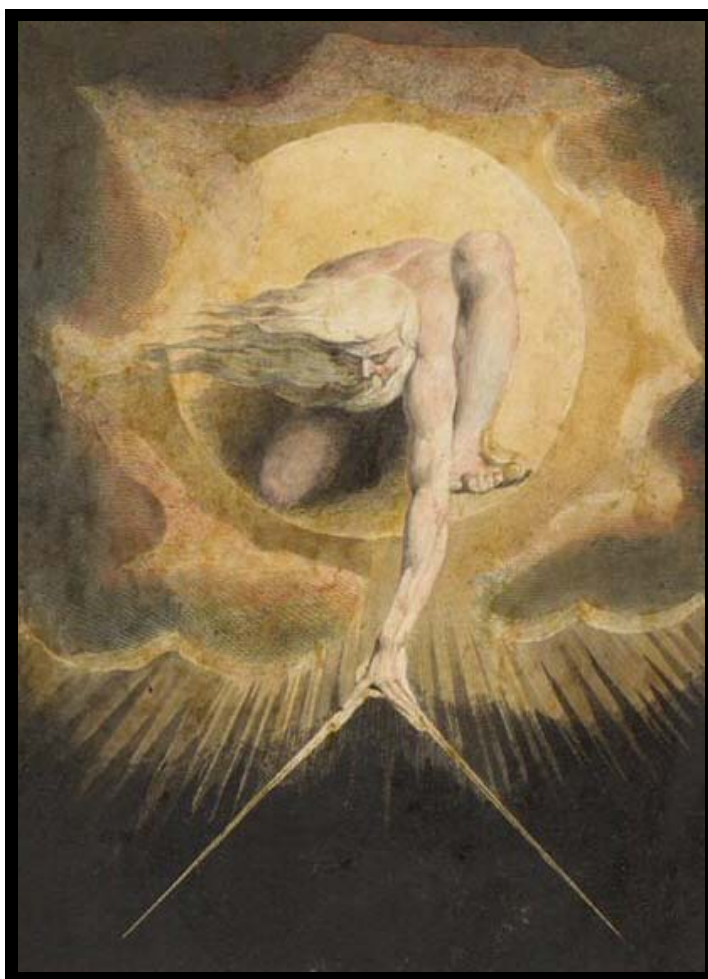


Theogony

*Theogony*  
*And Other Early Poems*  
*By Doug Tanoury*



FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING



# Theogony

FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING



DETROIT, MICHIGAN USA



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# Theogony

## **Sap**

I move invisibly,  
Irresistibly toward you,  
Toward the warm photosynthesis  
Of your sunlit kiss,  
Like a plant sitting on the  
Windowsill growing  
Toward the light,  
So busy digesting sunshine  
Into sugar, that I'm  
Blind to the fact  
That I am pot bound.

# Theogony

## ***An Hour Later. . .***

I miss the lacy fringe of fantasy,  
Her soft plumb-sauce breasts,  
Her sweet and sour thighs.

# Theogony

## *Theogony*

Nectar makes me spit. Ambrosia makes me choke.  
I don't care much for godly food, but sit at my table  
Eating chitterlings, neckbones and black-eyed peas,  
A garland of wilted laurel leaves resting crooked  
On my head, telling my wife that the garbage disposal  
Is a lying oracle, its prophetic utterances not to be trusted,  
How it's much more reliable to reading lamb's livers  
And goat's gizzards.

Wandering dazed and barefoot onto a neighbor's porch  
In the middle of the night, wearing pajamas and bathrobe  
Embroidered with the infamous initials-- "D.T."  
Pounding on the door screaming: "  
*Lafayette, I am here! Viva la France! Viva Napoleon!* "  
Calling out louder as she tries to quiet me:  
*"It was me, I who tickled the priestess at Delphi*  
And made her giggle girlishly, I who exposed Heracles  
As a chronic bed wetter, I who danced drunkenly to the wild  
Lute of Pan, and ran the woods after Artemis, yes, and  
I again who spit in the forge of Hephestus!"  
My wife finally leading me away by the arm like a blind and  
Broken Oedipus, a tragic hero.

Climbing into bed, listening to ghosts walking the hallway,  
Whispering familiar names in the darkness, haunted by all  
The dreams I've sacrificed, left butchered on a marble altar.

# Theogony

## ***Passion Play***

Let me bury myself  
In the soft folds  
Of your flesh and  
Be pleasantly reborn  
Be my perfumed portal  
Into a painless world  
Where kisses never betray,  
Where no one stoops to  
Pick up pieces of silver,  
And where roosters  
Never crow.

# Theogony

## ***To A Mulatto Barmaid***

Copper colored hair  
Tied back in a long fat braid,  
Skin like kahlua and  
Cream, easy on the eyes, like the  
Soft umber of autumn leaves.

# Theogony

## **S.P.Q.R**

A Modernist Love Poem

Days are joined one to another  
By confusion, growing into weeks  
That resemble the *Rape of The Sabine Women*, and doubts confront me like  
Tribes of Visigoths gathering at  
The gates of Rome, but in the  
Evening on the living room floor,  
Crawling on my hands and knees,  
Playing elephant to my young son's  
Hannibal, in slow elephantine  
Motions I lumber toward her,  
Sitting on the sofa, take a hand  
From her lap, lifting it gently  
To my lips.

Something in me freezes the moment,  
Her hand cupped in both of mine,  
Holding it like a small bird that  
Cannot fly, brushing it softly with  
My lips in a classical gesture of  
Tenderness that reduces confusion  
To mere perplexity. Pick up the  
Pen Cattulus. Nero tune your fiddle.  
The Circus Maximus begins with one  
Kiss and conflagrations ignite when  
The bodies of two lovers meet in  
The night.

# Theogony

## ***Topless Dancer***

You squirm across the stage  
Bouncing in the places  
Where bouncing counts  
Teasing the crowd with  
Winks and wiggles  
Smiling into the eyes  
Of drunken strangers  
Stroking the faces of  
Middle aged men  
Who would trade  
All their yesterdays  
And tomorrows to be  
Your g-string tonight.

# Theogony

## ***What Is***

Recently, I've felt the big bang and  
A universe of feeling is expanding  
In one direction, in ways Copernicus never figured,  
Galileo never saw and Newton never dreamed.  
Lately I have been seeing things through a haze  
Of Magellanic clouds.

I find myself thinking Zen-like concepts:  
Before her, I was the sound of one hand clapping,  
The thunderous crash of trees falling in the forest  
That no one hears. Suddenly all the old rules are broken,  
And inner principles are magically moveable,  
Wildly flexible.

There are things outside the bounds  
Of emotional possibilities, that defy  
Inner laws of what can and cannot be,  
Lately water's running uphill and light is  
Shining brilliant spectrum colors of reds  
And violets. What could not be  
Suddenly is, and I am faced with  
Some fantastic reality that has  
Escaped from a dream.

# Theogony

## ***Birch Woods***

Just after sunrise, in late October,  
On the edge of a country road,  
I stand still, staring into a  
Thick forest of birch trees that  
Have lost their leaves weeks ago  
And are now bare white against  
A darkened sky, and I think  
I have wandered into an artist's  
Chalk drawing, each tree a  
Hand drawn line, some bent,  
Some straight, some broken,  
All going this way and that way.

I stand quietly, listening  
To the wind and the report  
Of hunter's guns that seem to  
Echo in the cold air and woods  
Like thunder. The birches stand  
Thin, tall and eerily white, and  
I think I have wandered into a  
Photographic negative that turns  
All dark things white and  
All white things dark.

I listen to the wind awhile longer,  
To a few more shots that echo  
From the hunter's guns, trying  
Hard to decide if I am standing  
In an artist's chalk sketch of birches  
Or a photographic negative of poplars  
And aspens all turned birch white,  
Before I wander home.

# Theogony

## *Inverse Reality*

What has set me on this stage,  
Given me this magician's hat  
Of rhetorical illusion, doomed  
Me to stand endlessly pulling  
A chain of colored silk hand-  
Kerchiefs, knotted one to the  
Other, from my sleeve to the  
Painful point where trick  
Becomes tragedy.

Like an actor in Greek drama,  
Deaf to the warning wisdom of  
The chorus, blind to fore-  
Shadowings of fate, I'm  
Stumbling across the stage,  
Where everyone knows what I  
Don't see and hears what  
I need to but can't, in a  
World where fine lines are  
No lines and up becomes down.

# Theogony

## ***Escape***

I've left the craziness of the city  
To walk down the gravel of country roads,  
To see the pines and maples softening  
The steeply sloping hills.  
I've left the land of broken glass  
And sickly hearts,  
To feel the spray of waves on my face,  
To watch rainbows fading over the bay,  
To discover that brooks do babble,  
That God does walk in the quiet of the hills,  
And that paradise waits  
At the end of the interstate.

# Theogony

## ***Roll Over Walt Whitman***

Today, I tried to write you  
A love poem, the kind you  
Like to read outloud to me  
From greeting cards, but I  
Got sidetracked and it turned  
Into a poem about something  
Else, something more dramatic  
Than washing dishes, more  
Dazzling than folding diapers,  
More romantic than rocking  
The baby, and more captivating  
Than cooking meals;  
You know me, always using words  
As Q-Tips dipped in tragedy,  
Something to get between the ears;  
I go after the big idea and  
The burlesque because I'm a poor shot;  
I'm all paper-mache and silver glitter,  
A razzmatazz man, a flim-flam prop man,  
Who wants to conjure his own  
Cold dead past, who wants to  
Levitate the human heart and hit the  
Margin release in every brain;  
Today you stand beyond my talent;  
My words won't stick to the hushed  
Greatness of a closet heroine,  
But I'm growing more artful,  
And the day is approaching  
When I will have the power  
To portray you and make it sing with a  
Percolating pathos that will  
Make people cry; then I will be a poet  
And have the skill to capture and  
Manage reality with the sky as my limit,  
And when I die they'll have to bury me  
With fistfuls of clouds, but in the  
Meantime, mamma, I'll simply say  
I love you.

# Theogony

## ***Fall***

The ladyslippers have withered  
Into yellows and browns lying  
On the frozen ground, but  
Sleeping dreamless in their  
Swollen pods are the clustered  
Thoughts of future green-ness.

# Theogony

## ***Un-Named***

There's something moving  
Deep inside of you, the  
Stirring of a seedling soul,  
A restless bundle of longings  
Unfelt yet, floating in  
Freefall, swimming in  
Subterranean springs,  
Sleeping in your sweetness  
Like a gem in a wineglass.

# Theogony

## ***Good Night, America***

Poetry is the afterglow of pretty phrases,  
The stumps of stories.  
Poetry is meaningful like a two-dollar wall poster.  
Poetry is a breeze in a bottle,  
Spring rain suspended in ink.  
Poetry is the miraculous transformation of  
Cigarettes and coffee into melodious meaning.  
Poetry is the clunking of candy bars  
Falling through a vending machine.  
Poetry is the hiss of air brakes on a semi  
Trailer, a siren in the night.  
Poetry is the mysterious smirk on a man's face  
And vacant eyes.  
Poetry is lusty and loud like immigrant  
Italian women.  
Poetry is a canary escaped from its cage  
Fluttering at the window.  
Poetry is rubbing against young women  
On a crowded bus.  
Poetry is a ghetto boy dreaming of galloping  
Across prairie grass.

Poetry is gulls dipping toward the lake,  
Freighters steaming through the mist.  
Poetry is a spotlight stroking the night sky,  
Warm breezes flapping bedroom drapes.  
Poetry is rhubarb growing wild in the alley,  
Rats playing in the twilight.  
Poetry is an acid sunrise on Zug Island,  
A murderous wind from Wyandotte.  
Poetry is the emerald backs of houseflies,  
The spastic courage of cockroaches.  
Poetry is the screaming soprano of jet engines  
Dropping to a muffled drone.  
Poetry is old portraits in ornate frames  
Coated thick with attic dust.  
Poetry is a shot glass madness, the sharp  
Smell of cigar smoke and scattered poker cards.  
Poetry is the sporadic static of drive-in speakers,  
A colorful drama seen in the darkness.  
Poetry is the paint peeling from factory walls  
And warm sandwiches in brown bags.

# Theogony

Poetry is.

# Theogony

## ***Liberation***

Taking my anger,  
Holding it inside  
A closed fist,  
And whispering some  
Secret thoughts to it,  
And opening my hand,  
Lifting it skyward  
As if releasing  
A captured bird into  
The half-lit afternoon sky  
Of late-December.

# Theogony

## ***Night Sails***

Floating down the river, the village lights  
Flickering through the tall reeds along the bank  
Like a cluster of stars. The lantern swaying  
As the boat rocks gently on the waves.  
The sail catching the breeze with soft soothing  
Sounds like a woman walking in a summer dress.

Bedrooms curtains flapping as she sleeps alone.  
Or is she still awake sitting in the night outside  
Our door, drinking wine from a clay cup, watching  
The fireflies twinkling from the weeds overgrowing  
Our Garden, as she counts the miles between us.

# Theogony

## ***Playthings***

Naked dolls in the toy box,  
Buried in a mound of soft stuffed animals  
Locked 'til tomorrow in an orgy of joy.

# Theogony

## ***Out Of Place***

I have feelings that seem to  
Have no place in my life, they  
Most likely belong to someone  
Else, someplace else. I have  
Apparently picked them up  
By mistake.

I have feelings that don't correspond  
With my situation, the way I have  
Ordered my life. They are at odds with  
Its structure, its fundamental direction,  
Its reasoning and judgment.

I have feelings that should not be mine,  
That must belong to another man, that  
Are improper in the context of my  
Life, incongruous in the light of  
Who I think I am.

I have feelings that obviously belong to  
Another man, their origins mysterious,  
Their existence startling, and although  
I have no place for them, I find  
I like their warmth. their sweetness.  
I'm going to keep them.

# Theogony

## ***I Want To Be . . .***

I want to be a silver-suited astronaut,  
Thundering toward heaven on a pillar of fire,  
Streaking the sky in a blazing chariot  
Like some old testament prophet  
Strapped into a pilot's chair scanning  
Consoles of telltale lamps glowing  
Steady green, positioning toggle switches  
And reading terminal displays  
Of velocity, trajectory, telemetry.  
Laughing as I radio to flight control:  
"In thrust we trust!"  
Heart racing with excitement that years  
Of study, tests and flight simulations  
Cannot dissipate or degrees in chemistry,  
Physics, astronomy damper.  
I want to be a silver-suited astronaut,  
A cosmic Columbus, a mythical  
Major Tom, looking out the aft viewport  
At a blue-green drop of color,  
The best of worlds, the worst of worlds  
Quick receding in the blackness,  
My life behind shrinking, darkness growing  
To swallow my past, spending nights  
Lonely and space sick, like a vagrant  
Sleeping in a dumpster, six walls closing in.  
I want to be a silver-suited astronaut  
Standing under the green sky of Titan,  
Knee deep in hydrocarbon muck,  
Watching methane rain splatter on my  
Helmet visor, catching flakes of  
Acetylene snow with gloved palms  
Upturned.

# Theogony

## ***Aegean***

Staring out to sea  
From ragged cliffs  
At hypnotic movements  
Of waves in bright sunlight,  
Cresting like the unkempt hair  
Of old women cleaning fish  
On the rocks by the shore.

# Theogony

## ***Flutist***

I never knew her name but  
She was pretty in an  
Ordinary

Way her figure stood  
Slender and tall  
In faded

Jeans with paisley patches  
At the knees behind  
The

High school I saw her in  
Late afternoon out  
Beyond the

Football field in the  
Shade of a maple  
Sitting alone

Lotus style head bent  
Slightly playing  
A flute

# Theogony

## ***User Friendly***

Talk data to me, sweetie.  
Set those interstate circuits  
Humming, shouting sine waves  
Over cornfields in Iowa,  
Wheat fields in Kansas,  
Deaf to the cricket's sounds  
And the lonely caw of a crow  
Winging solitaire across a  
Texas sunset. They say you're  
User friendly.

Talk data to me, sweetie,  
Over analog voice grade  
Or Dataphone Digital Service.  
Whisper sweet nothings in  
My ear at 9.6 kilo-bits  
Per second, and answer  
My question:

How friendly is friendly?

# Theogony

## ***Lost***

I've lost something in the high-tech  
Mish-mash, the laser light hellos  
And microwave mornin's.  
I've lost my way in bare white rooms  
And rows of cubicles.

There is no little blonde-haired girl  
Running barefoot through a summer  
Sprinkler on a just cut lawn.

There are no wind-filled rainbow sails  
Speeding graceful in September sunsets.  
No vision. No feeling. No words.

For I have forgotten . . .  
A red wheelbarrow left out in the rain.

# Theogony

## ***Creationist's Creed***

A Fig-leaf Fundamentalist  
Hymn Sung to the Tune of  
*Rock of Ages*

God of Genesis and Job,  
Sculptor of this earthly globe,  
Cast your shadow on the deep,  
Awaken truth from its sound sleep,  
Hear me Lord, I do implore,  
Modern science is a whore.

Charles Darwin, throw him out,  
From the school tops I would shout,  
Spare the children, Lord on high,  
Keep them from a sinful lie,  
Guide them through this chilling night,  
Touch their minds and give them light.

Evolution swinging free,  
From the limbs of learning's tree,  
Cast it out and crush its head,  
'Til that slimy serpents dead;  
Show your might Lord, loose your wrath,  
Kick that crazy theory's ass.

Toss aside the fossil proof,  
Bones of stone are all a spoof,  
For the ape and chimpanzee  
Bear no relationship to me,  
East of Eden let me roam,  
Lead me to my rightful home.

# Theogony

## ***Poem On The Page***

Sung to the tune of *Home On The Range*

Poem, poem on the page,  
Where the nouns and the adjectives range,  
Where seldom is heard a superfluous word  
Yet it's tough for a cowboy who writes.

Poem, poem on the page,  
Herding words pays a very low wage,  
Scribbling verse in the saddles a curse  
Yes, writings a hard horse to ride.

Poem, poem on the page  
Where mustangs of metaphors graze,  
Where vision unfolds and a story is told  
Writing off in the sunset I ride.

Poem, poem on the page,  
Practicality caught the last stage  
And rode out of town wearing a frown  
So it's writing and whiskey for me.

Poem, poem on the page,  
Where the stallions of similes race  
We gather at noon at the Java Saloon  
Where a cowboy who writes can have fun.

# Theogony

## *Lines*

I watched you, mamma, walking in the line  
Winding from the boxcars through the gate, the air  
Held a bitter smell, but it felt wonderful to stand,  
To walk and see the sky, there was a breeze, I  
Remember it, after two days in a cattle car, I'll  
Never forget the breeze, standing before the  
Camp gate, as clerks wearing Stars-of David on  
Their shirtsleeves walked through the crowd  
Checking papers and logging names.

It was a hot day in a dry Polish summer, and  
There was a band playing Schubert, I saw them  
Mamma, playing cello and violin, smiling as  
The line trudged, feet shuffling along the  
Dry hard packed earth. I saw you crying,  
Waving to me as they pushed you along,  
Carrying you slowly further into the camp  
Like a lazy current, out toward the whitewashed  
Buildings. I heard you call me, your voice  
Floating over the boiling babble of the crowd.

I hear you call my name, mamma, while waiting  
In line at the theater, a crowded bank,  
To get into a good restaurant or filing into  
Temple. I jerk my head and scan the crowd  
Frantically looking for your gray house dress  
And red babushka, a white handkerchief cupped to  
Your nose, until my wife gently pats my arm  
And I remember.

# Theogony

## ***Sonata***

Her voice is pleasing  
To the ears and other less  
Apparent parts of me,  
A wind in the willow  
On summer nights, the  
Song of one bird singing  
In the darkness before  
The dawn.

# Theogony

## ***Wishes***

I never wished for this.  
To live away from her.  
"What of the children?"  
She asks me as if I know.  
Will I set them aside like  
Some toys of my childhood  
That I have outgrown  
And do not play with  
Any longer. My son  
Will be a cowboy  
Without a horse and my  
Daughters will not fall victim  
To the hugging monster again.  
Yet, she will be happy.  
And I will be caught  
Midas like  
In the snares  
Of my own wishes.

# Theogony

## ***Dad***

I saw him sitting naked  
On the edge of the bed  
In the half-darkness  
Of early morning, and  
Noticed how old he looks,  
Elbows resting on his knees,  
His face covered with his hands,  
A portrait of human weakness  
That Leonardo would sketch  
The child in me reaches out,  
Wanting the innocent  
Beginnings and honest intentions  
That long ago were lost,  
And I find myself  
Again with childish  
Feelings of dad don't go,  
Don't leave now.

# Theogony

## ***I Wanna Be. . .***

I want to be an intellectual,  
A man of awesome learning,  
Knowing the how's and why's  
Of complex questions, the  
If's and but's of slick solutions,  
The in's and out's of every syllogism,  
A smooth talking child of reason,  
Juggling conundrums like a  
Circus clown, master of reality  
Under the big top.  
Thinking very often, feeling very  
Little, all head and mutated heart  
That pumps more freon than  
A frigidaire, capable of tenderness  
Only when stroking my own beard,  
A strong willed stoic scholar,  
Talking Latin in my sleep,  
Reciting Lucretius and Aurelius  
To the dust on the dresser tops  
And night stands.  
To whom pretty faces are mere objects  
Of beauty, lessons in history or  
Phenomenal anatomy, only  
Giving rise to thoughts of Elenore  
Of Aquatain, Helen of Troy or  
Dante's Beatrice, women eternally aloof,  
Too classically proper to breathe  
Hot suggestive urgings into my ears  
Or squeeze me with lust like a  
Tube of contraceptive foam.  
I want to be an intellectual,  
A sexless savant, an egghead eunuch,  
Bombastic and brilliant,  
with more points in my IQ  
Than switchblades in Harlem.  
Returning alone to my apartment,  
To walls lined with books  
That serve to soundproof the rooms,  
Locking in my cries as I slash my wrists  
With an ice blue blade of logic.

# Theogony

## ***Old Song***

I found myself singing  
A popular song  
From World War II  
Into the bathroom mirror  
One morning, about bluebirds  
Over the white cliffs of Dover,  
How one day the war  
And the killing would end,  
Jimmy would come home  
To laughter and peace everafter.  
The lyrics and melody  
My mother taught me as a boy.

When mom and dad would fight,  
I would climb the apricot tree  
In my grandmother's yard  
And sing it, perched birdlike  
On a high branch hidden behind  
A dense curtain of leaves,  
Only my voice escaping  
To fly in the hot summer air.  
Like a bluebird I sat singing  
In the tree waiting for the war  
To end.

# Theogony

## ***The History Of Geography***

The dust sprinkles inklings of history  
On a forgetful wind  
The faces of long gone fishermen  
The feet of forgotten dancers  
The wind stirs up old longings in the dust  
While the hills slouch silent in the moonlight  
The land grow old  
Awaiting a lover who promises to return  
Remembering the sound of his voice  
And the feel of his touch  
The land dreams of its lovers on cold nights

# Theogony

## ***Growing Pains***

A New Age Poem

A growing part of me  
Wants to leave my briefcase  
Leaning against the wall  
Behind the front door  
And my neck tie snaking  
Across the bedroom  
Dresser top until a coat  
Of fine dust forms on them.

A growing part of me  
Wants to trade all my  
Long sleeve white and pastel  
Shirts for loud Hawaiian styles  
With bright tropical flowers  
And tall palm trees leaning  
This way and that.

A growing part of me  
Forces me to pay attention  
To just the things that  
Really matter and  
Everything else is  
Empty motion.  
Life is becoming simple,  
Oh so much so.

# Theogony

## *To Susan*

Sad owner of all the dolls  
I dismembered as a child,  
Stripping off their little  
Girl clothes to reveal the  
Reality of asexual anatomy,  
Pulling limbs from the torsos,  
Prying heads from the necks  
To more easily clip the hair,  
Shaving them smoothly bald  
To the scalp, mounting their  
Hollow heads on broomsticks  
In the living room, doll  
Eyes staring blank and  
Unblinking, as the heads of  
Those fallen from imperial  
Favor lined the Forum on  
Tall pikes in old Rome.

Susan, sad owner of all the  
Dolls, whose eyes stare at me  
Blankly too at times from the  
Other side of helplessness  
With silent victim's eyes  
That can't communicate the pain  
Or comprehend the reasons.  
The journey of this feeling  
Has taken years, working slowly  
Toward my throat, to sit on my  
Tongue and form on my lips,  
Only to fall on deaf doll ears  
And lifeless eyes that have  
Never known a tear.

# Theogony

## ***Free Verse***

Your a delicate thing,  
A poem of soft words,  
Various levels,  
Multiple meanings,  
Hushed visions,  
Fresh color,  
Unfolding  
Like a new flower  
On a May morning.

# Theogony

## ***A\$\$e\$uia***

The teletypes lined  
Along the office walls, singing  
Like choirboys at a  
Christmas mass, concelebrate  
The printing of dollar signs.

# Theogony

## ***November Woods***

A trail cuts into the woods  
And winds along the river.  
I've walked along this path  
Many times in summer,  
Under a thick canopy of foliage  
That heavily shades the path,  
Darkening the woods,  
The sunlight beaming through  
Small openings in the tree tops  
Dappling my path in what seemed  
Supernatural light, as  
The river swollen and sunlit,  
Swiftly flowed.

But now, the autumn leaves  
That fell weeks ago and  
Obscured the path have blown off  
Into the river or into the woods,  
And thick clouds hang low in the sky.  
The river is still and shallow,  
Its water stained like strong tea.  
A faint snow lightly falls,  
And I find myself deep within  
An artist's charcoal sketch.

Without leaves the woods are dark,  
With black trees set against a gray sky,  
Squirrels grown fat for the winter  
Play on the path, the sounds  
Of rustling in the leaves  
Comes from many directions.  
These woods in winter always  
Make me whisper Frost outloud,  
Lines from a poem I memorized as a boy,  
And I remember all my promises.

# Theogony

## ***Woman Talking***

The woman talking on the payphone. . .  
I would not have noticed her except  
She has hair like Botticelli's Venus

# Theogony

## ***Dream Reunion***

Entering the living room  
In a strange house, I see  
Her standing there looking  
As she always did, clutching  
A black vinyl purse with her  
Coat folded across her arm.  
Hugging her, I hear someone  
Crying and realize its me.  
My chin resting on her shoulder  
Until I begin wondering what  
It is I'm holding, remembering  
She's been dead for many years.  
Releasing her, stepping back,  
I hear the rush of air into a  
Vacuum and watch her crumble  
Like a brittle flower lifted  
From between the yellowed  
Pages of an old book, atomized  
Like a sand castle caught in  
The surf, her particles like  
Dust scatter in the air, and  
I'm left alone standing in the  
Living room of a strange house  
Having lost her again.

# Theogony

## ***Blue Sunrise***

Some mornings I feel like a  
Bible salesman whose business  
Is bad, wearing the same navy-blue  
Suit and wrinkled white shirt  
With soiled collar and cuffs  
For weeks on end, living in a  
Run down room in an old  
Downtown hotel, contemplating  
Hanging myself in the closet  
With my mustard-stained necktie.

# Theogony

## ***There Are Days***

There are days when I think  
I'll go to pieces, scattering my atoms  
In all directions, a 200 megaton  
Explosion going off in me with a force  
Comparable to 10,000 tons of firecrackers,  
Bringing down the roof, turning the  
Living room into ground zero, leaving  
A deep crater in the new carpet, and sending  
Firestorms sweeping across the quiet  
Suburban streets of Fraser.

There are days I think I'll collapse  
Into myself, deflating and sinking  
Amid the flames and smoke like the  
Hindenburg, losing my internal pressure,  
Exhaling my soul, sucking myself in,  
Devouring myself, turning inside out  
Like a burnt-out star turning into a  
Black hole, slurping up everything  
Nearby into its black embrace.

There are days I think I'll kiss her  
Good-bye and push my way onto the  
Brightly painted Joy Bus that takes  
Mobs of neighborhood children to  
Bible school, grab a window seat  
And slouching low, clapping my hands,  
Throwing my head back and singing loud,  
Trying to escape and forget the  
High cost of living.

# Theogony

## ***Mid-Winter Memory***

Driving slowly down snow-covered  
Side streets, wipers flapping,  
Heater sighing, radio singing  
A love song from the sixties,  
Shifting my mind into reverse,  
Backing me up to barefoot summers,  
And frizzy-haired girls in tie-dyed  
T-shirts lying on the high school lawn.

# Theogony

## ***Smiling Sin***

Tasting temptation lying heavy  
On my tongue like a thick slice  
Of butter melting slowly, looking  
At her, wondering if the aftertaste  
Of sin is really bitter.

# Theogony

## ***Escargot***

Land snails crawling  
Out of their wicker basket  
In front of the shop,  
Gathering at the curb like  
A gang of bored youths in summer

# Theogony

## *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.