hues
That form crescents of flushness
Around her cheeks

And I tell her
Talk to me only with a tint of pink words
whispered on the ether of each exhale
And floating weightless
On the warm vapor of each breath
For I am helpless and entranced
Possessed and driven by each letter
And word and phrase and line

And I tell her
Take these hands and move them
To capture each word that falls
From her mouth and is the
The slow ripened fruit
Of many idle hours
And graces my writing table
In lushness like a still life
with peaches and oranges

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Sun Poppy

Nature made her face
A soft sculpture that leaves me
Breathlessly amazed
That features so perfect can
Live outside the mind of men.

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Postcard Poem

On a crowded street in Singapore
Were the afternoons rains add a measure
Of mugginess to the air

In rooftop gardens
Of high-rise apartments buildings
Palm trees grow like carved jade sculptures

And Birds of Paradise bloom
Tail feathers in full flowered
Spectrums of colored plumage

I recall winter evenings now
In dream-like fragments
That I can only half remember

Where I circumnavigate the equator
Of her waist and loiter
Along some lines of southern latitude

Under the overcast skies of Singapore
In the rainy season where umbrellas of many
Colors
Float like flower petals in a river's current

My thoughts trace each step backwards
Like a film run in reverse where
Each action is undone

Until I can hear the clang of china
And the metallic ring of silver mixing
With the smell of dinner cooking in her kitchen

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Blue Flame

The early evening sky
Just after sunset
Glow in deep blue
Jets of burning gas

Above brushstrokes
That paint a nimbus
Of peach that rises
Softly above silhouetted

Treetops on the horizon
And the black enamel
That forms the smooth
Surface of a summer night

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Persian Red

Deaf to the restless sounds
An army makes outside his
Tent, Alexander
Dreams sunsets resting gentle
On Macedonian hills.

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Fair

Her arms
A fine powder dusting
Of snow
On a January morning

Her hands
The pearled inside walls
Of mollusk shells
In breaking waves

Her legs
A mist floating
On the ground
Just after dawn

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Dead In My Dreams

She is dead in my dreams
No appearances,
No cameo peaks,
No guest roles.
I sleep amid
Minor annoyances,
Today's wishes and
Nonsensical skits
That play Lewis-Carroll-like
In wonderland scenes,
The flotsam and jetsam
Of days grown boring and
Unimportant.

She is dead in my dreams
And cannot rise up Lazarus-like,
Move and speak,
Breathe and be touch
By sun and wind and me.
If being were a thing
Flexible and free,
Death would be a nap
On Sunday afternoons,
And I would not remember her
Now as a poem, but hold her
Tightly and tell her how empty
Dreams have grown.

Avon Poems

Silky Topaz

Sunrise pale amber
Sleepy streams of soft light
Tiptoeing on treetops
Slipping over housetops
Dawn
Creeping toward brilliance
Yellow ribbons in a girl's hair

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Gone Blinky

Somehow all my plans unraveled
Order grows in small incremental steps
And well-defined phases
Toward full disarray
In ways unanticipated
Each rational thought
withers and wilts
Choked by passion
And threatening dark clouds
Of unreason that roll over the horizon
And congregate
Like a crowd of board youths
Loitering on a street corner

My heartbeat is a bongo
Of a street performer
Playing for tips in a sunset
That paints the sky with the bright
Color of Indian women
walking together in traditional dress
For this is the fabric of a new life
where old rules no longer apply
And the only things I fully understand
Are Saturday morning cartoons
Of villains bent on world domination

So I embrace a new physics
where my past is a theory disproved
And I must draw up new principles
To explain myself
And the behavior of a body at rest
A body in motion
where the only constant are
Discovered in magazines
At supermarket checkout lines
This is the strangeness
Of me living in a world
without you

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Pale Dawn

Slowly seeping in the
Kitchen window, spilling all
Across the city,
Painting soft tones on the sky
Hanging over the far east side.

Avon Poems

Seablue Green

The smells and colors of
Summer things growing, newly
Sprouted leaves and just
Opened blossoms swaying
Gently in a soft June breeze.

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Ginger Blush

Her face glows
Like Zinfandel in candlelight
The mauve of summer sunsets
And the pale crimson color
Of peaches ripening in a bowl
on the kitchen table

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Neanderthal Love Poem

The Neanderthal they say
Dropped bunches of wildflowers
Into graves when burying
Their dead

So creatures with sloping brow
And hobbling gait indulge such
Simple gestures for complex feelings
Of love

Indeed had they no language beyond
Cries and tears to express their loss
So I will give them words
Shape them

On mouths and twist their tongues
To say do not leave me here alone
I went without you to a hillside
To pick

These flowers and I listened for
Your steps behind me and
The sound of brush bending as
You walked

Feet fall silent and you leave
I placed flower blossoms on your
Eyes but you do not wake or stir
Asleep now

Tonight I will sit with my back
To the fire wishing I could show
You one last gesture that says stay
with me

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Confession Of A Pedophile Priest

“Forgive me Father for I have sinned...”
And broken the sanctity of holy vows
with a single kiss
Of a sleeping hermaphrodite.
Oh, I have traced with my mouth
The pink crescent shade on one perfect cheek.
I brushed my lips across radiating warmth
And inhaled the strangely sweet scent of sin,
A mere trace of odor,
A slight smell of ripeness
Like the last fruits of late summer.

“well Aqua Velva my genitalia...”
My voice is the song of the castrati.
The Jubilate Domino of my tongue
That touches and shapes each word
And mingles with the moistness of each new note.
within the dimness of dark boundaries
And in the of fogginess of faded demarcations
I am hopeless to help myself
Or fight off the gnawing temptations
That grow so irresistibly
Into the fullness of compulsion.

“The sin of Sodom...”
In the quiet of the sacristy
And in the twilight of the corridor
That leads to a bedroom
I suffer the burning flagellation
Of angel feather kisses,
In a litany of misguided desires
That is the limpness of a eunuch’s lust
And can never be satisfied
By the most solemn benediction
Of yet another young boy’s body.

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The Air

And it seems now
More like a dream
Than a memory
For it is distant
And unreal
I return there often
In recollections
Black and white
Filled with a graininess
So pronounced
Like a winter snowfall
And when I inhale
My throat and lungs
Feel the rush of menthol coldness
And I succumb to a dizzy lightness
From breathing the thin
High altitude atmosphere of a dream
And inhaling the rare air
That fills a poem

Avon Poems

About Doug Tanoury



Doug Tanoury is primarily a poet of the Internet with the majority of his work never leaving electronic form. His verse can be read at electronic magazines and journals across the world. Collections of poetry by Doug Tanoury can be found at Funky Dog Publishing <http://www.funkydogpublishing.com> and Athens Avenue <http://mywebpages.comcast.net/dtanoury1/Athens/index.htm>

This and other ebook collections of poetry by Doug Tanoury can be read and downloaded at: <http://home.comcast.net/~dtanoury1/Tanoury.html>

Doug grew up in Detroit, Michigan and still lives in the area.

Doug Tanoury credits his 7th grade poetry anthology from Sister Debra's English class, *Reflections On A Gift Of Watermelon Pickle And Other Modern Verse*, (Stephen Dunning, Edward Lueders and Hugh Smith, (c) 1966 by Scott Foresman & Company) as exerting the greatest influence on his work. He still keeps a copy of it at his writing desk.