

Scorpio

By Thomas R. Thomas

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For Michelle

Lovely

I recall the rush —
the first time seeing you
all lovely without clothes —

blushing in your beauty —

holding you close,
the warmth of our flesh,
resting my head on
the top of your head,

resting my fingertips
in the small of your back.

And now I see your smile as
I kiss your forehead,
lightly touch your shoulder.

You radiate the years
in this one smile.

there you are standing
in that dress your Mother made
on the ramp smiling

a smile that lights the whole scene
that reaches across the years

her name hung backwards
as it lay between her breasts
unaware

I layer it on
she sleeps with just one sheet
meeting somewhere between

pausing at the door
he glances her way
quiet in her book

fold back the years
lost inside her
breathless in wonder

hearing his breath
she looks up and smiles
"I have your tea." he says

reach for the second

cup — pause mid thrust — then draw back

steam rises

This is just to say

that kissing
Your lips
last night
in our bed

and looking up
to see that
slight smile
on your face

Forgive me
as I pause
getting sucked in
in your sweet joy

kiss me in
the morning
sweet cool
you — linger

slide your sweet
finger down
my soft warm
cheek — eyes touch

memory
of you lay
before me
in my day

and there you
are quiet
on your warm
pillow

dance the kitchen
water boil
sun rest the window
warm my face

floor feels cool
pasta slither on the plate
tea steam rise, a fragrance

she smiles
warm plate in hand

I brush by you in
the hallway — our
eyes on our books

reaching up I stroke
the bottom of your breast

eyes still on the
page a small smile
graces your lips

It's wrinkled.

What?

Wrinkled.

Wrinkled!

Yes.

*Not - soft and
smooth as silk?*

Right - wrinkled.

*Not delicate
like the folds
of a flower?*

No, wrinkled.

Men.

Intellectual Sex

Give me a well
formed argument,
one where I can thrust
in my point of view.

Give me an argument
with teeth. One
with a little danger.
One with sweat
and a little blood.

eye to eye
nose to nose
mouth to mouth
tongue to tongue

Screaming with fire
and incoherent babbles,

each of us grappling
to prove our point of view,

culminating with both
of us flat on our backs
panting and staring
at the ceiling.

Let me taste your words
floating on air
scraping sweet from bitter
then brush them as
they wisp the fingers

opening the door
the living room is still dark
keys clink the bowl

I see you quiet in your chair
gently snoring — Tchaikovsky
playing on the TV — I wait
pausing in the doorway — then
set the cup down
steam warming my hand
and dip the bag — I quietly
close the door

Morning Quiet

Morning — in the quiet
moments between
the dream
I open my eyes
and — there you are

Thomas R. Thomas was born in Los Angeles, California, and grew up in the San Gabriel Valley west of LA. He has been published in Don't Blame the Ugly Mug: 10 years of 2 Idiots Peddling Poetry, *Bank-Heavy Press*, *Conceit Magazine*, *Electric Windmill*, and *Marco Polo*. In 2013, Thomas will be coming out with a book of poems by World Parade Books.

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"This is just to say" was partly inspired by William Carlos Williams.

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