



$$\rho = \pi r^2$$

Impatiens

Doug Tanoury



Impatiens

The impatiens I planted
In June are withering
Their stems growing skinny
And gaunt like patients
In a cancer ward

But I am not ready
To let this season go
And cling to it like a
Yellow jacket traversing
A sunflower's radius

Through dandelion days
And topaz twilights
I've walked barefoot on
Lawns cut like jade
As cool as gemstones

I refuse to yield the season
Lifting a drooping blossom
Of faded color
Upright once again
To its June position



Orpheus In O'Hare

Under jaundiced light from recessed lamps
Conversations run incessantly
Like water in a fountain and
Blend with the unceasing whirs
Of jet engines and overhead pages
Too weak to hear like neighbor's
Voices distorted and muffled by
Apartment walls

I am Orpheus descended in the underworld
Moving through the dull glow of Hades
Filled with spirits trapped and trudging
Aimless in corridors with terrazzo floors
As I search for Eurydice in airport
Lounges or standing at a payphone
Slipping one black pump on and off
Her foot



Nowhere To Sit

Today, I came home to empty rooms.
Stillness and silence lie on the rugs
Like an old dog reluctant to move,
And I am reminded
By the ghost of motion,
A spirit of sound, some spectral
Scent that still haunts these rooms,
As I stand in the presence of
Of your absence.

If memory were a ragged couch
Or worn chair I would carry
It out and set it by the curb,
Yet I cannot cast out phantoms
That possess this place and
Follow me about from room to room
Like a loyal dog, unwilling
To leave me unattended.

Today, at the door I was greeted
By your memory and paused
At the threshold a moment
To acknowledge you gone,
Like a happy fixture,
A friendly furnishing
That sat in my living room
For many years, now
Replaced by empty space,
As I wait in the presence of your
Absence, there is nowhere to sit.



Rising

The nimbus of sunrise
Reflected in architectural glass

Articulated in panes
Growing large and more golden

Across the street
The financial center holds in each

Window a piece of sky
Like a mosaic in a Byzantine tomb



Arrangement In Gray

Mist on Manhattan this morning
Was framed in my window like a
Poorly exposed black and white print

With graininess graduating to fog
Subduing the sharp geometry
Of the skyline with softened definitions

blurred lines and intimation
Of forms a black and white tug
Pushes a barge up the Hudson

As sky and buildings and water
All blend into an abstract landscape
Colorless like Nebraska in January



Credits

Written by Doug Tanoury
(dtanoury@ix.netcom.com)

PDF Pages by Bryan Wilhite
(rasx@kintespace.com)

©1998 Bryan Wilhite
Poetry ©1998 Doug Tanoury