

Produce Poems

Produce Poems
And Assorted Others

By Doug Tanoury



FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING



Produce Poems

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN USA



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Produce Poems

Mangoes

Two mangoes lying side by side in
Sensual pose on the kitchen countertop
Are streaked with soft crimson the color
Of bare skin exposed to summer sunlight

I lift them both together gingerly but gently
Fitting them entirely one in each hand
Palms and fingers completely enclosing
Their firmness and flesh-like softness

Squeezing them gently I feel their ripeness
And test their texture with a touch that
Becomes a caress in the sliding movement
Of fingers as I lift them to my nose to smell

A trace of citrus and a hint of pine with a
Slight yet striking scent like eucalyptus as
My lips touch their skin to feel their warmth
But they are cool against my lips and cheek

And I hunger for their flesh their juices running
Down my chin their moistness on my lips
Their taste on my tongue long after I am done
Lingering sticky and sweet their scent on my face

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The Ascension

Reaction to a photo sent to me by Klaus J. Gerken

Pumps crushed on the concrete
Left near a doorway
Side by side and upright
Next to steel pipe where
Blue mosaic tiles border a crimson pilaster

The pavement is wet from rain
And its grayness is like the sky
And I think God took the owner of these shoes
Took her
Body and soul

He lifted her up
Ascension style
For anyone with shoes so broken
Must be saintly and pure
From walking the hard roads

Merciful God
Take me too just like her
Leave my sneakers standing
Solitary on the sidewalk
Relics for poets

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Ripened

Bananas on the
Kitchen counter have grown
Spots like leopard skins

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Retail Egyptology

In the supermarket
Where navel oranges are stacked high
With great precision
Like the great pyramid of Giza,
And Santa Rosa plums
Form a lesser monument
For a more mediocre monarch
In The Valley of the Kings.

I am the jackal -faced god,
A duster of old bones
And petrified flesh,
Who breathes the desert air
At 5:00 a.m. and peers wearily
Over the meat counter,
For a fleeting glimpse
Of the floating head
Of Queen Nefertiti
In hopes her regal gaze
Will fall on my English cut roast.

Awake Osiris to the sound
Of the Nile's water
And sea birds calling from the reeds
To catch the gleam of light
On stainless steel countertops
For it is the deli meats
Hanging in long strands from the ceiling,
Indeed it is the garlic bologna and hard salami
That unites the upper and lower kingdoms.

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Black Grapes

Today I bought a few clusters of grapes
Big and bountiful
Plump and round
And so perfectly ripe
Like the sky on summer nights
That gleams with a trace of darkest blue
From somewhere in the blackness

Their skins cool on my lips
Crisp as I bite and they explode
With sweet juices on my tongue
And remnant seeds that leave my mouth
Dry and tasting slightly bitter
A sad reminder how all things
Fall just short of perfect

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Moonwort Alchemy

I gather moonwort in the woods at night
And through the trees I see the moonlight
Painted in pools of quicksilver
On the gently textured waters of the river

I gather the herb of the lost and the found
The salad of Lazarus and greens for the dead
To stir awake and call back
For I am indeed a mad necromancer

Dancing in a woodland clearing
Who believes success is unimportant
And the only thing of worth is the effort
Where each attempt is like a prayer

A ritual of worship whose purpose is not
To make God appear before you
But to express what you feel
As it is with me and my obsession

It is not important that I bring her back
From the dead or awaken her from sleep
But it is the love with which I attempt it
That is success and life renewed

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Eggplant

It is tear shaped for this fruit is the face
Of the battered wife whose
Bruised and beaten flesh
Is ebony with traces of cobalt blue
Like summer nights just after sunset

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Sabine Hills

In candlelight I marvel
At her Mona Lisa face
Shaped in classic Italian
Her lips forming a smile
Sharp and unambiguous.

Gentle rises and slopes,
Soft inclines and descents,
A landscape rolling with
Trees in full foliage, the
Hills in summer splendor.

I love all to her ancestors
Sleeping in Etruscan tombs
Along winding Roman roads
To that long lineage that brought
Her here I am indebted.

In the valleys vineyards grow
And grapes ripen toward purple
In the moving shadows of
Green leaves animated
In an afternoon breeze.

I love the family line that painted
This face sculpted this form
Bottled this vintage, may
They sleep forever sweetly
In Sabine hills.

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Basket Of Figs

I bought a
Container
Of figs today
Violet
Like summer skies

In early evening
Memories
Of his gifts
Returning
To me now

The small figs
Overflow
A tiny basket
Gathering
Those that fell

I bought a
Container
Of figs today
Violet
Like summer skies

Produce Poems

Fruit O' The Vine

Beyond valley vineyards,
Where irrigators broadcast waterbeds
To grape clusters

Growing mauve in the shadows
Of green foliage,

The hills of Napa,
Rising to join the sky,
Carry the horizon on their backs.

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Muse Of Summer

Remember her breath
The breeze on August nights
Her hair blonde and bright
A July Afternoon
Her movements
Slow and lazy
The fluid motion
Of a summer day
Moving toward evening
And a colored sunset
Beyond the aspens
With leaves that quiver
In choreographed dance
Through the tinted air
Of mauve twilights

I too recall
She would look at me
And I would see in her eyes
Sunlight on the water
The shifting shimmer
A leaping gleam
The scent of her
A breeze off the lake
Cooling and fresh
That I continue to smell
Long after she has gone
The grace of hovering gulls
That rise effortless
In motionless flight

The sound of her laughter
A bird in the darkness
Before dawn
Her words a melody
Her lips moving as in song
Her expressions
Deep and
And her touch
Rain on the grass

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Fruit

For I have
Feelings burrowing and
Wiggling through me
Like so many worms
Working their way
Through an apple's
White middle

And I play host
To feelings that feed
On me like a troop
Of parasites that
Eat their hungry way
From point "A"
To point "B"

So I am bored
And tunneled through
By feelings that turn
And twist and move
Quite free and
Independently
Deep inside of me

But in the core
The heart and center
Where spirits of new
Springs sleep dreamily
In tear-shaped seeds
Are unborn blossoms
Yet to awaken

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Limes & Lemons

On the kitchen counter
Limes and lemons are in a bowl
Some with navels protruding
And others with navels dimpled
But all with a waxy gloss
Across their skins
That catches the light
And makes their color
Shine brighter

In the afternoon sun
Coming in the kitchen window
Behind the sink
I am reminded now
Of things that dry the mouth
With tart and sour tastes
And leave a tingling coldness
On the tongue like the air
Of a January morning

That is frozen in their meat
And iced in the juices
Of limes and lemons
Sleeping together in bowl
On the kitchen counter
And each time I pass them
I am struck by their brightness
That gleams with the colors
Of sunlight in the leaves

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Pearl Melon

I remember a time
An artist came to visit
And

Sat at kitchen table
With my wife and I
And

Remarked that the melon
Colored walls made him
Feel

As if we were sitting inside
A cantaloupe and we all
Laughed

Long ago but today we all three
Sit inside a poem without
Walls

Surrounded by an atmosphere
Of mother-of-pearl instead of
Air

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Potatoes

I stood before a pile of potatoes
In the grocery store today
That somehow strangely seemed
To awaken memories in me
For they were large
With irregular bulges and scars
With a sandpaper texture
Dirty and rough
Like my father's hands

And in the middle of crowded store
I stood alone touching the potatoes
Running my hands over their skin
Gently stroking them
Caressing them
Cupping their roughness and
Holding them in my palms for a long time

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Sweet Spanish Onions

Not white not red not yellow
But sweet Spanish onions that I seek
In the bins of the supermarket produce aisle
Looking for the color
That is the sepia underside of sycamore leaves in
November
And the tan leg and upper thigh of a woman in July

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Glokamora

I hear the ghost of my father
Singing to me:

"How are things in Glokamora?"
When I am serious, focused and determined.
His comic entrance into every room
Disturbs me now, when I make decisions
And deal with responsibilities in a come-back
With-your-shield-or-on-it manner.
I hear him.

I hear the ghost of my father
Singing to me:

"How are things in Glokamora?"
From a musical I never saw, when I am with
People who depend on me, when I gather everything
I've built and value around me and bask
In the orderliness of a reasonable life, when I am
Sure that achievement is the measure of a man.
I hear him.

I hear the ghost of my father
Singing to me:

"How are things in Glokamora?"
When I'm thoughtful and careful, when cool control
Is important, when I read a book or write
A line of verse, when I put on a dark suit,
Straighten my tie, and when I catch myself singing
A song from Finnegans Rainbow and am thoroughly
Annoyed. I hear him.

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With Oranges

I thought today of her awakening
Her movements a shadow
In the predawn darkness
A phantom floating
No more than a chimera of shape
A nude that Picasso might sketch
No more than a few sloping lines that curve
Toward soft inclines and rise gently
Toward feathered intersections
And fall toward full divergence
Backlit in silhouette from the bedroom window
Her breasts and buttocks
The simple elegance of lines in
Erotic waves and fluid motion
And as she moves near
I smell the citrus of orange slices
That is the fragrance and scent
That forms a perfumed wake as she passes
And the "sh" and "ch" sounds of her dressing
Are a bird's wings flapping
A slight rustling of fabric
A finch in the shrub
I am the slave of her motion
The serf of her smells
The prisoner of her naked beauty
Who wakes each morning in bondage
To the changing shape of curves
To the texture of delicate sound
And a still life with oranges

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Tomatoes

Picked tomatoes ripening
On the kitchen windowsill.
Neatly lined against the glass
In descending order of size.
Always gives me a warm
Feeling of home.
A reminder there's a woman
About, a woman's touch,
A woman's caring,
A woman's patient waiting.
Pale pink growing toward
A deeper scarlet will mark
Them for a special salad
Sometime next week.

Salome Dancing For Herod

If I was in the great hall
Of the palace
Watching Salome dancing
For Herod
I too would marvel
At movements
So erotic and executed
With animal precision

Her heaving breasts
Swaying pelvis
The white waves of her skin
Moving in soft undulations
Across her abdomen
And I smile knowing
That the king and I
Are both drunk with dance

And the beat of the music
The rhythmic flashing
Of bare thighs
Naked belly
Awaken the pagan in me
Who knows that lust is to love
What poetry is to prose
A sensual awakening of sight and smell
And sound and taste

And I would swear too
At that moment that the bounce
In each breast
Was worth the heads
Of a hundred prophets
And is more moving to me
Than the words
Of all the holy men in Judea

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Red Beans on Rice

Freckles sprinkled lightly
Over the whiteness
Of pale and perfect skin
Like spice spilled
Across a tablecloth
I imagine them seasoning
And added flavor
To the milk and cream
Of arm and leg

Hair like new copper
Wavy and full that falls across
The virginity of bare shoulders
And the snow covered hills
That is her naked ass
A Pre-Raphaelite vision
A shivering Ophelia
Whose color calls to mind
Red beans on rice.

The Chestnut Trees at Osny

In Pissarro's landscape under
A high green canopy
Made by four chestnut trees
A farmer bends working with a hoe.
An opening in the foliage
Frames yellow fields gently sloping,
And pale blue sky blending into
Trees on the distant horizon.

Two figures in a far off field
Are standing close, talking of
A crops progress or the harvest,
Stopping to wipe sweat from
Their foreheads and looking
At the shadows between
The bright green limbs
Of four chestnut trees.

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Coconuts

Two coconuts on the kitchen counter
Awaken primal urges in me,
Lying one against the other,
Looking somewhat feminine,
The rounded curve of breasts
Or buttocks, picking them up
With hands stretched open
To see how much can fit within
My grasp, weighing each with
Gentle lifting motions, and
hearing the slight slush of inner
Juices. Ah, coconuts, call up
A savage hunger.

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For An Australian Friend

Paul my friend is from tomorrow.
That's where he's made his life.

He's always just a single day
Beyond the current strife.

I write him notes from yesterday,
A little rhyming verse

To artfully remind him that
Today is just a curse.

So Paul my friend from different days
Ahead of present sorrow,

I know there's only laughing now,
This moment in tomorrow.

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Summer Plum

Today
Standing on the porch
My gaze scanning
A summer sky
I ate a plum

Slurping
its juice raining
On chin and hand
The scent released smells
Of June mornings

Tangy
Sweetness travels slowly
On my tongue and
I remember in the taste
Summers without end

Cobalt
Plums with brushstrokes
Of green growing in clumps
In shadows of waxen leaves
On long afternoons

High
In the tree like fruit I'd hide
Invisible in the foliage
The sweetness of plum
On a child's lips

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At The Eastern Market With Mary

I think that
Tomorrow
We'll go shopping
Together
At the market

She'll buy cut
Sunflowers
Wrapped tightly in
Newspaper
I'll carry them

And holding them
Diagonal
Against my chest
Following
Like a lictor

At the market
Tomorrow
I think that
Together
We'll go shopping

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Tropic of Capricorn - Tropic of Cancer

Today I awoke in summer
The air warm
Sun bright
And I am mystified
As to how I got here

Tropic of Capricorn
Tropic of Cancer

Did I paint this landscape
Like a dream with palm trees
That hold bomb bursts of
Foliage against a
Cloudless sky

Tropic of Capricorn
Tropic of Cancer

I have come through days
Of darkness where winter
Was one long night
That has given way
Only now to day

Tropic of Capricorn
Tropic of Cancer

And standing at the window
I whisper words
Chanted in the cadence
Of a holy prayer
Heartfelt and fervent

Tropic of Capricorn
Tropic of Cancer

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Russell Street Cafe

The stark brick interior walls
Softened with bright artwork,
City scenes of busy corners,
Yellow theater marquees
And neon signs, the blues
Broadcast from ceiling speakers.
A waiter with three fine gold hoops
In his right ear takes our order.
I have coffee, a side of potatoes
And sour dough rye toast with butter.
She has tea and despite my urging,
Nothing more. I tell her: "This is
The best bohemian breakfast spot."
A waitress, pretty and demure,
Wearing a short but tasteful dress
With black hose,
Her hair tied back in a tail,
Brings my food, and
Asking rather softly,
Delivers a perfectly
Alliterative line:
" Sir, a side of spuds?"

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The Big Two-Hearted River

I tell him:
*"This is where Hemingway
Loved to fish."*
He seems unimpressed,
And I smile,
Feeling it is
As it should be.

Somehow it seems small,
For words don't swim
Like salmon in the Fall
Through coffee colored water,
And poems don't hide
Like trout in Spring
In shadows under logs.

We cross the river
Over a walking bridge
That sways with my steps,
And he chides: *"Walk softer!"*
I smile, feeling it is
As it should be,
And I walk softly.

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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.funkydoggpublishing.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