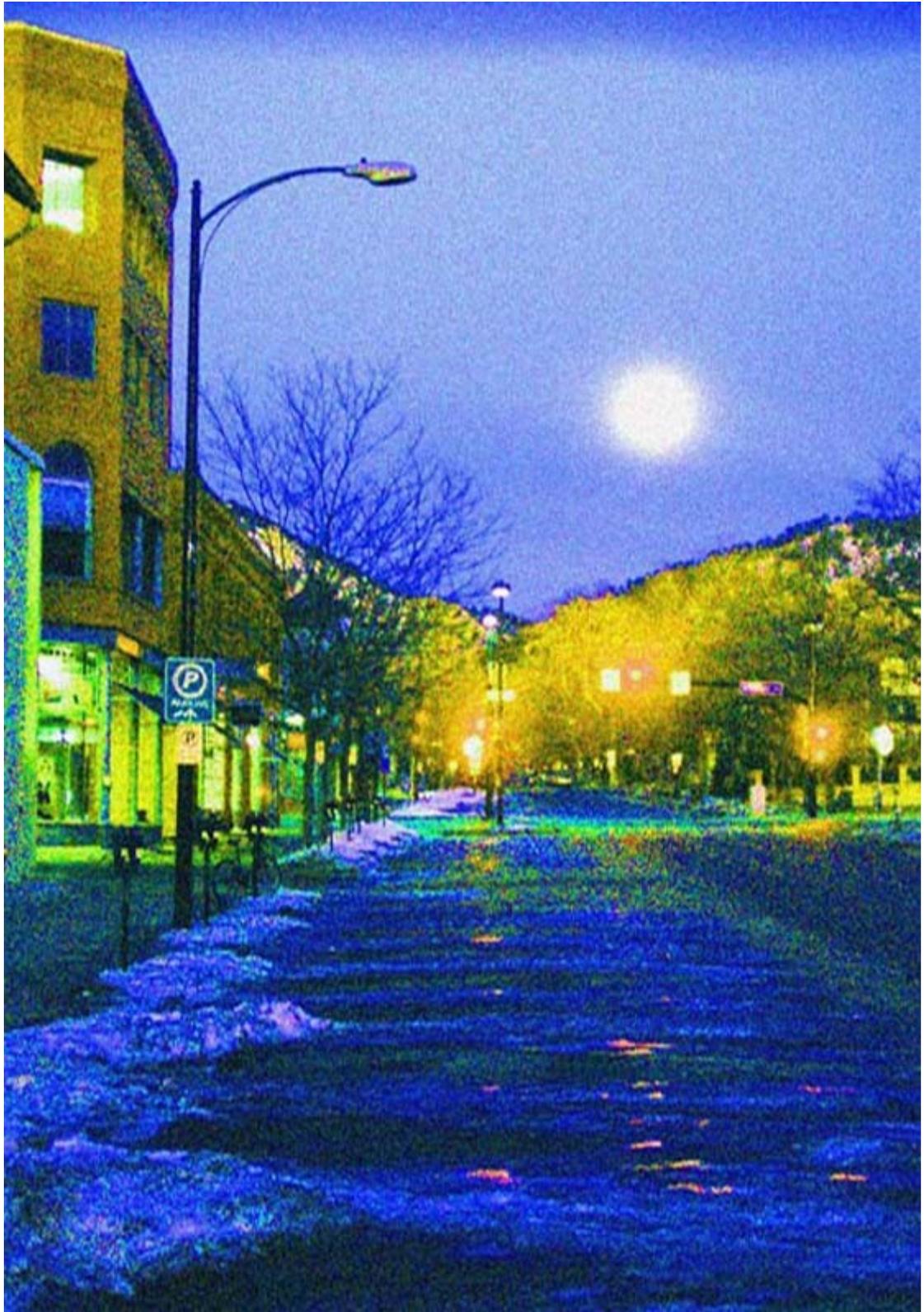


**i believe**



**Poems and Photographs**

**by**

**Jeffrey Spahr-Summers**

**for Candy**

## **Acknowledgments**

I would like to thank the editors of the following magazines where these poems and photographs first appeared.

Blinkzine Arts Magazine  
Coffee Press Journal  
Cyclamens and Swords  
Interpoetry  
Kriya  
Lily Literary Review  
Poetry Super Highway  
Poetry Victims  
Red Fez Publications  
Sketchbook  
The Argonaut's Boat  
The Other Voices International Project  
Unlikely Stories  
Ygdrasil

## **all things**

that we are given  
are not ours to keep  
all we get is the moment  
a minnow of time to borrow  
and soak up sunshine days  
birdsong gifts stormy winds  
and the thunder in our hearts

having felt the wonder of irony  
and reflected hard on my life  
i say let tears fall like raindrops  
drenching the soul cleansing  
that awful sad gasp of growth  
and pain each and every day

## **an apache**

bursts through the door  
her eyes wild cactus flowers  
she breezes through the room  
turning hearts our heads we watch  
her paint her flawless face  
she smells of fresh yellow roses  
she takes us for granted somehow  
she takes us by surprise her  
wind ripping through us/out of us  
were about to give up  
were about to give in  
were about to drink a toast to geronimo  
or to jesus  
or to the pope  
but by then she is gone

## **an assassin**

and then she takes my hair  
the apache i mean its  
a trick she learned from a man like me  
after she befriends me  
after she melts into the fabric of my life  
after she kisses me and  
lets me sleep in her teepee  
she paints herself a war face  
of such frightening beauty i hesitate  
what a cruel and messy affair this becomes  
this steaming scalp dripping blood from her belt  
her eating my heart  
her licking  
her fingers  
satisfied somehow

## **coming moon**

it begins  
tugging  
and pulling  
a coy woman  
behind the clouds  
brilliantly teasing  
like you  
a master potter  
with crackling  
wet fingers  
spinning  
molding  
and shaping  
a vessel  
from  
my red clay  
heart

## **anticipation**

rain sizzles  
like bacon  
in my mind  
outside my windows  
thunder shudders  
in my heart  
shaking the very  
foundation  
of my house  
lightning flashes  
every hair  
on my body  
tingling electric  
static  
your arrival  
is eminent



**dont interrupt now...**

were in the heartland  
shes riding a fresh horse  
waving her sword about  
riding up to his door...look...  
shes knocking...he is coy...  
*glory...glory...*the shoes fit  
she sweeps him off his feet

**what i want most to say**

cannot be said  
by mere lips  
or written  
in ink  
or in blood  
or in tears  
on pages  
i think  
for the sake  
of the ages  
i will hold  
this truth  
dear

**meanwhile**

so they feast on oklahoma  
on filet on salmon on merlot and  
she tricks him with her camera phone

**i ate the apple**

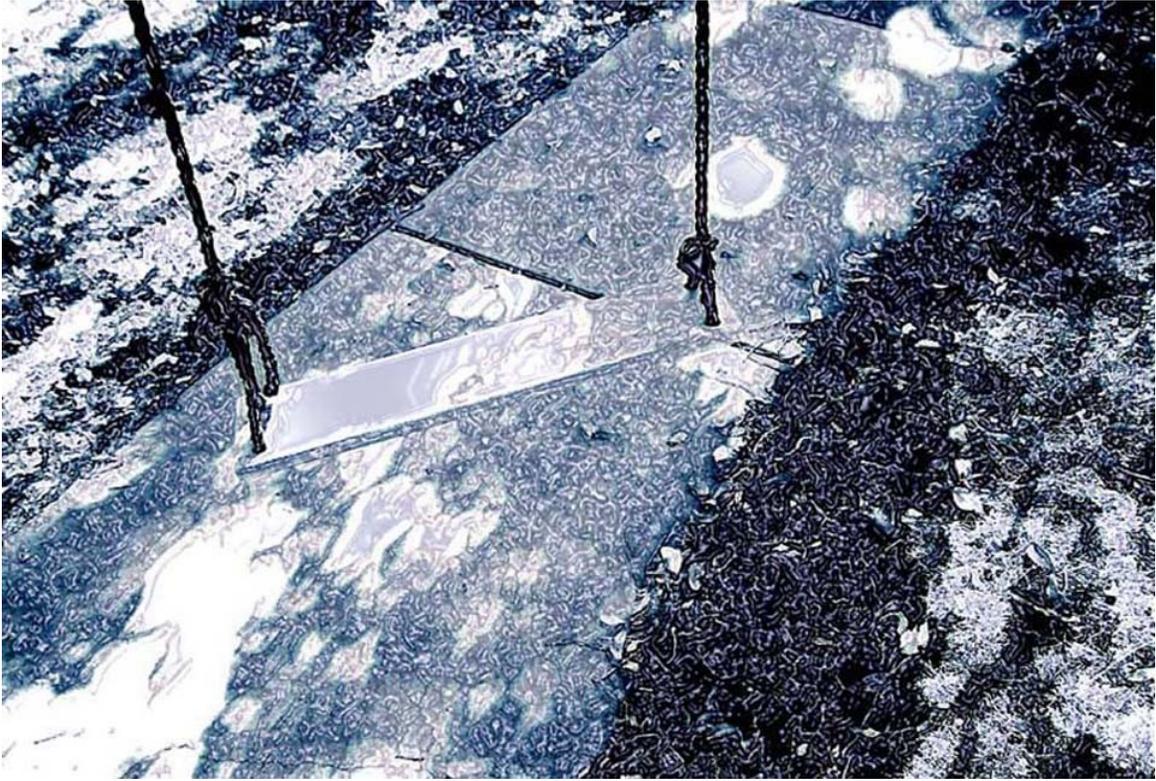
the core  
the stem  
the seeds and all

i licked the juice

in front of you  
in front of god

## **lost loves**

are never lost  
just beyond reach  
they walk  
and dance  
and move us  
such a part of us  
in part responsible  
for making us  
who we are  
letting us  
love again



## **last night**

say i had my way and  
i had the green in my pocket  
i would have left the highway  
last night i would have  
stopped at the diner  
ordered a dreamy three egg  
and cheese omelet ah  
and a cup of sugar  
some lipton orange pekoe  
and hash-browns yeah  
actually served by somebody  
biscuits but no gravy  
real butter melting  
i would even have chanced  
an onion or two  
just to see you smile

**i believe**

in love at first sight  
in the power of words  
in the differences  
in our sexes  
in passion  
in pain  
in no  
in yes  
in hope  
in perhaps  
in whatever  
is left

## **strumming her**

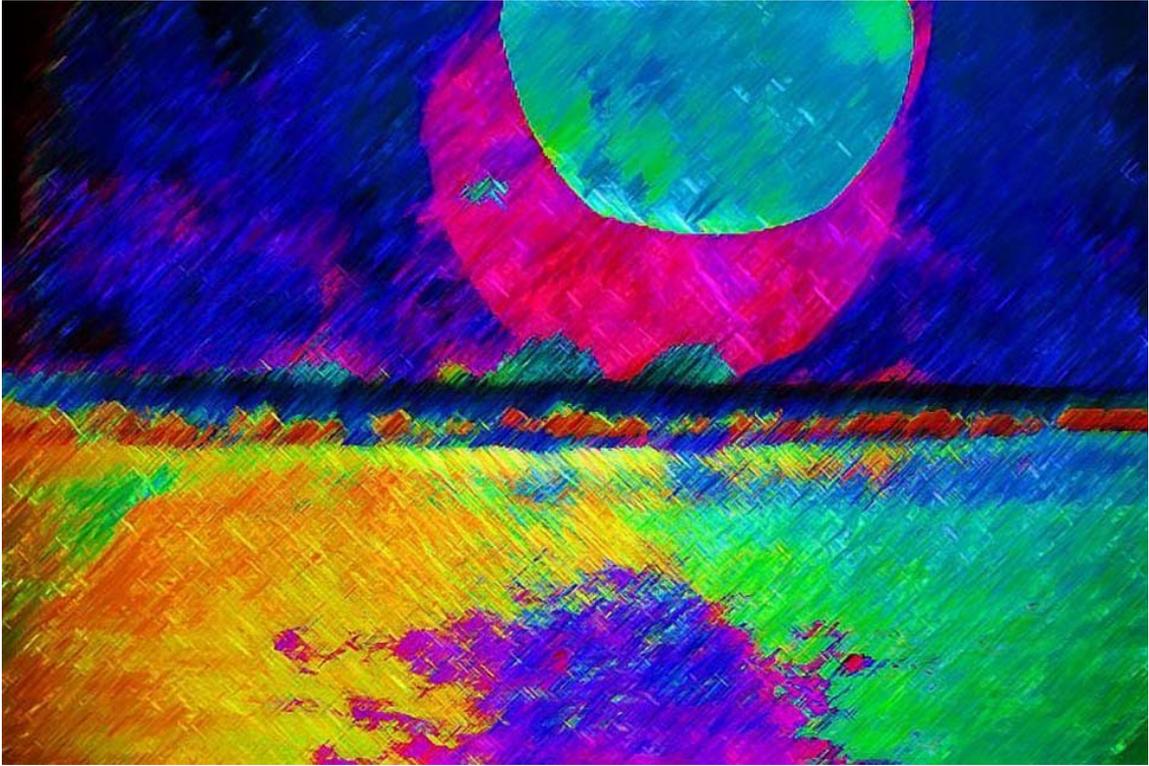
like a virgin ukulele  
one hand caressing  
petting her  
fretting over  
her smooth cool neck  
the other hand  
stroking  
plucking her strings  
my fingers searching  
for the moment  
she moans  
and quivers  
cries out loud  
baritone bass  
her hollow heart  
pounding  
in rhythm  
vibrating deep  
against my chest

**im about to open this bag**

stand back this is a heavy one  
sealed tight long long ago  
crammed into my closet  
crammed into my  
psyche my  
long lost lover my  
long lost daughter my  
long time coming my  
reckoning

## **paramount to my problem**

is the them/her/you of it all i  
know no other way to say it  
i am burned by the passion  
of such fire over and over it  
means i become a prisoner  
of love willingly i search my  
soul for solutions reasons i  
cannot bring myself to love  
myself realizing this curses  
me/you/them/all i hold dear



## **kissing**

they kissed on red sheets  
under red blankets  
in the bathtub  
on the floor  
kissing and crying  
in the car  
the garage  
they kissed naked  
in a king size bed  
in the kitchen  
outside  
under the sun  
in front of the dogs  
they kissed in their sleep  
in front of his mother  
under trees  
at the airport  
in front of everybody  
again and again  
kissing  
they said goodbye

## **i wait in judgment**

because i stand tall and proud  
in judgment a man of galileo  
da vinci and shakespeare  
who cannot hold with mongering  
they would have me stripped  
bare lashed to the whipping post  
a heretic drawn and quartered  
burned loveless and alive  
my ashes left outside your door

**got to get you into my life**

all that i am is yours my dream  
all that i have is yours my history  
all that i want is yours my hope  
all that i love is yours my truth

## **candle light**

your poems  
dance and quiver  
by candle light  
the words flicker  
little heart beats  
little campfires  
of shadow and light  
of darkness and life  
i am drawn to the flames  
the rhythm of the glow  
i warm my hands  
and sing softly  
by the fire

**for christmas**

i send you this secret  
i am forever changed  
i write it down like a poem  
i am forever changed  
i wrap it in silver paper  
i am forever changed  
i weave a red ribbon bow



## **stargazer**

her eyes a cloudless african night  
twinkle like stars of a hundred suns  
i want to take cover there and love  
touching each one in turn burning  
my fingers and lingering until I die

## **strip poetry**

*one poem for each piece of clothing*  
she says so i read her some carver  
the first poem is short but poignant  
off comes my shirt tossed to the dogs  
i count the many poems she requires  
i quickly pick another poignant piece  
and i am curious about socks after all  
they are identical... *now two poems*  
she says this is harder then you think

## **here is my palett**

1) the color black  
absorbs all others  
like a black hole or  
sadness un-sated  
it swallows rainbows  
twisting them into knots  
of springing black curly  
ribbons curled by  
scissors in the dark

2) green  
is you  
all that is nature  
unspoiled  
and beautiful

3) purple  
is passion

4) red  
cries like a baby

**ripvan winkle**

white hair down to his knees  
white whiskers of time asleep in her arms

## **beyond words**

there is a forest of emotions  
so thick it shades all sunlight  
i peer into the darkness and  
i look for you i know you are  
there pretty song bird at play  
i hear the music everywhere



## **sheba**

she came  
across the desert  
my tempest  
for three years  
she traveled across the earth  
on camel back  
on foot  
shifting sand and  
shadows  
her face veiled  
her want of wisdom  
her love  
of what puzzles  
and i am riddled still but how  
could we deny temptation  
or passion  
what would become  
of her kingdom  
or mine?

## **dig**

i like to dig  
i dig a lot of things  
i dig you  
i dig the beatles  
i dig languages  
i dig the tramp stamp  
and poetry and art and photography  
and cats (big or small) and zebras  
and dogs and pepsi and cooking  
and books and hope and birds  
and dreams long hair oceans  
mountains and bass guitars  
i dig kissing  
i dig freedom and honesty  
i dig you  
i dig snow  
i dig the rain  
i dig thunder storms and lightning  
i dig you *the most*

## **blue bird**

1) so i caught her once  
caught her eye across the forest  
a ray of sunshine through the trees  
can you imagine the luck  
and she flew right up to me  
all feathers and blue and curious  
she ate from my hand and  
when i fed her well and gently  
she did not fly away

2) something that doesnt want a cage  
something that wants to unlock a door

3) sometimes late at night  
i hear her in the trees  
somewhere nearby  
singing strong  
and clear

shes such  
a  
rebel

## **alphabet**

a to z  
my tongue  
spelling it out  
dipping  
deep for ink  
or maybe  
ill write  
your name  
over and  
over  
a poem  
until your well  
runs dry

## **morning paper**

perhaps today  
were on the same page maybe  
the same article maybe  
the same picture or  
two hanging in the air  
every word  
free as houdini come  
read the headlines  
forget the trivial trap  
flapping in the breeze like  
plastic wrap i see  
grapenuts and blueberries  
lemon rinds on the table  
in the distance green  
tea and honey it  
makes me want to  
pick up the telephone  
good news  
is hard to find



