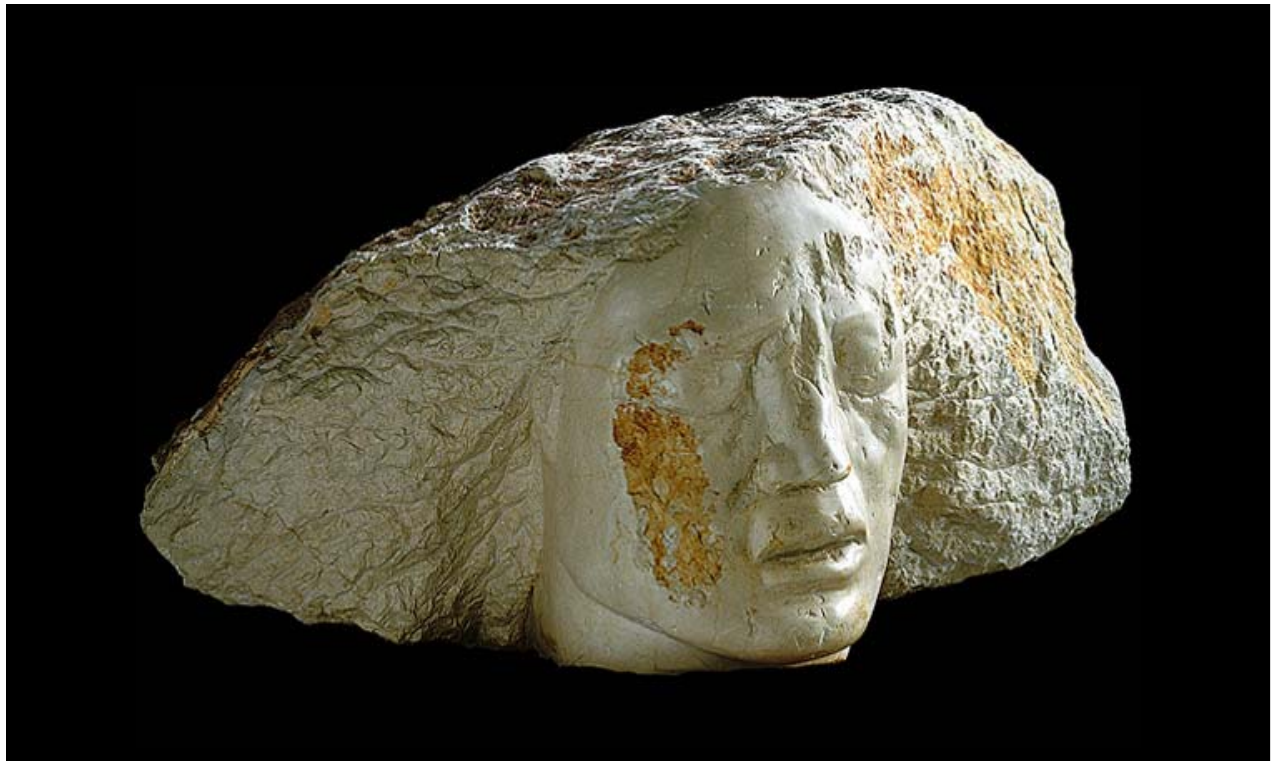


Wounded Muse

Wounded Muse

A Collection Of Poems

By Doug Tanoury



FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING



Wounded Muse

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN USA



Printed on recycled paper

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Wounded Muse

A Season	4
February Morning	5
Fragment I.....	6
Although.....	7
After The Storm.....	8
Architecture	9
The Top Of The Staircase	10
Torso Of Aphrodite	12
June Afternoon.....	13
Amore.....	14
Flying Monkeys.....	16
A Confessional Ode	18
Fragment II.....	19
Private Collection.....	20
Any Given Monday	21
A Barbershop in Greek Town	22
Awakening	24
In Weak Morning Light.....	25
Home	26
Pencil & Paper	27
Seasons.....	28
Touch Me	29
Fragment III.....	30
Winter	31
Hemispheres	32
Lake St. Clair	33
At The Waldorf	34
August Leaves	35
Wings	36
Barstool Science	37
I. Ode To April	38
II. At Lake St. Clair	40
III. Piano Sonata.....	41
Fragment IV.....	42
Wounded Muse	43
Expressionist.....	44
The Temple Gate Called Beautiful.....	45
Dream Poem.....	46
About Doug Tanoury	47

Wounded Muse

A Season

In am stuck
In the middle of this is a reluctant season
Within its heart of slowness
Its self-centered sloth
In a holding back in bashful reserve
Where the sun never shines
And the clouds hide a shy blue sky
Over trees sleeping so soundly
In self-conscious reserve
They do not dream of buds
Indeed this season
I am caught in
Is the triumph of timidity

And I too celebrate it
In my holding back for my touch now
Is uncertain reserve and I am paused
In tentative indecision for a moment
An hour
A day
A collection of days
Until there is nothing left to touch
But the starkness and realization
Of all that is missing

Wounded Muse

February Morning

May I not disturb the monochrome
Of this February morning,
Where each tree is
Gray against the snow,
And each word on the page
Becomes a stand of maples
Against the whiteness
Of winter fields.

Wounded Muse

Fragment I.

White capped waves sweep the lake

My father's dreams

Wounded Muse

Although

Although the sky has cleared and
The horizons are no longer shrouded
In violet clouds

Although the trees have light green
Sprouts of foliage on the tips of twigs
And branches

Although each shrub and bramble and bush
Has grown a thickness to hide
Their bare thinness

Although gardens bloom with daffodils
Tulips and irises in bright yellows
Reds and violets

Although young girls wear mid-riff tops
With low riding jeans to show naked waists
And bare bellies

Although the sky is painted in the pale
Pigments of indigo that seem to glow backlit
By the sun

Although ignoring all the signs of Spring
Winter somehow lingers within and refuses
To release me

Wounded Muse

After The Storm

After a storm
The river runs high
Along black earth banks
Sepia stained water
Turning bends
And cutting over half sunken
Tree limbs make soft sounds
Of wind moving in quivering
Aspen leaves on June nights

I know the path
Along the river its turn
And twist in autumn as
Sycamore leaves go sienna and
Umber when the river flows in
Colors of Chinese tea
And oak leaves captured
In currents are fingerprints
On a glass pane surface

Wind in dried grasses
In winter makes the sound
Of food cooking in hot oil
And the trees sway against
A sky cast in purple clouds
And vapor of each exhale
Hangs visible for a moment
Rising like incense from
The censor of my mouth

Weeds growing through
Black earth after spring rains
On a path lined by oaks,
Elms and sycamores
I smell the scent of sandalwood
A wisp of jasmine
The woods lifts me like a symphony
As I hear
The percussion of woodpeckers

Wounded Muse

Architecture

There is a black and white photograph
Of the house I grew up in hanging
On my living room wall just above the
Lamp on an end table near the sofa

In the dim light of morning before I leave
For work I look at it as I drink my coffee
And marvel at the sight of gray paint
Peeling from the front porch steps

The shadows all point in a one o'clock
Position on a clear winter afternoon
The hibiscus are bare and the vines
Without leaves cling to the garage

The winter elms on Holcomb street
Are the thin pencil lines against a gray sky
As I remember them so they are forever
Lacing the horizon above the garage

The facade is a blend of lines going
Horizontal, vertical and diagonal
Windows awnings eaves and gables
Steps rails posts doors and porch

I can see the cushions out of place
On the front porch swing and I always
Feel tired wanting to sit quietly and
Hear the rusty springs growl and twang

In linear symmetry like a stanza built
From a series of lines in the brick on brick
Manner of metered verse and capped
In a pattern of gable roofed rhyme

I see myself on the front porch stretching
Naked with arms and legs extended like
The Virtruvian man my symmetry spread
In the winter sunshine above gray steps

Wounded Muse

The Top Of The Staircase

As a boy I would often wake
In the night and stand at
The top of the staircase
Listening to organ music

Drifting through the darkness
Up the staircase to me poised
Intensely listening and wondering
If the TV was left on for I can't

Be hearing what I am and
When my foot touches the
First stair and the wood
Creaks the music suddenly

Stops and there is only darkened
Silence for I have fully awakened
From some nocturnal somnambulism
An aural hallucination born of sleep

It was like Mozart or Bach playing
While everyone slept I awaken
To solemn scores for organ and
Would quietly venture from my

Bedroom to stand listening
To a remnant of a dream
At the top of a staircase
Cantatas preludes and fugues

That never awoke the house
But I alone heard sacred music
From the darkness downstairs
From a source I didn't know

When I hear Buxtehude playing
A prelude I am a boy again
Listening alone in the night
At the top of the staircase

Wounded Muse

The Jade Vagina

I watched the sunrise today
Reflected in the many panes of glass skyscrapers
That rise majestic and monolithic like tree covered mountains
And mark the far side of the harbor and form
The crowded skyline that is Hong Kong
And in the mirrored mosaic of articulated glass
White clouds slowly drift across blue sky
And dirty white high-rises stand shoulder to shoulder
Back to back and side-to-side their images mingled
distorted and smudged like an impressionist landscape
In the background the green waters of the harbor open
Like a jade vagina before the phallic shapes of glass
Stone and steel that rise wide and erect to penetrate
The morning and hide the green hills and the squalor
Of the run down apartment buildings in mirrored gray

Wounded Muse

Torso Of Aphrodite

A lovely shape
Carved in white marble
Seen from the rear

Catches me and holds
My eyes for a moment and
I think this is a

Perfect woman's form
Feet, calves, thighs
Supporting it like

A pedestal, presenting it
At an ideal height
In just the proper light

Stone looking soft and
Form curved smooth
Should feel warm to touch.

Wounded Muse

June Afternoon

Her touch is tingling warm
Is sunlight on my skin

And her fingers moving
A soft sensation of wind

Her breath hot on my face
The air of a June afternoon

Wounded Muse

Amore

She asked if I still felt hurt
And I would have answered yes
Had the hurt not prevented me

It was so alive it danced leaping
And kicking in the air like a
Ballerina in tutu and tights

She explained that sometimes
The hurt can never go away
And I nod in agreement

Yes it can move in with you like
Poor relations for just a short stay
But somehow never leave

She claims to know what happened
And that it whispers doubts that
Drip slowly like intravenous drugs

And hurt breathes deep and sings
From the diaphragm like an
Overweight Italian tenor

Singing an aria from some tragic opera
In a manner dramatic and powerful
With words I cannot understand

Wounded Muse

A Lone Crow

In bright sunlight on a day in early Spring
A lone crow perched on a high parapet wall
Near my office window

Looking away from my monitor I watched it
For a moment a feathered bookmark to feelings
I cannot escape

I've watched gangs of crows under winter skies
Flying from roof to roof on outstretched wings
Dark mnemonics of despair

And If I could paint like Van Gogh I would
Pepper storm clouds above the parking lot
With waves of black wings

And if I could write like Poe I would mark
The visit of a lone specter quoting in whispers
Names I cannot speak

Wounded Muse

Flying Monkeys

A swarm of chattering
Monkeys flying
In a twilight sky,
Somewhere between
Green treetops and the
And a white wash
Of high thin clouds.

In a vision twisted,
Bodies bent, and
The strange proportion
Of arms and legs
Masked by the movement
Of wings.

And I think these are
The devil's cherubs
Distortions of human form,
Not faces, but near-faces,
Profiles in caricature,
Dumb and unintelligent.

Under a sunset sky where
Only monkeys fly and
I try to communicate
Walking in circles with
A hobbling gate and
Exaggerated gesture.

Gesticulating with
Motions only near-human,
That these beasts
Know nothing of force
Of lift and drag and
Cannot possibly fly.

Wounded Muse

June Night

On a June night
I walked out on
A pier stretching
Into the lake

I met a fisherman
Who knew my father
And knew me too
He lay down his pole

And moonlight lit
His face and I liked
His simple ways
Just as my father did

Shaking my hand
He told me of the
Season and his poor
Caught of walleye

He asked about my
Brother and mother
And talked of his
Winter in Florida

And I leaned against
The sea wall arms folded
Across my chest listening
Nodding and smiling

In the moonlight
He spoke as if knew
Me all of my life
Just as my father did

Wounded Muse

A Confessional Ode

And in my extreme weakness
I have been mixing Bombay Dry Gin
And Yukon Jack Whiskey Again

She can tell what I have been drinking
From the tilted gait with which I enter a room
And the self-satisfied smugness

In my expression as I smile at her
I the man of innumerable and wide-ranging faults
She a woman dedicated to their study

Across a crowded room she mouths the words: "*I HATE YOU*"
Silent and large so even in my impaired state
I could not misread her lips and teeth and tongue

Her eyes reduced to angry slits as she glares at me
Folds her arms across her breasts
And inhales deep with indignation

And she looks at this moment so much like a portrait
Of Madame Cézanne sitting in a blue dress
A still life of bitterness ripe with anger

Wounded Muse

Fragment II.

Snowflakes brush against my face

My sister's kisses

Wounded Muse

Private Collection

In the moment
I saw legs and lower torso
Protruding from a cardboard
Refrigerator box legs twisted together
Toes curled

And I knew
A person no more fragile than
An appliance was asleep
In a cast off
Brown box like the hard skin shell
A locust will shed and leave empty
In the grass

That shelters in the shadows
That now serve as packing and
Shipping material for heartbreak
And rasping respiration
That sits along the sidewalk

And shelters the dreamer from
A cool breeze on a Spring morning
And from the first weak light
That rises softly above the
Low brick buildings

Wounded Muse

Any Given Monday

On Monday mornings
In the darkest days of winter
When the mountains in the West
Are the deep gray color of gun barrels
And wind sweeps down the slopes
I lean into it as I walk
And when I stop I turn sideways
To present a slender profile
And listen to freight train rumble
And locomotive whistle of speeding air
And feel the force pulling and pushing
Depending on which direction I turn
And which way I walk
A summer river I now remember fording
Against a strong current
Always present and moving
The forces of physics at work
Making me a body in motion
A body at rest
And brings me to this chance encounter
Where energy and mass meet
On any given Monday in late December
On a narrow walkway
Leading from the parking lot
To the building

Wounded Muse

A Barbershop in Greek Town

There is a barbershop
On a narrow street in Greek Town
Where a water pipe smokes and bubbles
And playing cards are scattered across a table
Amid the disheveled sections of the morning paper

On the red brick façade
A barber pole leans slightly in its case
But no longer lights or turns
And in good weather the heavy wooden door
Is propped open wide
And a ceiling fan slowly stirs the air

The ointments and lotions sit on shelves by the window
And hold the emerald bodies of unwary flies
Suspended and preserved
As if trapped in amber
And the late afternoon sunshine prisms through them
And is fractured into wavelengths of light

And long after I am gone I remember the sounds
Of a straight razor sliding down a leather strap
As the barber grooms his blade
And the clinking of Turkish coffee cups being set onto saucers
As the waiting patrons serve themselves

And I am haunted through the evening
By the spectrum colors in the sky
As the sun slowly sinks toward setting
Behind the utilitarian plainness of county morgue
Across the street

Wounded Muse

Spirit

Early on summer mornings
Before the first trace of light
Quietly I get up and dress,
Moving through the house
like some nocturnal spirit.
I gather up my poles and tackle
And go down to the lake
To fish.

The waves gurgle against
The pier as I walk out to the
Far side, to a green wooden
Park bench that bears the
Names "Doug" and "Matt"
From summers ago,
Carved deep and painted
Over several times.

I cast my lure and listen
For its distant splash
And wind it briskly in,
Pausing occasionally to look
At the purple light growing
Toward light blue across the
Eastern sky and the first
Silver scales of sunlight
Quivering on the lake.

I cast again and again
Into the fading darkness,
Now a twilight, an angling
Shadow set against the
Purple sky and lapis lake
Standing alone on the dock
Ghost-like with my gear.

Wounded Muse

Awakening

I heard gulls
And the sound of surf,
But most pungent and pronounced
Was the smell of the sea.

I awoke and found myself
Lying on a beach in La Jolla
With the feeling that I had passed
Through a narrow and arduous passage.

I have traveled,
Not of my own volition, but forced
Through the dark dawns of December mornings
To this bright apex in August.

And I think hard of the mechanisms
That brought me here, on their symbols and connections,
Trying to decide: death?
Birth?

Wounded Muse

In Weak Morning Light

I look in the bathroom mirror
And begin the ritual each morning.
I pull off my nightshirt and wiggle and shake
Until my shorts slide down my legs,
And must like something akin
To a snake slithering to shed its old skin.
My nightclothes lie heaped in a pile on the floor.

Somehow too I have cast off all presence
And falseness as far as a man can escape
The trappings and conventions of the world
And become only what most he naturally is
When he has assumed a primordial stance
And stands for a brief moment
Complete in nakedness.

The water begins to flow and I adjust
A bit more hot,
A little cold,
And test it with hands and arms
Before I enter the spray to wash away
Sleep and dreams and all my modern sins,
Of eating too much ice cream
And watching too many sitcoms
The night before.

Sometimes I pray out loud, but often
I sing, crazy and stupid stuff,
All the childhood songs
The nuns taught me in grade school,
“*Old Dan Tucker*”
“*Or Carmen Carmela,*”
And when I hear myself singing these,
I know there is no hope,
My sins have consumed me
And I pray with arms outstretched:
“*Lavabo.*”

Wounded Muse

Home

It is a winter day
In the black and white photograph
Of the house I grew up in,
That hangs on my living room wall.
I often look at it, trying hard to remember
The sharp geometry of each angle
On a gabled roof that cuts
Into the creaminess of sky.

It's monolithic façade
Broken by an interior darkness
That fills both door and windows is oddly accentuated
By the reflection of late afternoon sunlight.
The blend of long vertical and horizontal lines
That is the front porch seems to
Draw my eyes toward a wooden storm door
That awaits my hand on the handle.

All is quiet.
The house is empty, and I stand alone outside,
Looking at the background
Of tall elms on Holcomb Street
That expand as they rise in bare-branched benediction,
Only to fade into the grainy haziness of a horizon
With a vanishing point teetering precariously
On the next street over.

Wounded Muse

Pencil & Paper

The landscape is dark and colorless
And all shapes are formed
From varying shades of gray and black
Like a photographic negative.

Each bird that flies
Across a bruised and overcast sky
Appears as some foreign intrusion
Of motion in the stillness of a pencil sketch.

Wounded Muse

Seasons

Understanding is a creative act
And like all such things I suppose
Only comes of its own volition
Seeming quite arbitrary and
Wholly independent of one's self.

I would venture to say
It is something that happens to us
For recently I too have fallen prey
To an understanding that I have managed to
Eluded for an entire lifetime.

Anger gives way slowly and
Ever so reluctantly as hard feelings
And old hurts soften somewhat
And jagged edges are worn smooth
Like rocks along the river.

And forgiveness forms
Like the first warm day in February
That melts the last of winter ice
On the lake and thaws the frozen earth
Along its shore.

Wounded Muse

Touch Me

Touch me
And I will purr
Deep throated
And profoundly
Like our gray cat.
My torso resonating,
My chest vibrating.

Touch me
So sincerely and with a hand
Stretched so open that fingers curve
Slightly outward, and
In slow stroking motions
Awaken the sound
Of joy in me.

Touch me
Most earnestly,
Until I am paralyzed with pleasure
And happiness vocalizes
So completely
That my skin trembles
To its metered beat.

Wounded Muse

Fragment III.

Winter birches bare of leaves

My brother's wishes

Wounded Muse

Winter

For many minutes I sit in front of an empty page,
While my cursor blinks
A steady heartbeat on the screen.
And thinking that words are
The most inconsistent and shifting of things,
Whimsical like the dizzy roll of waves at sea,
Shiftless and substanceless as clouds
That stretch across an August sky.

These days are dark and
This is the winter of my words,
Written across the stark whiteness
Of a frozen field,
Where the text stands empty
Like a lone tree rising from a snow covered landscape
And each line that stretches across the page
Has the bareness of a winter branch.

Wounded Muse

Hemispheres

Her breasts are fragrant hemispheres
In three dimensions and their areolas perfect circles
In the softest symmetry
Where hues of pale pink grow toward mauve
And at their centers darkest crimson
And I have traversed the radius
With my mouth and measured
The distance of diameter with my lips
And explored the circumference
With my tongue and pressed my face
In the vacant space between them
Where the scent of June mornings linger
And some inner force draws me
Toward the gentle geometry of roundness
The shape of curves and
The angle of inclines in degrees along a surface
And I the Euclid of these spheres
Sleep and dream
Upon the fullness of their form

Wounded Muse

Lake St. Clair

Fishing at Lake St. Clair today,
Alone on a long pier,
Just north of the power plant
Where the line of steel smokestacks,
The “Seven Sisters” dominate the sky,
And I always think them
The perfect classical form,
Tall and slender as they are,
Ionic columns left standing upright
Amid the rubble of some ruins

The water-tinted orange
In the first light after sunrise,
Its surface choppy and textured
As if painted on a canvas, pasted on thick
With the short pointed strokes of a palette knife,
And I recalled a fragment from long ago:

*“white-caped waves sweep the lake--
my father’s dreams”*

And me picking out with such care
Painted spoons of speckled green,
And a feathered jig with a chartreuse head.
For you know my grandfather was a modernist,
My father was a neo-romantic, but I...
I am a fisherman.

For the measure of a man I know
Is in pike and pickerel and perch.

Wounded Muse

At The Waldorf

At the Waldorf
Where desserts are done in art deco
And abstractions in chocolate
Twist in many shapes
Everything is golden

The lobby a cathedral
Large and brightly lit
At a table draped in white linen
Like an altar prepared
For solemn High Mass

I study the ceiling
Done in Greek revival
Where reliefs of nudes
In white plaster
Resemble marble

And in gilded murals
On peacock alley I see
The sugarcoated sunrise
Over the rundown landscape
Of the far eastside

At the Waldorf
Where words are whispered
Like prayers of the devout
At an altar
Draped in white vestments

Wounded Muse

August Leaves

Leaves of green
Foliage
Dancing lively and
Synchronized
In sunset skies

Sycamores in full
Silhouette
Are slowly changing
Magically
Transformed and stained

In subdued hues
Resembling
Weak tea tint
Evening's
Watered down light

In sunset skies
Foliage
Dancing lively and
Synchronized
Leaves of green

Wounded Muse

Wings

Touching her in darkness
My hands flying
Across her skin like winged things
Hovering for a moment
Then gliding in sweeping motions
That rise and dive to follow her form
Aerial in their grace
Ethereal in movement

And when they came to rest
Like a bird upon a perch
They were weightless
And she felt only
A fluttering and
The brush of feathers
Across her flesh on the night
When touch became sight

Wounded Muse

Barstool Science

I know now that the world spins
Like a maraschino cherry or pimento olive
Skewered and suspended
On the sharp end of a swizzle stick
That is topped like a palm tree with
Fanning foliage

Indeed I have seen the sunrise
Glistening amber in the east
Newly liquid and
Deeply golden
Like a double Manhattan
Dawning in a tall glass

As a television speaks inanely
In the darkness above the bar
I do not listen and
I do not watch but study the
Neat rows of square whiskey bottles
The long fluted and ornate necks
Of the liqueurs

I know now that if she were here
I would lean to speak in her ear
Breathing through her hair
And smell a trace of citrus
The slightly sweet fragrance
Of old cognac
That moves slow
Like syrup on my tongue

Wounded Muse

I. Ode To April

And I recalled the opening line
Of Elliott's Wasteland:
"April is the cruelest month..."
And I think that somehow the same
Could be said of any month,
May, June, July,
August, September
And not to forget
November and December.

Indeed things green and things yellow
Are growing quite irrepressibly
And soon a hint of color will crawl up
The bare willows and upon the ash and maple
New foliage will sprout, modest at first,
But growing toward green crescendos.

I remember my grandfather
Was a modernist in his old age.
He would slip into spells of incoherence,
Utter words in odd tongues, not of European origin
But more exotic. On summer afternoons,
He would sit in the shade beneath a tree
And rest his back upon its bark and trunk
And sometimes in fragments,
More often in the gibberish of delirium,
Speak to me like Sybil.

I believe that Spring is strong
And April is not fragile but merely subtle.
Sprouts peek most shyly from the earth,
Green shafts against the black soil,
Tendrils roots twisting down.
There is no cruelty in
Of modest beginnings
Or in the small starting of things.

He has closed his eyes and
Oh that I could awaken him,
Just grab his arm and say:
"Grandpa, wake up. You walked in the sun too long."
He would open his eyes and look at me,
And mumble something in Arabic

Wounded Muse

That sounded slightly slurred
And wave his arm for me to go way,
To let him sleep.

The days grow longer and the light
Now streams in the big window
Just after sunrise, and April is the month
Of things sleeping and slow awakenings,
Of fragments that grow
Toward the fullness of meaning.

Wounded Muse

II. At Lake St. Clair

Fishing at Lake St. Clair today,
Alone on a long pier,
Just north of the power plant
Where the line of steel smokestacks,
The “Seven Sisters” dominate the sky,
And I always think them
The perfect classical form,
Tall and slender as they are,
Ionic columns left standing upright
Amid the rubble of some ruins

The water-tinted orange
In the first light after sunrise,
Its surface choppy and textured
As if painted on a canvas, pasted on thick
With the short pointed strokes of a palette knife,
And I recalled a fragment from long ago:

*“White-caped waves sweep the lake--
My father’s dreams”*

And me picking out with such care
Painted spoons of speckled green,
And a feathered jig with a chartreuse head.
For you know my grandfather was a modernist,
My father was a neo-romantic, but I...
I am a fisherman.

For the measure of a man I know
Is in pike and pickerel and perch.

Wounded Muse

III. Piano Sonata

Things are most pure in their beginnings,
As if time somehow tarnishes
Innocence and stains
The sweetest intentions.
It is the April of things, rather than their August,
That is most lovely,
Tendrils of hope
With roots that grip tenacious and deep,
The watercolor that seeps across
A sketch of charcoal landscape.

In the rain today
I found a faint trace of music,
A fragment of melody
That is the sound of a piano sonata,
Notes that resonated softly
And make me remember
Black and white summers
When I crossed the river on Macarthur Bridge,
The sunlight
On the surface of the water shining brightly,
The waves gleaming
Like schools of chrome minnows.

It is raining and I hear my grandfather's footsteps
On each wooden step as he walks up the front porch,
I hear him stop to cough and then continue.
Memory is a fragmentary thing.
And I cannot simply decide
And struggle a great deal
And muse endlessly upon the troubling question:
Is it the April within us that God loves?
Or is the April within us God's love itself?

Wounded Muse

Fragment IV.

Snow filled furrows in winter fields

My mother's ambitions

Wounded Muse

Wounded Muse

Sadness can be global in scope
Like the British Empire
Grand, regal and imperial
All pervasive and powerful and
The sun never quite seems to set
On my regrets
That crawl in bed with me to sleep
Each night
Like a poor family of five that
Sleep crowded together in one bed and
Rise with me when my bare feet
First touch the cold wooden floorboards
In the morning

Regrets take on a life of their own
And live like so many lines of verse
Written without any hope of revision
But that must somehow stand
Just as they are
Without any change
Shaped just so
In character crafted with a certain permanence
With fatalism and finality
Their future predestined and inevitable
This is how regrets have come to live with me
Permanently
Like poor relations that move in for a short stay
But somehow
Never seem to leave

Wounded Muse

Expressionist

Shall I paint the night sky
Neon indigo
And her sequin dress
That catches light
Cobalt blue and glows
With what seems
Some inner luminescence
That sets her ass to shimmer
And makes her breasts gleam
As if she were wearing nothing
But fish scales on her skin

Shall I paint her movement
Accentuated by a trembling
Like aspen leaves
On an August evening
That dance choreographed
In sunset colors and
Grow toward darkness
If I should see her dress
Strewn carelessly across the floor
It would look only like a blue gill
Washed up on the beach

Wounded Muse

The Temple Gate Called Beautiful

There are times I wonder
If I remember her
As she really was,
Or if her flawlessness
Is my fabrication
And her perfection
A mere quirk of memory.
Part of me waits for her
Still, unable to walk
Away from the temple
Gate called Beautiful.

There will come a time
When once again we'll meet
And she'll walk untroubled
With me for a long while
With legs strong and
Stride steady and she'll
Laugh as she tells me stories
In English twisted and broken
By accent. I will lean toward
Her and kiss her cheek
As I did the feet of
The statue of Jesus crucified
At Old St. Mary's church.
I'll hear her voice once again
As it echoes at the temple gate
Called Beautiful, as I lift
Both her hand to my lips
At once, slowly and
Carefully, as if they were
Two turtle doves I did not
Want to injure or startle,
Yet at the same time taking
Care they did not escape.

When she tires and must leave,
I will say good-bye to her
With the voice of my maturity,
Without sadness now,
For I have embraced her
Memory, touching its hands
To my lips and kissing its cheek,
As I'm left waiting once again
At the temple gate called Beautiful.

Wounded Muse

Dream Poem

And a poem comes to me
In a dream
And asleep I can only listen
To the words
And feel its meter like music

Float and rise with its own lightness
A simple verse
Written with the iambic whisper
Of my breath
The movement of my respiration

Is the background tempo
As it is read
In the high-domed chambers
Of a dream
And I know at this moment

If I never awaken from this
That eternity
Is an ever-repeating couplet
Resplendent
And persistent with poetic return

Wounded Muse

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.