

## My Girls – a series of 5 Poems

### Piglet

I knew you when  
you were fragile  
and I needed  
what you had to give

Delicate as new  
formed ice  
at Clay Pit pond's  
rim

Like a colorful scene  
painted on a  
thin sheet of  
mirrored glass

We were black leather  
chrome studded  
lovers of Mud Clubs  
and Punks

Mining the CBGB  
of old NYC for  
Sunday Bloody when  
suddenly

There was a clearing  
greensward with  
willow tree child-like fantasy

Then a parade passed

And when was done  
I had hurt you

that I  
cannot forgive  
Even if  
you have

Rose Mary

What will I miss most about life  
when furnace fire darkens down  
behind my lidded eyes?

Will I miss most  
those rose water dawns of spring,  
bright fresh mid-summer mornings,  
late lazy autumnal afternoons?

Or blazing rouge sunsets  
with evenings of bejeweled  
purple sky and cold weather warmth  
of long dark winter nights?

What will I miss most about life?  
The music or the musician  
the actor or the play  
the painting or the artist  
the sculptor or the clay?

A scent of dew after rain,  
touch of your hand upon my neck  
bread and wine of the host?

Oh!

I know well  
what I will miss most.

That would be you.  
And dreams.

Susie Q

Remember how Ivory Soap would float  
and bobbed along wakes created by our bodies ourselves  
our movements in a tub white of porcelain  
warm water heated somewhere

Remember there was no shampoo  
only that bar of soap we  
with which scrubbed each other

and it was just us  
Me and you and mommy  
our  
mother

Martie

I settle in  
to my bed of gravel  
Squirring under cover  
of musical blue stone

Chill and damp  
I slowly stop moving  
warmed by the cold

my senses full  
of hard smoothness  
and in loneliness when  
all begins to fade

I sleep  
Sleep  
Sleep at last

Ruby

You were my fountain of youth  
keeping me young  
just for fun

With eyes impenetrable  
manic laughter  
adventurous appetite

You of yes and yes and  
Yes

Until it was no.

You were my fountain of youth  
keeping me young  
for young's sake

and we had a blast.  
Some booze.  
A ball.

That's all.