

## **“Men”**

I have men friends most of whom I've kissed  
and the others who I dream to kiss  
men have been my problem and my passion  
I would rather make love than read a book and sip tea.  
have my hair caressed---played with, then to have a girlfriend visit me  
I might love one man for kissing another for dancing and one just for conversing  
I've had a couple that have done all three ah but the best ones they always leave  
so it's better to have a few  
and this way I'll be too damn busy to cook any stew –

## **“Summer of 2014”**

we cruised in his convertible, up and down the east bay freeways his black beauty porsche pushing us fast  
forward all was okay—we were loose, in love—a bit,  
summer sun crimsoned my cheeks  
his hand held mine—rested on my upper left thigh,  
(acoustic guitar strung from his spotify)  
from time to time he'd glance at me,  
his heart shaped lips smiling frequently  
and all was bright and nothing dim,  
driving 90 miles per hour, together with him

## **“Beware”**

beware the fellow  
who whispers sweet  
who calls you  
honey, baby  
you're my heavenly treat

beware the fellow  
who keeps 7 years at bay  
and vows he's your friend  
while sitting 7 feet away

beware the fellow  
who has another  
who vows you're his truest  
one to be  
beware him cause Her--  
he'll never leave

beware the fellow  
who loves you so--  
who begs you stay at his side  
beware him--  
quick now run and hide!

beware the fellow  
who promises emeralds,  
shoes, and lacy pretty things  
beware him cause lies  
are all he brings

beware the fellow  
who has many other plans  
who checks in on you  
when yours are few

but if a gent write you a poem or a few lovely lines  
and if a gent sends you roses or even a bunch of dandelions  
if a gent likes your smile more than his own

to him do not fear--  
my dear, do not fear

if a gent tells you to shine  
or to be Dorothy Parker strong  
-believe me, he will do you no wrong

and so if this gent turns you down  
cause he is true to another

ah dear lady

i' m sorry, ha, ha, ha, don't bother

### **“The Drive Down River”**

Mother took me on a drive down river

It was summer: wild blackberries tangled alongside the Klamath River bank

Dragonflies swarmed above the foaming current

Star thistles coated the canyon cliffs in yellow patches

And then she told me...

She looked out at the river, it moved as fast as the Volkswagon did, the one dad bought her two years ago, the same one I never learned to drive

Joni Mitchell sang out from the tape deck

Something important was going on, something meaningful about to be said

Mother rolled the window down, waved her tan arm out into the highway wind

She was remembering something...

I knew what love was then, mother knew heartbreak—

### **“The Semi Famous & His Muse”**

It started out in a look they shared. It was his polished leather shoes, the shine in his eyes, his Gucci height body, his stride across the stage. He wouldn't know her for months. And she would walk away from him wondering who he was and how she'd ever get a chance to be closer.

Another man would have her, another would break her heart before she ever felt his kisses— one afternoon, up a hill, around the corner, under the palm trees, they felt each other's mouths. kissed completely.

after the kissing, his right hand patted her behind as she hopped over a rain puddle— she needed to be cared for. they were meant for each other on certain days and nights—they were each other's equals. She reminded him of the late Dorothy Parker. He was drawn to her demure soft sadness—her lacy lingerie, that peeked out between her cleavage and above her pant line. He loved hearing her laughter from the stories he told. She admired his success and his gentleman gestures and liked how she reminded him of nostalgic great poets, the ones he studied while at UCLA.

After the kiss they would connect between the highs of his Hollywood career and the lulls of his off and on love affairs, (with the women who wanted his freedom.) These times were few but each time made up for the ones they did not have. They enjoyed together years in a single night. Wrote a novel without pages, a play without a stage. Loved late at night. They met mostly in the theater where he performed and she worked running his spotlight. She was always in the dark, he was always in the light and they would meet between the two shades. Their love was a shadow.

They would tell each other about the special rocks they'd find—they would touch each other's rocks, feel each other's energy. They collected ideas and stored away good energy and let it out in their shared moments. They were destined to be close to the Earth and eventually would settle down with rocks—no rings. But in the mean-time knew how to cork the champagne, smile from applause—while the lights shifted—

He needed to write. She needed to make love. They did what they needed often—and had a few needs in common.

He wore his father's hats-- his father a pimp, her father a gambler and ladies man himself.

They grew up with parents whose imaginations were never put to use.

They grew up loving the theater, a home where fighting didn't exist, a place to reinvent and reflect with walls and good light.

God he loved her.

She loved him.

He was 57, offering her 20 years of wisdom, She was 37, offering 20 years of youth. They gave each other thrills of the Gods and Goddesses. They were a secret myth.

No one would have believed them, there was too much politics between the two, that was the reason.