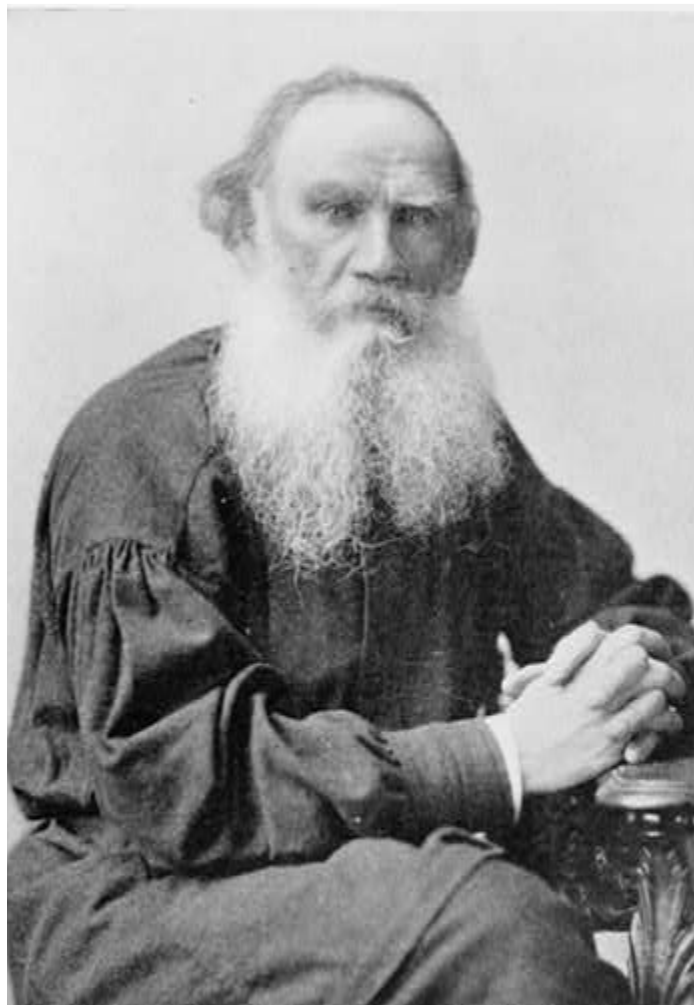


TOLSTOY'S GHOST

A COLLECTION OF POETRY
BY DOUG TANOURY



FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING



DETROIT, MICHIGAN USA



Printed on recycled paper

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To Matthew, Stacey and Terra, my love and dedication always.

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The Song

On My 50th Birthday

This morning
In the feeble light
Just before sunrise,
I heard the first songbird of spring
In a tree branch still bare of leaves,
As it repeated
Its refrain,
I turned to her and said:
“It is singing for love.”
And I think the power of procreation
Is more pervasive than all the dumb
And inanimate matter
And a universe
Full of mostly lifeless stuff.

“It is singing for love”
I repeat as if translating the refrain,
From the shadow on the winter branch
That proclaims
The seasons change
And new life in bare branches
That will soon sprout
Tender green buds
That will grow to open
And magically move
In the faint breezes
Against the iridescent glow
Of the western sky
On summer evenings.

And to me
A student of seasons
And quiet transitions,

Of tulip blades
That stab green
Through the black
And softening earth,
“It is singing for love.”
Alone on branch in a brand new day,
I stop my movement
For a moment
As I listen transfixed and silent
To the song, and finally turn toward her,
As she moves about the kitchen,
Oblivious and deaf,
To love’s refrain.

Detroit River

When I was a boy
I spent summer afternoons
in a small fishing boat
on the river.

We'd fish deep
out by buoy #3,
a channel marker
with a large bell at it's peek
that peeled with each rolling wave.

We'd fish the rocky shallows
by the leaning lighthouse
that listed steeply toward
the westward shore.

All of our large imperfections
gathered within the too small confines
of our little boat, weighing it down
precariously low
in the water.

Café of the Chinese Women

In each window
A pattern of sunlight
Shines through
Woven straw curtains
And falls across
Tablecloths
White
Like snow covered fields
On a January afternoon.

Spring Planting

She slips her tongue into my mouth
Like the first green shoots
Of Spring flowers pierce the earth,
Fragile and delicate,
And I imagine that I taste
On her tongue
The moist green tendrils and stalks
Of new daffodils, tulips and crocuses
That sprout from a bulb like base
Deep in her mouth where tongue meets throat,
And love takes root
Winding around tonsils
And adenoids and epiglottis.

I sink my hands in the moistness of the soil,
And spread the small opening of earth wide
To accept the size of the root ball.
I straighten each protruding stem and pat down
The base with open palms,
Pressing firmly
To pack down and fill in each small crevice
Until earth and plant are melded into oneness,
Like two lovers locked tightly
In a lustful and passionate embrace
With arms and legs wrapped root like
About each other.
The odor of soil clinging to my hands
Long after I have washed away the dirt.

The smell of earth in April
Is on her breath, a scent that is mixed
With the leaves of last autumn
That collect at the base of the shrub
Hedge that borders her yard and where they

Wait out the winter undisturbed,
As I have slept naked in her bed
Through December afternoons
And January evenings, sandwiched warmly between
Down quilt and flannel sheet,
I often tell her that although I have no gift
To make flowers grow, there is nothing
I enjoy more than planting in her garden.

Bar Room Supplicant

She moves behind the bar
With such earnestness,
A quickness that communicates great urgency,
And I think it is the speed of an angel
Going about the business of God,
A winged Hermes on a holy journey
Who flies between the bottles
Of Bombay Gin and Yukon Jack Whisky,
And I think, dear, sweet servant of the Almighty
Bent on your divine mission of mercy,
Spare on me, thy most sacred grace and
Fill my glass, on the rocks,
A double scotch.

Autumn Rain

The rain began today
Before the sunrise.
It came down hard
With the swoosh
That sounds like traffic
Speeding along the interstate.

It must have been the dark
And the grayscale of the morning sky,
That made me think of her
With regret and a certain sadness,
Bittersweet like the days in late September
That signals the slow transition of season.

More than our words
It is the long pauses,
The extended silence,
That has moved in to occupy the distance
And to fill the empty space
Between us
That foreshadows the future
For me.

The rain fell hard
With the loud and constant hiss
And crackle of radio static,
That is no more than the soft percussion
Of droplets in the street
That will soon fade
In gradual steps,
From downpour,
To drizzle,
To mist and
Full silence.

Catherine

Like an apparition you appeared
Out of nothingness, and
Broke into a solitary and silent moment
Dressed like a gardener
Wearing bib overalls, straw hat
With a tube top covering your breasts.

You spoke to me as if you knew me
Not for mere seconds, but for a long time,
And by this most of all, I was disarmed and charmed.
You were unselfconscious and I was quite taken
As I shook your hand
And asked your name.

Death Mask

If intelligence is a connectedness
That links us to the world,
Then death is a solitary stupidity,
An empty darkness
In which everything is forgotten,
A total separation from the world.

In death, the universe is a big event
I am no longer a part of.
It is a party I have left
At 3:00 a.m., drunk and alone,
Staggering barefoot
Across dew covered lawns.

Flowers will continue to grow
Without me, summer rain will fall
Unbeknown to me, and I will be blind
To large flocks of starlings flying
In highly syncopated patterns
Across a cloudless sky.

I will be dumb in the dissolution of death,
Ignorant in eternity, and so
Consumed in my forgetfulness
That I will not recall
The most basic facts of my being:
And I will know nothing.

Interventions

I have come to this place
For reasons mysterious
And unknown to me
Yet it seems that chance events
And freak accidents
Constitute the most life changing
Turning points.

In the fortuitous,
Prayers are answered
And in randomness,
The Almighty
Is made manifest.
And in the smallest details
Of the unpredictable
One finds traces
Of the handiwork of God.

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

A Trick of Sophocles

She enters a play
Transcendent,
With robes flowing and
Swinging high above the action
Suspended by wires
And a swivel boom
Activated by a fulcrum,
A deus ex machina,
That stops dramatic progress
And the plot plodding toward
The dark and inevitable.

She descends from above,
From a painted backdrop
That is the sky high above the stage
To touch the hero
Who is plodding into
Truly tragic depth,
And it is this godly entrance,
Her divine intervention,
As she extend one freckled hand,
To a mere mortal.

April

Spring in Michigan
Is an opusculum
Tucked almost unnoticed
Between the grand extremes
Of winter and summer,
It is a mostly mild season
Where wind and rain
Are moderated to sonata tempo
As not to disturb
The pale pastel blossoms
That bloom small and fragile
On the plum and cherry trees.

Frozen

Out beyond the frozen shore,
The small clumps of ice,
Floating in the open water
Is a flock of white swans.

Absolution

It may be
That the April rain
Absolves the earth
Foe the extremes
Of past seasons
And anoints each bud
And blossom
With beads of
Holy water
That falls from heaven
To wash away the sins
And past transgressions.
The rain washes the earth
In forgiveness.

This Bright and Perfect Day

As this bright and perfect day
Slips slowly into the dark entropy
Of a summer night,
I find myself remembering
The soft sensations of touch,
Hands moving against the bare warmth
Of naked thighs,
Indeed, I must close my eyes now
To more fully recall,
Or perhaps
Merely more creatively imagine,
A moment when
My cheek pressed against her
Breast.

In the twilight of my
Attenuating attention,
As memories fall from consciousness
Like overripe fruit,
And the brightness of an August afternoon
Slips into the watercolor wash
Of sunset colors
Just beyond the stand of aspens,
I half-remember the path we walk
Or sitting beneath those trees,
With foliage quivering
In the choreographed movement
Of highly practiced dance.

I marvel
At the breeze in the leaves,
How delicate the effect
Of their rustling,
The sound of running water

That they seem to make
As they move,
And I am amazed
And astonished now,
At the graceful movement
Of the breeze that
Passes barely perceptible
Between the most narrow openings
And smallest spaces
That separate us.

Plums & Apricots

Plums and apricots
Piled high in a bowl
On the kitchen table,
Mixed together in
A blend of cobalt blues
And sunset yellows,
And if carefully considered,
Their color can communicate
The sweet wetness of
Of each purple plum,
And awaken the tangy dryness
That is the first taste
Of a golden apricot.

November Afternoon

The ash
lost all its amber
leaves, branches bare, gaunt and ghostly
like bones without flesh, stands skeletal against a
winter sky.

August

This afternoon
The day lilies
Abundant blooms
Of canary and crimson,
Leave me mute and unmoved,

And the hammock
Hanging weightless
Between greenness of grass
And blueness of sky
Lulls me to silence,

And in the night,
In the darkness, under the trees,
Where the branches
Of the ash meet the maple,
I sit quiet,

For the night sky
On summer nights
Glowing purple in the West,
Translucent and backlit,
Leaves me wordless.

Overture

When I think of him, I hear Offenbach's
Overture to Orpheus in the Underworld.
Don't ask me why, I simply don't know.
Thoughts are more often a mystery to me and
At other times merely troubling impositions.
The violin with a voice so clear and plaintive,
That sinks to notes so sad,
The melody slow and mellifluous, but
More likely it is a lone clarinet that
Calls him to mind, or
Maybe it is the rising to crescendo,
The grand sweeping movements
That culminates in the riotous
Racing heartbeat tempo of a can-can.
An overture of such irresistible drive
That can no more be controlled
Than one's own thoughts.
I think of him
With the same deep despondency and great glee
That endears this music to me,
The mad fluid and dizzy spinning blend of contradictions
That is as puzzling
As the people we love.

Ash Leaves

Overnight,
The ash leaves have changed
To ochre.
Occasionally, one will drop to the lawn
I'll watch
Its feathered fall that is more a floating,
A delicate
Drifting in zigzags to the ground,
Spinning and twisting
In sailing motions like a fishing spoon
Swimming
In clear Spring waters.

This is
The season of change and letting go,
Of quiet
Release and things shed in gentle winds.
There is
Alchemy in autumn mornings
That turns
Base things golden and paints in
Brilliant and
Burning pigments upon each branch
The stored up prised
And spectrumed light of August sunsets.

A Cubist's Still Life

The sky was perfectly azure today,
With no more than few faint wisps
Of cirrus and stratus clouds
Feathering lightly across high altitudes
Above the Southern horizon.
This clear autumn day
That to me is like one of Picasso's blue paintings.
These are the days of dim indigo,
Where dusk never fully darkens to night,
And dawn never really advances towards day,
But is stunted and weak like the first light
That shines each morning through the Sycamores.

These are the days of suspended disbelief
Where I believe, what once I did not,
In a turned around consciousness that has slipped
Between darkness and light into
That limbo state
That is the mezzanine of being,
Where everything is lit in cerulean hues,
And whatever I do
Is so much empty motion,
Mere mimesis,
A cubist's still life.

Dog Days

Through these last dog days of summer
And the long sleepless cat nights
That mark the end of August,
I find myself thinking of you.
Quite in spite of my intentions,
I do recall now
The sound of feet slowly shuffling
Up the front steps and your shouts
As the screen door frames your face:
“Doug-eeeeey!
Doug-eeeeey!”

In August I recall you
When rain falls in grainy
Gray sheets and fills my ears
With a sound of broadcast static
That might come from a bad radio receiver
Or a faulty TV set.
I remember how in the face of problems,
Technical and otherwise,
I stood by you,
A good listener,
A patient viewer,
Waiting for a clearer reception
And the resolution of difficulties.

It is me, who rides the red scooter
Down the long sidewalks of our street
In the shadows of the elms
That misses you still.
It is I, sitting on the front porch steps
In the bright light of summer afternoons,
When the air itself
Feels like hot bath water against the skin,

That remembers, and at these moments when
Time itself seems to slow to stillness,
I have no doubt that
When I am unaware or inattentive,
It secretively stops
And all of eternity becomes
One long afternoon in August.

Shopping List

Five pounds of potatoes – small and red
Leaf lettuce – two or three head
Some mangos – only if they are ripe
Little red grapes – no seeds, you know the type
Cooking onions - three or four
Roman tomatoes – two pounds (perhaps a little more)

Radishes and carrots – all together make it five
Spanish cheese – make sure it is with chive
A watermelon – with yellow meat
Four pounds of peaches – if they are soft and sweet
Radishes and celery – just a few bunches
Some sandwich meat for next week's lunches

A couple bundles of asparagus spears
Sweet corn – about twelve ears
A few large potatoes – that I can bake
Fish – any kind – just easy to make
A bottle of wine – Muscat will do
I just remembered – get a corkscrew too

Study in Blue

Summer visions
Of sunrise
And a sapphire lake
Stretching out
Under a turquoise sky
Lingers into late September.
And in evenings
The sky is polished lapis,
And the lake
Cut blue topaz,
Each faceted wave
Carved in its surface
Catches the moonlight
Of an autumn night.

Yesterday's Tomorrow

I often remember a conversation
from long ago and recall
the lines quoted to me
from Eliot's Four Quartets:
"Time present and time past
are both perhaps present in time future,
and time future contained in time past."
In thoughtful recital
from the wrinkled and dog-eared pages of the past,
that somehow has stayed with me,
strangely coming to mind
at the most critical junctions in my life,
and it seems to me now,
that our words carried more meaning
than we were aware of at the time,
just as prophecies
only gain recognition
in their realization and
magic in their manifestation.

Perhaps too, their staying with me
into the muddled forgetfulness of my maturity
somehow proves their point,
that time does not progress in the neatness
of linear correctness,
but in crazy tautologies
and odd backward eddies,
for I remember the Eliot quote
and sometimes I even recall
from that conversation long ago,
the Shakespeare lines that followed,
spoken like an actor,
full of strut and sound and fury:
"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow..."

Random Walks under the Aspen Trees

It is in walking with her at evening,
Side by side, and holding hands
In spectrumed sunsets,
Where colors run fluid
And collect in large pools like liquid
Across the Western sky,
That I understand the Newtonian laws of
Gravitational attraction
And forces of movement
Acting out their will on bodies at rest,
Bodies in motion.

It is the magic of summer nights,
Where there formless shapes
Of summer clouds cluster and crowd
The horizon and sit still and stationary
Like cats sleeping on a sofa back,
And seem filled with the lazy boredom
Of these last days in August
That reminds me of the randomness
Of Brownian movement,
The smeared principals of blurred uncertainty
In quantum mechanics and
The linear harness of all the laws
Of thermodynamics.

It with each slow and deliberate step
Under the Aspen trees
As we hold each other in a freely falling
Frame of reference,
That the formulas of general relativity
Hold true to explain
The journey of starlight
Shining brightly now in the Eastern sky
And how an ounce of poetry
Is worth a pound of prose.

Tolstoy's Ghost

The snow-covered ground
on a January morning
reminds me of a Tolstoy novel,
War and Peace or Anna Karenina
I can't quite remember which,
and if that white bearded icon appeared
like a holy apparition, some literary visitation,
if his ghost were here right now,
he would comment on the silent symbolism
of nature deeply asleep and life suspended
as if time itself were a river
frozen over into stillness.

October

The sun never broke through the
Thick clouds today, and
The day has remained in dim
Twilight throughout morning and afternoon,
And the leaves on the maple and ash have
Turned pale undersides
Upward in winds that move them
In swaying motions
So profound that every branch bends, and
Leaves quiver and shake at winter's approach.

**The Flying Cupid is Struck
by Psyche's Beauty**

Quite against my will,
I find myself gazing.
My eyes traveling along her hair,
Eyes, nose, mouth,
Her neck, breasts and torso,
Thighs, legs, knees and
Calves, ankles and feet.

The head to toe of her arrangement,
The perfect shape and symmetry.
And I determine after much slow
And careful study,
Vase like is her form
In the slow curves
That rise gently toward a fluted neck.

She begins to talk,
I watch the slow movement of her lips
And hear nothing.
She looks at me most earnestly,
Continues to talk,
And gesture with her hands,
Palms up, to the side,
One single finger now pointing upward.

There is a fluid quality to each movement,
A liquid motion
Of arms, hands and fingers
As they slow dance in the air.

Zephyr Transporting Psyche to the Island of Delight

I cannot look at her
Without wondering,
If an evening beside her
Would be like sleeping in the air, and
Each somnambulistic gesture,
Of tossing arm or lifting leg,
Would not somehow
Be part of an elaborate ariel dance,
An overdone and exaggerated gesture
Executed within the confines of a cloud.

In my sleep
She is the substance of a dream,
Her form and flesh a fantasy
That moves me
In inexplicable and mysterious ways
As I stand before her
With the confused vulnerability of a dreamer
Applying daytime logic to the study of the surreal
And earthbound thinking
To contemplate the ethereal.

She wears the beauty of Venus,
Her movements are spiritual,
A toss of her hair,
The rise and fall of her breasts,
The S shape curve of her body
As she stands with weight shifted
To this side or that.

In my dreams
Before her lightness of her being

That floats and hovers,
My brain is a clod
Of dark and damp earth,
My heart a lump of misshapen clay,
And in my sleep I mumble words
To the epic poems
Of Hesiod and Homer.

Psyche Discovers Her Mysterious Lover Is Cupid

I have found that every emotion
is a reaching out in the darkness,
a dumb groping, a blind search
for another whose identity and form
are masked by blackness.

All lovers are a mystery to each other
and every discovery is a new delight,
as each mundane fact becomes a little wonder,
and the events of their past take on
the proportions of some great epic
by Plutarch, Leviticus or Tacitus,
as interesting to me as the history of Rome.

I awake to new features,
eyes wide and almond shaped
a face from a Byzantine icon.
For now we touch in the light
and I know the face of love.
And feel your newness
and discover as a child does
by both looking and touching,
eyes, nose, mouth and other parts.

I have no other ambition but to lay still with you
in a golden lamplight under a mural of the Three Graces
dancing naked in the dawn.
It is in the small details of manner
that signal the nature of spirit, and it is in gestures,
and in the movement of torso and limbs,
neck and head that the body communicates
the shape of your soul.

In this blend of body and soul,
the everyday and the everlasting

is a poem that Poe would write,
of love attained and love lost,
of nighttime mystery and discovery,
where days pass in the still silence
of a dream within a dream
and lit by the flickering flame of an agate lamp
held high by a trembling hand.

*Psyche Falls Asleep after Opening the Casket
Containing the Dreams of the Nether World*

Indeed, she has fallen prey to the strictly modern malady,
asleep to life, unconscious of love,
she walks down sun dappled paths in a deep dream,
a morphean malaise that is a dumb noctambulation
and merely approximates real awareness.

More profound than any circadian
ebb and flow of consciousness,
unlike that evolutionary vestige of our plant beginnings,
tied so tightly to earth's rotation, light and darkness,
day and night, her sleep is a spiritual retreat,
a closing off, a pulling away and numbing of true feeling.

So death-like her stillness, so dark her oblivion,
that all the gods know and as all the myths go,
it is only the touch of Eros that can awaken a sleeping soul.

Old Dog

My briefcase is a fat black dog
Laying on its side
Peacefully napping in the corner,
And if I look at it long enough
I sometimes think I see the movement
Of its sleeping respiration, the slow bellow movement
Of its breath and perhaps the nerve action
Trembling and twitching
Its leather handle straps
As it dreams of fast travel
In taxis, trains, planes and ships.

Morning

Sunrise today
Joined an azure sky
And lapis lake,
Each frozen in stillness
And framed in a single
Stained glass pane
Of orange and amber light.
It burned liquid yellow,
The color that spills across the sides
Of sunfish in the spring,
And glowed with the cut sapphire
That runs along a bluegill's back.
Morning--
The carved jade underbelly
Of the bass.

Russell Street Cafe

A waitress wearing a short sleeve top
Reveals bare arms that are so fully tattoos
In bright primary colors that they look
Like the comics section that arrives with
The Sunday paper.

She is tall and slender with broad shoulders
That gives her torso a tapered vase shape
That flutes slightly just above the waist
And drops to a long stretch that are her legs.

And as she stand with a coffee pot in one hand
And a water pitcher in the other
She has a special way of shifting her weight
That gives her form a slight "S" shape
That I have seen on classic sculptures.

She stops before me as she passes
Her body a perpendicular and diagonal
That meet somewhere in her middle
And as she leans forward and prepares to talk
Her body softens into a series of slight curves as she asks:
"More coffee, Darlin'?"

As You Like It

On a summer night
Beneath the canopy of tall oaks
I understood and have come to believe:
“All the world’s a stage...”
Conveniently arranged
To facilitate our entrances and exits
Which are the small beginnings
Of each big drama.

Looking For Amelia Earhart

In search of a slender woman,
Slim, almost too fragile,
With long legs and lanky arms,
Comfortable wearing kaki jumpsuits,
Blue bib-coveralls, or an aviator's leather jacket,
And sporting a flier's tight fitting skullcap
That covers her boyish cropped hair,
As she poses in a photo
Leaning on a propeller.

I have been looking so long,
High and low, searching for you,
But you have remained elusive and missing,
In my thoughts always on some high adventure
Testing new wings
On the thin and chilling air
Of the upper atmosphere.

I who have know the vicissitudes
And vagrancies of love
Seek you. It is I,
Who wants only to elicit from you
A big gap tooth smile,
Who wants to turn up the flap
Ears of your pilot's cap,
And whisper that your journey,
My search, are over.

I will find you Amelia,
Hidden from the world and working
As a stylist in some Santa Barbara hair salon,
Walking home from work each day
Along the beach
To watch the sunset on the ocean,
And waiting every night
For just one great adventure to find you.

Funky Physics

Time is indeed relative,
As malleable as matter,
As fluid as energy, and
Solely shaped by speed and mass,
For when I am with you
Time speeds up
By some quirky process,
Some funky physics
That takes possession of the physical world
And all its properties and particles,
The macro and the micro, both you and me,
And the fabric of space/time is so twisted and bent
And folded over on itself
That all the hours in a day
Collapse and pancake
And flatten one upon the other
In some condensed chronology.
It is in this way,
Whole days twitter and wink away,
Morning melts directly into evening,
And all of space contracts
Into single free falling
Frame of reference,
A universe only large enough to contain
Us
And a gravitational pull
So strong
It freezes
A single instant
Into one
Long
And lingering,
Everlasting
Kiss.

My Transitional Girlfriend

My transitional girlfriend
Is like alternating current
Changing directions and shifting polarity,
Constantly repositioning and altering on her axis
One moment I am the sinner
Another Saint
A liar now
Then an honest man
If I were Shakespeare
I would write a long sonnet,
Outlining my grievance in words so sweet,
In phrases finely turned like wood on a lathe,
I would craft a poem of complaint,
A lament to inconstant love,
Its fickle nature,
Its winds of whimsy that blow willy-nilly
Over me
Unwavering as the ground,
As constant as the sky,
Ever attentive to
My transitional girlfriend

Smiling Nude

She was reclining on the bed,
Resting her head on her hand
Propped up on an arm bent at the elbow,
Wearing only a smile, and I told her
That most nudes did not smile
And always looked to me
To be somewhat sullen
And somehow sad.

She replied that obviously
An unsmiling nude was
Expressing some resentment
And was a definite reflection on their lover,
Who in most cases was standing
On the other side of the canvas.
Then she continued to smile
Even more broadly.

Image in the Mirror

I look critically at your image
Framed in the bathroom mirror
As you stand behind me
Absorbed in some small detail
Of an everyday task
That is so mundane
It is meaningless to me.
Quite unaware that I am watching,
Studying your face,
How much like your mother
You look at this moment,
With all your energy and attention
Focused on the minuteness of
I don't know what.

I think, perhaps before we die,
We are punished in the most perverted
And onerous way
By taking on the spirit and form
Of our least favorite parent,
And I will say to you now,
On this day of past reflection
And quiet remembrance,
That in so much as
I have become my father,
In action and inaction,
In thought and thoughtlessness,
In word and wordlessness,
That I, more than anyone,
Truly regret it
And am deeply sorry.

November Evenings

Nights are
Silent now, but
For a wind that blows and
Scatters leaves in the silver-hushed
Moonlight.

About Doug Tanoury



Doug Tanoury was born and raised in Detroit and attended Wayne State University. His work has been published widely both in print and in electronic form.

A number of his poetry collections are available in ebook form at: [The Poetry of Doug Tanoury \(http://home.comcast.net/~dtanoury1/Tanoury.html\)](http://home.comcast.net/~dtanoury1/Tanoury.html) and [The Poetry of Doug Tanoury \(http://home.comcast.net/~ryoung210/\)](http://home.comcast.net/~ryoung210/)

Doug's poetry has the subject of features in the New York Times Online and The Detroit News. One of his poems also won Honorable Mention in the Detroit Metro Times "Get Lit" special issue of 2006. Much of Doug's online work can be read by typing his last name into any Internet search engine.