

Poetry Series

Indiscreet Episode
- poems -

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Indiscreet Episode(24th of July,1976)

In radio, an 'Indiscreet Episode' is when you say a word or play a song that is bound piss off the FCC. You mark in a log what the offensive word was and when you committed this grievous sin.

My life is one big indiscreet episode, as I speak before considering who I might offend.

A Conversation With My Assassin

In all the years we've known one another
You've never played the part of assassin

Are you aiming for my head or my heart
You know that either one could be fatal

I think the real question here is
How many bullets you got?

(10/31/05)

Indiscreet Episode

A Plea For Carnality

Your eyes, my love, are an open book
Where I can read the contents of your soul

I cannot see your eyes

Your body, so expressive, speaks its own language
A carnal patois more lovely, to me, than any other

I cannot touch your body

Your kiss, so tender, sets my heart ablaze
Each beat fanning the flames throughout my being

I cannot kiss your lips

Your words, well written, have power that you know not
Like a puppeteer pulling at my emotions and thoughts

For now, your words are all I have

Alas, your words cannot look into my eyes, nor kiss my lips
Words cannot hold themselves against me, nor physically enter me

My thoughts and emotions are left dangling from your words
Because I need you in the flesh to grasp you completely

Indiscreet Episode

A Walk With Henry

She calls her old dog, Henry
And together they frequent the park

Where she ponders the man that's oft brooding
About what or for whom she knows not

She pauses under an old naked oak tree
And sheds tears for the ghost of a friend

Recalling her smile full of sunshine
Hearing her sylph voice on the wind

Time and people jog by in vast circles
She watches and feels left behind

Life keeps moving and changing its pattern
There's no reason, no preplanned design

She'll keep missing the ones that have left her
But continue to keep her own pace

Meet new people, all just as gifted
To help fill in that now vacant space

(01/12/07)

Indiscreet Episode

Agonal

sitting and watching
waveforms dance across a monitor

telling the nurse what she already knows
99 years, afterall, is an awful long time

look at that heart rate
now look at that pressure

a complicated routine
of just enough drugs

there's a lot that can be done
to prolong the life of the dying

but the family isn't there
when the agonal breathing begins

when it's two shallow, one gasp
five shallow, another long one

a phone call is made
a mind has apparently changed

keep him going a little longer
spend a few more thousand dollars

stretch it out several more hours
just until they can see for themselves

families seem to always let go
long after the patient already has

(07/01/07)

Indiscreet Episode

Almost Three Full Decades

A product of the late 70's
Another child of the 80's
Teenager of the early 90's
Adult of....Any day now
To be sure

(07/06)

Indiscreet Episode

Beware Of Poets

It's easy to fall for a poet
But once it's happened, look out
Some days you're up on a pedestal
Every other you're filled with self-doubt

(10/26/05)

Indiscreet Episode

Dear Doctor

My face felt hot
Not daring to look up
Knowing you were staring

Your distance is both
Unwelcome and appreciated
Disappointing yet understandable

You are off limits
The story of my life
Outside and too late

It is truly for the best
That I'll never kiss you
I doubt I'd ever stop

Your eyes are so amazing
You could have anything you ask of me
With eyes like that

It is so plain
You care so much
For what you do

You feel so deeply
Just not for me

Oct.15th,2008

Indiscreet Episode

Either Way, Thanks Again

Today I can finally thank you
Thanks so much for tossing my heart in a shredder
Thanks for making me feel blown off and unimportant that one last time

If you hadn't done what it is that you did
And I hadn't said those shitty things I said

Then I would probably still be holding on
With my bare soul to a farce of a fantasy
Or maybe it was a fantasy of a farce

Either way, thanks again

(07/01/07)

Indiscreet Episode

Eric

when his yellowed eyes
looked into mine
and he pleaded
begged me
not to let him die
he didn't want to
it ripped my heart in two
i told him that we were trying
trying so very hard
doing every single possible thing
he just kept asking
he knew
like we all did
how sick he really was
that he wasn't ever leaving
then the blood started
it poured out of his rectum
it poured out of his mouth
and we couldn't see the origin
not until they brought in the scope
even the gastric expert gasped
when he saw the level of damage
no explanation of just how
we kept trying anyway
he begged us still
after the breathing tube
was inserted
he mouthed the words
don't let me die
please
i don't want to die
he was already so sick
weeks before the bleeding started
his organs had given up
no candidate for surgery
emergency or not
i left that morning knowing
as we all did to be honest
that he was going to die quite soon

within a matter of hours
maybe less actually
we went home when the others came
secretly relieved for the change of shift
unable to watch our failure
our chance to get away
from the jaundiced
once blue eyes
pleading
don't let me die
nobody ever told him we wouldn't
we knew we were delaying the inevitable
holding the reaper at bay
we just kept saying
we're trying
and we were

August 4th,2008

eric was only 24 years old....

Indiscreet Episode

I Cannot

I cannot carry a sofa up 3 flights of stairs alone
I cannot replace the transmission of an automobile
I cannot seem to accept that all you ever wanted from me
Was to get into my pants then get out of my life

I cannot do a lot of things
But only one insufficiency
Has managed to hurt me
To disappoint and jade me
So f-ing much!

Indiscreet Episode

Learning To Exercise Restraint

Each time she looks into those eyes
Those beautiful, bottomless eyes
Almost all thought is lost to her
Save for an overwhelming need
To kiss him and find the most rapid
Means of removing his clothing

(04/13/06)

Indiscreet Episode

Love For His Mother

It was her I was in love with
Not in the romantic sense
So I kept getting back together
With her youngest monster

I did care about him, I still care
He could be charming sometimes
We challenged each other's brains
I won't deny it, he was good in bed

He also played the yo-yo game
One day cleaning my kitchen
The next telling me that I couldn't cook
After I spent 2 hours making supper

I especially enjoyed when he told me
That I was getting fat and he might
Have to dump me if I kept at it
Maybe that's why I did gain more

I moved away and his mom got cancer
When I moved back we started up again
But it wasn't any better and I broke it off
By that time I'd lost count of how many times

All the while taking his mom to chemo
Going with her to have her pace-maker moved
To the other side so they could do radiation
Her other kids though it was weird

I wasn't even with him anymore, at that point
But here I was, missing work, to be with her
Through the hell they call treatment
That's what you do for a good friend

Finally I moved to Maine for my family
And to get away from him, for good
Of course there are other reasons too
I felt horrible leaving her to fend for herself

I drove home in late February to see her
To say goodbye, try to make sure she was
As comfortable as she could be and to try
Playing peacemaker between her and her kids

I spent hours trying to help him get ready
To be able to let her go and live himself
I worried he might hurt himself after
And I still really cared for his family

I never lied to her about the cancer
Or the dying, or if he would be OK
If she asked me a question I gave her
A straight answer, she deserved it

More often than not it spreads from
The lungs to the brain and then
You start to lose control of the choice
Of when to give up and let go

I drove back to Maine in early March
Maybe I was the last person she was
Waiting to say her Goodbye to
She quit fighting and went quick

Holding the St. Peregrine crucifix I gave her
She passed away on the 19th of March
Her family paid to fly me out for the funeral
They wanted me to have the crucifix

I refused and had them bury it with her
All that time I spent getting everyone else
Ready for her death I was neglecting myself
I miss her so much and I'll always love her

After 5 years I took her advice, again
And ended my stormy relationship
With her son, who was my friend too
It's been easier to let go of him

(11/15/05)

Indiscreet Episode

Murder Of Crows

A murder of crows congregate in my dooryard
They accost me on the way to the garage
Avian trick-or-treaters all clad in the same costume
Questioning my lack of edible garbage lately

'What gives? ' one asks, and the others join in
'How long since you've cleaned out your fridge? '
My corbie friends are never too proud to beg
Never grossed out by oozing rotten things

Winged scavengers with uncanny intelligence
Unappreciated by most of humanity
Considered an ill-omen in many cultures
Hated enemy of farmers all over the world

I enjoy watching them ambling around on my lawn
Their dark feathers iridescent in the sunlight
Eerie voices echoing off the rocks and water
The self-proclaimed sentries of my compost pile

Indiscreet Episode

Nick's Last Night Out

Three young men leave the bar laughing
A forth sits alone on the curb
A six pack of beer is beside him

One man acts as though he will steal it
Always playing the clown for his pals
He puts it right back on the ground

The man on the curb isn't smiling
He jumps up and pulls out one beer

Three men walk away laughing harder
The forth man is missing the joke

He runs from behind with the bottle
Hitting the unfunny clown

A head hits the ground with such fury
That a brain smashes into a skull
A young man doesn't ever wake up

His mother will watch as he dies
Then she'll bury her beautiful son

All because one man had a temper
And no sense of humor at all

July 9th,08

Indiscreet Episode

Shoes That Actually Fit

I'm tired of being a drama queen
I'd like to turn in my tiara
I abscond my rule to another

I'm looking for a smart dress
Something that screams power
Says this woman is in control

I'm cleaning out my philosophical closet
Old patterns don't suit me anymore
I've outgrown so many ideas, dreams, and opinions

Like an old prom dress I will trade them in
At a metaphorical consignment shop
For new goals and shoes that actually fit

Indiscreet Episode

Some Space

I've really no idea where you are
But I'm quite sure it is not far
Enough
Away

Indiscreet Episode

That Single Exact Second

I was leaning forward
Reaching for a wad of paper
Your cat brought it to me
She wanted me to throw it

You stroked my naked back
Your beautiful fingers
Barely touching my pale skin
How pretty that must have looked

I will jealously guard that moment
That single exact second
Along with so many others
Inside my humming soul

Indiscreet Episode

The Best Government Money Can Buy

I would find it hilarious
That someone so nefarious
Has forcibly taken control
Of the world's supply of petrol

Were it not for the simple fact
There's an environmental impact
That will still be felt globally
Far into the next century

Women and children continue dying
While cheap goods we all are buying
As we nickle and dime their futures
At the local super-mega-stores

Monsanto's tampering with our food chain
Factories dumping chemicals down the drain
The Drug Industry gives our children Ritalin
As corporate media diverts our attention

Perhaps you didn't notice this
Our country's run by lobbyists
If you finance a campaign you can
Own your very own Congressman

(01/23/06)

Indiscreet Episode

The Convent

A convent, I tell you
That's where I'm headed
At least the sisters
Have a really good answer
When asked by the world at large
'How's the love life these days? '

Indiscreet Episode

The Trouble With Narcissism

I have a lovely name
Although I do not use it

I have a pretty face
Although I often forget

I have an attractive form
Although I try to hide it

I have a beautiful soul
Although most do not see it

All of these words mean beautiful
So what do I have to complain about

Besides this aching loneliness
That beauty is unable to mend

Indiscreet Episode

Trust

An attempted murder, one might say
The intended target of the attack
My trusting nature and naivete

Optimism still tugging at my sleeve
As it so often does at these times
Wisp'ring sweetly I needn't believe

Explanations would soon come my way
Apologies and amends would be made
And yet he still has nothing to say

(16 January,2009)

Indiscreet Episode

Unwarrented Guilt

Out, damned thought!
Out I say!

A stain upon my brain
Appearing when not wanted
Not called for, not ever

The past, the past
Coming back to haunt me
No way to undo it, no never

A friendship cut down
Mowed over and left to die
Not by my hand, was it severed

Yet nagging, still nagging
The shadow of what might have been
What will never be, not ever

07/22/08

Indiscreet Episode

You.

Do you know what I often find myself missing?

You.

(04/27/10)

Indiscreet Episode