

Poetry Series

Susan Lacovara
- poems -

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Susan Lacovara(1963)

A Bedtime Story

He says it won't be too long
Between now
And then....

He'll ride back in
Like Gallahad
And rescue me from this tower

His words breathe life
Into my deflated lungs
His hands giving CPR
To my barely beating heart

He says it won't be long
Til time rewards us
With the return of what it stole

And I believe him
I always believe him
The same way I still believe
In happily-ever-afters
Even though I've long out grown
Most bedtime stories
I wait for him...
To turn the page

Susan Lacovara

A Corduroy Coat

A corduroy coat,
from the back of the rack
It's past, invisible..but certainly there...

I watched as a frail seamstress ironed
To put a vintage skirt's pleats
Back, properly in place...
Wondering where it was worn last...

Whose heads were adorned by the many odd hats
that hung precariously about the crumbling house
All priced for the asking...
And I asked many questions
Curious to know if the original souls
Still clung to their clothing...

Susan Lacovara

A Cup Poured And Pouting

Brewing over my wake up coffee
I can't help but wonder...

Does she love you with the richness
Of whipped cream kisses
And spooned out sugar sweetness

Does she write love letters
On brown paper bags
To feed your hunger throughout the day

Does she study your reflection
In the mirror while you shave
Memorizing the corners
Of your soapy smile

Does she wake you with the lyrics
of your favorite love song
unafraid to sing slightly off key

Does she tell you her dreams
And inserts you into every one of them
Leaving enough room for rainbows and rhymes

Does she look at the stars and realize
They pale in comparison to you

Does she know what to say
To calm your spirit
When the whirlpool of worry arises

Does she genuinely intend to keep your heart
Free from the prison of the past
Open it, relish it, protect it

Does she know what love YOU deserve
Or do you think you deserve less

Like this morning's coffee

Cold, and with a little bit
Of Bitterness
I simply swallow it....

Soap

Susan Lacovara

A Day Thirsty

I spent a thirsty day without water
Agitated and aggravated
As it was not of my doing
Instead the result of a drunken landlord
Who'd rather be quenched by vodka
Then pay his utility bills
And hides behind shuttered windows
When the collection man comes
To keep my mind from the mindless excuses
I busied myself beneath the breathing sun
While the wasted landlord locked away
And left me to come up with a plan
A payment and a positive attitude
I dare not let him destroy today
In the overgrown garden, at ease
My thoughts given to greater good
Of unearthing beauty and blending
Into a peacefulness my own
Shameful for he doesn't care to get better
Rally and right himself
Join the ranks of the living well
In the soil of my sanctuary
A thirsty day over, and I am spent
Glad to be productive
Given the circumstance of watching
One wither away under the abuse of alcohol
And it 's destructive drain
Turn on the faucet and wash the grime
The grit that makes the landlord's life
So different, thank God, from mine

Susan Lacovara

A Place At The Poet's Table

You graciously opened up
Your many mornings
And let me in
To sit at your global tables
Sentences and stories
Poured warm
As a well steeped tea
You nourished me
With the kindness
Of breaking bread
Thereby breaking down barriers
Of distance and dialects

You fed me sweetly full
With the syrup of acknowledgement
Acceptance into a community
Where pen and ink are tools
Not weapons
Where no one should hunger
To be heard

Susan Lacovara

A Poet's Pain

Is it possible
the pain in my fingertips
Comes from too many hours
typing my sorrows
Some arthritic ailment
That hinders only broken hearted poets
Challenging them to proceed
in their penning
Suffering, while they sacrifice
to set free the bottled up emotions
That disease their daily head

As if the volcano of a heart's hurt,
erupts and flows viciously
through constricted veins
The bleeding inside,
empties
staining the sonnets and stories
No stitches
No amount of aspirin or alcohol
Painkillers or prescribed preaching
Can numb the persistent pulsing affliction
Of my no longer having your hand to hold
I watch as my fingertips turn purple
and cold...
Can't feel a thing...

And decide I have typed enough sadness today

Susan Lacovara

A Quick Hand

I thought about swatting the annoying moth
Circling my table's tarmac
So busy, was I, focusing on forgetting you
His frenzied flight distracting me

Then, I thought better
What was the meager moth doing
That I, myself, wasn't....

Flapping ferociously
Slamming into obstacles
Flitting from corner to ceiling
In search of something...
Exhausting it's energy
Determined to keep going
Going, but where?

Like a moth to a flame
I stare at your picture
Hoping your hand will not swat me away
Maybe instead, allow me to land....

Susan Lacovara

A Reason To Return

Did I forget my wrap,
draped over the winged back chair
in the room where you wrestled me
pinning me to your attention

Did you locate my lone silver earring
lost in the tangled sheets of lovemaking
still glistening, in the ambers of yesterday's fever

Could I come back for the silk stocking
I haphazardly tossed, like a bride's bouquet,
landing, to lace the shower curtain rod
dripping in steamy condensation...

Might you have located the left behind promise
we made to each other, their in the breathless hours
If so...Let me know
when I might come retrieve all forgotten
and grant me a reason to return

Susan Lacovara

A Shawl, Mine Worn

A shawl, mine worn,
against the riddle of time
spent in this frozen perilous winter
lending security to what wicked a spell
has been cast, to keep me underground,
unaware if sunlight returns
(so long, her escape)

A shawl, mine worn,
fashionably frozen to the daily doldrums
of creating a crafted contingency plan
how I will weather the wasteful cold
And leap again, with leprechaun giddy
into the dance partner's open arms
of Spring, come soon...

A shawl, mine worn,
armoured in the caressing cotton
soothing and smoothing what cares
none see, as they are mine
sent to this address...
draped round my sometimes rounded shoulders
that I will stand taller in April
To greet the forsythia's flourishing flash
of yellow...and hello....
shedding the shawl, mine worn,
and worn out, by winter's hardened hand
and the hand-me-down dismal gray
that stains a shawl, mine worn.

Susan Lacovara

A Snowflake In The Sun

You could not have been any prettier
than a snowflake in the sun
How your silver frosted glistening glint,
So caught my eye, then melted, done..

Susan Lacovara

A Wrinkle In Time

I unpack the folded flag
That flew that day
Against the sunniest of blue skies
Remembering...

It started as a day
Like any other
September sweetness
Sweeping across the early hours
Only to be shattered by unthinkable events

In an instant
A wrinkle in time
That which was beautiful
And mine
In that exact moment
Forever altered and redefined

Sunlight turned to ash
As steel so strong gave way
To leveling evil
In the cascade of crumbling concrete
I could not count the tears

The skyline shifted

Sixteen years now gone by
A wrinkle in time
I unfold my flag that flew that day
As it had every other day
Before that awful day
Recommitting me to the love of country
Proud of my freedoms
Ever resolute in my resilience
I am taken back to those minutes
That seemed to last an eternity
Yet feel forever fresh

Act Two

Intermission over
Where have you been
The urgency in your voice
On nights when your missing me
Turns tepid and again
You melt away
Quicker than the snow
That remains...
Unlike you..

The opening act
Kept me on the edge of my seat
Hanging on the monologue
Your unspoken dialogue
Watching you work the stage
Hot bodied under the lights
With overture rising
I fell into your crescendo
Thinking I knew the script
And I could figure out the plot

Of late I've been up late
Painting pictures of you
On the ceiling tiles
Practicing how to disguise my smile
Should you pull the curtain back
And begin again, Act Two

Susan Lacovara

After The Towers Fell

I can still see their faces, in the hallways of my mind
I can still feel the traces, of the love they left behind...
As the skyline changed and the whole world was rearranged
After the towers fell, we did rise.

I can still feel the blazing warmth as it touches New York's skin
I can still hear the thousands prayers as each new day does begin
When the skyline changed and the whole world was rearranged
After the towers fell, we did rise.

And they cannot be forgotten,
And I will not look away
Their souls remain, forever
In the memories replayed
Over and over
In the playgrounds of our minds
After the towers fell, we did rise.

There's a strength in every weakness, there's a hope in every storm
There's a way to stay resilient, and to shelter us from harm
There's a path that we have chosen, as we dry our tear filled eyes...
After the towers fell, we did rise

There's a need for quiet healing, as the years go, sadly, by
And it's true we keep believing, when we gaze into the sky,
That angels, they do guide US, while the eagle sweetly flies
After the towers fell, we did rise...
After we witnessed hell...we survived...
Yes, after the towers fell, we DID rise.

Susan Lacovara

Again Yet Again

My own night spliced together the black sky
And the quieted calm collapse
Of staring silently towards the heavens
That held the moon...my beloved moon
In France, their evening split wide open
And why.. Oh do please tell me why
Why innocence is sliced, shaken and spilled
Again, yet again
By an evil my heart can never conceive
Am I to believe this is to be tolerated
This is how the world unravels
It's 'New Normal'...
Again, yet again
Left to question the unthinkable maddness
That carves into my poet's heart
And leaves me weeping for the want of peace
And the ceasation of useless ignorance
Often dressed up in a disguise of delivering
The phophet's promise
And some understandable purpose
A purpose I can not grasp
I can only grieve and grieve I do
For the loss...for the loss
And the cost and such a cost
When children sing no longer
Mothers lose their sons and daughters
Fathers faces are left behind
Only to be kept in picture frames
When night is shattered, reasoning scattered
Lives taken, destroyed, splattered
By nothing that makes any sense at all...
And evil, I dare say and call it such..
Again, yet again
Screams at me from the headlines
And rips at the hearts of all
Who are righteous...courageous
Seeing the sights under the firework skies
That we scramble to accept as truth
Again, yet again

Streets, littered with lifeless bodies
While the brokenhearted moon
Cries along with the startled stars
Again, yet again
I recall the towers taken...
And lend my sympathetic soul
To stand in unison, as the world mourns
The sadness in Nice
The sickness like a cancer grows
We, only we with a conviction of strength
And a resolve of rising up
With love to squelch the hardened hatred
That has no place under my magical moon
That moon, that one moon that illuminates
Us all, One World.
And why not strive to be just that
Again, yet again.

Susan Lacovara

All Love Is Love

Love the sound of lifted laughter
Love the thought of ever after
Love is love, all love is love

Love the hand that rocks the cradle
Love the working man so stable
Love is love, all love is love

Love the words still unspoken
Love the promise left unbroken
Love is love, all love is love

Love the minstrel, love the maestro
Love the lyrics sung insightful
Love is love, all love is love

Love the vagabond and vagrant
Love the hand picked flowers fragrant
Love is love, all love is love

Love the purity of principle
Love the ideas thought invincible
Love is love, all love is love

Love the poor man void of riches
Love the artist painting pictures
Love is love, all love is love

Love the velvet sky of evening
Love the wandering wounded grieving
Love is love, all love is love

Love the children chasing rainbows
Love the place we hope their pain goes
Love is love, all love is love

Love the two who stand united
Love the vows, in truth, recited
Love is love, all love is love

Love the pleasure and the purpose
Love the lasting three ringed circus
Love is love, all love is love

Love the memories and minutes
Love the life you're living...in it
Love is love, all love is love

Love the sister and her brother
Love in peace, love one another
Love is love, all love is love

LOVE IS LOVE...ALL LOVE IS LOVE

Susan Lacovara

All That Is Aching

All that is aching
An aching reminder
Of dimly-lit dancing
When muscles were kinder
Least the pain disappearing
Amidst gallant laughter
Sore, only from summer
Fireflies, run after
All that is aching
Slathered in ointment
Promising Xrays
Of Life's disappointment
Heat applications
And icy cold treatment
To aide, in release
From the hold of this precinct
All that is aching
Withers cartilage and bone
Into shreds of myself
Yesterday's clone.

Susan Lacovara

Always And Again

To see you, again,
framed in my doorway
Workday backpack
slung over your shoulder
Singing some song
you picked up
on the train platform
Eager to elaborate on the poem
you jotted down in your notebook
as you rode the rails
back home
to the girl with big brown eyes
and her frolicking overweight dog

Oh, but again, to see you
step over the threshold
of another day done
Realizing I have been here, all along
Awaiting the chance to love you
Better, bigger, always and again

Susan Lacovara

Am I Still On Your Speedail

Months now, maybe more,
I've not heard from you
And I've grown tired of making excuses
for your slight of hand disappearing act
that often leaves behind more questions
than answers

I thought our free flow could never turn
to free fall...
Yet, here I am, wondering...
if there was something I forgot to say...
or do...or not do...or not say...
that would have made you stay
if not forever, at least until my eyes grew tired...
and I could sink into your shoulders,
content to cat-nap in the nape of your neck

Is it too much to ask, that you remember December,
How we danced, without music
Opened silly gifts that brought us to childlike laughter
Tied ourselves into ribbons
Of warmth and tangled limbs...
Preparing for the new year...

Did you somehow throw away those moments
with the crumpled Christmas wrapping paper...
Wishing you had a gift receipt
so you could exchange my love
for something you really wanted...
but had not gotten...

Sugar plum fairy tale,
without the happily ever after,
I keep you, still, in a snowglobe
in my thoughts...

But like a snowflake,
Different from any other,
You've melted away

by my mere mistake of trying
to hold you.

Susan Lacovara

An Altered View

You so wanted to spread your soiled thoughts
Thick like butter on bread
Slather them with seemingly a helping hand
Of unravelling words you had merely read

The sounds all too foreign
There was no room for dancing
What you came to offer
Disguised as romancing
Paled in comparison
To truths over time
So I chose to keep wandering
With my unconvinced mind

Susan Lacovara

An Army Among The Mute

Rise Up! Rise Up!
O poets!
All poets!
With pen in hand, so mighty your sword
That you can slice though the indifference
That holds captive the quiet
Locked in a belief that theirs a voice none hear
We, with strings of sentences
Can tell the tales of the brokenhearted
The lost and lonely
The which way is out wanderers

Rise Up! Rise Up!
O poets!
All poets!
Alone is a dangerous place to reside
Let screamingly, sail, the secrets of your soul
The lid begs to be loosened
Feelings to fly
Someone is listening
Someone is waiting
Someone believes they remain departed
From the entirety of everything else
Rise Up! Rise Up!
O poets!
All poets!
For we are the keepers of the heart's fire

Susan Lacovara

An Every Night Goodnight

See you in the shadow of the moon...

Meet you in my dreams....

An every night goodnight, to you

And all the in-between

Susan Lacovara

And So It Goes

And so it goes
This carousel
The up, up, up
Riding high the beautiful horses
To the piped out merry music

And so it goes
This ferris wheel
The round, round, round
of endless coiled circles
A view to pretty to believe

And so it goes
This roller coaster
The twisting, twisting twisting
Before the inevitable daredevil drop

And so it goes
Life under the big top
The characters, characters, characters
Yet none to replace my ringleader, You

Susan Lacovara

Another Me

Another look
Another chance
I will not be
Afraid to dance

Another turn
Another twist
I will not wave
A hardened fist

Another plot
Another play
A better smile
To wear, display

Another wound
Another scar
In fact, I'm better off
By far

Susan Lacovara

Anybody... In This Nobody Town

Anybody in this nobody town
Care to help to tear it down
The burned out strip mall
With graffiti, profound
The broken bourbon bottles
That litter the ground...
Anybody in this nobody town
Dare to look up
from your dilapidated frown
To smile at the vagrants
In their homeless compound
Built of barely there boxes
Where no wishes are found
In the well worn wooded paths
Where my childhood was found
Anyone in this nobody town
Content, collecting empty cans
From the garbage mounds
Walking in stagnant circles
To the traffic sounds
Seems time has forgotten,
To no great astound...
To remember the brilliance
Then, like a jeweled crown
Tarnished, now, to tin rubble,
In ashes, to drown
And here... once, long ago,
a heartbeat did pound,
For somebody
Anybody..
In this nobody town...

Susan Lacovara

Apart-Ment Hunting

Who knows the hours
Of evening showers
And drying flowers
From a lover, sent
When tales of love
I thought were meant
How, now, I wish I could
Afford the RENT
To continue leasing
The quiet cabin of your heart.

Susan Lacovara

Apricot Picnic

Black plums and painting pictures
Near a creek that carries a tune
And there we'd lay out
Two stripped souls
Against the summer's sad and said goodbye

I'd cut you apples
And watch as your mouth devoured my heart
Studying clouds smooching, overhead
They care not...
As we once did the same....

Apricot affection
For our played out picnic
....And then.....
.....the rain.....
.....began.....
.....to fall.....

Susan Lacovara

Artist Alone

It is not with the sadness,
Nor madness,
Of Van Gogh
That I exclude myself
On winter days, in February...
Neither is it with the passion
Of Mc Kuen' s loneliness
That prompts me to feed
The returning gray cat...
Surely it isn't the same
Broken hearted heaviness
That took Dali' s spirit
Makes me question why
I surrender
To the paleness
Of my room, unattached
To another's heart....
Tis merely my own poet's prison
That paints my starry starry night.

Susan Lacovara

As Angels Open Wings

As angels open wings
Sadly my heart sings
Songs of what we use to know
Before the closing of the show

As angels open wings
Recollection brings
Silver shine of yesterday
Before the laughter went away

As angels open wings
Golden, many things
The breath of dances, taught to me
When life was young, your legacy

As angels open wings
The taste of tears, salt, stings
And in one's eyes no thoughts unheard
the heart more mighty than a word

As angels open wings
What sadness Springtime brings
To my brother, broken, in his chair
Refusing to leave his loved one there

As angels open wings
Through shifts of many swings
What was all yours, is still, your own
May the angels wings guide him HOME

Susan Lacovara

As I See It

I see the world in colors,
Still unnamed
Feel love and heartache,
Like thunder
Swallow the spice, salt, sweet
And sour
Of life's experiences
And experiments
I wear little armor
Protecting the drawbridge
Of my heart's entrance
I exchange handshakes
Not head shakes
To the stranger's I come across
I feed on the beautiful greens
Of grass and summer fields
Til full from feast
And needing to lie beneath silent stars
I will never grow tired from wishing on

Susan Lacovara

Ashes Of Old Lovers

There it laid
what remained
of your snuffed out cigar
Just lying there...
Left behind...
Like me...
Like what we had...
Like what it was
When it was us...

The air, stale..
The ashes, coal like
burned out dust
Piled purposely
a sure and sudden demise
There, before my eyes
The ashes of old lovers
To be dumped...
discarded...emptied
rinsed way...

But first, I light it...
Set fire to it's end
inhale, and hold the thick
unforgiving smoke...
Drawing deep
the pungent pleasure...
And exhale...

Susan Lacovara

Asking Only

Come sun, today

Take me to tanned thought

Of when my bronzed skin

Was like caramel

To your tongue

Come warmth, today

Carry me past the coldness

That keeps us apart

Come light, today

Ripping through the trees

That offer solitary shade

Come back, today

In a letter

A postcard

A tiny locket

To show me

it wasn't a dream

Susan Lacovara

Assignment

That she should ask in sweet sought out advice
my interpretation of defining Peace and Harmony...
To string together syllables,
in structured form...
her assignment, this eve...
So simple in it's nature...
yet endless, in the depth of it's core...

And I with just one glance, into her oceanic blue eyes
See the exact truth of peace and harmony...
(for it shines and radiates from her...within)
And all that is my trouble
Drains away, like thawing snow...

That she is free, choosing her paths..
That she is the voice of harmony...
Unafraid to sing aloud, caring not for accompaniment,
Or applause....
She merely is music to my life!

That she, in her last minute request of my aid,
Can not know the volumes she speaks...
That she, alone, opens the windows in my heart
And therefore, let's the beautiful breezes in.
This is my Peace...pleasant, fulfilling, above all else.

I could swim in the love that she gives me...
Never wanting to come up for another breathe..
That she is light, and love and lyrics...
Dear Erin, you steal the shadows and return the sun.

Susan Lacovara

Attire

I wear your words,
fresh from the laundry of lusting
They fit just right
No matter the shift
of later life pounds
That present themselves
without advance notice
I slip you over my head
Letting you fall all about my shape
Skipping and skimming over
my worn from winter body
Your touch fits like a glove

I roll the silk of your stocking smile
The length of my leg
You make me prettier
than i could ever be
Alone

With the accessories of your truth
Your trust...
I braid belts of fine leather
To lash around my waist
Reach for a colorful scarf of serenity
To strewn about my shoulders
Adding hues of deliberate defiance
To the fading gray of compliance

I toss on a coat of thick fabric YOU
Know I shall not be chilled today
By the friction of forecast
I wear you, your sweetness, your sensibility
Your logical patterned prints
As my latest collection
From my favorite designer

Susan Lacovara

Back Inside Myself

To cast doubt aside
Begin the breath of a new day
To lighten the heaviness
Of carrying the back breaking bundles
Of what might have been
An impeccable intention
Requiring all my stitched together strength

To listen not to the emptiness
But the song that lingers
Recalling what was mine, ours
Well dressed, there, in summer's warming
Feeling forgotten, now, in my frailty
The coming frost threatens
To shove me back inside myself
Where cocooned images
Of a love so real
Might somehow evolve into healing

Susan Lacovara

Be Advised

Like lecturing a child
On their first day of school
I remind myself to stand up straight
Be friendly, say 'please'
And 'thank you'
Be kind, offer to share
Play well with others
And don't run with scissors

Like giving a well researched
And much rehearsed presentation
To the Board Of Directors
I need remember to breath deep
Speak slowly and clearly
Be able to cite my sources
Without sweating...
All the while with polished shoes
And close the deal

Like lending advice
To my long suffering
Still smart-ass single girlfriends
On a neckline too low
A bar set too high
A tale told too long
Insecurities a river too wide
I brush the dust
From my own shelved hesitations
And bravely take my own advice

Susan Lacovara

Beachcombers

What was it he saw in her
That pulled him aside
Whispered in his ear
Make her mine

Forty years passed now
holding her hand
Forty decades drifted
Walking the sand

Soft hair still blonde braided
Her legs long and lean
What was it made him think
She is my dream

What was it she witnessed
Back then in their youth
To hitch to his wagon
Thinking, he is my truth

A strong back and soft hands
A laugh to his voice
To render her resolve
He is my choice

Forty years passed now
Holding his hand
Four decades drifted
Walking the sand

Susan Lacovara

Bear

I am that bear
That wakes from hibernation
Taking a groggy look around
To spy all which has changed
While I lay sleeping
My hunger returns
On a hunt for the sweetness
Of berries bursting on the vine
Time elapsed and so collapsed
Much of my familiar surroundings
Now to set out wandering woodlands
Asking for a new fragrance to follow

I long kept my roar, my growl quieted
Needing only rest to resurrect my strength
Some may think me dangerous
Coming out of the thick of trees
But I am only on quest for nourishment
Having slumbered heavy and hidden
Lean, from the lessened consumption
Of honey and bending branches
I take my chances
In hopes I will not be hunted

Susan Lacovara

Before The Afterthought

I close my eyes

To dream of who I used to be

Before the world got hold of me

And found I've circumstancely

Survived...to my surprise

I'm just me

I close my eyes

To find what I was looking for

What tides have washed unto my shore

And now, as it was once before

Realized...to my surprise

I'm just me

I close my eyes

Adrift in what I hold as mine

In truth the passing time is kind

I'm still as dancer, by design

Aligned...to my surprise

I'm just me

I close my eyes

I count what blessings are bestowed

And speak the verses life's composed

Making lists of cons and pros

Devised...to my surprise

I'm just me

Susan Lacovara

Behind The Masks

Be mindful
Be thankful
Be aware
Your actions are a reflecting pool
Of these difficult days
We are all experiencing
FACING TOGETHER

Our heroes are cloaked
Behind sweat soaked masks
Stained by the tears they shed
During the daily struggle to save OUR lives

Let us pretend
(if only we could)
We could rally the strength
To serve...As THEY do

I am safe within the yellow walls of my home
While someone is dying, alone
Dare I think my days are the worst I have seen
When the soldiers of medicine and mercy
Witness sorrow on such a surreal scale

I will kneel before God
Ask HIS mercy
Seek HIS Divinity
And hold tight to the faith I have
In our Angels on Earth

Susan Lacovara

Believe The Butterfly

She was not always so lovely
With delicate wings
Carrying her from petal to petal
Free to flutter
Like a perfect ballerina

Once the grayness of the cocoon
Seemed an everlasting prison
Spun of promises
To be fulfilled

She waited in her wondering
Would the skies be blue again
And the winds kind to her flight
Once shed of her containment

Light, Oh glorious light
Uplifting her batiked wings
Soft to steer beyond the branch
Where now her cocoon withers

Susan Lacovara

Better Chores For Better Shores

I'd feel better about blistered hands
If in fact their work be useful
And with lasting lush result
Not that the garbage men be slighted
For their lifting of our overconsumption
But better if raised consciousness
To recycle
Lending better breath to a gasping Earth

I'd feel better about blistered hands
If not from prying tenement doors ajar
But wrestling trigger happy fingers
From pointed anger
That paint and poetry could survive
The onslaught of embedding violence
And graffiti cement be polished
To depict hands outstretched

I'd feel better about blistered hands
If sore, from stringing mosquito netting
Planting saplings or serving clean water
To those whose hands tire from trying
To believe we work for better days
Better chores For better shores

Susan Lacovara

Beyond The Brush Of Clouds

Near the waterfalls constructed
Of blueprint fallen tears
The years have carried them back
To the footprint of the not forgotten...

The flags, folded, and held to chests
Which house the broken beating hearts
Of all those striped by senseless loss
Their faces wear their pain

The silence shouts the names, once more,
From the highest point of our resilience
Beyond the brush of clouds, nearest to heaven
The thousands of eyes see we are still rising

Where rain forms, and thunder gathers
So, too forms a rainbow
Bending down to fall upon our shoulders
That hold our heads up high

Susan Lacovara

Blink

For just a hint of the look back
at what my life used to be
That I might recognize
the face in the mirror
that all too often appears a stranger,
somehow, wearing my clothes...

Where time has taken me
against my will,
banished me, to this solitary confinement
that is stagnating boredom
Where a stimulating conversation
is as rare as a dinosaur fossil...
and intellectual banter,
foreign as the hieroglyphics,
buried in the caverned dark

Might I close my eyes, momentarily
and return to the quiet of the hill
and be soothed by the melodic rhythm
of lapping lazy waves against the sand...
Ever stilled there, my senses and my soul
blanketed in the breathing night
far from this undeserved prison
Of empty status quo...
uninspired, complacent, drab...

That I may blink, and clear my gaze
and find it fixed, on a sweet mirage,
A welcoming deep oasis
To draw water to my parched lips
and quench my hungry thirst
Too long lying in the scorching staleness
that threatens the very serenity
I refuse to relinquish...
Blink, that there is a shift in sight
alas, a worthy reward, for all I've sacrificed,
Sanctified and solidified
for the sake of saving myself, unsundered

Susan Lacovara

Blossom

Silly, the notion, you'd see me
as a flower, enticing you
with fragrant allure
that you should stop
and stoop, so very close
to the vine that keeps me
clinging
unattached from your hand...

Susan Lacovara

Boys Of Summer

I cannot tell you what's become
Of my lovers, lost to yesterday

Like those old collected baseball cards,
The 'rookies' became Hall of Famers
and their statistical accomplishments
are compared and commented upon

There are some, whose numbers should be retired
In great ceremonial pomp and circumstance,
in recognition of the outstanding
players they were...

And others, who should've been traded,
Cut loose, as free agents,
Long before their original contracts
were due to be renegotiated

Susan Lacovara

Breakfast, Near A Window

My coffee, hot
In contrast of weather wicked
Winds awhirling
Just outside my pleasant perch

I will dress in thick layers
Protect my skin,
If not my heart
From these trying days
Of slicing gales
And paled happiness
That August offered

Breakfast, near a window
Open it, and the day blows in

Susan Lacovara

Bring Me To My Knees

Take me to the river crossing
Where the sunlight strokes the current
Along the banks of butterfly laced grasses
Dancing in the breeze
Bring me to my knees

Lead me to a laughing meadow
Green and young and open
Fill my mouth with the nectar of your kiss
As envious bees attempt their honey, sweeter
Bring me to my knees

Stroll me down a winding wooded path
My hand in the glove of yours
Tight, yet tender, held in protection
I allow my steps to follow yours
Bring me to my knees

Bring me to my knees
And should it please my God
To let me have a lasting love
That so be it
As below
so above

Susan Lacovara

Brown Bag Bundle For A Broken Heart

What was left me
A brown paper bag
It's contents hardly
The relics of Kings
It worth to tip no scales

Folded maps of New York City streets
He knew I poorly navigated
Patches from a union job
To stitch unto a denim sleeve
A prayer card from the Trinity Church
Near the site of 9/11
A sand dollar shaped clock
That required two AA batteries
And CD of Alpine sounds

A treasure trove to touch my hurting heart

Susan Lacovara

Budding

Do not go
without, first, my telling you
I will see your face again
in all the sunlit days
I'll scoop you from puddled rain
And wash the dirt from my hands
Remembering your hands sprinkling seeds
to insure a summer meadow

Do not go
without, first, my thanking you
For laughter and lectures
love and late night dance lessons
Your kindness kept me company
through some of my darkest days
And in sharing with you
I found a sweet shelter and a sunny porch

Do not go
without, first, my honoring you
For all that was simple, all that was safe
Every beacon of brightness
you cast into my life
I remain magically tied to these memories
But to know you are elsewhere
Seems but a dream

Susan Lacovara

Building

Brick by brick
You laid it on thick
Till your stone walls
Cemented the door
The plaster within
Disguising your grin
As you whispered
You loved me no more

Scant pieces of me
Littered heaping debris
All remains of the rubble and rust
Are the nails hammered deep
In the tears I did weep
And dreams dying in smoldering dust

Planned blueprints replaced
By frown lines on my face
Vacant, where mortar once lay
In vanishing ink
What's left but to think
Foundation dissolved in the clay

Thin peeling the paint
Of the 'isn't' and 'ain't'
Construction for future on hold
No trespassing sign is all now to find
No further cement in the mold

Susan Lacovara

But For Freedom's Chance (Memorial Day)

But for freedom's chance this day be ours
Beneath banner spangled stars
To lips the names that came before
Announced from sea to shining shore

Hoist flags to fly against the skies
Arlington, Calverton, Pinelawn, dies
With honor, guns of twenty one
They are the fallen daughters, sons

Red blooded heroes, we bury, blue
White gloved salute, while Taps, blew
Bow to the bold that lie in graves
Sacrificed..what glory saves...

*Arlington, Calverton, Pinelawn...National cemeteries for our soldiers

* Taps- played at a serviceman's funeral, along with the firing of the twenty one gun salute.

Susan Lacovara

Buttercream Beauty

She, that is made of buttercream beauty
Blue eyes, envious... the sky
Limber she dances, through the calendar days
With a cat's curiosity
And wanders into the waiting world...

She, with her long locks
Lush and free falling
Tosses her head in defiance and deliberation
Strong in herself, seeking adventure
I now notice just how tall she's become

She, with her voice, stolen from angels...
Speaks with a strength, an old soul...
I know she possesses a heavenly light
I need never question it's origin

She, that is blessed with charm, crazy wit...
Flawlessly fashionable,
in the skin that is hers...
Sees the world as her stage,
an oyster, to be opened,
And relishes her new independence.

She, that is draped in vibrant individuality
Stays not in the shadows
but moves towards the limelight
Stealing glances, and chances,
At every stoplight along life's roadway...
Watch, that she will outshine the sun.

Susan Lacovara

By All Accounts

I count them all
The sea of fishes
Wide mouthed men
Who tell me tales
Of how they would be
The one and only
Should I cast my line
And draw them to my beachhead

But none so pretty
As the one who got away
The catch and release
Of setting him free
To deeper blue seas
To swim beyond my eyes focus
Into the distant dimming horizon
The waves washing over my head

I count the days til summer's surrender
Remembering last year was so much hotter
Much brighter, because of the tidal surge of him
By all accounts I am left with my sandy feet
Standing alone on the Long Island shores
An island of longing for what was back then
My tanned shoulders turned against the sunset
As you turned away from my touch

I count the molasses minutes
White lying to myself that I am just fine
As I finger the fine white sand
Slipping through my grasp...
And I remember that Autumn holds memories also
And prepare for more missing of you.

Susan Lacovara

By The Southern Shore

She turned to face the falling rain
Mass of black tresses thrown
To the wind
She wiped her eyes
As if to wipe the slate clean
Periscope vision focused on
The 'What comes next? '

Aging days, chasing
Caught her, unaware
While strolling a salted slippery pier
Gulls overhead,
Overhearing every hushed wish
She made
While blowing late season dandelions away

She loved him, once
On that southern shore
And if he, no more, to love her still
The sea foam continued to cling to her legs
Even while he no longer did

She captained her own ship
Prepared to set sail again
Against the current and current forecast
Of swells and rising tides
She checked for life jackets
And flares, if be needed,
Should her ship go down
In capsized confusion

He stood, atop the broken boardwalk planks
Watchful, as a lighthouse,
Seemingly stretched just as high
High enough to keep his head in the clouds
And tower over the timid temptress
Spying the steps of the wandering waterlily lady
He longed to scoop her in his net
This fragile creature

Stranded on the southern shore
No more, he thought, no more

She touched his heart with faraway eyes
Never intended for his to meet
Ironing out the insecurities she worn
Her fingers flattened the fabric
Blowing in the breathtaking breeze
He held his hand out, an offering,
To gift her... step up,
Onto solid ground
Safe footing near the boat basin
Of 'The Barely There, Brokenhearted'

The moment of hesitation, lost,
In the lashes of the crashes
Of waves rolling in
She heard nothing, but the voice of his silent stare
Till the seagull's song
Their heart wrenching cry, all too familiar
Brought her back to the breakers
And his bending down glance
That made her feel tiny, though perfectly tanned

He was handsomely tall, tender, in touch
With a craggy tone, as salted as the sea
And he somehow knew she had a broken wing
His beacon light fell on her heavy shoulders
His hello brushed her hair, a welcomed gale
Hardly having time to catch her breath,
Her hand attached to his, with a gentle pull
Placing her near him, on the splinter wood walkway
That could possibly lead her to a bouy beyond
The southern shore sands
that slipped through her hands
His frame an umbrella against the storm
Freeing her from the lifeboat loneliness
With the toss of a buoyant 'I've navigated this ocean'
She smiled in the rhythm of the pelting rain

Susan Lacovara

By The Wave Of His Light Ray Wand

You came in disguise of summer
Full
With a sunflower yellow grin
Giving me reason to believe
In the warmth you projected
Least I knew your tendency
For sudden scorching
So little had I learned
From my past
Dancing too near a fire
Too near a fire

You came in disguise of water
Fresh as morning dew droplets
Clinging to my petals
Moistened lips to press unto mine
And I, all too thirsty
To drink from your well
Fell into the swells
Of unforeseen selfishness
I was pulled under
By shifting currents
Gasping for air
While going down, down deeper down

You came in disguise of rainbows
Stretched out
Against the disappearing clouds
Colors so vibrant
I could NOT look away
YOU offering vast blue possibilities
Leading to promises of certain reward
All to acquire
RIGHT THERE, within my reach
If I, to courageously brave the journey
Up and over the bending horizon
To attainable heights I dared never dream
SO HIGH..SO HIGH...SO DANGEROUSLY HIGH
How disastrous the fall...

You came in disguise of calm
Of clarity
Proclaiming your soul was resurrected by love
IN LOVE...AND OH, SUCH LOVE.....
An anointed glorious gift
Sent and received
From God's own hand
Baptized in the bath
Of beginning again
Sin no more!
I was your salvation
We filed each other's spirit
Uplifted on wings
Both butterflies and angels
No bargaining for betterment
Heaven was ours
Strung out stars
Joining full moon miracles
Presenting us a banquet of beautiful

You came in disguise of holding my heart
How quickly you let it slip
Through your hands
I struggle now
To understand
Who I am....
Who you were...
What we had...
WHY NOT US? ? ?
How could you choose to forget
We had the chance
For a most magical love
How many get to say that?

Susan Lacovara

Candy Man

You gave me love
Like a licorice twist
Tasty at first
Then pulled apart

Ice cream cone kindness
That could not withstand the heat
And melted

Cotton candy promises
Sugary with no real substance
Powdered donuts
The hole so wide

You offered popcorn counterpoint conversations
Small seeds sizzling that, then, to burst
Taffy puled in all directions
An All Day Sucker

I thought it best to take your sour lemons
And set up my roadside Lemonade Stand
At least then, I could reap some small profit
For the time spent working on loving you

Susan Lacovara

Case Closed

Yes, so true, been here before,
vandalized, her heart's locked door
Did she even know the damage he created...

Set fiery flame, to all she knew
watched exploding lies ensue
Left her feeling lost and quite deflated...

His well masked face, hidden from sight
escapes, the ninja, to the night
To slip away, in what he took for granted...

She's left to search, with fine tooth comb
Forensic fragments, hers alone
Of every seed of doubt, so deeply planted...

Then placed beneath a microscope,
examining the corpse of hope
A coroner, constructing cause of dying...

Beaten down, by wicked words
Strangled, with her thoughts, unheard
Robbed of breathe, cut deep, for merely trying...

Yellow tape, the scene is sealed...
Until the truth, defined, revealed
No witnesses, to cast their light on motive...

Buried, in love's unmarked grave
She fought so hard, could not be saved
Case in point, was fatally devoted...

No fingerprints were left behind,
A suspect, of the usual kind
Evades arrest, for crimes he perpetrated...

Her headstoned heart, etched with a name
Of one who loved, not who's to blame
For falling victim, love, so consecrated...

A thief of truth and time and trust
And wielding weapons, stained by lust
Caused her demise, she lies in still repose...

No flowers left to mark the place
Where once as lovers, best to erase...
And tag the lifeless union...stamped 'case closed'

And who shall mourn her tortured soul
That only dreamed, to have and hold
Her very own happily ever after...

While still at bay, I heard them say
He stripped his bloodstained clothes away
And chuckles to himself in selfish laughter...

If he could not controll her heart,
So devious, tore it apart
With no regret, so hardened, unaffected...

Wilting on a lover's cross,
She utlimately, paid the cost
In hindsight...now resurrected.

Susan Lacovara

Casted Caught And Casted

Give me not a gift wrapped version
Of holding on
Or hanging out to dry

Reel me in
As if a prized fish to feed upon
Hooked by your lure
And although the test
Has been fully pulled
To tension's might
Carefully scoop me
Into your net

Do not think me
All too fragile made of glass
I am fine porcelain
Yours, if not admired once
To be acquired
And kept

Susan Lacovara

Catnapping

If I could only curl up
Much like the old cat,
Content...
While quiet keeps my searching soul company
Nap through the hours of long waiting
Watching for any sign of you
Tuck myself into a wrap of hair
Balled up indifference
Hide away in the wasteful longing
The missing moments
You undoubtedly fill in
With the nearest new dearest
That offers a saucer of satisfactory treats

Susan Lacovara

Certainly

Do not forget
I gave you my all
All that I was and would be
Do not forget
I sustained every fall
Or the slippery slopes of thee

Do not forget
I stayed in the fray
Or the untangled threads you unwound
Do not forget I played by the rules
But refused to play the rebound

Do not forget
The warmth of my soul
That thawed your heart frozen in time
Do not forget
All I offered for free
As regret is now certainly mine

Susan Lacovara

Chalice

I longed to be the chalice
from whence you'd sip
soft and steeped love
spilling onto and staining
your dry lips
to thirst no longer,
and never more...

A nectar, overflowing and beyond
all milk and honey
A new and ever pleasing potion
filling you
O! Entirely!

And from this chalice
a warmth of understanding
the lightness of forgiveness
A divine elixir of poured truth
and most tender hearted holding

Within your hands of prayer,
this chalice, golden,
All of me, yours...
Needing only your touch
to keep it filled
and fruitful

Raise to your mouth
and drink of me
Drink me in...
the whole of me
This chalice born
of timeless love
That you will, again, be mine
refreshed in spirit
Salvaged by the dewdrops
clinging to my kiss
Saved by self worth
and the wine of time and trust

Susan Lacovara

Chalkboard Thoughts

A punchlist, checklist, layman's log
Scrawled daily by my hand's design
Of how to manage time
And to remind
The milk's gone sour
And at which hour
The doctor expects to examine my chest
And who I'll wish best
Birthday greeting to
Preparing a stew
I'll need root vegetables
And other edibles
For the dog and the finicky cat
No matter that...
I'll gloss over what's there
Filling the air
With aromatic fragrance of feeling
Your breath on my neck
What else to forget
While chalkboarding my thought
So haphazardly caught
Up in the daydream of you
Missed a thing or two
When reading my scribbling
I find I am whittling
The hours away
As if a staged play
Act two, to begin
With your entering grin
My list fails to matter
Lost in far away chatter
Tomorrow again, I will start and end
While busied, by nothing but him

Susan Lacovara

Chameleon

I am, that I am...

A chameleon...

Shifting between the hues
That camouflage my insecurities,
That others will think I'm a natural fit
To the terrain of my environment

That I might remain hidden and safe
From the predatory dangers
Of those that hunt out vulnerability,
And climb atop a warmed rock
To bask, uncaringly, in the sun

Skillfully scrambling, on feet,
(that cannot hurry me fast enough)
To blend into yet another backdrop
Of blues and greens and flecks of gold
Beneath branches of sudden escape

I am...that I am

A chameleons...

Ever ready to meld into a harmless entity
Eye-catchingly quick to disappear from sight
In a flash of changing color
Protected by the armor that is
My ingrained ability to adapt.

Susan Lacovara

Checklist, Done And Done

No time to dabble, in the lazy, today,
Polevaulting what obstacles, lead me astray
Much to accomplish, the chalkboard declares
For one, on a mission, one who prepares...

Table littered with crib notes, scribbled insights
Of manageable madness, endless rewrites...
Scooping the scattered, heap piles..into files
Checklist, done and done...these marathon miles

Susan Lacovara

Chiffon

That you might dream of me
Tightrope tiptoeing through fields of green
Just a hint of a smile
Like the way sunlight is caught on the receding tide
Sparkling, then disappearing into the waves

That you should think of me
Soft, as pale yellow summer chiffon
Lifted by gentle breeze
With lips that speak in meringue sentences
Peaks of lilting laughter

That you should reach for me
With whispered tempting touches
Embracing the drift of childlike wonder
That runs like waterfall from my eyes

That you should wish for me
Palms full of shooting stars,
Felled, and fancied, strung into a silver locket
Worn upon my beating chest
Never to tarnish

That you should care for me
In quiet hours of stolen slumber
Watchful that my cares are comforted, cradled
As if, assigned, my shepherd...
Sleep comes with fairy dust delight

That you should love me
Heart melting, an ice sculpture in the sun
Evermore and exact
A promise of pure poetic purpose
Of staying 'til sunrise greets sunset
Satisfied in the sweet chiffon

Susan Lacovara

Clay Changes

You pressed your hands
Into my belly made of clay
Kneading it
Rolling its thickness
Between your fingers
Molding my morning sighs
Shaping the surrender
Of my soul

Spinning me on your pottery wheel
Of promises
I was formed from a wet clump of gray
To a hardened piece of porcelain
You thought might look nice on a shelf

Susan Lacovara

Clearing

Just as the gray is stripped away
A banana peel to a prettier sky
So too, your grimace
Turned softly to a grin
Corners upturned
Revealing the fleshy undertone
Of forgiveness

The humidity of harsh words
Stifling
As if choking on exhaust fumes
Cleansed
By the parting of heavy clouds
Ready to empty their bucketed burden of rain
Rinsing away last night's pain

In the bursting buds of newly discovered Spring
The soil offering a wetted oasis
Drink up and flourish with gladness
For I have been too long under ground
And it is within reason to welcome a clearing

Fold your umbrella walls
Let the sunshine of my love
(and my need to share it)
Warm with fertility your field
Stretch out on the green grass of my belief
Close your eyes and breathe in the honeysuckle
That swells in my heart

There is a radiating glow, Earth, sea, sky
(and ME)
Why would you rather commit to stay in the cold
I have kisses red, like azaleas
I lend you long stemmed lazy afternoons
Swinging in a hammock
As time crawls slower than the ivy vines
I will give you cherry blossom smiles
And laughter, long as the moon rises

Can you deny the streaming sunlight
That plays upon my hair

Are you there?
In the clearing....

Susan Lacovara

Clock Stopped

Where there is little left breath
An elephant's paw pressing your chest
Deflating the ballooned hope
That yours will be returned
Intact and safely back
The ticking clock stopped
Moments to millennium
Dash of drifting thoughts
Like seconds stilled
In a time capsule of what ifs
Like diving beneath the broken surface
Lungs filled, so as soon again to float
In brightest blue, waters true
But the hands of the clock
Remain at just that point
Where life was put on hold
All the world watching
For a new day to begin
And for the sorrowful stopwatch
To be rewound
Yours to be found
That the fading tic-toc
Counting out the endless hours
Does not deafen your ears
To our prayers

Susan Lacovara

Clockwork

Always there is time for tea
And tenderness
A visit from his faraway eyes

Nothing implied
Little revealed
Something resides
In the safety of his simplicity

No heavy handed swat of judgment
No soft sweep of truth under a carpet
No flapping laundry on a line
No take it back talk

Always hours for hello and goodbye
Penciled in appointments of assurance
Small measures of remembering friendship takes two
Two teacups full

And absolutely without true need

I planted seeds under a Sunday sky
Hands dirtied by the useful chore
And thought out loud,
No more, no more...
The clouds to offend my days

Susan Lacovara

Close To Comfort

In the absence of your slowed down steps
I keep to my daily walks
Knowing there will be no more talks
Between us
I can conjure up your silly laugh
Remembering how were two shipwrecked souls
Stranded on the same island

Invisible to the mainland

In called to tell you I was moving home
Your enthusiasm greeted me
The way two old friends
Unexpectedly find each other
In a crowd

We made pinky promises
To resurrect the past
And spend stolen time
Among the quiet of library books
Me reading the daily newspapers to you
In a hushed voice

But time had other plans
And before I could completely unpack
You were gone
Not to another town
Or a place of chosen reclusion
But GONE
Really gone

I wrote your eulogy
And delivered it with resolve
I would not let your goodness go unheralded

The pain of parting so intense
And I struggled to smile
In all the right places
But now I realize there are few right places
Where your memory does not tap me on the shoulder

Susan Lacovara

Clutching And Coaxing

Don't go, as the gales do
In a hurry
Pushing past the trees
Racing to make the train, the plane,
The red light corner that turns you
Onto a different street
Leads you to the turnstile
Of a tomorrow I will not know

Don't leave, as the seasons do
Like Christmas snow
Pretty once, then dirty
The shine of the crystallized newness
Melting into muddied puddles
Where snow angels once slept
As now I sleep alone

Don't go, as lovers often do
Into the wet rain, dense fog,
Midnight hours across the sky
Taking little time to say something profound
Anything... to lessen the pain of parting
Don't go, tall and turned away
Forgetting to look over your shoulder
Stay...one more day
Every day...
Don't go, as the gales do

Susan Lacovara

Clutter If Honest

I kept it all
The clutter, if honest,
That remains testimony
To your last great stand
Before the epic battle of wills
Before the disappearance of forever
I kept it all
The clutter, if honest
Still on hand
Forever in heart
Staring at me
Frozen
Stalled
Unable to look away
Unsure if I truly WANT to forget
Uncertain if it matters, at all,
To YOU

A rusted razor (cutting ties and slicing words)
Shrunken sweater (worn, like an old embrace)
Unopened Christmas cards (so much left unsaid, unread)
Pretty perfume bottles (empty, but so lingers the scent)
Grocery List (labelling the layout of a lover's feast)
Art Supplies (what a picture you painted)
Seeds (saved, from our shared summer garden)
Your half used shampoo (taking up space on a dusty shelf)
All right where you left it,
Left me, Left us,
With little packed away... but our plan...

I kept it all
The clutter, if honest
And more, so much more...
The thickly infused love letters, sonnets
Spread out stories and sweet kisses goodnight...Mwahs
And a million reasons to answer your every request

More and so much more
Satin ribbons, black velvet hair ties, red sundress

Silk stockings, peach blush, an uncorked bottle of wine
Newspaper clipping and torn out magazine pages
Images of mountains and merry streams
Gumballs and licorice, childlike temptations
Floating in the bottom of the drawer
That was 'THEN'

Lace and lusciousness, lipstick stained coffee cups
All of what seemed perfectly fine
Back then...back when
Building our bridge to one another
Was the only blueprint that mattered....

Susan Lacovara

Coffee With The Captain

He opens the door to her daydreams
Lets them out to tiptoe wander
Much the way a cat creeps up on a bird
Her steps so purposely placed
Cautiously making no small noises
To disturb and scare away
What so vivid in her sight

He has not yet seen
The soft stare of her eyes
Nor heard her morning sighs
But the notes he sends smell of Summer
Gardenias and goodness

His day begins photographing the dawn
Colors of kindness and hues of hope
Making sure she sees what his heart knows
A sharing while she sips her coffee

They touch across time and travel
A warming to blend their tales and time
She cooks and serves his dinner
Although facing an empty chair
There, for just a little longer
Until he pulls his anchor up

Susan Lacovara

Come As You Are

Come as you are
For we've come this far
To be lessened
From the lessons we've learned

Come sit by me
In a breeze by the sea
Though it's hot
There's no risk getting burned

Come play along
To the lines of a song
I long hummed out of tune
No duet

Come touch this heart
What begins as a start
Do come as you are
No regret

Susan Lacovara

Come Away With Me

Leave the taunting chill behind
And collapse into a private corner
I'll draw circles in your palm
And trace your lips with laughter
We'll shut the blinds
And be blindfolded to what keeps us apart
If only for a stolen moment
You'll have my all and everything
Come away with me

Susan Lacovara

Come Over

Come over, come over
Climb over the mountains of messy linens
Trek nearer to me
Build your camp at the foothills
Of my breasts
Sleep in the moonlight of my eyes

Come over, come over
Wade through the damp days of discussions
Too long in logic
And fill your conscience's canteen
From the reservoir of a melted me

Come over, come over
Extend your hand across the gap of time
And tug me from this crumbling rockface
To a safer summit, shared with you
Beneath brush stroked skies
With bedhead hair, breathing in unison
Come over, come over

Susan Lacovara

Coming Back

Are you coming back to kiss me and confess that you have missed me like a soldier who resistant went to war...and in cause I never noticed, you presenting, like a lotus, step inside so full of stride, my open door...

In the hourglass of dropping sands, came a time to throw up both your hands, reaching back for what you thought were better days? Were there torns that pierced your hardened heart, or petals, pieces pulled apart, that makes you want to pause and hit replay...what was once so gleamed as glorious, was in fact for you laborious, but the only comfort you have ever known...if I dare to smile again at you would my heart now mended come unglued..taking home to nest, the bird whose love had flown...am I silly now to wonder, comes the sunshine or the thunder.. leave behind and look ahead to start a new...does it really ever matter that within my rambled chatter...lies the underlying fact..it's always you.

Susan Lacovara

Compass

Let me enter lightly, into the breaking new day's promise
steady and ready to encounter the beauty
that is offered with no price tag attached...

bargain hunting for a breathtaking moment of clarity...

Let me be aware of the potential that today has...

and follow the cobblestone pathway of my heart,
that it may lead me nearer to a kinder appreciation
for all things that usually go unnoticed...

Let my true quest for new knowledge and olden daydreams
collide in a lovely merge and be realized...

Compass in hand, I set out, with little expectation...

but high hopes that today will be a road worth taking.

Care to join me in this strolling day of summer's end..

I'd welcome the company.

Susan Lacovara

Condensation

Beyond the drops of tears
Clinging to the window pane
Where I sat, long
Looking out at a future
That always included you
The hushed morning wakes
In a bevy of blue
As if to mock my blues
You will mill around
In the remaining hours
Of what this dream once was
Packing promises gone for good
Into cardboard boxes
The luggage to leave
And these Windows, which once lead
To the sunflower yellow morns
And the wispy pink sunsets
Now covered in too much pollen
Streaked within the stain
Of a heart's crested overflow
And saddened the sorrowful girl
Who is left to sit and state
Through the condensation
Of the watery wept tears
As he bundles the bags
She so sought to empty
Giving him reason to build
Their tomorrow
With a sweep of a hand
The moisture cascades
To the sill of the window
She unlocked
Wasn't it then
The air blew so beautifully
Through the room
With no cutains
Where two shadows could be seen
Embraced, swaying, safe
In the moments of one another's soul

In hand, his ticket back
To before....
Before he knew her,
Before she loved him
Before the strength of seeing
Each other through dismal days
Was fogged
And turned to condensation
Evaporation of everything

Susan Lacovara

Confetti Crumbs

I have been here before
Sweeping confetti crumbs
In the aftermath of the party
At which we stayed too long

All the champagne toast
Turned to vinegar vengeance
By words we never thought
Our tongues would say

And cast away are the jeweled trinkets
We scooped full into pockets
To spread out on our bed
Admiring the wealth we thought we gained

Only to find what was written was untrue
Or untried, or untied somehow
Hardly seems it matters now
As I am left amid the confetti crumbs

Susan Lacovara

Constructing Corners To Keep You Curbed

As if plywood placed at perpendicular angles
Could close you off
Keep temptation of tongue and taste
On hold, beyond the cold
Of solitary sentences
That start and end with 'I'
Followed by 'Me', 'Mine'

As if the exclusion of a well placed window
Will eliminate your eyes from drifting
To a place where the sun hits her black hair
As you reach for scratched sunglasses
To cover the cravings bubble beneath
Chameleon skin that changes to softness
When her nude fragrance can no longer go unnoticed

As if the daylight offers enough hours
Till sleeping alone will become commonplace
And you add brick and mortar to seal the drafts
Of hearing her voice in the whispering wind
Hammer, in hand, nailing yourself to a lover's cross
A martyr making his confined cubicle
Just big enough to house his own sorrow

Let the sunlight in

Susan Lacovara

Controlled Command

Oh baby, Obey
Your thirst
Your verse
You deep seeded curse
That keeps you coming back
For more
Her door
On southern shore
Keep ajar
Never far
From the stars
That kiss them both goodnight
Held tight
In some foreign hindsight
The rehearsed rhyme
From some other time
When two
Stayed true
To the sweet retreat
Of how perfectly bodies could meet
Entangled as one
When the dash of day, done
And she was his youth
While he was her truth
Oh baby, Obey
What our words failed to say
Stay, just your way
Come what may
Come what may

Susan Lacovara

Could My Calm Coax You

Could my calm coax you
To surrender to that sniffing cold
Leave all undone
Gather and harvest all
Thoughts and desires
Step away from the trouble
Of time and too much
And lay your head lightly
Against my soft shoulder
As you smoke your stick
Puffing on the perfume
Of Me...

Could my calm coax you
Stroll through the carpet
Of cinnamon, crimson, crispy leaves
Letting your worries out
On a kite string, long
To feel the breeze
Of my Long Island love
Flutter about your tired
Too overworked hands
Giving you the simplicity
Of knowing you have calmed me

Susan Lacovara

Could You Care...

could you care
just a little more (out loud)
shout from the silence of your room
sing, even if off key
rattle some old tin cans
do something, anything
so that I know you're there
(really there)
could you care
care enough to not care
who's watching or listening in
drop the oversized overcoat
that hardly keeps you warm
and just for a moment,
be not afraid
if I stand too close
laugh too loud, call too often
stare too long, love too kindly
could you care
if it meant I would take you
for all that you are
and all you think you are not

Susan Lacovara

Could You Love The Length Of Her

Complicated to measure
Could you love the length of her
The stretched out sentences
Inch by inch emotions
Yardstick laid to map the here and now
From the then and there

Difficult to design
Could you love the length of her
Poorly put together, but sturdy
Withstanding weight and working still
Perhaps a new coat of paint
To brighten her faded soul.

Impossible to replace
Could you love the length of her
Like weathered teak, beauty is in the grain
And a hand longs to reach and touch
Take in, with full appreciation
Smooth what edges need softening

With tailoring tools of kindness
Could you love the length of her
Hammer rough spots, nail down the dark
Lathe her longings into a whittled wonderful
A project to undertake

Susan Lacovara

Count Me In

When wicked winds blow busy by
And your coat threads far too thin
Head low against what wears you out
Think once, then count me in

If troubles mount beyond belief
Leaves you to shed your skin
In search of comfort in stranger's care
Breathe twice, then count me in

Comes knockin' hard a heavy hand
To late your chance to win
No cash, what credit given then
Wait three, then count me in

Should dark and dingy mark your days
In lamplight, all looks grim
Turn up your collar, turn back your steps
High-five me, count me in

Susan Lacovara

Cracks And Crevices

If being invisible
Could only keep me safe
Away from the cliff
The shadowy cavern
The raging ocean's undertow
And you...you...you

My heart, a carcass
Bone bare picked apart
By the vultures of time
And torment

Never would I think
You would have looked away
At the precise moment
Of needing you near

Some call invisibility
a superpower
For me, a curse, a voodoo spell
Some careless heart of stone
transferred to me

If there be a slant of light left
To creep into my crevices
For there are pieces of me, broken
Where I never even knew I had cracks

Susan Lacovara

Creeping Comes The Day

The feathering fog
Creeps down the boulevard
As if a shaken sheet
Across a bed
Slithers soft
'Round trees trunks
Thick as words left unsaid
Heavy and humid
Holding back the day's dance
Whispering as it washes
The dirty streets at dawn
Like a hand that dusts
The old piano
It's dewy fingers
Pass with a wave
And within the visible veil
Creeping comes the day

Susan Lacovara

Cricket In The City

All those Nike feet
Pound the black tar street
Busily bundled in bustling herds
Where too many words
Scratch the skyscrapers
Lost in blowing newspapers
From a roadside stand
Crowds demand
More spaces
In a sea of passing faces
Sirens blaring, open airing
Of dirty laundry such the quandary
Of a city on daily parade
The endless cascade
Of rushing to get nowhere quick
Subways thick
With staleness and the paleness
Of proper suited businessmen
Scurrying about in a shout
Of flashing traffic signals
As they wiggle round Times Square
And in a sidewalk crack, there
A displaced cricket
Who thinks it's wicked
For none to hear his symphony made
Of bow drawn legs
Music played
Like that of a meadow
Far, far away
A train clangs,
Climbing to platformed stop
A cop walks his beat
In sweltering heat
Past the naked cowboy
Who strums his guitar
Made into a star
By tourist dollars
The cricket hollars
For the yellow cabs to halt

Cool the circus asphalt
Long enough to hear the glide
Of the songs that slide
From his violin legs
He begs they hear his minuet
For just an instant, they to forget
Overcrowded ambivalence
Serenade them, deliverance
With music box melodic muse
Before they pound their shoes
To the shuffle of the street
Unaware how sweet
The cricket plays....
For free without frenzy of care
Unnoticed but heard in Times Square

*Nike: sneakers, as seen worn by the street pounding people on New York City streets

*Times Square: perhaps the busiest crossroad in the world, the heart of Manhattan..naturally noisy

Susan Lacovara

Crossing To The Kind

He'll be there
In the boatyard
Awaiting my landing
And off loading
From the ferry
That bridges the distance
Between our shared stories

Wearing his boyish grin
Shaded slightly by an old straw hat
I know now my troubles are on vacation

We set up our tailgate picnic
As traveler's will do
Unaware or unconcerned if anyone
Thinks it odd
Uncorking wine and slicing cheeses
Ripping lengths of French bread
To dip into our laughter

He smells of wooded moss and mushrooms
I wear fresh flowers tucked into my hair
He tells me there is good fishing
And points to 'Over there'

I toss a giggle into the sea air
He tosses my overstuffed red bag
Into the bed of his rustic running truck
We count on own luck
To provide a perfect weekend
Of wandering in the same direction

There will be mountain views
Prettier than pictures painted
Riddles of night sounds
Their origins
A mystery to figure out

And stars, such stars

Too many to imagine to count
Quiet friendship to shutter out any sorrow
I may have left at the ferry terminal

Susan Lacovara

Crosswords

You set me aside,

Like an unfinished crossword puzzle

Whose difficulty level,

Proved too hard, to complete

Unable were you

To come up with the right words

To fill in the blank

All too black and white boxes

And with pencil in hand...

I become but pink eraser dust

Blown away with one final breath

Your page swiped clean and clear

No words written

Though the clues were given

I am gray matter, gone....

Susan Lacovara

Crumb Hunting

Soaring gull, against the sky
I, on wing, to circle high
On a path to seek, begin
All the crumbs you lay quite thin
On my search to strongly feast
On your trailing beauty beach
Diving fast to steal a taste
Of Your quicken discarded waste
For one morsel in the sand
Not the waving of your hand
In your growing shorter shadow
On a passing breeze to straddle
Eyeing pieces of your promise
Set coordinating compass
Steering straight my downward spiral
Fighting off whomever rivals
My catching and consuming
As the crimson sunset looming
Makes your tidbits left so tempting
A retrieval task, lamenting
My feathers flash their bunting
Headfirst falling while crumb hunting

Susan Lacovara

Daffodil Dancer Dandelion Dreams

To dance outside
In the daffodils...
Oh I will, I will, I will

To deep breathe, inside
Refreshed lungs to fill...
Oh I will, I will, I will

It's a calling back
Sweet scent, lilac
Where, for moments, I will mill
To be renewed
where seeds are strewn
Picking pleasantries' plumes

I, to lie, in flourish green
Long linger, in bladed twill
Blowing dandelion wishes, free
With more wishes, greater, still...

Where crocus tip their hats, 'hello'
Yellow streaks against blue skies
A symphony plays upon the breeze
Awake, realized alive...

The cricket's concerto violin
Bows drawn, with joy, instill
My heart to thaw, and yes, once more
Oh I will, I will, I will

Susan Lacovara

Dangling Dialogue

"You are my new and everlasting"
Or so I said in the hushed voice
Of passion and promise

"Nothing can take you away from me"
Is what I so casually thought
In the balmy breeze of August

"We are exactly where we are meant to be"
The declaration fell
From your quenched lips

"Everything is You"
And with knowing that truth
We surrendered to searching no more

"All I ask is a little time"
An allowance of space
Before finding your way HOME

"I'm sorry I cannot stay any longer"
The hand delivered message
That ripped my every seam

"I think of you under the midnight moon"
As if a consolation prize
Something small to hold onto

"I never intended to hurt you"
If I had a nickel for every time
My heart had to rebuild itself

"We need to say Goodbye"
As your lowered eyes drift from my smile
And the wind carries my Rain perfume

"Can I call you down the line"
A last ditch effort of keeping me tethered
To the love I never saw leaving

Susan Lacovara

Day Divided And Now Done

Day divided, and now done,
The moon arose, replaced the sun
Put my tidied work to rest
Smiled at strangers, tried, at best...
To give, and gain, and gather great
Fill with color, today's clean slate...
Day divided, and now done..
Choose to walk, instead of run
And witness what was there, for free,
The spread of grandiosity...
Into compartments, I placed the day..
When to worry, when to play,
When to linger, when to lead
When to quiet or intercede,
When to smile, when to stare
With total disconcerting aire
When to pen my poems, recited...
Now it's done...my day divided.

Susan Lacovara

Day After Christmas Greeting

Now that the heaping crumpled paper, boxes and bows
are remnant reminders, is there afterglow...

Or lasting offers of peaceful promise

Outstretched kindness, in stranger's hands...

A wish for goodwill, blanketing all lands

The day after Christmas, still merry and bright....

Glad tidings, and to all, a good night....

Susan Lacovara

Dead Battery

Lucky for me,
the cell phone lost it's last bar
of signal strength
and the battery went dead
Just as I was about to pour myself
Into a flask for you
To carry in your hip pocket...
All full of kind kisses
And a million misses

Some devine intervention
Or cell tower interception
Kept me from emptying out all the gallons
Of gushing giddy overzealous
Sometimes jealous
candy coated gooey gumdrop
gotta tell him now notions
that really make no sense
To anyone, but me...
Overtired, a little wired
Best that the conversation was expired
The call drop, at precisely the moment
When too much could have been said
Without giving it much thought.

Susan Lacovara

Dear Dom

A skinny little thank you
For the Sunday phone call
That always comes when
I think I'll miss you most of all
Like Dorothy told the Scarecrow
Just before clicking those fabulous shoes
To carry her back to the rainbow of HOME...

Our good as any twin hearts
Continue finishing the sentences
Of our shared souls
Too long now on separate beachfronts
With seasons sliced
Into two sandwich halves
And our picnic basket of catching up
Overflowing, a long overdue feast

Like a string you tie around your finger
Reminding you of something left undone
I send kisses on comets
Lavender laughter to soothe you to sleep
And prayers you'll always know
Your sister's love
Waits by her window
Watchful that soon, hurry soon, come home

Susan Lacovara

Delicious Denim

You were quite the exquisite appetizer
Bronzed biceps that caught the cascade
Of your waterfall hair
Swept back in sunlight's saunter
You stilled my breath
When your chiseled cheekbones
Raised as my name was voiced
From lips that could part the sea
In years so young
Who could've known hearts would beat
That loudly when pressed together
In your wicked wearing
Of delicious denim
I fell under the spell
And drank first from your well
Our two hands held
In feverish forgetfulness
Of the entirety of all surroundings
By the old mill stream
Nearby the pussywillow path
You offered a taste of honeysuckle happiness
As spied upon by hummingbirds
Our stow away hours spent in tortoise time
Sunburned scorched by blistering belief
That our octave love in perfect tune
When the afternoon dipped into evening
Tiring our tongues from talk and kisses
The long walk back in rhythm
Still unmatched and all our plans hatched
Your blowing brown locks as long as mine
From behind we were recognized the same
With berry stains, just below our pockets
From where we wiped our hands
Our frayed Levis cuffed up wet
From the long lazy stroll through the stream
That never quite cooled our heated hearts
And revisits now, a beautiful dream

Destination: Home By The Weekend

Wave goodbye to the gated community
While fumbling for a CD
The perfect road trip song
To steer you back to me
And gather up your stories
Stuffed in suitcase
Waiting to spill unto my table
New tires, oil change, GPS coordinates
First stop, a birthday greeting
At Debbie's door
And check on Robert's mending wrist
Leaving behind your sun tan
Only to reprise it on the Isle of Long
From which you stayed away too long
Cross the bridges, pay the tolls
The ribbon of the L.I.E. unfolds
By Saturday you can don your Derby hat
Rest in Julie's sofa and place your bet
I await in the winner's circle
With roses upon your return

Susan Lacovara

Detangling One Season From Another

While pulling weeds from a leftover summer's garden
and pelted by enemies, Autumn' s acorns
I am dusted by the dirt I've disturbed
Detangling one season, from another
Sad to see the gladiolus gone
and the creeping vines of August, exhausted...
The rude awakening that October will lead to certain frost
so wicked on my wounded bones...

But today, I will love the blowing breeze
that tosses my hair, in haphazard direction
though the sky is less than clear, my mind is cloudless
Here, among the bending branches, that offer welcome
Here, beside the promise of leaves, to mulch, to decompose,
to turn again, to push their pretty heads above to hardened ground
I know it's only time that keeps me from their hiatus beauty,
And time, I have, to wait and watch

My dog, content to lie in the hole he has dug,
rests easily, knowing I will watch the world for awhile
My afternoon energy has been depleted, but worth the effort
to feel the surrounding wind, while stepping around my everyday life
On the dry yellowing brown grass, just days ago, green...

In an old discarded clay pot, I spy a secret admirer's souvenir...
A delicate struggling stem, reaching toward the thin slice of sunlight
as it peeks out from his stowed away-stashed behind the fence locale...
To mark it's return with survival strength from last year's Sandy Storm
A flash of magenta glory...a mum, that soon, to burst into radiance
will simply be enough to fill me with wonder and appreciation
for the resilience of nature's hand...

I could nap in the calm that is this day...and delightfully so
I credit my Irish roots, for a deeply planted love of green
Most at home in the weeds and trees, the thorns and thickets,
the bramble of bushes, the shrubs and the soil...
Others flock, like pilgrims, to the ocean's edge
But I know the trails and paths in the woven woods, as my own...
and pay a poor man's homage for their lending me a lovely castle

In which I find my forest fortress...
Tired now, fingers pricked, by the detangling of the seasons
But it is a traditional task I would have no other do...
To spend the hours, helping hand, that I can gather and reap
what I have sown...so simple and sweet the reward...
aware that soon the sweeping colors will steal my heart
and the heatwave of July will be a faded, far off memory
I will search for in February's frozen earth.

Susan Lacovara

Disaray, Dismay And Too Much Coffee

It started quite the usual way...

This day....

With just enough chance of rain

To keep me hopeful for afternoon sun...

And then, it sputtered...as old pickup truck engines do

When they surrender and die

By the side of the road...

And the day fell quickly into disaray, dismay,

And too much coffee

Words were hurled against fences newly built

Damaging their posts, once well, dug in...

The clouds gathered gray, chance of Sun

Went away...

But not before too much could not be taken back

Susan Lacovara

Dished Out

He hungered then
So greatly
I could hear his stomach
Grumble from wanting
I fed him...
Hearty and heaping
Loving spoonfuls
Of sweet fruits and golden wine
Certain his insatiable appetite
Would welcome the feast

His soul, long famished
Apparent from the dim and dark
Of his searching eyes
I looked to bring him into sunlit fields
For to soak up the Earth's energy
Rejuvenate the emptiness of his heart
Calm the pains of malnourished joy

He ate...and ate...and ate
Barely leaving crumbs for me
Growing stronger as he filled his plate
Over and over again
I grew weak, losing the weight
of self awareness
As the feast reduced to
Survival of the fittest

Susan Lacovara

Dodging A Bullet

In the war of words
You were a smart soldier
Slipping through the dark of night
With camouflaged intentions
Of leaving me on the front line
While you retreated to the safety
Of the barracks of your before and after

I, sent back, stateside
From your landmine love
Wounded and weary
Deserving of a medal, a badge of honor
For holding my ground amidst the raging battle
Crippled by your continued 'Special Ops' mission
To make me the enemy

Those who welcomed me home
Say I have dodged a bullet
But I feel riddled with holes
Part of me amputated
And having been exposed to the fallout
Of your chemical warfare weapon of disregard
And dishonorable dismissal
Wonder why I ever enlisted
In the boot camp of your affection

Susan Lacovara

Does She

Does she love your morning eyes
Sleepy with sea foam softness
Blue, like none other I have known
Forty years I held onto the memory
Of their shine

I loved waking next to you...
Reach across the covers
And find your beating heart
You never minded my disturbing your sleep
For we were part of the dream

Does she coo like a mourning dove
In the silken gloved touch of your hand
Fall into the abyss of blissful surrender
Under your deeply casted spell

Does she prepare HER day
Around the thought
Of YOUR happiness
Merrily making music
From the sighs of the synchronized symphony
That comes from two souls slipping into each other
Or was that ours and ours alone

Does she see your pain
And wish to erase it
Banish every last trace of torment
Polish your heart with a gentle hand
Hold all your fragile pieces together

I am here on the brink of barren
With all my love to give
Every waking moment to live
With you, For you, Beside you, Behind you
And yet, you look away

Susan Lacovara

Donations

I gave away the worry
So that you would ease my head
And bagged up old tattered dreams
Placed in curbside pails
I changed my address and attitude
Relocating to a pretty parcel
Where everything you desired
Was planted in New Earth

I left the longing for yesterday
Near a church door
And donated all those thoughts of
Staying a prisoner to lonely
With a worn out pair of shoes
To be resoled...

Susan Lacovara

Don'T Think It Down

I was lost
I've been found
Don't think it down

Coins were tossed
Trumpets sound
Don't think it down

Set a course
Gaining ground
Don't think it down

Gathers moss
The stone rolls round
Don't think it down

But with force
My heart does pound
Don't think it down

Don't think it down

Susan Lacovara

Dot Dot Dash

If only a way to convey
Some last minute message
Restore what was precious
Making sense of the garbled chatter
That click-clacked and splattered
About the room
And all too soon
Turned to ashes
What should have lasted
Beyond the first flame
All the same
Couldn't there be a final attempt
To say what is actually meant
To broadcast
Dot... Dot... Dash
Some telegraphed note
Not stuck in the throat
Of harsh words, real or not
Hitting a sore spot
Sent on the wire
The genuine desire
To fix what was broken
Those wounding words, spoken
Love, gone in a flash
Dot...Dot...Dash

Susan Lacovara

Dragonfly Eye

A glance through the facets
of a dragonfly's eye
My simple surroundings
seen anew

The swirling images crinkle
Cascading into kaleidoscope colored patterns
Blissfully brighter
This bug-eyed embellishment

And I, like the delicate winged insect
Hop and flutter to each object
Exploring it's precise properties
Examining the structure
Of the seemingly simple
Without realizing every little thing
has vast complexity

Susan Lacovara

Draw From The Well

My spirit, dehydrated,
I stop, for a spell
To quench my parched passion,
I draw from the well

And lift, to my lips,
So thirsty, be wet...
I draw from the well,
That, which not, to regret.

With the cooling effect
Of clarity, refreshed...
I draw from the well
Renewing the flesh

Drink deep, inner knowledge
Gather up all that fell
Calmed by the water
I draw from the well...

And soothing, the healing,
My wounded wings mended...
I draw from the well
With goodness, intended...

With crystal clear thinking
And stories to tell...
Energized, drenched, determined...
I draw from the well

Susan Lacovara

Drink Me In

You hold me
Like hands that cup water
From a running stream

Lifting to lips
Parched with passing passion
Drink me in

Do not go thirsty for me
It's far too hot
And the rain is far away tonight

I can be cooling
I shall be cleansing
Should you stay and sip what purity flows

Do not be dry
Drink me in
Drink me in

Susan Lacovara

Earth Day(Two Haiku Offerings)

I.

Leave little behind
But the seeds of mindfulness
We children of Earth

II.

Honor respect HER
Shelter in deep green glory
Sing songbirds of Earth

Susan Lacovara

East Of Autumn

She blended in seamlessly
With the hues of Autumn's morning
The pink of her cheeks
Framed by her auburn strands
Her summer tanned legs
Changing color

Moving with the lightness
Of lifting fog
And mouse-like quiet
She felt the breath of the day
Dew drops jewels riding the prancing steps
Of her bare feet

She closed her eyes to take in all in

Silence broken only by standing trees
Shedding their painted leaves
The tiptoeing burglar breeze
Unleashing the orange browns and reds

Her skirt hem caught in the blowing byes
Her hair rearranged by a gentle wind
A steadfast serenade of crickets and frogs
Sharing the still life morning
Painted and propped up displayed

She closed her eyes to take it all in

Susan Lacovara

Eight Minutes

I could call this day done
Eight minutes more

I could climb aboard that cloud
And ride the snowflakes falling

I could slam back one last cigarette
Stained with leftover lipstick

I could swing myself from jeans
To a satin sheeted bed

I could remember how you sighed
Just before our long distance goodbye

I could spin my cares into a skein
Of woolen why-should-I-worry yarn

I could look back at all I've packed
Knowing moving forward takes a leap

I could let the clock tick tock alone
Unaffected, give way to much needed sleep

I could allow this last twenty four hours
To dissolve into well steeped memory tea

In just eight minutes

Susan Lacovara

Eldest

Collect bottled time
A wine to stain life's fabric
Brother, mine, vintage

Susan Lacovara

Enchantress

Flutter in the fringe that is the silver moon
With the harmonic heartbeat of the white winged dove.
In a sultry swirl that steals away from the madness of everyday
Like a golden thread, spun out of straw,
She sings the lyrics of my own soul...

And I am taken over the edge of seventeen,
To the landslide of my life...
So that I may know how the child within my heart can rise above...

To the shaken strains of tambourines, in the twisting of the night air
We danced, as only gypsies do...unaware if anyone was watching...
Filled by the spirit, moved by the melodic tales, unfolding...
Swept away, like a bird uncaged...soaring and self preserved..

Glisten,
And listen...
For she speaks what the heart holds inside...

Perfect in all her flawed beauty
Like an angel whispering in my ears...
She leads me to the waterfalls that cleanse my tired thoughts
And beckons me to spin, bare footed and breathlessly free..

Arms, lifted in a welcoming wingspan
She gathers the poets...the painters...the wounded...the watchful
Serenading their troubles to sleep...
Enchanted...I sway in the wake of her words
Finding only that she is a mystic...
And I content, follow the silken ribbons
That trail behind her...

Susan Lacovara

Enter The Illusion Of You

Comes a knocking....
That tap-tap-tapping
upon my soul
You slither in
like a garden snake
To shed the skin
You wear for others
And coil 'round me
Ever clever, the approach...
Worn out from waiting
Worrying
And wanting so much more
Than wishes,
The door falls open
Without need for a turned key
You whistle once,
My heart turns to the familiar tune
Where I fail to hesitate
I've no regret...
It's you, again....
Tap, tap, tapping
And I return to fall, fall, falling

Susan Lacovara

Epitaph For Love

I only wanted kitchen curtains
And your love
Both to calmly sway
In the sunsetting breeze of June

I would be content
Washing dinner dishes
While you dried your hands in my hair

Evening would be the perfect place
To spread out the picnic of passion
In a small room to house our big dreams

I never got around to buying kitchen curtains
Instead the slatted bland blinds remain
And remain drawn as the slivers from sunset
Try to limbo dance their way in

I am left with less than the interior design
I had so perfectly planned
And left with even less of the design I had
For allowing your love into the interior
Of my heart

Susan Lacovara

Evergreen

Never to fade,
you are returned to me
in the gift wrap of memories
made of marble

Magnificent and magnified
the moments,
strung like pearls
worn against the skin
that covers my heart

You gather me up,
bundled...
in armfuls of yesterdays
and carry me
with loving caution
to be placed upon life's mantle
decorated with time's treasures

Evergreen, the limbs
of love....
of lasting smiles
that are the sonnets of my soul....
Evergreen, the fragrance
settling in....
Evergreen, the touch of tender light
Replaced by none other...
Relinquished, not for a sheer second...
Relished, as what serves me best...

Never to fade,
I am returned
to the pine barren expanse
deep in the forever forest
Of father and daughter...
Where only the morning mist
Knows how much you are missed...
And
Evergreen

Evergreen...

Susan Lacovara

Every Summer Birthday

When I was ten
I wished for twenty
When came about thirty
I back-peddled from forty
When staring at fifty
I envisioned sixty
And realize I am still seventeen
But with thirty three years experience

Susan Lacovara

Everything And Nothing At All

How could I have been your everything
For so long feeding your insatiable hunger
Day after day opening myself to the story of you
Saving my stash of emotional cash
To buy into the expensive dream of expanding our future
Only to find you have closed your account

Susan Lacovara

Eyed And Spyed

Never needing to thumb through a magazine
Or stare at a movie poster
He had her dark eyes
Etched in the stone of his memory
Back to the days of emailing requests
Of colors and cloth
Draping her deliciously browned legs
An early Christmas present to receive
His, to unwrap

There was no need for eyes to stray
Further than her neckline
The framing her face, with falling hair
Oily black, kisses by the sun
Kept him warm throughout the winter
There, his fingers found comfort
Inching up her seamed stockings
Loving her bare feet, in his hands, as well

He knew every curve and corner of her body
The way a conductor know the train rails
And he stopped just long enough
On the platform of her love
To think he might one day return
To her tiny town and thunderous kisses

Susan Lacovara

Fastball

Up to bat, again,
While the bleacher-filled crowd looks on
They know my stats
My 'swing for the fences' stance
How I eye each pitch
Dig in deep, feet planted
Shoulders squared...

The hits and misses logged
On a scorecard, for all to see
The opponent, hurling
From his mound
The roar of the fans
Deafening, in their collective support
Of wanting me to get on base

They know my uniformed number
Proudly worn with my name stitched
Across my bruised back
They clap, they urge me on
I take the pitch, a heavy throw
And swing with might
From deep within my aging muscles
Unwilling to be 'caught looking'
And horribly strike out
In the bottom of the ninth

Susan Lacovara

Fattened By The Hand That Feeds You

Although I know I have fattened you
with too many treats
and way too much love...
it is what I do best

I can not look into the eyes of anyone
Or anything,
that appears hungry
for the food of friendship
and the welcoming warmth
of belonging...

Long after your appetite is satisfied,
I, too, will be satisfied
knowing you trusted in me enough
To stay and share, for a minute, a meal

Reciprocating with just a half wink,
that I will accept as your thank you...
Glad that we are fully fed
On our calm and common companionship,
Tomorrow, I will offer up yet another plate
of kindness, for that,
which you
bring me

Susan Lacovara

Filing Bankruptcy

Your eyes, like diamonds
I could never afford

Your lips, the rarest of wine
For my beer pocket's pennies

Your slumber, rich and far off distant
As I am left to work the graveyard shift

Your hands, have held foreign sands
While mine have dug deep in stagnant soil

Your words, placed on silver platters
Served up with warm relish

Your face, chiseled like a museum sculpture
Mine beneath a mud clay mask

Your breath, worthy and worldly divine
As I struggle with asthmatic intentions

Like the Little Match Girl trudging along
Looking into storefront windows of warmth

What seems like a treasure, not easily obtained
Better be mine, if filing bankruptcy....

Broke

Susan Lacovara

Finally Fixed

The good news is
My body's fixed
My bones have mended
The surgeon says
The scars will fade
The pain will cease
The muscles will build
And I will feel new again
Well again
Whole again
Strong again
Me again

I wonder if he'll work on my heart....

Susan Lacovara

Find Me

While you're busied by the breaking day
Your stacked high schedule
To file away
In black and white
I'm in the gray
...find me...

As mounted moments steep and grow
Like crocus sleeps
Under the snow
With breath so quiet
Don't turn and go
...find me...

Where wooded paths are paved with leaves
Once umbrellas taken
From the trees
Alone, to stroll
But aimlessly
....find me...

If huddled in the rush of crowds
Smiles are masked
Pretentious shrouds
Dark has erased
Intentions, proud
...find me...

If evening dangles light of moon
To penetrate
The glaring gloom
Should cares chance to waltz
About your room
...find me...

Susan Lacovara

Finding A Fading Forget-Me -Not

How was it
I forgot your birthday
No card sent
no message left long
No words stitched together
In verse poem or song
Years of waking that day
Waiting to put you
High, on display
Shower you in pleasantries
Riding in the celebratory breeze
Oh so glad that time
Was taking us down the line
Together
How was it
I let you slip by
Into a new year
Where I undoubtedly no longer fit
Or so I am told
By my own quick wit
Too late in the week now
To reach back somehow
Dance in the dripping yellow sun
Of our connected heart
Now melting from the heat
That, then, consumed us
How was it
I didn't give into that urgency
The magnetic pull that kept us close
Even when miles ripped us apart
I wonder if you waited
For my call, my card, my smile
Or has your new love
Filled up the spaces
Once occupied by me

Susan Lacovara

First

When first, upon you, my eyes laid
Such glare of grace, behold
As if all comets, fell, in line
To sprinkle stardust, gold

When first, upon your lips, a kiss
Wine paled, within compare
The hush, and blush, of berry sweet
Delicious, lasting faire....

When first, embraced, in tender touch,
Our fingers, finding fate
Carried well beyond the moon
To heights, of great escape

When first, your heart spoke words to mine
With no sound from the tongue
Alas my search for welcome home
Restored my soul, to young

When first, our bodies, lay entwined
From dawn to dust, in peace
No longer void, left to be quenched
Such joy, life sweet, increased

When first, I prayed, alone and still
To some, a simple task...
On angel wings, caught, cradled up
When first, you're now, my last

Susan Lacovara

First Aid (From A Modern Day Florence Nightingale)

I wish there was a state-of-the-art hospital
All sterile and overstaffed
Surgeons with stethoscope ears
To hear the pulse of the troubled poets

A M*A*S*H tent, full of stretchered sentences
Giving proper attention to the wounds
That whisper as they bleed out
Hope turning gangrene

An erected Red Cross shelter
Providing provisions to those
Tossed and caught up in the wake
Of water rising too high, too fast

A battlefield medic with medals of valor
Applying pressure to save the ink of the fallen poet
Syringes filled with sweet sonnets
Sedating their pain, bullet ridden burdens

And a metaphorical Medicine Man
Chanting to chase the evil from their thoughts
Burning sage to cleanse their souls
Peyote PEACE calm their senses

Maybe just a poolside first aid station
Pulling them from the deep end
Pumping New life into their lungs
Expelling the salt from their tears

I shall take to carrying extra band-aids
In my pockets, just in case I come across
the skinned knees of a quiet writer
Who bleeds by their own hand

Susan Lacovara

Five Acres

Stay away from the falling leaves of my Autumn
Colors that keep me company
While strangled by your black and white escape
Keep your distance from my blue skied blue eyed stranger
Who cares for the comfort of my sliced up soul
Seek your solace and pretend it offers healing
Walk your five acres knowing you walked away from me
Step after deliberate step
Surveying the ground you announced keeps you grounded
I know it will never flower the garden you desire

Maintain a sure and safe distance
From where my ocean waves break
Your rivers may run deep but never with the might of my sea
Kindly look away from the lady in the long dress
As she slips down the Avenue of I Will Love Again
Pounding the pavement of letting go
Strolling towards a welcoming horizon
That is bigger and brighter than your five acres

Susan Lacovara

Flashes

Will it be a flashbulb white tooth smile
That brings you to the flashback
Of your smoking self
Young, against the lies of time
Affording you a lifeboat
When the flash floods of loneliness
Rip onto your shores

Will it be at the flashpoint of the shot fired
From your trembling hand, grip loosened
That cuts through an innocent's heart
On the street where you live, decidedly dark
Or can the flash of lightning find you
Soak your sorrows in a cleansing downpour
Of knowing the flash of her dark chocolate eyes
Glitter and grasp your hand to hold
Her flashdance waiting to unfurl

Susan Lacovara

Flowers From A Funeral

I thought if I took the flowers home
Flowers from a funeral
For a friend
A friend whose face
Looked unfamiliar
Unaware I was even there
Unsure if she'd really care
For cotton candy carnations
Lavender last goodbyes
A burly man carried
The carefully concocted
Cascades of colorful blooms
Close to the dumpster
The day after
He, disconnected from the despair
That dangled about my thoughts
But thought well enough
To stop long enough
To catch my stare
And spare the sprigs and sprays
Of fresh freesia
From the squashing stench
Of the sanitation truck's crunching
And handed them over to me
Like presenting a beauty queen
Her lavish winning bouquet
At home, with the hum
Of a well working furnace
I put forth gallant effort
Picking purple plumes
From the florist's
Generic green foam
That held her final farewell
Gathered, I did in diligent work
Each vase from a collection of years
And brought to tears
Thinking if I watered them well
Placed beneath the light
Of my favorite window sill

Their fragrance to fill
My sadly lit room
Maybe, just maybe she'd stay
Awhile, share one more smile
Before being ready to say goodbye
Even the most beautiful bouquets
Wither wilt and die

Susan Lacovara

For Just Tonight

I watch you sleep
Your skin shed
Your truth revealed
My endless wait over

A bountiful day
Sunlight, made to order
Breakfast, made to order
Plans, out of order

Your breath upon my pillow
Your limbs stretched in surrender
All mysteries solved
Just for tonight

Susan Lacovara

For The Love Of Luna

Like a moth drawn to an open flame,
I follow the glorious moon
that hangs so low tonight,
I swear I can reach up...and steal it
to wear on my naked ring finger
pretty as a pearl
Absent this eve, her usual silver,
for she choose to bathe in gold, instead,
and rises overhead
like the fabled Great Pumpkin
to announce Autumn' s arrival

For the love of Luna,
I have long been a secret admirer
connecting to her gravitational pull
that can not only shift the tides direction
But can also steer my soul.
Beauty knows no greater light
than that which streams from her ever watchful face
As she, a beacon, beckons I give my full attention
while guiding my dreams of grandeur,
no matter how eclipsed they seem,
So that I may one day know
What lies beyond this life...

Like a giant Sicilian Orange
suspended in the black velvet sky,
Deliciously enticing lovers to join hands
and stroll the south shore sands...
In a passing whisper I hear the strains
Of Italian love songs
My father used to sing....
And again, tonight, I wish I could reach
on tiptoes, up towards heaven...
Only this time, that I might find his hand.

Susan Lacovara

Force

There you are
in the eye of the hurricane
The crossfire of confusion
The path of fire
Just over the ridge

Pulled into the quicksand
Of your old demons
Come back to assault your wellness
Chain rattling ghost
Giving way to old habits
Rearing their ugly heads

I caution you to be courageous
And conscious of the obvious danger
Obvious, that is, to all others,
but, still, and always, not you

There is a wicked wind that blows hard
Harder yet, when we walk against it
A gale force that tears at your fabric
And leaves you shivering in cold
So much that you think to surrender to it's force

Susan Lacovara

Forecast Slightly Shuffled

Yesterday, I wore enough layers
to clothe a small village
braving January's bullying taunts
Breathe frozen, words whispered
falling from an icicle tongue
Wishing my gait was quicker
and the sun, warmer, more yellow
against the dismal gray backdrop
of leftover dirty mounds
of sidewalk cleared snow
defiant in it's departure

Today, like a cruel joke,
Mother Nature shuffles the deck
to deal a different hand
As the morning fog finds it's way
from the warmer than the air sea,
stretching out it's caped vast vapor
carousing the streets, as if on parade,
the temperature tricks me
into thoughts of spring...
Come out, come out, and play

But, it is just for today...

Clever how deception can change my plans
of staying solitarily stuck, in winter's fold
Luring me to shed scarf and glove
fill my lungs with belief
that I just might be able to rally
and conquer this dreaded season
of sniffles and sore bones,
beds, of too many blankets,
sunsets, too early,
daydreaming of surf and sand
An appetizer taste, for the wishful, waiting...
Only to be snatched, a firefly in flight
My forecast, slightly shuffled
Dress appropriately....and wait...

For the days to grow KINDER,
the sun to climb higher

Susan Lacovara

Foreign Forgotten

Unrecognizable
These truths
Scribbled in the Fall
Inked of fallen tears
On pages turned
By a hand
That held on
Far too long
To a longing
To be held
Why not speak
Our truth again
And have you
Recognize me
As the truth
You always knew
Open once more
The Book of Us
Now gone
Replaced by a lie
You tell yourself
An unrecognizable
Truth

Susan Lacovara

Foreign Names

They are names never known to me
Throughout my roll-call life
Of common MaryJanes
Bill, Billy, William
Peter Paul and Mary

But I am sure they braid their hair
With the same three strands as I
And wish upon evening skies
Full of outstretched stars

A world away
They are rich in ancestral pride
As am I
Here with the names I know
Repeated over and over

I am glad to get to know the names
I can barely correctly pronounce
For they give me a better reason
To be kinder to strangers
That they might one day speak of me
My name in a positive light
As it fall from their foreign tongue

These names attach themselves
Like post-it-notes
To my heart....
Faceless friends I have scooped up
In the swirling shifting tide
That washes me to another shore

Pardon me if I get your first and last names
Jumbled, as I am new to your town
Even if I only enter your street
Through the tap tap tapping
Of lettered keyboard strokes
It is my earnest way of shaking your hand
And learning a name

Once foreign to me
Now one I call friend

Susan Lacovara

Forming Flames

How I thought his gift so strange
My brother knowing my fear of flames
Last Christmas came presented me
An unassembled fire pit

It stayed outside in it's box
'Til the rain and snow wore down it's seams
I brushed back the urge to display it
Noting no safe proximately to the trees

I was always the keeper of containment
The watchdog of unattended candles
The hose in hand ready at an instant first responder
Should the dancing fire flee her stage

Still I thought it might be sweet
To warm beside the fire's light
To have it glow on moonless nights
On standby to extinguish

It spent a year without design
Sleeping without soot and ash
Then hauled away to a new locale
My moving to the lake house

It mocked me from the storage shed
Why did it pose a threat
And then I found it's purpose clear
Most unexpectedly

A box tied in satin ribbon
It, too, travelled to the lake
And make no mistake
It was meant for the flames
Long kept letters from a lover long gone
Like an overdue library book
The penalty fees had escalated beyond reason
What once so worthy of saving
Became a heavy box of burden

A stabbing sword of stolen dreams

Perhaps my brother knew my pain
Saw how I struggled to part with the past
Ever the Champion of my wounded soul
His gift took on a new light

I with match in hand, mighty courage
Set to blaze the broken promises
The betrayal of words I so believed
Photographs that showed his disguise

And watched, without flinching
As the cinders rose
Fireflies into the night
The paper trail of tragic love perished
Succumbing to the swallow of a heated heart
That found it time to say goodbye

And the fire I so feared
Became a new friend
A willing accomplice
A means to an end
Near that fire pit there was no pity
Instead a warming to take away the cold

Susan Lacovara

Forwarding Address

Where to place the vase
Of daffodils
This morning's picking
Done by myself
And for myself
And for nothing else
Than to remind me
You are long gone
But my Spring returns

Where to hang the Welcome sign
Above the door
On the garden gate
Near the entrance of my heart

I have become an excellent gypsy
Skilled at the UP-and-Outta-Here
Having a PHD in packing and moving
Relocating my dreams and desires
In, yet, another small town
Near a body of water

I need to hear the ripples kiss the sand
Thinking them not only 'Goodbyes'
But maybe this time 'Hellos'

Will the yellow sun look brighter
Over the new ridge
Can I finally shovel the dirt
Over what died so long ago
And walk away
Carrying only your memory
And not the incredible anchored weight
That pulled me under
Too many a changing tide

I have watched the rise of dawn
From windowsills of sorrow
Shorelines of solitude

Summits of self searching
One thing remains
I am no stranger to positioning myself
On the brink of a new day's promise

Should I need to go it alone
Once more and again
Might I have my compass handy
That steers me in a true direction
And finds me not circling back

Susan Lacovara

Frosted

Frosted,
frosted by the fear
that someone sleeps alone, tonight,
unaware that they are loved...
Unusual, for me,
that this is usual, to them

Frosted,
frosted by the faces
that floatingly pass by
assuming, in their unassuming disguises,
that in their ignorance, a safe haven,
untouched and unaffected

Frosted,
frosted by the distance,
of the indifference
of those perverse enough to pretend
Life is measured by less than merit

Frosted,
frosted by the facade,
of the frenzied,
furiously focused
on anything, but
the forgotten smiles
offered for free,
with no price tag
or agenda attached

Sad, that they are frozen
chilled in their selfish igloo,
unable to warm up
to a world waiting
and wishing for a release
from the deep freeze...
Frosted

Gales

Gloved hand of winter
Defiant waves last goodbye
Wind snapped branches bloom

Susan Lacovara

Gallery

With the stroke of your hand
You splattered upon me
The Jackson Pollock stains
Of your sometimes love
Abstract drips that dangle
And disappear into the vanishing point
Beyond the once blank canvas edge
That cries out to be covered
In colors so brightly bold

With dizzying Dali madness
You've made me a masterpiece
Of mangled moments
Pastel promises drying in the sun
Only to change me into an oily smudge
Pretty, if not perfectly positioned
Under the gallery light of what you call yours

And I am drawn in charcoal
Dark and defined
To stay in the sweet swirl
Of your Monet mouth
So pleasant the soft fields
Blending into bent light shadows
Where you can squeeze all my colors
Liquidity, DeVinci divinity
Til my Mona Lisa smile
Is seen by only you
And I hang in the gallery
Of Your heart

Susan Lacovara

Garden (Acrostic)

Give me tiny thimbles of time
Alone by branch and budding breath
Rather I to see the willow weep
Drunk on Jasmine and white orleanda
Effervescent bubbling of birdsong solace
Nearer be I to my highest heaven

Susan Lacovara

Give Away

I will give it away
This love, like a coin
I kept in my pocket
Shiny, when new,
Smooth to the touch,
Valuable, it's worth,
Yet no worth, in keeping it,
For myself
Unspent

Perhaps I can buy myself a second glance
Trade it in for another chance...
Bank it, so that it gains interest
Or maybe, just drill a hole through it's center
(Much like the hole in my soul)
Lace it onto a silver stand
To hang, nearest, my heart

I would rather be broke
Than BROKEN
Choose the poverty of keeping my poetry,
Over the Prince, turned in truth, to Pauper
He, failing to see
I loved him best, when only the world was Ours
Two unskilled souls, looking for LOVE
As a true investment...
Even though I received no return receipt
I was happy, then, in the richness of his voice
Flip the coin,
Heads...too filled with yesterday's troubles
Tails...I think along other lines...
When the small of my back brushed against his belly
And the only debt we had was to one another's survival

I am used to being hungry
Just not used to starving...
For the love I cannot but a dollar amount on
I, He, We, know the banquet
Of what a bundle of love can afford you

This coin, kept in my pocket
Along with the hope he recalls what we once were

Susan Lacovara

Glazed Over

The way a child' s eyes glaze over
When staring, salivating
In front of the penny candy store window
Craving the delectable treats
Just beyond their reach
On display....
You do that to me

Susan Lacovara

Grace

You were supposed to be here
Among the merry and music
Seated next to my perfumed shoulder
Holding my hand as we said Grace

My partner
A part of the mix
Mixing up the moments of here and now
With the links of yesterday
Braiding a bracelet to wear tomorrow

And now I have but sorrow
Deep as any well
And to hell with those who say
"Move On";
For it was your touch guiding steps

I had imagined my love
Wickedly warming to your heart
Able to reach inside the dark corners
And drag you into the sunlight
Not kicking and screaming
But joyous and thankful
For being seen as only you
You...who was just enough for me
To be gladdened
Grateful
And looking forward to a future
We would feast upon

I suppose I shall ask
For a different kind of Grace
When seated in my solitude
Starved by the hand
That once fed me so well
And poorly promised
I would never hunger again

Gracious, But I'D Be Lying

Said goodnight inside left dying
Gracious, but I'd be lying...
To wave, with disconcerting aire,
In truth, could not escape his stare

Poised, I prance, ballerina grace
Yet stumble, when I dream his face
I look away, pretend at ease
Gracious, if not to displease

Nothing ventured, nothing gained
Nothing lost, if kept restrained
How I quarrel with regret
Gracious, will he soon forget...

Strong of will, scaffold steel
A jeweller's eye could tell I'm real
Disguised as coal, and cold, defying
Gracious, but I'd be lying

Susan Lacovara

Gray Be Gone Today

Gray be gone today
That I've no time for your distraction.
I know you wait to steal my summer sun

Don't you have somewhere else to be...
Must you overstay your welcome...
Lingering far too long.

I have plans, yet finished...
Things you cannot help me with,
I've little desire to hear your dragging feet
behind me...

Gray be gone today
Stuff your storm clouds into luggage
and leave...
Quit wrapping your damp hands
around my hunched and hurting body
So that I may stand stronger today.

I battle your every entry,
Like a soldier, standing guard...
That you might try, again, to breach
the fortress walls of my well being.

Gray be gone today....
I've sent for back up...
The calvary of light hearted daydreams,
Streets of sonnets and safe passage
An arsenal of attitude and appreciation
For what could turn into a day of delight,
Should you flag a taxi, and turn right, on red...

Gray be gone today...
In my box of crayons, you need reside
I can use the black, for necessary rest...
And the white, refreshes and purifies...
But Gray...oh Gray, you have bedded down here

Far far too long...
And I have much ahead...
You slow my every second to a standstill,
And threaten my successful journey.
No one invited you in...
Gray be gone today

Susan Lacovara

Gray Brown Blue

Gray cat, in his basket
Of newspapers shredded
Sleeps undisturbed
Unaware I am awake at this hour

Brown dog decidedly content
To stretch out and slumber
Breathing peacefully in time
With the clock on the wall

Blue, might I say, the color I am
While my house hums along with the night
Under a 40 watt light bulb
I see the shadows fall across my page
And wonder why I just don't call it a night
Surrender to the cloak of the dark hours
Forget his face, for just one night
Tonight
And rest the colors of my heart

Susan Lacovara

Green The Grasses Seem

If you like the lace and lateness,
Then prepare your bed in lust

If you crave a winding wooded trail,
Then shade your eyes from dust

If you light the match, to brighten,
Then brave the growing flame

If you dare to ride the current
Then tell me... who's to blame....

If her lips reveal some flavor
Which newly tempts your taste

And the secrets of the season
Are secured, and safely placed

Return not, to this fortress
That hides and heals your scars

For no one gains free entrance,
If not guided by the stars.

Susan Lacovara

Guidelines

Give to her your morning smile
Whisked with a wink of approval
Set it on a proper plate
Pour a steamy cup of kisses

Give to him your break of day laughter
Sweet as strawberries and cream
Feed him with a generous hand
Wipe his lips with yours

Let the forming day lay out
A picnic blanket spread
Invite the sun to wander with you
Hold his hand, as if a precious jewel

See her eyes light up with wonder
As if today, the very first
Wait and watch as she waits and watches
For you to give her love

Susan Lacovara

Habits To Leave Behind

Above the dripping darkness
Of my black hair
The same hair your hands
Got lost in
Puffed out circles of Marlboro smoke
Cloudy, like the thoughts
Of yesterday's love making

And in a room
Stale now, with leftover smoke
And fragmented conversation
That smell like stagnated water
From a vase with last week's flowers
I return to making vows
Of breaking old tired habits
That no longer have a place
In this tiny capsule of a home life
I, not long ago decorated
With pictures of a purposeful union

Susan Lacovara

Hand-Me Down

Give me back the worn shirt
that once, I thought your favorite-
so I can wrap myself in it
on days when I forget how you smell
or how much we loved each other
or what it felt like to be warmed
in your embrace
after being caught in a sudden rain

Susan Lacovara

Handsome You

Handsome you
Why did I not see
You would interrupt my life
Send all seeds blowing
Like a dandelion wish
Upwards, outwards, til finally
No longer there

Handsome you
How did I blindly follow
All the pretty pictures
Of mountains and misty eyed lovemaking
Without noticing you were packing your boxes
All the while

Handsome you
When will I learn that nothing
Is nothing new
Once love tiptoes away in the early day fog
I have grown so used to goodbyes
With you
Never have I said it so many times
To one man, knowing I never truly meant it
To be our last
I liked to say 'See you soon'
Simply because I could not see me
Not loving you longer

Handsome you
We were so pretty together
Every waitress in every diner told us so
I believed their every word
In your hand, mine felt small
But it fit just right
Now I have to hope you are running so fast
With such energized cylinders
That you forget you'd like some dark haired beauty
To settle against your back
I fool myself into a hiatus reprieve

Back to sketching charcoal images of the you
I so wanted to cocoon with
'See you soon'...With enough salted tears
To overflow my Atlantic Ocean

Susan Lacovara

Hansel Tossing Crumbs

Hansel, tossing crumbs
To find his way back
From the darkened forest
Where sweets and treats were plenty
He made certain to rewind his steps
Threaded between gnarly trees
Thick invading vines
Woven tight the peering eyes
Of crows and ravens watching

Hansel, brave beneath his boyish skin
With hero heart, into the winding night
The soil, foreign but enticing
Where none should journey after dark
He knew his return would be best
If he true remembered where he came from
And all which tempted his veering path
Would long be forgotten when once back home

Susan Lacovara

Happenstance

Maybe the heavens do have a plan
An orchestrated synopsis, of sorts
That put you dead center into my summer fable
Eyes locked, across a table that could be anywhere fine...
As we dine, sipping wine, in unconscious time
My doubting eclipsed by your brushing against
The downfall of my fence...awakening senses
Long gone to bed and filling my head
With the sweetness of rain, erasing the pain
Of not knowing for what or how, or why, left alone
Stranded and strangled by the ring of no phone
Dreams put on hold, explanations postponed
And with the wink of eternity, all time stops
I am there, by you...breathing air, breathing air...
Washed over in the waterfall of words you whisper
And it differs from any language I know...
Slow, slow let me take you slow
In tasty tongue tied-bits
I eat like a bird from your hand
As if on command
And wish not to analyze or understand
What it is brought us here to happenstance

Susan Lacovara

Hard Truths Hard Falls

For as hard as she LOVED
She BROKE even harder

Silence...
A bird without a song

What to make of strength
Necessary to pull what poison
From his past
While shouldering her own suitcase
Overstuffed with sorrow

Silence...
A bird without a song

Her wounded weakened wings
Desperate for the uplift of any wind
Grounded, she will cease to survive
The peril and pains of Winter
She feels his frosts
And yet still seeks to feed

For as hard as she LOVED
She BROKE even harder

SHE BROKE EVEN HARDER
SHE BROKE EVEN HARDER

For as hard as she LOVED....

Susan Lacovara

Harper

She seems like she knows where she's going

Barely lifting her eyes off the line

Of her straight away steps

Looking important, in a most casual way

She appears to lead an unrehearsed life

Her hair falls thick as molasses

Shines like maple syrup

And her boot heels click the pavement

In metronome rhythm, deliberate

Her strut should warrant the paparazzi' s shutter

All head and shoulders above the rest

Something mischievous hides

In the fine lines of her smile

She stops beneath the bending branches

Of a Bartlett pear, and there

Blows smoke rings from her cigarette

Leaving behind the stain of a kiss

On a filter she flicks to the wind

With a leopard print, tied round her head

She sashays away, in a peculiar Bohemian way

Dignified and dangerously different

Susan Lacovara

Harvest

If I, to harvest, today,
All, that is ripe and delicious
And beautiful...
To place before you,
So to let you feast...
til' you've fattened,
and filled up...
content, and lounging lazily
in fields of lush green..
my appetite would then be satisfied.

If I, poised, and pluck the hanging apples,
from the inviting Autumn branches
and perfectly present them,
as a gift, to share with you
an offering, in simple appreciation
for the way you love me...
would then, our hunger be stilled...

If I, to gather grains and grapes,
armfuls of adoration, and acceptance...
baskets bursting with the bountiful laughter
you blend into my each and every day
would we praise life, in ample thanksgiving

If I, to harvest the very breathe
That you fill me with...
Like a gentle rolling breeze,
through the crimson crumbled leaves...
And quietly rest my head in your lap,
Closing my eyes, just for a brief,
but all too beautiful moment...
And enjoy the riches received
from the harvest that is you...
Would you continue to walk with me
Through fields of gold

Susan Lacovara

Heal The Earth

I call out from the quiet of my cubbyhole
Staying in the silence of waiting
I'm introspective and a little introverted
Steadying myself for the approach
of another numbered day

Numbers that scream out
to assault the senses
Numbers so staggering
I find myself gasping for air
Numbers tallying the sickened, the stricken...
The unsuspecting victims of invasive ventilators
Stealing their voices in their sequestered state
of separation and uncertainty
Numbers that change by the minute
Each minute...every minute...
So take a minute
and breathe in your (possibly)forgotten blessings

Here, in the now,
WE are New Yorkers
Historically familiar with struggle
And the test of our strength and resolve
WE do not succumb to surrender
WE remember our fortitude of past resilience
WE rise up, when challenged
to greater heights
of humility and compassion
WE must...so WE do!

Spring was to be a welcomed time
Of hearts thawing and daffodils dancing
This, instead, quite a surreal environment to face
But we do not face it ALONE
We share our "new normal"; globally
With Italy, with Spain, China, Australia
With the entire complete circumference
Of the world, held hostage
Near and far

This is everyone's illness to heal

The fears are understood
The anxiety is expected
The danger mounts
And we continue to face it together

Take time to be more gentle now
Not just to one another
but also to yourself

Compassion, tolerance,
generosity and spirituality
All can be highly contagious
The human condition can be beautiful
Can be infectious
If we SPREAD LOVE NOT GERMS

My prayers spoken daily
My actions are resolute to somehow play a part
In the Earth's healing process

Susan Lacovara

Her Daughter

I feel like you sometimes
Lately, more than not
Warming my hands
Round a cup of tea
In the twilight of
Too many thoughts
Holding court
At my kitchen table
Seeing your reflection
In my aging china
And noticing the tiny wrinkles
That crease when I smile
It's lonely without your voice
Maddening without your advice
But comforting that I still know
I belong to you

Susan Lacovara

Her Other Name

He called her by her other name
The one so few knew
No one used
But she

It had a softness to it
No right angle edges
Only puffs of perfume
Clinging to it's simplicity

It stayed on his tongue
Melting like a lemon drop
And it's taste transfered
With his every kiss

There was sunlight in it's syllables
Tied up in lace and lavender ribbons
His voicing her name
Caused her tired soul to dance

He handled her name with care
Some fine artifact from an ancient time
He placed it on his heart's mantle
Polished it with loving hands

She answered to his call
His every wish she longed to fill
The mummering, muttering of her other name
Enough to make her breath brand new

It spoke of strength, a hidden silhouette
Of a time long gone, but still, there, somewhere
She gave him that, for his plattered feasting
And now wonders if it's been swallowed whole.

Susan Lacovara

Hermit Crabs And Groundhogs

I envy the hermit crab
Peeking out into the light of day
Dragging himself
And all his belongings
Along the surf kissed shore
Without question
On the move

And should he tire of trolling
Simply tucks inside
Finding shadows of shade
And a shut off valve
To the interruptions
Of the turning tides

I would carry my humble house
Upon my back
If no good reason stopped me
Valises of very good intentions
Of keeping myself afloat
Against the changing currents

Spending just enough hours
In the shared sun of others
Before snuggling into a coiled confinement
Of a shell I call my own space

Susan Lacovara

Hiding The Hurt

If I ask that you not look into my eyes
Not today, not now, not too deeply
Will I be able to conceal the sorrow
Acting as if the world still appears new

If I keep my head lowered and not meet the glance
Of the chance strangers on the street
Could I come off as complete
A passing figure of lightness

If I bury my head in a book, in the park
Beneath the canopy of falling leaves
Would I be allowed to grieve in my silence
Without disrupting the songbirds

If I ask that you not ask how I am
This day, today, and maybe tomorrow
Might I borrow a moment of Grace from God
Feeling so small, breaking so hard

Susan Lacovara

His Distant Drumming

Long past the last line
Of his far away love song
She dances no more
To his distant drumming
Heartbeat rhythms
Hurting her chest
The pounding explosions
Of wanting...
Of waiting...
Of waning...
Of watching his fingers
Wrapped around solid sticks
Thumping out his tragic tunes
She searches the strikes
Of his hands
Recalling how he once played
Upon her skin....
The nook of her neck...
The small of her back...
Then, when she traced his face
With her own reach of touch
Praying she would never need
To commit his smile
His sighing eyes
To memory

In the exhilaration of late night ecstasy
She surrendered all she was
To become his music, his muse
To feel his sweat
Witness the tightened muscles of his arms
As he positioned himself above her
Balancing between breathlessness
And blissfulness
Ablaze
The tribal tune of coming together
Only to be left in the lingering desire
For his distant drumming
Her broken pieces

splintered heart
Yearning only...
Wishing merely...
Praying endlessly...
For a return
An applauded encore performance
of his distant drumming

Susan Lacovara

His Heatwave

Fool was I to think you were the sun
For that blazing moment of beauty
Come undone...

If I had worn my shades
Maybe you wouldn't have noticed
The folly in my eyes...
And how, now, it dies

Had your warmth not been scorching
Setting my skin to fire
I could've walked away unscathed
Lines seemingly rehearsed, replayed...

Fool was I to think you were the sun
Looming and luring me into states of undress
Sweating in the sweetness of your stare
Both my spirit and my soul, left upon the chair

I found winter, last, so merciless
But this...in summer, in sudden surrender
Fool was I to think you were the sun
Come undone....

Susan Lacovara

His Mountains/Her Sea

It is by the sea I was deposited
Collecting shells and shooing gulls
For too long now, alone
Beneath my southern sun

And I knew not how I missed the mountains
Thick tree trunks lined, and waiting
And I dreamed again, like I once did
Far too long now, forgotten

'Til you... 'til you...

His hands, to dig the soil
The soil, to save his soul
His soul, to share with her
Her sea, to wash his hair

It is by the shore I stay, today
And count the days, and love his ways
As Autumn breathes in exhaled excitement
A chance, a choice, combine the two
His mountains/Her Sea
To twist together, tangled, threaded
A blended beauty, laced in stillness

Susan Lacovara

His Smile You'll Recognize

In a fable long ago
A father spun
Perhaps to ease a daughter's pain
Stitch her torn soul
Back together
Dry her falling tears
He spoke of not a knight
Nor Prince
Not frogs to kiss
Or lamps to rub
He told of love
A truest kind
Not sought, nor searched
Not bought, nor perched
It would be hers
And hers...the prize
When he comes for you
And know he will
His smile you'll recognize

Susan Lacovara

Hold Tight The Reins

Strong the dancing chestnut filly
To attempt the steeplechase
Set to trot for promised glory
Close with elegance and grace

Freeing her unbridled spirit
Mane to mingle in the wind
Though they thought to keep her well paced
She has speed she's kept within

And she longs for pretty pastures
While they saddle her to ride
Takes each turn with steady footing
And a kick with every stride

Poised she pranced out from the paddock
To the cheering of the crowd
Knowing she was but a long shot
Kept her confidently proud

Carried added weight to jockey
Managed mud, with strength and skill
Though not many lent her credence
Born this thoroughbred with will

She may stumble from the starting gate
Making up the lengths, she gains
Head held high to cross the finish
Best advised hold tight the reins

Susan Lacovara

Honey

Let me buzz in the sting
Of your bumblebee love,
Deep in the comb
Near the budding foxglove,
Drenched, yellow sunlight
With moist morning dew..
Dripping in the sweetness
Of honey, you...

Keep me on the vine
Where wisteria falls
the monarch's landing gear legs
Gentle touchdown, stalls
To drink from the nectar
So pleasant, the view...
Hydrated by the very
Honey....you.

Susan Lacovara

Hopeful Not Hopeless

Even mountains wear down
By the beating of year unto year
Life and it's circumstances
Sandblasting
Til problematic pebbles pile high
We are weathered
Windblown in a thousand directions
Littered leaves
Crumpled and cluttered in corners
Of alleyways we never thought to travel
Shreds of ourselves strewn about
In broken down basement thoughts
Of survival of the fittest
And frightened by the frenzy
Of finding a familiar formula
To concoct a cocktail of cohesiveness
Providing the potion
That pours out promise and purpose
A remedy for rebuilding the realization
That all is not hopeless but hopeful

Susan Lacovara

How Soon The Soon Comes

When the rain washes over me
Moisturizer for my charred heart
The dryness that is left by wasted words
Needing medicinal mercy
How soon the soon comes...

Wanting only to feel again
What has been taken away
And not be flooded by the monsoon tears
Whose current runs ferocious and deep

Each endless moment spent wishing
For the next moment to pass
Is useless time I can not afford
How soon the soon comes...

Would it have not been easier
Had we not ever touched hands
Never tempted, never tasted, never told
The stories that said so much

What blossoms, now, in foreign fields
Is not our's to share
Each to tend their private garden
Though the flowers we'll pick, familiar

Turning to the summer solstice
Grappling with the gone for good
I make the most of what you could not offer
Leaning on my own shoulder, again
How soon the soon comes....

Susan Lacovara

How Well We Slept

How well we slept,
my belly to your back
Alone in the slumber of two
Tangled up
into one

My chin,
resting over your shoulder
Honey breath, pressed upon your neck

My hands fumble from under the covers
to discover the length of your back
I come home to the curve of your spine

Susan Lacovara

Hyacinth

Holding on to the float of it's fragrance

Yellow trumpets heralding Spring's entrance

Asking only for the kiss of morning dew

Climbing from the last weeks of winter stall

Innocence unveiled and uninterrupted

Nudging the heart towards the warm up of romance

Tempting the senses to stir and surrender

Holding on to the float of it's fragrance

Susan Lacovara

I Celebrate My Brother

We were two entangle children
A lifetime ago
He has been my best friend,
Ever since
We spat, we kicked, we screamed
We loved, we laughed, we cried
We watched as time ticked by
Feeling no effects of years
Forever I am young with him

We have raised our voices
Raised our glasses
Raised our standards
And raised hell...
We have lifted each other's spirits
More times than time
Would allow us to count
We have held hands, held court,
Held tight through hurricane gales
Always he with me, me with him
Unbreakable the chain that binds

In celebration of my brother
Tomorrow I shall thank angels
Lucky stars, my parents, and all the universe
A sister's heart o my wishes for his happiness
Over and over, over all of time

Susan Lacovara

I Have Volunteered Myself To You

I have volunteered myself, to you
on occasions, many...
Christmas Eves, that promised purifying snow
to blanket the loneliness
of opening gifts you bought, for yourself...
On birthdays, when your mother's call never came,
and your brother was conveniently
looked upon as the prodigal son...

I have extended an open invitation,
insuring I will leave my door unlocked,
when you've out driving
and your intended destination disappears
before your tired eyes...
I will always offer up a safe place to fall...
And quench what thirst you have brought...

I have volunteered myself, to you
when no one was around, or could be found
to hear your sifted-through stories,
share a meal, or lie silent, by your aching side..
It has been a benefit, to me, also...
(though you never bring that up)
I know the unsettling feeling
of having to ask for someone else's attention
when the whole world seems to pay no attention...
and how grateful I am for a flash of who I used to be...
Before I NEEDED SOMEONE, to volunteer for me...

Strangely enough, WE ONCE WERE strangers
'Til, on a winter's night, frostbitten by the fear
that love was meant for all,
BUT TWO...
we miraculously migrated,
intrigued by the mystery
of what was hidden behind
each other's painted-on holiday smile..
(seemingly sarcastic, at first glimpse)
And was enveloped in your scent...

and uncharacteristically,
did seize that opportunity to solicitate a kiss,
A lingering liquid, soft seduction...
Laced in the surrender of a sympathetic soul,
Gingerly, yet generously placed
upon your pouting lips,
to leave you pondering what to make of me...
Therein began my volunteering myself, to you.

Susan Lacovara

I Love You Easy

I love you easy
Like the rain loves thirsty petals
And the sun, the sea's drowsy horizon

I love you easy
From the corner of every room
To the dark of every unlit street

I love you easy
With lemon drop lips and chocolate indulgence
Washed down with merlot memories

I love you easy
Hopscotching the jump ropes of obstacles
Silly enough to stand in our way

I love you easy
As east the day rises
And west my eyes to set on you alone

I love you easy
And easy I always will
Easy you are my fill

Susan Lacovara

I Slip Into Spice

Where the dirty town ends,
The dangling dampness of night
washes away the grit of the day
I blanket myself in pashmina of privacy
Stealing away,
to the sanctuary of surrender
A bit broken...
Like a ragged fingernail,
Wishing for the warmth
of an old fisherman's sweater
Or maybe just an old fisherman....

Rest does not come easy
And easy is never an easy option...
Late night, and of lately...
Isn't Autumn a time for lovers
to tangle together
and watch the clouds
drift past the moon....
While barely-there fingertip touches
caress the chaos, like ivy climbing.

Nutmeg and cloves, cinnamon cider
I slip into spice,
that it may loft about
my 'still single' apartment...
Seeping and steeping
into corners, dimly lit
by the illuminating light
of lost loves....
Vanilla and chamomile, lavender, lilacs...
Orange and coffee...
to soothe my senses,
inviting in a welcomed escape
from the asphalt awareness
of having been too long stranded
I these certain circumstances...

I, Left, Pandora's Box

Was it unknowingly, that I, left, Pandora' s box
To nurse the contents, ill and offending
A Queen' s guard, always unblinking, present at post
securing, that surely, hope remained...
Regardless...and relentless in given task

Was it coincidence, she received her riches
Tucked in tissue papered preservation
dainty doillies, crocheted keepsakes
of treasured trinkets, time could not tarnish

Where would my memories rest...
if not in the swirl of escaping peril
caught on breaking branches, in the breeze,
blown in the brambling thickets of thorns
scattered, like cotton seeds...

Hers, warm, and woven into wooly hand-me-downs
to be given to delightful daughters
Mine, mere moments of muddled, muffled madness
I try desperately to deceive, and retrieve
so they may do no harm....
This Pandora' s box, I wanted no part of
Was it unknowingly placed outside my door
that I should be entrusted with it's turbulence...
Did she imagine me, stronger, sturdy...
Dedicated to the deliverance of everlasting hope

Susan Lacovara

I, Of This Earth

I, of this Earth
This blend of bloom
And between the leaves of learning
Gladly gravitate to the yellow YES
Of serene sunlight
When and here the blues
Are washed free
From the other blues
The stretch of sky
The spray of sea
Delphinium dancing
Near the deep of pansies pleasure
I, of this Earth
Washed by not only rain
But wisdom watchful
to be entrusted to save the planet
For the people and from the people's ignorance
Blessed by bees who spread the seeds
Of spending another season to savor
In the gentle sway of a Weeping Cherry
Extending her branches to the bustle of birds
Greens are apparent, alive and affectionately mine
The blanketing grasses beneath my feet
Keep me grounded in spirit and soul
I, of this Earth
Value the fragrant intake of free air
Refreshing and refurbishing
Seeping into my cells
Gifting me the enormity of understanding
We are only loaned this land, these seas
This soil and the sky
What we choose to do with them
Must be real and right
As human conter parts to all the universe houses
I, of this Earth
At Home

Susan Lacovara

I, Wishful Waited...

Half over, this life
that keeps me tied
to schoolgirl dreams...
the white fence,
where the crocus pops up
to end winter's long sleep
The first dance, the endless kiss
on a beach, on a balcony,
in the woods, at Christmastime...
Dinner at six, newspaper unfolded,
wine, flowers in our anniversary vase
Firelight and golden years
spreading, to fill our tiny warm room
But you never showed up
To secure the dream
And I spent a lifetime...
Waiting.....
For the wait
to be over....

Susan Lacovara

Iced Over While Under

Iced over, while under
The effect of having been anesthetized
Upon the table of your changed itinerary

Wake me from this numbness
Check my pulse, my vital signs
Rapidly falling
Poor patient, I

Iced over, while under
The slap of winter's wrath
February, a repeat offender
Breaking and entering

Arrest this intruder
In handcuffs, hold him responsible
For the theft of sunlight
And vandalism of last season's sweetness

Iced over, while under
The assumption that no mountain
Stretches higher than love
And ice can turn to a springtime stream

Susan Lacovara

I'D Give You Gold

I'd give you gold
If I thought it would make it easier
To keep you from the next mountain's goldrush
To hold you from the herds of dreams
You needed to corral
To stop the forward motion
Of your must keep moving ons...

I' d give you gold
If it were the color you sought in my hair
But it was the darkened blackness
First drew you to my well of wicked wanting
And gold, it would be, the breaking of dawn
Beyond my seaside sanctuary
To your hardwood hills, far, too far now, your nest
Gold and golden words to wash your mouth with
Gold and golden eggs from the fairy tale goose
Gold and golden stars, affixed to every sent letter
Gold and golden rings to wear, to share, to shine

But gold is not enough
So I settle for a silver lining
That somehow we keep finding ways to forget
We ever said goodbye

Susan Lacovara

If Alice Gave Advice

I feel I've fallen down
into your rabbit hole
of mindless madcap mayhem
while I was merely trying to take
my morning stroll, uninterrupted
I do not care to meet the rabbit
late and lugging too much baggage
on his way to take some tea
with a man of many hats
No I do not care much for a cookie
or a swig of your promised adventure
I've grown too big for this town
and feel small in it's offerings
Rather I'd like to see a Cheshire smile
Without having to answer your ridiculous riddles
If Alice gave advice, perhaps best to listen
I fear not the Queen of Hearts (she's a friend to me)
But this is not a fable in which I seamlessly fit
and through the looking glass, eager to exit
this checkered chessboard catastrophe
of prancing pawns and blinded bishops
And find my knight on my own terms

Susan Lacovara

If He Knew My Circle

Oh to curl around him
The way a vine climbs a tree
Or a cat circles itself up in warmth
like a coiled snake
or a perfectly blown smoke ring

Oh to curl around him
A Maypole ribbon in the breeze
A lazy hawk circling the sky
The way he twirls my hair in his fingers

To have no start nor end
But instead a continuous flow
Of form and function
A flowery wreath worn on my head
As I lay my head on his chest
My orbiting thoughts take me
to a whirlpool of wasting away
In the merry go round wishes
Oh to curl around him

Susan Lacovara

If I Knew New

If I knew new
To be the best foot forward
Then I to step outside
All reservation
Realizing I have been parked too long
In a 'No Standing Zone'

And if by new
The days counted joyful
True, kind, and to come without a price
That precise moment of my eyes
Meeting yours
hearing stories that have no words
Welled up wishes
Of finding answers to questions the heart
Long ago forgot to ask...
Fear and fault would fall aside
To bramble blown by the wind
And hat, left, to build upon
If I knew new...
And You

Susan Lacovara

If In Winter I Found You

If in winter I found you
Hot buttered rum romance
Breathless and bundled together
In the Bing Crosby carols
That tug at the heart
I'd build you a fire
That would never burn out

If in winter I found you
Skies the color of tombstones
Mercury dropping and drawing you in
To covers of cotton while you Sunday napped
Loving the fact that day's were short
And nights, Oh nights, crawling slowly
As we could've been buried in our own avalanche
Of finishing each other's sentences

Susan Lacovara

If You 'D Let Your Walls Come Down

If you'd let your walls come down, then I could walk right in
To safely store your secrets, confess your every sin...

If you'd open up the latch, secures your steely gate
I'd stroll the lamplight corridors, where your fears congregate...

If you'd throw your window sash, let in the blistering light
I could shield what once burned you, perhaps to new delight...

If you 'd break your fences free, no boundaries to divide
I could lead you to meadows, sweet...where we could then reside

If you'd dare to risk it all, the stakes, to ante up
I could bring an avalanche, by which to fill your cup

If you'd look beyond the obvious, to see what's plain in view
I could paint a lovely portrait, of life, spent loving you

Susan Lacovara

I'LI Not Disturb The Sleep

i'll not disturb the sleep
soft cotton, watch it creep
unfolds,
a day to meet...

i'll not awake the light
frail dreams, in ribbons, tight
what intricate
invite...

i'll not invade the slumber
in quiet, fallen under
forecasted comes
the thunder

Susan Lacovara

I'LI Watch The World, For Awhile

Lullaby, close your eyes,
And in dream, drift away

I'll watch the world, for awhile

Go to sleep, slumber, deep
Where the sandman can play

And I'll watch the world, for awhile

In a dark velvet sky
Where the comets sail by
There's no need for your worry, or woe
Where the nightingale sings
Underneath angel' s wings
God's watching the world, below

Lay in sweet peaceful calm
Where you've sheltered from harm
And your fears melt away, many miles

'Til the morning light brings
All of life's wonderful things...

I'll watch the world....for awhile

Susan Lacovara

Immersed In The Mystery

Return to me
Immersed in the mystery
Where has the time taken you
Far from eyes that want
To watch you sleep
Safe in the arms of home

That you should fly
Beyond the reach of sky
Disappearing amid clouds
And sea
And me to wonder why

That God alone knows
Without need of radar
How to track your soul
And how to cradle our cares
In despair
The non dispatched air
Has stolen any sense of logic
Where, somewhere are you there

Force fed daily details
Of no detailed demise
Immersed in the mystery
Bird falling from the skies

Susan Lacovara

In All My Layered Light

In all my layered light
The beam falls to your face
At dawn the day breaks open
Illuminating what I never knew before
Till there was you

Through Autumn trees that tower
Further than my eyes can stare
The bouncing twists of streaming sun
Land on your shoulders
Where I can rest my thoughts

Comes time for the painted horizon
To be blessed and blanketed, our day done
By the long hand light
That holds the mountain as our backdrop
While we light our tabletop candles

Arrives the moon, her pretty face
Of pearlized silver strung with a smile
The night sky sequined, laced with stars
As sparks lift from our fire
Flecks of fireworks frame your smile
And I seek shelter in it's glow

Then tired, turn my lazy laughter
To place upon your pillow
Outside the world slips into shadow
But I sleep in the light of your touch
And dream of trickling comet's tails
That brought your shine to mine

Susan Lacovara

In My (H) Art Box...

Green,
I wish you green...
Lush and lazy fields
where you could lay your head
Watching swirling birds overhead...
Cold crisp beer on an August afternoon

Blue,
I wish you blue...
Deep rolling waves
serenading seasalted sunlit moments
Pushing silky sand under your feet
While you sweat away the worries of your day

White,
I wish you white...
Pure intentions, uninterrupted
Like whisper soft snowflakes falling
And pillowy clouds sliding across your skyline smile
Marshmallow arms to fall into

Yellow,
I wish you yellow...
Sunflowers, buttercups, , buttermilk, butterflies
Corn on the cob...on the Fourth of July
Blazing and bright, the sun's climbing rise

Pink,
I wish you pink....
Horizons that hint of a better tomorrow
Pastel painted promises of never forgetting
The fingertip touches we share
Lipstick stained shirts,
that carry both, your cologne, and my perfume
In a dizzying display
Of the colors of my (H) Art...

Susan Lacovara

In My Mother's Hand

It startled me at first, so unexpected...
There between the yellowing pages
of a schoolgirl's poured out poetry
a scripted note...
(tucked away, so that I might discover it...'someday')

It was as real as a rose petal preserved...
and more beautiful than life itself
A tiny treasure from love I so long for now
perfectly penned...in my mother's hand.

Like time had thawed from it's frozen sleep
She, in that moment, was speaking to me
as only she did, so many other late nights...
My face, quick to feel the flood of tears
My breath stolen, by the sheer surprise...
My heart, heavy and rebroken..
from it's barely repaired state...

In her wisdom, and with her wonderful words
Offered support of all my dreams...
As if she knew I'd be broken and burdened one day
Wishing only for the only ones I really belonged to
Giving me the go ahead to be me...just me...
I cried a countless cascade of come back to me tears
And for an instant felt the world was ours again

I ran my fingers over the paper, over and over again
Imagining I was touching her hand, though so far in heaven
And spoke the word that my heart holds heavy...Mom...
So thankful for her foresight, in leaving me a secret letter
That one day, one night, tonight...
I'd stumble upon, while revisiting my past through poetry,
And be rocked to sleep, in the cradle of the memories of her love
Touched so deeply by the stroke of written encouragement
Knowing she watches, still, and knows exactly when I need her most
Remaining in the corners of my everyday, finding, with exact instinct
The pivotal pulse that fills my veins...
She, and only she, above and before everyone else

Gave wings to my words...
And now to find hers...I am left speechless
And ever so overjoyed by the tucked away note...
In my mother's hand.

Susan Lacovara

In November

I hardly noticed
That the leaves were falling
Trees looked bare and gray
As winter's calling
Lonely finds me lost
Sure could use a warming
Once deep blue skies
Now have snow clouds forming

I think I miss you most
In November
I feel I miss you most
In November
I believe I miss you most
In November

I just know I miss you most

I placed a log to blaze
Within the fire
A sad song lingered on
While love and loss do conspire
The sun sinks low
Within the Autumn sky
Without you near
Well who am I
I might ask will I feel better
In December
Or frozen still
In thoughts
Of "I Remember";

I think I miss you most
In November
I feel I miss you most
In November

I believe I miss you most
In November

I just know I miss you most
Miss you most of all

Susan Lacovara

In Quiet

Leave me to my quiet Thursday
Afraid another weekend will disappear
Out the door
And time will take us
Further yet from one another

You again are busy packing
For another far away find yourself Friday
As I will stay seated in Sunday silence
Saying only the small phrases
That feed your fragile ego

Lend me some of your yoga space
That I may spread out and stretch
Loosen the tightness
Weighing heavy on my shoulders

In know you think me
A tall tree
That gives you shade
And sweetly sways in every wind
But do you not see my leaves are falling

Serve me notice that you notice me
And leave me to my quiet Thursday
Weeks alone have weakened me
And I wish you not to see me
In a saddened season

Susan Lacovara

In Search Of Higher Ground

Standing close to the silence of unspoken words
Feet wet, by the water's edge of isolating thoughts
We fail to meet each other's eyes
Our heads lowered in the deafening need to defend our reason
We have closed the window to the winds of good intention
And puff up our chests full of misguided courage
All so that we may appear unaffected
By the infection of thoughts left to fester
You do not tend to your open wound
Thus allow the bleeding to continue to stain your fabric sleeve
While I carelessly salt them
Sprinkling my own scabbed sadness from scars that run deep

We are imperfect
And for good reason

What I carry, heavily, I have carried alone and long
What you have kept and clung to, over much time,
Has been your constant companion (even if uninvited)
Grief will swallow a man whole if he wallows in it's shallow
Pain will steal the beauty from a lady's smile
We are not that well equipped to stave off all intruders
So we need combine the ammunition that best arms us for success

Words are weaponry of a most powerful sort
Distance is a poor defense if looking for truce
Quick stabs and reckless shots are certain to injure
And what is gained from a conflict that started as a hidden thought
Spill the anguish before it bubbles
Lay out the confusion and chaos that churls in a pounding head
Open the door wide and forego the shouting
Raise your eyes to look into the other's
And be brave
Be Brave
Your biggest battles are not with one another
But with the demons and devils of the past
A past that did not include this union, this moment
Taking prisoners from places where peace reigns
Does not eliminate the history that brought us here

So hear and then weigh what is hurled from an unknown direction
And collect your scattered thoughts and stack them
A watchful wise man would know that love is more powerful than pain
And pain, when put in it's proper place, can be useful

We are imperfect
And for good reason
Meet me on HIGHER GROUND

Susan Lacovara

In The Bottom Of Her Change Purse

It might as well be her
Not me
Opening fancy bottles of wine
While I make Sleepy Time Tea
After all I would rather watch the grapes grow
So pretty on the vine
And dream of love I gave so true
Than sip her fancy wine

My riches were steeped in honeysuckle kisses
And laughter, the kind they speak of
To keep you knee deep, in stitches
So what is left for me but to curse
My fortune, so simple, but still more ample
Than that of what she counts mighty
In the bottom of her change purse

Susan Lacovara

In The Frail Night

How is it a man
With so much to say
Sits alone by lamplight
Awaiting love to illuminate
The hours of his all too late life
Believing she is soon to arrive
And will carry with her
The glow of the Winter moon
In hands as soft as a dove's coat
As she purrs with the voice of a content kitten

Somewhere else in the stretched out evening
She keeps her fingers crossed
In a crocheted corner of her own conceal
Convinced the clock on her wall is lying
It cannot be that another day
Has ended in the same way

Two perfect silhouettes
Seemingly looking for one another
Their stories of sweet searching sent out
Over canyons and valleys
Bridging waters and winding through woods
Breathing but one shared breath
Each sighing in the silence
Of their unwanted solitude
With only an echoed exhale
From afar...
And neither notices
Yet the night knows
And hangs it's head in shame

Susan Lacovara

In The Hold Of Heaven

Making the most of ordinary days
Yearning for my father's voice

Forgetting nothing of his tenderness
An allegiance to reciting his songs
Time has turned my hair slightly towards his gray
How a daughter moves with the heaviness of an orphaned heart
Expecting the ten o'clock call that no longer comes
Remembering the man who loved and raised my soul

Susan Lacovara

In The Merry

Watch how I gather the song
Bringing it to my lips
Tasting the fresh pressed notes
Like over ripened grapes
Sucking the sweetness
To quench my soul

In the merry of the music
And the softness
Of a sheer flowing skirt
My hair detangled of thought
Feathered feet
Dancing on the edge of abandon
Synchronized to the rhythm
Of joy, of answered questions...

Time escapes on a moonbeam monorail
Leaving a lasting melody
To circle the track of my mind
Kind, the lyrics
Friends of mine
I welcome the revisit
Of days I kept vaulted

To twirling in lifted fog
The sea of song breaks my shore
My shoulders shawled
Warm in the wash of pure harmony
That reaches beyond the scope
Of my usual horizon
To give my eyes, my heart
My dreams new direction to dance
In the merry of the music
Me

Susan Lacovara

In Your Own Shoes

So you've stepped into your own shoes
and set out wandering
on unfamiliar grounds....
Tell me loved lad...what have you found?

Can you breathe a little easier
since settling there..in the morning dew
of the mountain air....
Are you safely journeying
Hopscotching from summer to fall...
Isn't it really worth it all?

To be freed and finally your own captain...
Braving the tides that shift your sail,
And treading the waves that swell...
Are you staying afloat....do tell...do tell.

So you've stepped into your own shoes
Walking and working towards your future...
Dreaming of new inventions
Not questioning intentions..
Being brand new, everyday...
Ain't that the way...

With trails to blaze
in the Autumn' s crimson haze
There's much exploring o kingdoms to come
Your work's the sum
Of all good effort...
Least not forget it...

Beloved lad, you've left our field
To gamely venture
Your sword to wield...
To pick and ponder
All you choose...
Now that you've stepped into your own shoes.

Innkeeper

Each of us the Innkeeper
tending the lighted doorway entrance
to our hearts

Tasked with stoking the warming embers
to flame the parlor of forgiveness
Where curtains of past indiscretions
are pulled back to reveal the calm night sky

Into the folds of our formidable love
we grant room and rest to those
we decide are welcomed guests

We have stacked a banquet high
Heaping helpings to plate for all and any
feeling famished or fragile

I urge the Innkeepers
"Keep the light burning...
Someone IS coming"

Susan Lacovara

Invisible Injury

Am I not to be the one meant
to receive your compassion
though my bosom be full of aching,
of ailment, from the abandonment
of love's touch

Am I seen as too strong
to require your care
offered constant and consoling
That only she and her shattered pieces
matter more

Asking only for a moment of maybe
a look back at the cliff
from where you left you
teetering...
tumbling...
crashing on the rocks below...

Am I not to be bandaged
for all my bruised and broken fragments
because she seems to need more attention than I
Should my heart not know the hand of healing
My tears fall as unnoticed dewdrops
clinging to blades of grass
where you shall not step again

Susan Lacovara

Irish Steppin'

The threads of me o'celtic sweater worn thin
Yet blessed warm the memories me heart holds within
The tea kettle whistle to widen me eyes
Set jig to my feet and leap forth surprise
A glint in me knowin' whereabouts ever might wander
Me roads all lead home to a shout out of 'Slainte'
Announced by the bodhran with true lilt of laughter
The devil may chase me, Irish steppin' I'm faster

Susan Lacovara

Irrigation

You run hot and cold
A showerhead's dousing
Over my aching thoughts
Your words, sometimes sudsy
Full of foamy cream to caress
My skin with silken sweetness
Only then, to wash down the drain
When you've cleansed your own desires
From the grime and crust
Of a long day spent longing
Missing my mouth, my touch
And turning elsewhere, lips to be wetted
You run hot and cold
A garden hose left on
Haphazardly drenching
A newly turned garden
Leaving behind puddles
I will undoubtedly have to jump
You, making mudpie promises
That dry up and harden
In the summer sun
You run hot and cold
A leaky faucet
Someone neglected to fix
Leaving the endless monotonous dripping
As to echo the waste of watered down love

Susan Lacovara

It Never Goes Away....

it never goes away...

never goes away

never goes away

those thousands of hours

when tears

like the great Niagra fell

the wall of clouds

that rambled and reached across

our September smoking skyline

the bodies, breathless souls

carried from the crematorium

that was the Towers footprints

it never goes away...

never goes away

never goes away

the sea of circulated pictures

posted on every pole

Of New York's Lower Manhattan heart

it never goes away...

Jelly Jam And Marmalade

Jelly jam and marmalade
All the plans you have made
Come we'll serve them at our table
Your eyes brown sweet syrup maple

Dine delicious on your stories
Breakfast we two morning glories
Cuppa Joe, cuppa you, cuppa close
What's new....what's new? ? ?

Tin traytop toasting
Back to stay
Jelly Jam and marmalade

Susan Lacovara

Jet Stream

There is enough open sky
That I might find myself
Able to breath again
Should I drop everything
Hop aboard a southbound bird
Finalize the divorce of dreams
That kept me anchored to my seaside sadness

In the bountiful blue
Chasing after cotton clouds
Maybe there I could lose myself
Just long enough to remember
What it felt like to be me
Without you

A new red leather bag
Begs to be broken in
Stuffed full of good intentions and no expectations
Ironically, I bought it to travel to you
Yet you never did well handling other people's baggage
Nor your own, for that matter
Evident when you left your empty carry on behind
Asking me to promptly dispose of it

Still, I know there to be welcoming arms
Big broad smiles upon my touching down
In the gentle compassion
Of a brother who carries his burdens
And has room to spare, for mine
Warmth and well wishes
And old friends that recall me as resilient
And ready for another daydream to call mine
Yes, there needs be a getaway dash
A glimpse of Spring elsewhere
To remind me that not everything
Will remind me of you.

Is the sky really big enough
To put the much needed miles between my broken heart

And the knowledge of how quickly you have flown

Susan Lacovara

Jewels

While I watch you walk away
There is little left to say
Then 'Remember me
Remember me kindly'

And without a fleeting glance
Much less a second chance
'Will you remember me
Remember me kindly

We were once ONE made of TWO
Back then just me and you
Stumbling blindly
Will you remember me kindly
Remember me kindly

And as this chapter nears it's end
Will you still think me your friend
And finally
Remember me kindly
Remember me kindly

Will you remember me
Remember me kindly
Remember me kindly

Susan Lacovara

Journeyman

Stay far from me today
I am not strong enough to resist
falling back into your eyes
The whirlpool of crystal blue
That beckons my surrender

Go where you will
without me tagging along
Let me lag behind in the sadness
of your quick steps
Farther from my side

Watching from a place of barren trees
You seem to walk in circles
Circling the mistakes and misunderstandings
Waiting for the walking green
It is not too late to stop and ask directions

Susan Lacovara

Just Beyond My Reach You Sleep

In my here and now
Another cigarette keeps me company
While just beyond my reach
You sleep
Nestled in a sherpa slumber
Providing you the calm you've sought
And earned, by falling into my carefree bed
My heart longs to warm you
Just like my soft pink sweater
You've decidedly made into your surrogate pillow
Outside, the frozen night
Her fingers chapped
Taps at my window
Hoping I'll let her in
But I will keep her far from you, tonight
And in all the days to come
If that, so be your wish, your want
What words fail to say
My eyes should show,
Look close and deep
What your ears long to hear
Listen, my song will sing
What your hands long to hold, retain
May my touch fulfill
And should you find your heart
In need of answers
Why not simply ask me questions
Saturdays are meant for lovers
Dinners and slow dances
Seeing the future in one another's eyes
But for us, different
I trust you have the tangible truth
As obvious as tonight's moon overhead
That goes, without doubt, to the deepest place
Of soul and self assurance
Easing all that bends you, burdensome
And increasingly serves to blanket you
Just beyond my reach you sleep

Just How Fast A Flower Fades

I am familiar with frost
That fades rose petals
Clinging desperately to the fence
Their summer beauty
Taken for granted
So certain was I
They could long remain
In the brilliant light
Of lover's eyes

Turning ever so slightly
They lower their sweet faces
A noticeable pulling back
Away from my outreached hand
But not without, first,
A wink, a nod
As if to say they shall miss me, too
In some small measure
Knowing we shared a season of sentiment
Love, symbolically on the vine
Leaping colors and lasting fragrance
To perfume my heart and hopes
Too quickly stolen by Autumn's angry arrival
Dare I pick the last of delicate blooms
Press them in the vault of a book
To savor, when comes a time
My heart is strong enough to remember
Just how much you loved those wild roses
Just how much you loved our summer
Just how much you loved me
Just how fast a flower fades

Susan Lacovara

Kaleidoscope Kindness

He gave me my very own set of stars
To plaster to paint my universe
In a box filled with birthday wishes
A wonderous surprise
Of which I am not nearly worthy
He stretches his hand
Across many miles
Magically blowing bubbles
On a breeze
Finding my doorstep, my open window
My endless disbelief
in his kaleidoscope kindness

I shall take time to pick a perfect time
To sip his wine...
Maybe I shall wait to uncork it
Upon an occasion we might one day share
Me, here...him, there
Such a gentle sweet offering
To a maiden, from a knight....

Susan Lacovara

Kept, Kindly

Kept, kindly
like tin soldiers,
steadfast standing,
safeguarding the silver and gold
of my long laid out, late night thoughts
nestled, snug and silent
in the cracked bindings
of brokenhearted reflection...
Shelved, behind the breakfront
of antique pane... and pain...
the stacked dominoes of dare
and despair,
of dancing delight, and doubt, alike
My words, whittled warriors,
bravely battling the years, unfolded,
untold stories, only MY heart heard...
Kept, kindly...
for a day, just like today

Susan Lacovara

Keys Returned

Ironically, the key I made for you
Paid extra to have a personalized design
So you would easily recognize it on your keychain
Amongst the many many others
That open locks to God Knows What
And where...
Now hangs on a pushpin
That keeps my calender in clear view
Ironically, I went ahead and pencilled in
All the important upcoming events
Of our love affair
Wish I hadn't written them in ink

Susan Lacovara

Kinda Like Two Kinda Kids

Stuffed into too much clothing
Keeping the wind chill at bay
On such a day, like today...
Our smiles, flash frozen, to our faces
Determined to dig out
To search for the start of summer
And the beachfront buddies
That we have become.

Two pints of ale,
At the corner pub...
Hoisted in toast to friendship
That's held strong, by frostbitten fingers
While we daydream of ferries,
Crossing the bay
Now covered in icy oblivion
And only the seagulls have courage enough
To sit sunbathing on the pier....

Thanks for a taste of hot coffee kindness
By showing up, travelling unshovelled roads
Just to be sure I was safe...
And my dog could be walked....
Without risk of my slipping

I'll keep the forever photo,
Of us...kinda like two kinda kids
Who got the day off together,
Laughed at lopsided snowmen,
And promised we'd be happier
When the sweet sun sets
At a much later hour...
As we gain our real estate
On the sandy south shore
Melting away...
Like those lopsided snowmen

Susan Lacovara

Knapsack Carry-All

What to tuck in,
Knapsack carry-all...
On a day, like today
Two weeks left of fall
I, frozen in time
With little, save rhyme
Taking me back, to it all...

What to unpack
Carry-all, knapsack
Uncovering, what long buried, deep
Thoughts, just my own
Return me to home
And the last time
I saw you, asleep....

Susan Lacovara

Knocking On His Door

I slept later than usual
This morning
Hoping to hurry this day away

I shall meet you, later,
Not for coffee and conversation
But instead for another reminder
Of your swift stab departure

The trade off of left behind items
Haggling over their actual worth
Memories are golden
But hurt tarnishes every little thing

Will your eyes meet mine
In ways I can recognize

Will words be kind
Or calculated

Will you brush me away
Like a vagrant begging for loose change

Or will you find deep inside yourself
The flicker of a flaming torch
And protect me from being scorched

Without a second thought
Subconsciously dressing to catch your eye
I think to look most beautifully smart
Strong, confident, composed
Pulling it all together
While completely falling apart
Best to not apply mascara
Allowing tears to stain my sketched-on smile
I steady my shaking hands
And bubble-wrap my heart...

You used to notice everything

The flip of my hair
The swing of my hips
The scent of my skin
The pout of my lips

Today I think you will only notice
The sense of relief you feel
When I walk away
Being let off the hook
Of knowing how much this has hurt me
You build taller walls
To secure your fortress
And surround yourself with a moat
Knowing I will not cross into enemy territory
And I doubt you will lower the drawbridge
And offer me safe passage

It is easier for you to see me
In the controlled comfort
Of your space
There, and then, you can call the shots
Telling me of a busy schedule
An important call to make
A hurried hectic day that holds no extra room
For making me feel better

Surely you will see my scars
But you care not to lend first aid
I will leave bleeding

Susan Lacovara

Knowing My Colors

You should have taken more time
To learn and log the colors of me
Feel the lush growing green
Of my natural heart
How each dawn would burst
Through hardened soil
A carpet of care on which to walk

You could have witness my wash of blue
Refreshing as the summer surf
Lingering on your wilting body
When days and ways of the world
Sunburned your soul

In the pale yellow light
Of my softness
There was room for you
To lie by my side
Undisturbed and focused on dreaming

I would have taken you
To the blazing heat of red passion love
Fire and frenzy
That only two bodies braided into one
Can call their own

You'd have seen my paint box of purples
Lilac, lavender, Iris and Violets
Picked with a most purposeful hand
Placed in a vase
Where my fragrance could find you
Remind you....

In the blackest hours of endless night
Your hand had only to reach for mine
And all the gray of time would dissolve
Allowing for the pillory white of angel wings

To lift your heart in hope

The crimson crumpled leaves of Autumn
Golden, until they fell
Now follow the breeze, blindly
(As do I)
Down the street where you no longer reside
A street without certain color

Susan Lacovara

Knowing This

A creased and crumpled up snatch of paper
Containing the please-keep-me phone number
From once when I was your lover
Lies hidden like a hibernating bear
Or a dormant cocooned caterpillar
Wrapped in it's preserving silk

I think your commitment to forget it
Erase it's digits from all memory
Is exactly the reason
You have so long kept it
Just to be sure
You don't accidentally dial it
While attempting to call someone new

Susan Lacovara

Lady Elizabeth

Even the oceans are envious
Of her blue eyes
Endless like summer skies
On a perfect day
You could sink deep into
The beauty of her glance
And if by chance
You should see her dance
Like a snowflake that gracefully floats
Light with a bounce of breeze
She to do as she'll please
With her porcelain poise
And playful perspective
Now turns sixteen, yesterday's reflective
Romping through ritual rites of growing up
Her cup always full of wonder and wishes
Life ahead is luscious and long
And she belongs to the song of nature
Simple sweet songs she carries
In hands that will one day
Turn the world into a kinder place
Her face brings butterfly softness
To even the most gray of days
I think it right that she finds delight
In all the surroundings of sixteen

Susan Lacovara

Lady Gray

Her gated garden
With rusted rails
Where once the trellised roses grew
Beneath the crush of frozen snow
And days she does not think as new

Susan Lacovara

Last First Kiss

Ah, but to obtain
The last first kiss
Stolen from his lips
To consummate forever
Needing none other

What joy to fall into
The white flag surrender
Of sweetness
Held in arms that uplift
The sun into morning shine
Mine

All roads have led to him
I unpack all I carried long
Lining the drawer, set aside
With an emptying of reflection
Knowing it was here, all the while
My soul to be stored

With each day, every
I, to be lost in his scent
The rapture of belonging
Where land meets sky
Falling to the breath he breathes
Dispensing what I once shuttered
The sill of open windows
Carry his words and wishes
Near me, a collection of kindness
For ribbon tied bundles,
To keep

My lips have known many
And too many had stolen their worth
Yet he finds them new
And never to fade from nectar sweet
Whereas I waited
Dreams of streams and starlight
Simple songs my heart to sing

Here in this bliss
My last first kiss

Susan Lacovara

Last Call For Lovers, Gamblers And Wayward Wanderers

I want to give you reason
To fall safely into my arms
Desperate for another chance
To recoup your heavy losses
After placing a silly bet
That I wouldn't go the distance

Nestle you in forgiving indifference
For your lengthy stay...somewhere else...
Invest in your latest ill-planned scheme
And provide an airtight alibi
For where you were,
When you could have easily been with me...
But needed to double-down, one last hand...

I'd come, without a moment's notice,
To the darkened street corner,
On the outskirts of any town,
Awakened from the comfort of my bed, too wide,
To snatch you, staggering, from too much bourbon,
Too little luck, and not enough sleep,
And tuck you in, tender to the touch
After the awful assault of midnight' s invitation
To gamble away that which you should have kept..
Last Call for lovers, gamblers and Wayward wanderers...
Daylight comes swift, and with all too harsh a judging hand
Let me be your one safe bet...

Susan Lacovara

Lasting Indentation

Try as I might
I cannot smooth away the indentation
you left upon my mattress

When long I slept alone
My soul under quilted covering
From the raw and unrighteous world outside
Nesting in my safe serenity
The wild wind kept at bay

When long I slept alone
I gained the peace from deep slumber
Limbs not tangled in another
Unaware of what my heart kept a hidden desire
I aspired only to making my way through my own day
And fall under the Sandman's spell, my reward

But there it is...
The ghost of you refusing to vanish

When long I slept alone
One sided shifting from side to side
Across the great divide
Of a bed far too wide for one
I never noticed what I was missing
I had grown accustomed to dreaming alone
Bundled in pillows mimicking a lover's embrace
I did not, then, dream of your face
I simply slipped away into subconscious surrender

But there it is...
The ghost of you refusing to vanish

But there it is

Susan Lacovara

Lately, You

Lately, You
Have stolen me
From the shuttered Windows
Of winter's wishes

Lately, You
Have robbed me blind
Of the empty hours
Of poet's pain

Lately, You
Have chiseled a hole
In the jailhouse hollow
Of my heart

Lately, You
Have held in ransom
My every kiss
My eternal wish

Lately, You
Have arrested my intentions
Leaving me with a mugshot
Of what I dare to dream

Susan Lacovara

Lattitude

Space serves as no link
Gravity holds my heart, on keep
Yours, a dream, I sleep

Susan Lacovara

Leave Now, But For A Moment

Go now, from my side,
and from my insides,
When you linger, I get little done...
Such a fantastic distraction

Leave now, but for a moment,
while I spin in circles, that sketch your face,
collapsing in dizzy daydreams of you
Wonderfully winded, and wanting more

Move now, just out of sight,
so that I might notice the seasons changing
or the hours passing...or the crickets chirping
Anything...anything...other than you

Depart, sudden and with smooth escape
With footfall light, as an Irish mist
That you'll be missed, with every lick of my lips
Leave Now, but for a moment.....

Susan Lacovara

Left In My Lonely

You should have left me there
in my lonely
For I barely noticed I was alone
until you disrupted my days
and interrupted my fantasies
with big pockets full of platinum promises

Now, like an old woman
who forgets to turn her calendar page,
every day is longer than twenty four hours
and minutes feel like an eternity
I forget to eat, for nothing taste sweet
I dismiss brushing my hair
for it no longer
to brush against your face

What of this place
where only the furnace firing
provides artificial warmth

You should have left me there
in my lonely
unaware of what I was missing
Dreaming only of the romance
printed in my dusty books
And unaware of the loving looks
I miss, now,
in my lonely

Susan Lacovara

Lemonade Lady

She was both summertime and subtlety
Stitched with woven threads of transparency
Fresh as sheets strung on a line
She smelled of dew and clementines

The cocoa brown of her deep eyes
Sometimes seem to prophesize
That which with the seasons would unfold
A storyteller's soul spinning gold

She was magic dust and daffodils
Announced by birds on windowsills
A liquidity to the stride she kept
Few could guess how long she'd wept

She wore billowy blouses and shed her shoes
Near the breeze of the sea and without clues
Mingled in the briars, the woods, the vines
An evergreen heart by the forested pines

She noticed each petal, each puddle of rain
Stayed in the meadow of her thought's sweet refrain
Certain that time was soon coming her way
She washed her hands in the mist of the bay

And without nearly a reason or warranted notion
Slept in the calm and the call of the air by the ocean
Browned by the egg break of the dawn's yellow sun
She wondered how life had become so undone

Yet she'd bend, as branches do, refusing to break
Seeing a crystal clear reflection of hope on the lake
And when the west wind would rally to kick up it's heels
She'd stroll with defiance headstrong to the fields

The rose of her cheeks, a blush bravely worn
Such beauty to witness, no prick of a thorn
For out there for taking her own fortun'd fable
If only for questing, if only, if able

Susan Lacovara

Let Me See Inside Of Your Beautiful

Let me see inside of YOUR beautiful
For the love you've given me
is quite the miracle
You're the one, who took this one,
To bright, from blue
And showed me everyday
was beautiful...

When it seems at times,
the world forgot my face
And each room I entered into,
became, but, a lonely place
Tried erasing all the hardships,
that I'd been through...
Then you reach on in,
And bring me back...
To beautiful

Let me see inside of YOUR beautiful
For the love you've given me,
is, but, a miracle
You're the one, who took this one,
Without a clue...
To a new perspective point of view
Of beautiful....

When the seasons change,
and they do, each spring and fall
Well...there's been times I think, I thought
I'd lost it all
I was stuck inside my simple sort
of solitude...
Then you return me back
To beautiful...

Comes a time, I know,
my hair, to gray...
There's one thing I hope for
And for this I pray

That my friends remain,
In loyalty, and plentitude
By God's own grace, and goodness,
Beautiful...

Let me see inside of YOUR beautiful
For the love you've blessed me with,
So great, it's magnitude..
You're the ones, who taught this one
I know it's true...
And you've returned my thoughts
To beautiful...

I'll Let you see inside of MY beautiful
For the love I feel for you...
It's immeasurable...
I'm the one, who loves
each one of you,
Through and through...
And I believe you, each,
Are beautiful...

Come let's share tonight...
With stars and sweet moonlight...
'Cause everything alright...
Just B. E. A. U. T. I. F. U. L.

Susan Lacovara

Letters Of Intent

I am mad at myself
For lighting another stick
Filling lungs with tainted air
Barely there
And with reason for feeling vulnerable
I was straight-lined-on-track
For bettering the bones
The body, the blood
That pumped into this tarnished heart
From the very start
Before you broke the branches of our boughs
And now, I browse
Through the vows
That have the missing vowels
Of 'U' and 'I'

Susan Lacovara

Light

My eyes light up

inside the thought of you

Your smile like fireflies

I've caught a one

or two

While the summer strokes

my shoulders

And the breeze blows back

my mane

Dare I dream, dare I dream

you'll come again

Susan Lacovara

Light II

What flashes now,

Like lightning strikes

With thunder pulses

My heartbeat spikes

In the long forgotten hours

When only moon light knows my name

Dare I dream

Dare I dream

You come again

Light III

In the Sandman' s sprinkled promises

You ride in from the storm

Chilled to the bone

(from your travels, alone)

I just wanna keep you warm

Just wanna keep you warm

'Til the morning pokes her head

Around the bend...

Dare I dream

Dare I dream

You come again

Susan Lacovara

Lighthouse

I like that you took good care
Of the smiles I left behind
And stored them safely
Wrapped in linen handkerchiefs
We bought in the garment district
After a long train ride to the city
And knowing in your old piano benchseat
You've tucked away the sheet music
To my favorite Simon and Garfunkle songs
And every once in awhile
For no reason, hum them aloud
It pleases me profoundly
That you remember my middle name
Not just my initial
And still address letters to me
Using 'Miss'
On nights when the air hangs heavy
With lonely thoughts of what happened
To the eternity lovers swear by
I like that you lift a lantern

In the lighthouse of our long ago love

Susan Lacovara

Liiberation

Silence is louder
after the midnight hour
Being propelled
into yet another forecasted day
of the chilly climate
of living in your absence

Overthinking what seems so incorrect
Us, apart...
Me, struggling to keep face
and make sense of the nothingness
that was left behind
The unkind liberation of my heart
that wished only to be a part of yours

Susan Lacovara

Like Icarus

Drawn to the halcyon heat of
His smile
And the blinding light
that is his laughter
I soar
Beyond what I know
Is best
Hearing muffled voices
Way down in the valley of reason
Calling for me to come back
Descend to an altitude
Which saves me from the threat
Of having my wings melt
Leaving me to the sudden spiral
Like Icarus
Stupid in his love for the sky
Blue as his eyes

Susan Lacovara

Lila Sea

She is but a pint sized child in my mind
Chasing ice cream trucks and dragonflies
Stumbling in the swirl of her yellow skirt
The Spring breeze her only compass

She looks for kittens to bring home
And catches tadpoles in a jar
Lets a song out on a kite string
And danced when she sees the stars

She has lips of watermelon moistness
A face of fresh cream mixed with freckles
Skinny legs and some times skinned knees
No planned direction for her many dreams

Pulling weeds she sees as flowers
Naming trees thought to be friends
Scooping sunbeams to carry in her memory's pocket
Walking over bridges to her castle created

Never is a day too long or a night too short
There is no clock that guides her steps
Under a blissfully blue sky wide
The world awakes when she arises

Susan Lacovara

Limerick To Laugh At One's Self

There sat, an old maid, trapped in Shirley
Who woke, to feed cat's and dogs, early...
Turned calendar pages
And counted lost wages
With attitude sweet, sometimes surly.

Susan Lacovara

Lion

Lion

Fiercely proud

Protective

Lie on

The swaying grass

Patient to pounce

When spying a kill

Lyn' eyes

Those who tempt the courage

Of the big eyed cat

Whose heart even larger

Keeps the hunger alive

Lion

Basking beneath the glorious mane

Quietly regal

Majestically purring

Holding the roar at bay

Susan Lacovara

Little Fish In The Great Pond

Hardly noticed...
But I am here
Still here
Always here
Here, here, always here....
Swimming against the currents

Sucking in air
Puffing up
Avoiding the lure, the hook
Paddling....purposefully paddling
Paddling, paddling, always paddling
Here, here, always here
Swimming against the currents

Tiny to some....
But bigger than any could truly imagine
Should they look beneath the surface
I am, in measure, but a minnow
With a whale's heart
And a shark's tenacity
Here, here, always here.

Paddling, paddling, always paddling
Here, here, always here
Swimming against the currents

Susan Lacovara

Little Notes

Take hold of me today
(I tell myself "it'll be okay")
and walk
and talk
and let them see me on display
(even if it's all pretend)

Take time for me today
(I tell myself "I'm on my way")
and bend
and mend
and look for a foreign friend
(even if it's all pretend)

Susan Lacovara

Little Poem Lost

In a careless click, of keyboard, delete
My purposeful write, captured ever sweet
Escapes into outer space, cyberspace, gone
Floats into the atmosphere of the unheard song

Susan Lacovara

Long Ago On A Lawn

We didn't know better
Back then
How time would chase our dreams
Change them
Alter us
Divide our days
Into sections
And slices
Must Dos
And Must Haves
And a million
Maybe another times

You were just the boy across the lawn
When summers were still long
And the grass was wet
Beneath our bare feet
Back then, my friend
Back then

Who would surmise
The imaginary mountains
We climbed as kids
Having nothing better to do
Would turn to mountains of bills
Receipts to file
And schedules to keep
While still in the same shift of seasons

You never aged in my heart
You never went gray
You're still the same old smiling boy
Whose door I knocked on
'Come out and play'

Susan Lacovara

Longitude

Two points, distant light
Polar opposite seasons spent
Mapped out, uncharted

Susan Lacovara

Looking Up

The come again, the Persiads...
Showering their sparks into my solace
My solitude
Breaking through the barrier of night sky
Streaking towards my open hands
To hold again, you, and then
In delightful disposition
My declaration of what is most beautiful
Their starry light
And the light of your green eyes
Both hold me captive...

They come 'round as summer draws her last breath
You left me breathlessly begging for your return
If by chance you should see the falling stars
Far from my field, up on your hill
Stop and study them...
For they are ours, in that fleeting moment
That atmospheric alignment
Of two hearts stranded from each other
And make the wish that I shall speak
That time is only time, ill sent
If we are still to be parted

Susan Lacovara

Love Drowns In The Lake

Why betray the long sought after
Blessing of LOVE
When finally placed
With purposeful precision
Into your own hands

She stood shining
In all her lakeside loveliness
Wide-eyed wishful and welcoming
Pointing out stars she had wished upon
Recounting the secrets of her soul
Giving hand tied bundles of love letters
While lacing fragrant flowers in her hair
To you, to you, to only you
Was it not enough

You saw the stretch of her soulfulness
That blanketed your broken being
It was there, all there...
That dream of complete care

From the first blink of her bedroom eyes
Finding your morning rise
To her daily feedings of filling you empty cup
She danced in the daylight of possibility
Slept safe, in your slumbering embrace
And traced the outline of your chin
So as to begin to know every inch of you

Why betray that simple love
She asked for little more than your impeccable truth
For first you had promised as much
She shifted sun and moon to make way for you
Altered her imagination to encompass
All you so eagerly announced would be hers

With your chalkboard eraser
A sudden swipe
To clear what was happiness, handwritten

Your intentional words turning to dust
Gone in an instant
Like a comet's tail, gone dark and disappearing

She now stands silent
A ghost by the lonely lakeside
Watching the fog lift
Vaporize into the blackened night sky
Of betrayed love

Susan Lacovara

Low Resistance

You leave town
I develop a summer cold
That keeps me from leaving my bed
Barely able to lift my head
I tell myself I am sniffing
Because the sinus medication
Was past it's expectation date
I lie, out loud, to myself

You turn onto the interstate
Of another state
And I wait for the antibiotics to kick in
Face pale, looking thin
Perhaps I am allergic to your leaving

I was fine, before I wasn't...
Now mixing home remedies
Of herbal tea and love song lyrics
Swallowing handfuls of reread letters
In hopes of getting better

You tell me rest awhile, take it easy
There is no easy rest without you
Eyes puffy, I attribute that to cat's dander
And surrender to cool linen sheets
That mock me, in my melancholy medicated state

Why this fever now...
When I need the distraction of energy most
Busying myself with mundane tasks
Effortless errands
Erasing the overwhelming desire
To be under your care

Take two of these...And text me in the morning

Susan Lacovara

Lure

Line cast...

Into the calm water

that is his armour...

Lure, intact...

I wait...

Will he take the bait

And bite...

Holding tight,

The tension of my tug

must remain consistent,

if but a bit relaxed

as not to lose him from the line

But slowly, steadily...reel him in.

Susan Lacovara

Maiden Flight

Though you may think me wounded
Fell, headfirst, from my nest
No wind beneath my weakened wings
Horizon's reach, far fetched
Don't look upon me grounded
I've courage, still to try
Once mended and rebounded
I'll take to the sky
And fly, soaring high,
To heights, you might deny
And fly beyond the heavens eye....

Susan Lacovara

Making Magic

Early rise, exemplifies
With baited breath, and focus
I took note, of when she spoke
Her promised hocus pocus

Joined best, to quest, I must confess
On tailcoat, blows expedition,
The winds of change, she'll rearrange
So dreams come, to fruition

Spinning woven threads, overhead
I, tangled, a hostage held...
Conceived, convinced, dare I, to wince
And tempt, her sorceress spell

Follow her lead, the sprinkled seeds
Pied piper, lightly stepping
Navigation, crescendo elation,
Halcyon days, spent prepping

The minstrel boys, release their noise
To youth, reverse my aging
We'll prance and dance, find lost romance
In mystic music, staging

I surrender, for I remembered
She's the power to resurrect
A wounded sparrow, on broken branch, narrow
Least her magic, might I, forget

Susan Lacovara

Mandolin Wind

In a whisper of want
You arrive
Smelling of summertime
And a well oiled baseball mit
Apologetic for appearing too thin
And hungry for leftover affection
To fatten you up

We like to talk in dimly lit rooms
Where faults cast little shadows
Safely snuggled in giggles
And good songs from the seventies

You love the smell of berries
And oranges
I love that you love my dog

What is missing is nothing
Everything is cleared away
Like a skilled secretary filing
Menial memos
Rearranging the scheduled appointments
As to allot you time
Anytime

We are kind to our friendship
It suits us well
Warm in the tender truth
That we share no lies
And are calmed by midnight skies

I wish I knew how to play the mandolin
I'd gladly strum you to sleep
For now I smile the smile
That is meant for only you
And blow a kiss on the mandolin wind

Susan Lacovara

Many Things

Many things mean more
As I add them up
Rolling time like cigarettes
Counting days til with you...

Making excuses for a grin, too wide
I welcome your next season
Sleep provides a respite
Sunflowers tip their blushing faces
Envious of what we have uncovered
Design a world for two

Susan Lacovara

Marked 'Yesterdays'

A corrugated box,
Stored high on a shelf
In the basement boiler room
Cobwebbed carton
Keeping slides and slices of me
Memorized
Magically encapsulated
In the pages of a dozen calendars
That are dotted and dashed
With events and appointments
I once attended
Or kept
With the right handed held Sharpie
Initials...S.L. contents
Declaring those days once were mine
To do with as I pleased
Handwritten reminders of birthday' s
Of lover's
When the Yankee would play the Red Sox
When my mother died
When my dentist expected me
To show up with a little courage
When my rent was due
When my beautiful nieces were born
When my heart was broken
When the circus was coming to town
All in a pile, stacks of years lived
Some better than others
Why I saved them
I am not entirely sure
Perhaps to remain myself
Three hundred sixty five days
Though often felt an eternity
Merely just calendar pages

Susan Lacovara

Mason Jar Moments

I loved you more than love allowed
Beyond the break of day
Into the wild and winding woods
Beside the ocean's spray

I felt your skin it pulled me in
And what else to compare
Then sweet to sleep in nestling warmth
And wake to find you there

And how to jar this labelled love
Preserve your nectar kiss
To sip and swallow should I thirst
On mornings such as this

To think your smile eclipsed the sun
I did not shade my eyes
So blinded by your buttered touch
Felt all too satisfied

I loved you more than love allowed
And braved the stinging pain
Of having known the depths of you
And what no more remains

Susan Lacovara

Mathematical Formulation

I know one plus one, is two,
But two divided leaves one alone
And calculating...
If a train leaves New York
At seven...
And another leaves Carolina at nine
Both traveling
As fast as pulse through veins
How long until they find
Each other's platformed embrace

Multiply in the fraction of time
It took
For us to fall...
Subtract all the noise from outside sources
And find the circumference of the circle
That holds us in gravitational pull

The square root of all evil
Is longing and lusting
I am the x to your y
An equation easily solved
You do the math

Susan Lacovara

Maybe Now

Maybe now...

The light will turn green

The songbirds will speak to me

The days will grow longer

Without you

Maybe now....

Friends will recognize me in a crowd

My hair will blow in summertime breezes

Love song lyrics won't haunt me

Without you

Maybe now...

Something will shift my starry eyes

There will be a card in the mailbox

I'll remember my love of dancing

Without you

Maybe now...

The cat will cuddle closer, lie in my lap

My dog won't stare at me in disbelief

Children will bounce gayly into summer

Without you

Maybe now...

I'll see past the promises you dangled

Grab hold of a beautiful windy day

Find somehow to move in a new direction

Without you

Susan Lacovara

Meditation In The Middle Of May

I was warm beneath the song of the sun
Toasting my skin to tan
Cleared the attic of my thoughts
Free of cobwebs and clutter
To just lie still
On a canvas of grass
Losing my way into the calm
Of birds on a branch in song
Unaware my heart was ever heavy
Kept breathing, in time with nothing
But the flash of colors
Bouncing before my closed eyes
Sliding around a Ferris wheel
Of forgotten cares
There in the meditation
In the middle of May
I knew nature felt my respect
No bud opened went without notice
So peaceful the pulsing through my veins
That I could stay true
In the moment forever

Susan Lacovara

Melting Icicle

Rising tides of temptation led you to her silver shore
Effervescent laughter fell from lips long remember
Beauty was a beacon she saw little of in her mirror
Only until you showed how she did shine
Unresolved threads tied you to a past you said was forgotten
Netting her heart was an uncourageous act
Dangling a future that was merely a melting icicle

Susan Lacovara

Might I Hide

If I ask that you not look into my eyes
Not today, not now, not too deeply
Will I be able to conceal the sorrow
Acting as if the world still appears new

If I keep my head lowered and not meet the glance
Of the chance strangers on the street
Could I come off as complete
A passing figure of lightness

If I bury my head in a book, in the park
Beneath the canopy of falling leaves
Would I be allowed to grieve in my silence
Without disrupting the songbirds

If I ask that you not ask how I am
This day, today, and maybe tomorrow
Might I borrow a moment of Grace from God
Feeling so small, breaking so hard

Susan Lacovara

Mindset In d Night

New, to me....
This calming home
A cottage far from the worries I carried
Like bricks on my back, so long,
So now, left behind...brilliant
And beautiful the snow tonight
Although Spring stepped in to take center stage
An understudy ushered back into the wings
Winter waits for her just applause

I wait for him, now happily
Braided rugs, brushed back hair
A vase of bright blooms on our table
Yes, our table
Teacups for two, while one waits,
The other winds up his spools of solitude
Soon to join, in the arms of pine trees
Their days to paint with slower strokes

Free to breath in serene air
What was broken, stronger
What was trouble, triumph
What is hers, now can be shared as his
Blankets, bedding, breakfast, bending branches
Woven into a tiara, crowning their quieted habitat
Where sleeping cats and a faithful hound
Complete their cozy corner, tucked away, in trust

Such beauty and beginnings here...
Age has disappeared, leaving no forwarding address
Sweet return to dreams I used to call my own
Awakened by the promise of peaceful nights
Beside the red barn, beneath the moon
Surrounded by the sound of stillness
Come and lay your shoulders near mine
And feel the opening of our story

Susan Lacovara

Misfit Right In

Where to begin, Misfit-Right In
Do your colorful shoelaces
match your lip gloss grin
Does that hat that you're sportin'
Have too big a brim...
While you carry your library card,
On your way to the gym...
Are you wearing purple goggles
Prepared for a swim...
What's that, a martini glass
With margarita salt rim...
Sunglasses, though it's thundering,
And a cameo pin...
Hair, tosselled, but braided,
Baby's breath, tucked within
Torn tee shirt, with sequins
Henna tattooed on your skin,
Blowing Bazooka bubbles
Through teeth, porcelain....
Faded old blue jeans
Torn, your knees, how'd you skin...
Where are you headed
Miss Fit-Right In? ? ? ?

Susan Lacovara

More Than I Ask

You give me more than I know
More than I ask
More than I ever believed
You give me more than you show
More without task
More than one should ever receive

You bring me more than I need
More than I could use
More than my hands could ever hold
You bring more flowers from seed
You bring more sunlight that grows
More beauty for me to unfold

You teach me more than is real
You learn there's more of my heart
You see more than the skin I am in
You bring more to the deal
Much more from the start
More than I ask, let love begin

Susan Lacovara

Morning Made Simple

The hints of surviving
More than a half century of seasons
Pry open the hardened soil
Of both soul and Earth
Blades of yellow green
Slicing through the last of Winter
Reassuring me that I am not as invisible
As you have led me to believe
Like the coming crocus
And the dare to dance again daffodils
What, in me, laid dormant
Forces it's way to flourish again
The sun steeps, as if a cup of tea
Calming...

Susan Lacovara

Morning Soft Song

With only the rain's rhythm
To announce another Saturday
I welcome the quiet of awakening thoughts
I steer from the static
Of televised chatter
Noise that offends the ear

The hum of my house
Pleasant enough
The clock's steady swinging pendulum
Counting the minutes of calm
The distant soft purr
Of my ancient cat
Reminds me
To him, each day quite the same

Outside the thirsty ground swells
A soaking soon after summer went away
The slightest of haze hovers the lake
As to keep the day in a sleepy state

I care not to disturb the serenity
Lounging instead with a lazy swallow
Of a well steeped cup of Earl Grey tea
And time for me
Yes... time for me

The fattened dog appears from another room
Attentively curls around my feet
He's fond of slow steps and stretches
And mornings when my attention
Is not yet focused elsewhere

If to bottle this hour
Save it, store it on a high shelf
Knowing soon the trees will be bare
The winds with biting brutality
Will cause me hesitation
Of taking to the streets

For my early mind clearing wanderings
Than I would preserve this gentle morning
Of rainfall that offers a song

Susan Lacovara

Morsels Of Momentos

A hair stored within a locket
Put a pinch, me, in your pocket
Antique heart's key, to unlock it
...Should you care

Splash a drop of my fine perfume
On your pillow in your bedroom
On the scarf made from my own loom
...Sweet the air

Found some beachglass near a seashell
What a perfect pair they went well
With pressed Autumn leaves last year fell
...Just in case

Left a teddy bear, to cuddle
Sent a message in a bottle
Bicycle built for two, full throttle
...Wins the race

Should you miss me comes the evening
And the sight of me when leaving
Brings your thought to certain grieving
...Please do this

Though some others they may mock it
My heart lifts off like a rocket
Put a pinch, me, in your pocket
...With a kiss

Susan Lacovara

Mourning Dove

I did not keep him from his dreams
I opened the window to let them fly
Invited the gales to carry him
Over the pine trees
To a distance my begging eyes
Could not view
And I knew this
Early on
I saw the writings on the wall
But chose to skim the page

One is better at believing
The lies they tell themselves
When love intervenes
And logic dies a hard death
Excuses come packed in a heavy crate
Like the Fruit of the Month Club
Sweet juicy selections
Bound to brown and spoil

Over and over I imagined a scenario
Where your wings would tire from flapping
Your eyes would search the horizon
For my faraway branch
And with a deliberate descending
Through space
And spaced out reasoning
You would want only to land
Where I laid quietly engulfed
In a featherbed made of misery's memories

I could have held you better
Could have clipped your wings
With demands and commands
That lovers often toss at one another
Seeds to feed the pigeons
That know a meal is offered daily
Should they choose not to leave that square

I could have held you better
Preening your ruffled feathers
A most exotic bird of many colors
To cage you would have been merciless
Yet it would have given me something to love
On sad mornings in November

Susan Lacovara

Muddled Muse

You are my maniacal muse
Interrupting every morning thought
Spilling like black coffee
Onto white linen
I cannot bleach you out

You are the adolescent paperboy
Delivering to me
Songs I have never before heard
Leaving them on my doorstep
Wrapped in plastic
Safe from the rain

I reach for another cigarette
Promising myself to shed the old habit
And then realize how you habitually carouse my mind

You make me want to play in the sun
Wander in the woods
Sleep late on Sunday
Fill my kitchen with spiced air
And stretch out sleepily
In your arms

The only thing I do not know
Is if you know this
At all.....

Susan Lacovara

Must We Always Part In Autumn

Just as the myriad of colors begin to tumble
Just as the sweating summer waves her final farewell
Just as the winds change from gentle breezes,
To the threat of gales...

I hide my heart in my hip pocket,
Pretend that I can rake up all my sorrow seeing you leave...
Only to watch the temperature dropping
Like my tears...

Must We always part in Autumn
As ripened pumpkins are pulled from the vine
Now you too, are harvested from me...
And sent to a Farmer's Market, southward bound....

Amid the crimson, golden yellows, amber shades of burnt sienna
Crisp and crackling under my footfall
Aware I'll soon take to my solitary strolls...alone
All the while singing songs I hope will carry on the breeze to you.

Time now, the sun dips quicker in the afternoon sky...
Time soon, we'll say goodbye...
Must we always part in Autumn
As if the seasons do not know how much I love you.

Susan Lacovara

My Brother's Voice

Dance Little Sister

Dance

To the chance

That the moon's coming up

Again

Dance Little Sister

Dance

Under purple skies

Of your Friday night

Leave the sound of silence

In the back room

With the t.v. on

And dance Little Sister

Dance

Before the day is gone

Come out to the front lawn

And dance Little Sister

Dance

Susan Lacovara

My Dog Awaits

My dog awaits
My day to end
I should follow his lead
Curl up cozy
And realize
He is older in his years
Then I
And probably knows better
When to call it a day

Susan Lacovara

My Father's Saints

Pinching prayers into the polished beads
Of rosary in hand
They stand in row after row
A sea of souls
Bowing at the Basilica' s beauty
Tearful and joyfully rejoicing
The relics of saints
Set before their searching eyes
To spy a souvenir
Of divinity declared

On the backstreet bend
Of a seaside town
My father woke early and often
Sat by the statue of St. Jude
In sunlight serenity
Speaking truths his heart held with relevance
Sure there was a heavenly reward
For the faithful life he led
And at home in a carved out corner
Of a room blessed with belief
He, proud to display a makeshift altar
Where miracles grew from no explained reason

My mother had her reservations
But later in life resolved to receive
The Deacon' s weekly visitation
And put her fate into the highest hands
Before she entered out of her pain
And beyond the life left behind
For her children to confess
Is less about fear, more about faith

In the pocket of pants
Silver medallions
Scapulas strung from dressing room mirrors
Candles and bibles, prayer cards and crosses
All relegating a compassed path
To a greater understanding of what

Cannot yet be conceived
But beneficently believed

I know of miraculous mending
Without question...
I have angels and answers
And reflection
And on this day when St. Peter's Square
Basks in pageantry and processions
To the pontiff's anointing and appointing
Recognizing the good in the common man
I think of my father as one of those good men
And then, of my father's saints

Susan Lacovara

My Heart Young

I habituate in romantic folly
Can not disguise these eyes
Caught up on the conveyor belt
Circling round your smile
Yanking myself from the entanglement
My heart young, again
Lover friend
My act of contrition, my admission
Moving to the momentum
Of your mighty lure
I endure the shift of sand
If but to stroke your hand
In the hurricane aftermath of
Losing myself, my stable home
All my belongings...To you
My heart young

Susan Lacovara

My Maybe Morning

In the company of yellow pansies
Hybiscus blooms and your shadow
Still pacing the patio
I slowly sip the morning
Focusing on the green trees
That shelter my sad thoughts
Of where you may be now
The sparrows court the pretty breeze
Teasing me to follow along, their song
I only hear your morning yawn
And my maybe morning hopes return
Tricking me to think yesterday
Never happened
The petunias don't seem to notice me
As they gather up prime real estate
Where then, your footprints stamped the soil
The neighborhood is still asleep
But I could not bear another minute
In the bed, so bare, without you
The planes overhead, a constant cursed reminder
Of the day, that took three days,
For you to actually leave
And now, this solitary Sunday
Separated by not only state lines
But squirrelled-up stalemate so-what's
I can't help myself from the daydream
That you are missing my morning mouth
On this, my maybe morning

Susan Lacovara

My Own Design

By my own design
I, keeping time
with the clock on the wall
Packaged up parcels
Put into U-haul
Cartons stored in the back of my heart
What keeps us apart
The too many miles
Of the ribbon stretched highway
Of your too many smiles
Now seems like forever
You went away
Alone on the Avenue
Of Forever And A Day
And while we're apart
What becomes of the heart
That heard all of my tales
And should I grow old
Will you still be there
With my hand to hold
Inside of a song
That breezes on by
On the gales of a storm
Will we toast the town,
In our yesterday gown
Keeping in step with time
By my own design

Susan Lacovara

My Saddened Sky

In the late hours of lonely
My midnight walk under the moon, almost full
I am half empty...

I remind myself the simple task
Of looking up

Just above the naked tree limbs
Hovering atop my neighbor's roof
The stars...
Positioned noticeably lower
As if daring my hand to reach for them
Old friends failing to desert me

The dreamy clouds tinted blue gray
Whisper my name in shared sorrow
They float away from the moon
As if to say it is not gone
They beg I look again...
As if they, too, were invested in our love

Nothing, but I, stirs on the street
Under the loss of love lamplight
What echoes in the quiet
The solitary sound of my own footsteps
Wandering where once you were

The Little Dipper tries scooping my sadness
Into a ladled place of poured out emotion
The North Star begs forgiveness
Thinking she steered me astray
Cassiopeia simply cries stardust tears
That before were diamonds

Susan Lacovara

My Stay Up Late All Night, For You, Love Song

I'm gonna write you a love song
Gonna stay up late, all night and hum along
Til the nightingale and mourning dove
Perfect their harmony
To my stay up late, all night
For you, love song

I'm gonna wear you a sundress
And dance among the daisies in the hill
While you ride your tractor round and round in circles
When you're done...come find me
I'll be dancing still

It's a simple way, to live a simple life
And a hard day's work's not hard to do
And in every way, without thinking twice
I add lyrics to my serenade for you

I'm gonna stitch you a sweater
Take a class that teaches knitting and crochet
Spend my winter afternoons beside the fire
In a rocking chair, I'll rock our cares away

I'm gonna write you a love song
Gonna stay up late, all night and hum along
Til your kisses fall unto my lips while singing
The words to my stay up late, all night
For you, love song

And you, and you, and you will be my Mister
Cause I don't wanna miss out on loving you
Now that I've gotten all I wished for
On a mountain made of miracles, for two

Then we can build a fortress
In a cozy hideaway where love will grow
Surrounded by the nights inside our passion
Where the rivers of our hope will overflow

Oh yeah I'm gonna write you a love song
Gonna stay up late, all night and hum along
Til you needn't search for anyplace, but near me
Lay right next to me, it's where you do belong
Come and stay up late, I'll sing you our love song
It's my stay up late, all night
For you, love song

Susan Lacovara

Myself Returned

Forgive that I have been far too long
Too far away from you

Consumed by little of true importance
I meandered through the winter months
Like a shepherd seeking his flock

I sifted through the spread out hours
Grains of sands falling from the hold of my hand
Head down against the whistle of the wind

And now, here I am
Returned to familiar soil

I exhale
Allowing myself to embrace what changed

Coming back to corners where soft light falls
And I accept the invitation of an oversized chair
Near the window where I can watch the lake lounging
Under the colors of sunset's calm

I sometimes forget the abundance that simplicity offers
Until the moon reminds me to look up

Susan Lacovara

Name Him

Might it all be true, this man, this you
Arranging what could right the wrong
Rescued from a sea of strangers
Captive to her siren's song

Susan Lacovara

Namely Nothing Makes Sense

Relish all that he was in a snow globe mirage

Accepting there was little I could do

Yesterday will yellow with time and thickened skin

Making room for mending and maybe some other miracle

On the summit of sadness a heart hardly beats

Nearer to heaven through my prayers of healing

Darkness pretends to be my friend

When the light fails to find me

Real as it was, the dream was disturbed

Everyone and everything wears a thin disguise

In the questing and questioning of a true love

No one is safe from the danger of derailment

Happy? Is that something reserved for others

Authenticity replaced by blinding lightening

Roaring of thunder where before there was song

Damned by the same hand that held onto hers

Torn seams, bare threads, ripped

Susan Lacovara

No Artificial Sweetener Added

No sticky finger residue
Or candy coated high fructose filler
To fatten up the first impression
Only the high caloric laughter
You served well
A tasty tapas of appealing appetizers
Of what I might anticipate
Plated as the next course
No chemical preservatives
Laced in
To make you appear more delicious
Instead, like selecting the perfect peach
You were well rounded
Heavy in juicy content
Skin pleasing to the touch
Homegrown in sunlight
Hand picked at the opportune time
Lingering long on the pallet
Just the right amount of sugar
No artificial sweetener added

Susan Lacovara

No Echo

Maybe it is for the best

That the rest do not resemble you
And life tugs us in different directions

Another change of address for both
Ricocheting boomerang love letters

Sealed stamped and returned to sender
Calling out in the dark of night

Nothing comes back, no echo

Susan Lacovara

Nod To Autumn (Haiku)

Journey on the wind
Take flight freed crisp crimson leaf
Summer shakes her head

Susan Lacovara

Northwest Now

I will tuck myself in
Earlier tonight than most night owls
Bed down in the bravery of being alone
Pretending I have courage unspent
And tomorrow the compass point
Turns me around again

Hard to look to my true North
Knowing you reside Northwest
For now....

And when the whistle thru trees takes you
Further down the stream, over another ridge
Will there be room for my perfume to linger
By the birch branches or brambled woodlands

There is but one moon tonight, as always
So much sky we should have charted
The dipping stars, like diamond tears
Write your name into the night

Northwest is nowhere, now, for me
Just a mapped out version of yesterday
As you make hasty travel towards tomorrow

Susan Lacovara

Not

Not HIS words
Not HIS mouth
Not the stuff I dream about

Not HIS laugh
Not HIS touch
Not the face I miss so much

Not HIS eyes
Not HIS heart
Not the feel of a fresh start

Not HIS hair
Not HIS breath
Not the thought of no regret

Not HIS pulse
Not HIS pain
Not the share of falling rain

Not HIS hope
Not HIS kiss
Not a chance surviving this

Not HIS love
Not HIS lust
Not a place to place my trust

Not HIS mention
Not HIS name
Not again to be the same

Susan Lacovara

Not Because I Wanted You To

I had hoped you'd care
Not because I wanted you to
But because you just did....

And with that hope
There was a small success of resilience
Tangled in branches that reached skyward
Beyond the barriers of uncertainty

I had wished you'd dance
Not because I asked you to
But because my songs genuinely moved you...

Moved you with the haunting lyrics
Of a true woman's love
Large enough to fill any concert hall

I had dreamed you'd need me
Not because I needed validation
But because you needed me to know...

And of that need deeply rooted and real
There would come a greater understanding
Of how lovers stitch their souls, as one

Now as sunsets come later
We are anything but strangers
While I imagine the summer tanning us together
If in fact you'd stay
Not because I wanted you to
But because you realized it's here you belong.

Susan Lacovara

Nothing Left Undone

How then did you leave
In the silken escape
Of solitude
With nothing left undone

Tired must have been your bones
And veiled your eyes
To the cataract concession
Of a life long on colorful characters

You gave your gracious gift of goodbye
Dialing up those who would miss you most
In the hours shared with the meriful moon
The finality of farewell in your voice

Nothing left undone, ever your way
Regrets wound into balls of yarn
So to stitch a warmed shoulder soft
When it is your hand, my longing to hold

How then you slid away without the everyday soldiers
Saluting and standing guard for your heart's surrender
Failed the cannon fanfare, no medals pinned
Commemorating your courageous and heroic battle

Saving the slender slivers of your last breath to be kind
By comforting those you sent from your side
As not to witness sleep steal you for Heaven's sake
Bravely sacrificing yourself to silence of the wee hours

Nothing left undone, words whispered
Into the ears of the brand new namesake babe
And all your own babies grown and gilded
Like a perfect picket fence

What gave you presence of mind
Choosing not the endless parade of passerbys
To mark what journey's end might behold
You saved your barely there breath to blow a kiss

Why alone was it you set sail from me
I'm convinced you rode the waves of peaceful purpose
To find your much needed rest
Your selfless actions, staying true to your design

Nothing left undone
You loved and love encompassed all

Susan Lacovara

Now?

Tell me, lover
Are you alone with me
now

In the break of morning
Stretching and stirring
from sleep

Reaching for the arms
You did not think
to keep

My tangle of hair
Erased from the pillow
next to yours

What of the music rising like the sun
Strumming our souls
together

How far we have travelled from love
To this place of abandoned train stations
with nothing in sight

Are you with me now, Lover
In a secret whispered breath
of longing for a last look

Susan Lacovara

Nude

That your eyes see past the skin
That holds me within

That your hands reach not only for my body
But into the very breath of my soul

That your grin stems from seeing my smile
Knowing it was you who put it there

That your aching embrace is comforted
Once returned without hesitation

That your words are the echoes
In the canyons of my heart

That your spirit sets sail on the wind
And on the wings of my affection

That your needs become mine
As I stand before you nude

Susan Lacovara

Of Olivers

'Please sir, can I have some more',
That twist of fate, leaving me hungry, still
unsatisfied
with empty bowl,
and an aching, to be nourished-
full bellied and belonging
to a generous portion of love,
served warmed, and plenty...

I was young, tied to the oversized hand
of my father...
As a reward for a courageous trip
To the maniacal dentist,
He bought me my very first LP album...
'Oliver'...
And his Good Morning Starshine
became my anthem
Which I sang, with swollen gums...

He was a neighborhood nobody
'Til he walked me home, one winter night
Passed the boarded up strip mall,
through the tangled frozen field,
'Round the broken streetlight corner...
dropping me like a well carried parcel,
'Special Delivery'
on my parent's porch...
Thereafter, was someone, I'd never forget...
Oliver...

Yet another, of same title,
Stoked the firey flames
Of conspiracy and controversy,
with a Hollywood heaping ladle,
spoonfed me strategized stories
tempting me, to theorize what I knew
to be true...
Seeding my mind's meadow
with a curiosity

for endless questionable debate
Instructing me to look beyond....

A collection of Olivers...
Kept in cardboard boxes
marked 'Memories'
And like that old record,
Sometimes taken out...
And dusted off....

Susan Lacovara

Of Shadows

There are those that fell, upon the fruit
Placed with purpose, so that I might sketch
In the confines of a classroom,
Where I daydreamed of Monet and Picasso...
I learned the craft of creating shadows
To bring depth, and life, to that which stood still
Charcoal swipes of the hand

And nightfall offers the veil of shadows
Like dancers before the sultan' s stare
Hidden in plain sight, protected by the dark
Free to set inhibition to the velvet onyx air

I called her 'Shadow', as a child
The one who drew my memories back
I saw, in her, much of my own delights
As they seemingly dashed away with unnoticed aging
By noon, the shadow small, and strewn
Beneath our travelling steps...
It grew like beachgrass, long and leaning
As our afternoons raced towards the finish line
She stretched her wings from well beyond our shadows, holding hands,
And now, casts one, alone, but brave

True, I've witnessed many a shadowed smile
The lovers who longed to lure me to promised escape
The shy and shaggy homeless man, who asked for little,
But praise for his harmonica tune...
A passing stranger, on the street,
Who seemed to look right through me

They fall about me, everywhere
Some vague, but there, nonetheless...
Others call me to their comfort
When I alone, seek them out...
They have become friends, over the years
I fear them not...
For they harbor safe, what secrets I tell myself
There, in the shadows

Susan Lacovara

Oil Slick

You do not know that each day
No matter which
Contains a moment
Belonging to only you
I cannot help it
Try as I do
Like oil that bubbles
To spill
After a deep well drill
Cuts far into the rock
of my stiffened soul
There you are...
Always
Slick and thick
A greasy goo to stains my heart
And it's helplessness
To escape your weighing me down

The price I paid to unearth you
Far too high
It escalated beyond the scope
of what I thought best invested
The fair market price
Of discovery black gold

Susan Lacovara

Older Now

Between the blend of time and taking charge
of a quiet respite
I am older
Older than the days of childhood summer
and songs
so long ago memorized

I think of my parents
and when they were mine to touch
When their voices were heavy handed sprinkled
Onto the blossoms
of my emerging mornings
I am older
Older than the long strands
of pony tailed hair

I have floated through two hundred twenty four seasons
Landing here on this branch of time
and quite happily call it mine
Having all I need this day
My bright day, beginning
My lover, still sleeping
My dog, ever presently loyal
My sun rises above the pristine picture
Of the lure of the lake
I am older now
Older than the yellowing pages
Of my collection of written poetry

And for today, YES, for this very day
I question nothing
with the absence of worry
I simply accept
I am older now

Susan Lacovara

On Overload

Head stuffed like a russet potato
Plans made and where did today go
Letters addressed, postage affixed
Shopping list logged, coupons were clipped

Cat fed and brushed dog walked and watered
Both, now are sleeping in my quarters
Alarm prepared for morning's meet
Garbage pails out to the street

Newspapers read and will recycle
My prayers to God, faithful disciple
Bookmarked my latest library selection
Close my eyes to sleep in today's reflection

Susan Lacovara

On Spin

The task of taking
The week's long laundry
To soak and spin
Rinse and wring
Metaphorically mimicking
The hum drum days
That stain her calendar pages
No amount of suds
Can cleanse him from her thoughts
The electric buzz
Of the cold and uniformed steel machines
Echoes the ongoing circling
Or repetitive noises
Within her own mind

No furious flush of water
Able to lift out the dirt he left
On the sleeve where she wore her heart
Her fabric noticeably worn and torn

Strangers stand in still life lines
Spreading their garments
Of silk and cotton alike
Starched and sparkling white
As if none have had any sadness
Spilled upon them

He used to love the way her linens smelled
Fresh as lilies and invitingly soft
She had chosen to keep a small bed
So that their shoulders might always touch
Now the chore of bundling
Her brightly colored clothing
And pairing only one person's socks
Sent a stabbing reminder
That life goes on for the lonely
And even Cinderella had laundry to fold

Once Tossed, The Ripple Caused

I reassessed what you mean to me,
meant to me...
not meant to be....
while transfixed,
charting the courses
of transient vessels
moving away...
becoming invisible, vaporizing,
vanishing into the promise
of the distant horizon...
(Much the way you do....)
I, stood alone, on the pretty pier' s edge,
Leaning down, over the ledge
Like Narcissis, saw only my own reflection,
and felt a kind of fondness, for it...

With nothing, but the company of eggrets...
save a few unspoken regrets,
I convincingly and conspicuously
dropped what pepples of possibility
we're left...
that you might drop your anchor, here
and watched the ripples, in the shifting tide
that swiftly pulled you out to sea...
from my thoughts...

Once tossed, the ripple caused

Susan Lacovara

One A.M.

One a.m.
And the rain finds me
Here again
At my tin top table
Underneath the window pane
Full on the feast of my day
Laundered and ironed
My cares put away
Setting a table for Autumn's appearing
Summer has faded, waves and skies clearing
Pulling the overgrown buds from their stem
In the quiet of drizzling rain
One a.m.

One a.m.
And still with a smile I can trace
Sketching from memory
That look on his face
When the nine o'clock hour brought him to me
Late in the season to visit my sea
Can't recall any words that I said
As my heart like a thief
Took the thoughts from my head
Perhaps it was just an AMEN
Remembering love...
One a.m.

Susan Lacovara

One More Song And Dance

I could bring flowers today
To the marker where you sleep eternal
But the rain makes me think better of it
Besides, you are not there
But here, in my every breath
I am still small enough to sit on your lap
Throw my arms around your neck
And know nobody loves me
Like you do

One more song and dance
On a Sunday set aside for fathers
We could dust off the old albums
Stack them high enough to play all day
And spend the day
As father and daughter
Til all the music ends

I look for you in many moments
Those when strength is a necessary tool
And others when the smallest of success
Gives me reason to cheer
I never believe you to be gone
Hardly notice the heap of years
That I have amassed without your voice
Without one more song and dance

Susan Lacovara

Open

See another side
Cover to cover unveils
What's beneath surface

Susan Lacovara

Open Invitation

Have you no plans today
This crystal clean morning
Bursting with songbirds
On budded branch
Might you chance
To step along the awakened avenue
Accompany me through the winding woods
With barely a thought of yesterday

Susan Lacovara

Opening The Can

With a single twist
Your can opener words
Crave into my tin
A jagged edge
Ripped wide
All the contents of my heart
Dumped into a dish
Of both dangerous despair
And decadent remembrance
To be gobbled and swallowed
And choked upon
As I, famished,
Hobble back to the table
Of you
The absence of your love
Leaving me in anorexic ignorance
That others might provide nourishment
Yet the small portions
Of what we once dined upon, ours,
Enough to keep me from wasting away

Susan Lacovara

Opening The Doors To That Day

(Right there before us
Played out in real time,
Cameras, congress, confessional
Coverage of the unthinkable...)

As if time paused
In a locked room of remembrance
Opened gain, the old wound
Unveiling the scar
Present and obvious
Never to be fully healed
The band aid of passing years
Torn from our thin skinned recollections
Buried long in ash and steel, reverb
Branded burnt into our 'missing them' minds
Staircases leading to streets of fire
Captain's crushed helmets and boots
Smothered in the dust of despair
And the disappearance of innocence
Faces, oh the awful many many faces
Their pictures hang no longer frightened
But frozen, timeless tales
On the ceiling to floor facade
Of never to be forgotten

Voices sing 'hallelujah'
Heard through choked back tears
Swallowing the sadness of that day
Today with a lump of pride
Digesting all over again
Their senseless passing
To be stored in the chambers of our hearts
The heroics of the common man
Encapsulated in September streaming sunlight
Turned quickly to the unimaginable
Will not be allowed to die again
In flaming rubble ruins
But live...in the well waters deep
And defiant

Against what could not
Steal our resolution
To be the better
To be the best
The brilliant light
Beyond the ash

* On the dedication of the memorial 9/11 museum, in Lower Manhattan
Where the Towers fell, and now, the new Freedom Tower eclipses our
skyline...we remember.....always we remember...PEACE

Susan Lacovara

Our Better Place

Whenever we walk together
We find our better place
Worries melt away for another day
And the sun is on my face
No other place I'd rather be
Then in the breeze blown off the sea
Me and you...glad to be
In perfect company
In our better place

Whenever we sit together
Cuddled up without a care
Life plays on like a favorite song
In our easy chair
With no need for words between us
Your eyes say all I hear
Where would I roam if I, alone
And couldn't find you near
In our better place

Susan Lacovara

Overstepping While Tiptoeing

Was I so foolish,
overstepping while tiptoeing
around the chance we just might
become friends...
Friends connected, and infected
by the same virus,
of loving words
whispered from heart to heaping mounds
of beautifully blanketed
once white pages

Was I so foolish,
crafting an image in my head
that gave, to your face, a handsome smile
that lit up, across the miles
at the hint of hearing from me.
Silly, how I painted pictures
of how our laughter would sound
rolling past my meadows,
cascading through your forest,
settling in the lightly falling mist
of mid-day, shared,
through different time zones.

Was I so foolish,
To start attaching meaning
To meaningless pleasantries
that could have been meant for anybody,
And I mistakenly thought were meant for me...
I miss the bounce of light
that came from your well articulated,
and so anticipated hello,
Maybe even more than I realized,
Until now...
Until I think I just may have
Overstepped while tiptoeing

Susan Lacovara

Own You've Grown

Nineteen now
I see you tall
Where once so small
Staring up at the skyscraper
Possibilities of life
On a June day
Your arrival heralded our hearts
To joyous applause
Another June afternoon
Captured the Kodak moment
You, in your father's shirt
Buttoned backwards
To form a makeshift graduation gown
On your last day of preschool
Who knew the years
Could grow such wings
On a student's stage, June of last
To thunderous cheers
They crowned you king
Among your peers
As we waved goodbye to books and binders
And watched you walk into the sun
Of your own choices
You will always be little to me
Even as you morph into a man
I shall keep the fading photos
Of you running the sandy shores
Chasing the years to come
Tied like a kite string
To this heart of your aunt
Who never sees a brighter smile
Or hears a louder laugh
Or feels a sadder tear shed
Than those belonging to you
And time tells me
Against my will
To own you've grown
And steer my wishes your way
That everyday is purposeful

And love is plentiful
And peace is ever yours

Susan Lacovara

Owned And Only

You can not steal the part of me
reserved for poetry

It wiggles out of a slipknot hold
to escape and dash away
freed

It climbs trees and rolls downhill
catches a nap in a coneflower field

You cannot own the part of me
reserved for poetry

It is tucked away on a dusty shelf
near bound books of golden rhymes
treasured trusted
mine

All bravely bundled in braided silk strands
those words that were gifted wings
whimsy wise
mine

You cannot change the part of me
reserved for poetry

a blowing gale so unexpected
a coyote cry at night
the fluttering of hummingbird wings
all to move my deliberate pen

Each day I grow one inch taller
in the stand of poetry

A traveler who tends more to wander

another mile on down the road
to where the next path leads

You cannot dim the part of me
reserved for poetry

It is sunlight bending into the sea
frost on my windowpane
a fleeting glance at some stranger's smile
and music magic
mine

Susan Lacovara

Paper Cup

Gimmie, gimmie goodness
In a paper cup
To spill and stain this day
My way
To walk amongst the bud and birds
Who welcome weather
Come what may

I loosen braided hair
To whisp against the brush of breeze
And think to fall to my knees
In praise of simplicity
My paper cup overflowing
And truth be told
So pleased, in knowing
My Spring has pulled into the station
'All Aboard'
The songbird's whistle blows

Susan Lacovara

Paper Hearts

Will you find my paper heart
And think it lovely, still
Designed, in mind, though we're apart
Your friendship brings such fill

Will you keep my paper heart
In books, bound with a smile
Reopened and revisited
Perhaps, once in a while

Will you see my paper heart
With all it's colors bright
As artful offer, simple truth
Of dear concerned delight

Will you wish my paper heart
Arrives, yours to unfold
And know, my friend, I always send
The best my heart can hold

Susan Lacovara

Passerby

Today, drops in,
Like a passenger just off the train,
Not exactly sure what to do in this town,
Eager to set foot on foreign ground
And seek out the atmosphere and energy.

The barometric pressure falls
Like a penny pitched
from the Empire State Building
and clouds dissipate
easing in, what I hope will be
an afternoon of bright

Quicken the gait,
that leads to the gate
To streets, where thoughts can stroll
The conductor calls out, 'All Aboard'
As the shuffle to the platform begins

I look for a signpost ahead
As my ticket, to 'Today',
(Destination....Unknown)
Is paid for, in full...
No refunds....

Susan Lacovara

Passport And Pen In Pocket

He was happy in Sausalito
Till Paris looked prettied
In the Spring

The quaint cafes
Cluttered with faces of strangers
He imaged he could love

The night lights
Though decorating his thoughts
Illuminated his sorrows as well

Maybe San Francisco would be kinder
The smell of fish and fantasy
To give his heart new harbor

From the hilly streets
He scooped a cat
To stroke, when all his barricades burst

When the trolley car of hope derailed
He headed East to heal in New England
And found the snow fell like tears

What better than to tan again
The South of France and her display
Of perfect bodies on the beach

But comes the breach of loneliness
Passport and pen in pocket
And love poems left to write

Susan Lacovara

Peace In Mandela's Passing

Let the bells, sweet, in Soweto, ring
For a prince has gone to meet his king
Like a mighty river reaches to the shore
Let his current flow, peaceful ever more

Susan Lacovara

Pen Pal Of Passionate Poison

To think you may have penned
What Cyrano was saying, all along
In your ear, without thoughts
Your own...
Filling my ears and head with answered riddles
Borrowing lines of legendary loveletters
Stealing sonnets of Shakespearean sweetness
Signing your name to the tablet of my heart

Leading me to the River Styx
Dipping me down
My Achilles heel exposed
To think your quiver full of Cupid's arrows
I, falling bravely, Athena's disciple
To the lure, the dangerous siren's serenade
Pandora should have warned me well...
And Aphrodite should have pulled me away from you

To think you painted portraits like Monet
Pretty, oh so pretty
And I was placing my bid on a forever
That sadly stalled before it started
The colors so perfectly blended
Melted in the onset of a sad summer's goodbye

Your mouth played me like a hot saxophone riff
Smooth jazz begging for a dance
In a darkened smoke filled room
Where men like their ladies laced in slipdresses
You slipped away, like the last note of a tune
A trumpeted farewell

To think you knew every thing about me
And maybe nothing at all
Your gloved velvet hand stroked my secret needs
My steamy desires eclipsed by your own
Yet, you own me still....
Or atleast the biggest part of me
To think you filled me up

To the point of empty

Susan Lacovara

Peonies

Petal soft and pristine white
Billowing cloud-like bundle
Of fragrance fresh
Where my thoughts can fall asleep
In a dream where heaven
Looks much the same
You awaken
Under the outstretch of sun
Speaking in whispering waves
Of elegant allure
Simple and seeming
To unfold forever fragile
Against the backdrop
Of delicate defiance
As if a summer snowball

Susan Lacovara

Photographic Memory

Just when I think your image has faded
dimmed, by the thief of time
In the most unusual of places
You show up...dressed up in yourself
In a glance, quicker than a hummingbird' s heart
The camera shutter of my searching eye
finds you, ...in focus,
There, all the while...

I, so glad to have been yours...
Albeit much less longer
than love should have allowed
I openheartedly welcomed
Each and every vision of you...
In dreams, in old Christmas cards
I stashed away..savings your sentiments
For a day like today
When a daughter longs for
her father's Italian songs.

Susan Lacovara

Picket Line Of Birds Protesting

Oh what a swell of riotous noise
Those who gather to voice their displeasure
That Spring again be put on hold
Impending blanket of snow squeezing them to nest
Rendering them to house arrest
Rather they yearn to soar in song
Frustrated their feathers
Tucked tight too long
I hear them tweet enough....enough
Surveying which limbs
Their popcorn kernels to burst
Before April's slotted appointment
Given the freedom to swim
In penetrating sunlight
Sweet orchestration of Orioles awaiting
The finch to strike up the band
It's been the most unkind of winters
Even Mother Nature sends a
Note of condolence
Scribbled in the mud
The picket line of birds protesting
Echoed in the desire for newly hatched days
When colorful choir to release their joyous noise
Breaking through the barricades
Holding back the hummingbird
To unleash, bailed out
Winter adjourned and verdict returned
Spring upon the wing

Susan Lacovara

Pitbull Bully

Long labelled a Dr. Doolittle
Lover of creatures all
Could never imagine the injustice
Of raising a hurting hand
To fall upon an animal
But today on a peaceful path
A corner turned
And we were cornered
By a pitbull bully
Who had no intention of giving
Shamus nor I his paw
He rolled back his brindle gums
All alligator like
And charged at us
a bayonet brandished
No wag to his tail
Rippling muscles of aggression
Full steam ahead
I literally at the end of my leash
Saw flashes of this turning bad quickly
Shamus saw the outcome different
Stepped in front and squared himself
Ever my Gallahad gargoye
Took the force of the bully' s bite
And the attempt to break his backbone
Determined to keep me safe
At all costs
Threw his mighty weight
That others often refer to as fat
And rolled from the gangland grip
Of the foaming face dog
To stand his ground
All gruff and growing braver
Than the bully
He was not to surrender if I
Was to be jeopardized
Or scarier yet, sacrificed
There in the street, not far from
The comfort of our home

Amid my screams
for the radical terrorizing hound
To realize he choose the wrong two
Nobody, but a lady with two small kids
Rallied their troops to help....
My trustworthy warrior
Fended off the brazen beast
And fluffed off his fur
As if to say
'I got this, Ma,
We own this street'
Footnote worthy:
The pitbull not entirely to blame
If at all, you see
Watching all the while
from a covered porch
Front row to the boxing ring
A hideous man holding a dog chain
Unable or unwilling to call his dog off
Much to my disgust
And pity for the pitbull bully
Tonight my trusty dog shall dine on steak
After sunbathing on the lawn

Susan Lacovara

Play Me Beautiful

Play me beautiful

Long fingers finding

Notes never before heard

Songs sweeter than bird's

Violets plucked like violins

Play me beautiful

Droplets of dew to dance in

Kisses like melon mist

Hair flowing loose sunkist

Skin soft as silk newly spun

Play me beautiful

Susan Lacovara

Pleased And Planted

There is no disappointment
In stepping forward
The challenge of refreshing thought
I came here to rediscover myself
Empty the luggage I long carried
For apparently all the wrong reasons
And absolutely without any true need

I planted seeds under a Sunday sky
Hands dirtied by the useful chore
And thought out loud,
No more, no more...
The clouds to offend my days

Susan Lacovara

Pocket Change For Pansies

I see him

Counting pocket change

To buy a flat of pansies

As if to plant his burdens

Deep down in the soil

And stretch his soul

Out on a hammock

Swing in a daydream

Waiting for the colors to burst

And his troubles to lift

I offer him a few crumpled up dollars

From the jeans I wore dirty

Stained from planting my own pansies

Today

Shared pocket change

Susan Lacovara

Poof

Wind, to wander

Breeze, to blow....

He let's her in

To let her go.....

Susan Lacovara

Post Marked

The letters returned
Some opened and resealed
Others damaged by the handling
Of fool's fingers
They arrive in broken bundles
Telling me and teaching me
That time had all been wasted
The words, once wonderful kindling,
Useful for the fire we built
Now lay dead in distant sentences
Similar to those spoken by strangers

We were only strangers once we stopped believing

The crisscross of stories, long shared
Thinking finally some one cared enough
To open themselves, bare all oddities
And scoop sweetness in their palm
Massage it into the tense shoulders
That carried far too much weight for one
Those beautiful breaths between hello and goodnight
Turned to swallowed hard syllables
Written in caveman hieroglyphic goodbyes
Pondered over by strangers

We were only strangers once we looked away

Before the break of hearts and happiness
Were the love notes left on pillows
Pulsing lifeblood through our veins, making us aware
That no one knew what we had discovered as ours
Ribbons wrapped the poetry penned, late at night
When all I needed was a whisper from your lips
As our ships sailed towards a consensual horizon
Before the untimely death of dreams, and the return
Of letters which should have landed in your lap
Post marked... 'Undeliverable' by some stranger's hand

We were only strangers once you changed your smile

Susan Lacovara

Post Script

Might I be Yours,

Asked quite simply,

R.S.V.P.

Come quick

Susan Lacovara

Posted

On a street pole
Near the corner of Lonely and Longing
I posted a flier
With your face on it...

Missing.
Last seen smiling in another direction
Information needed....
Reward, if it leads to return....

Susan Lacovara

Potholes At 1131

The long driveway
Drives home the point
Of there being no one at the door
Again...how then, and this, once more
She shakes her head, no one, no more
To greet and give this day it's rest
And she'll confess
To the worn out smiles
She has polished up
To help pass the miles
Of minutia mingling, ears ringing
In crowds that swear they'll recall her name
Just the same, she wishes they won't
They don't see what's underneath
The concrete resolve of standing straight
Checking her watch for the now late
Blind date that promises uncharted sparks
She parks her car in the dirty field
Believing it is somehow not real
This labyrinth maze through summer haze
She's too old to be so young at heart
As so starts up the dusty road
With a wagon full of her need to unload
What has pulled her, thread by thread, undone
Another pothole, under setting sun
She kicks a pebble from her shoe
Imagining what he'd say
If he only knew
She never knew another's love so true for her
Now so confused
The pothole deeper by the day
Disturbs her drive, her right of way
And all roads lead her
Badly broken, back to shades of his green eyes
Her pothole heart to sympathize

Susan Lacovara

Prayers Unfolded

You knelt in the brilliant light
Of morning prayer
Head bowed in your humbled offering
Of a trying heart
You started your pathway forward
Anew
Refreshed
Awash
Confessed

In that quiet space of serenity
Where light was more than just a promised gift
Your heart fell open to the truth of love
And it's lasting healing power

You said you spoke to your God
And He answered
Giving you miraculous clarity
Long overdue
You announced...
Proclaimed...
Pronounced...
Exalted...
Our bond was blessed and strong
The heavens had smiled upon you
At last! At last!
Your just rewards

I watched your branches grow
Reaching towards greater understanding
Of what your life could be
Your face wore a radiance
To challenge the sun
Every star dipped within your reach
Yours, for the taking
As so it was written...

I prayed in my own gentle way
Away from your eyes

But ever close to your heart
For daily deliverance
And unwavering faith
For responsible knowledge
And divine direction
With golden certain affirmation
That our combined beliefs
Were strong enough
To push aside any doubt and wrong doing
That we would steer from the outside temptation
Of throwing it all away

You spread your prayer mat
Onto the simple wood of my floor
Without conceit
Just a simple man
In her simple home
In a safe and sturdy place
Unafraid to be venerable
And vested in the brand new beginnings
Of being IN the present...

"I am HE"
"HE is HERE"
"In this moment"
"All is mine"
"My soul has found it's home...
With hers"

And so I saw and I was converted

Susan Lacovara

Pumpkin Patch (Haiku)

Softened grass to sleep upon
Warmed beneath the sun
Moist the kiss of Autumn's lips

Susan Lacovara

Punishing November

There is no denying
November can be cruel
Stealing back an hour of sunlight
As if my days already not dark enough
My nights too long in longing
With winds that loudly scream your name
And gales that blow each memories back
To curl up in hurdled bundles
by the gate that never closes
With the crumbled dead or dying leaves
They too, shaken and felled
From where once they fluttered in Summer

No excuses made by November
No explanations or advice
Of how to brave the coming frost
In layered fashions
To hide my fragile form
Even the hardened ground
Reminds me how uncomfortable it is
To walk away from you
A chill I think I'll not survive

Susan Lacovara

Pushpins On A Map

People used to stick pushpins
On a map to memorialize
The tourist towns they visited
The fountains they threw pennies in
While making wishes for love everlasting
Thumbtack take-me-backs
To streaming sunlit pavilions
Places where the heart could be heard beating
Near an open air minstrel's song

I think of your mapped out moments
Our backroad wanderings and wanting
They stretch across the Southern states
GA, TN, FL, NC and back again to old NY
The compass needle as tired from spinning
As I am from saying goodbye
The pushpins many and more than I would have thought
The map mockingly reflects the endless road
That somehow keeps you travelling
Further from the quiet home my heart built
Just for you

Susan Lacovara

Quiet White

I would hold your frostbitten heart

Until it thawed

On the coldest of days

With a blizzard of faith

In the goodness of you

I would shovel mounds

To get to a warm embrace

Leave the icy world

To rest outside

And blanket you

In quiet white

Linens, love and long exhales

Susan Lacovara

Quieted By The Falling Notes

I open up my heart
Raise the blinds
light a fire
My stocking- footed soul
Inspired to dance
To the stroking
of Botti's trumpeted caress
Turn the volume higher
I swirl in the curl
Of my free flowing hair
My free flowing thoughts
Sway sultry and safe
The beads of sweat
Remind me I am alive
Alone with a poet's heart
And the moonlight' s company
No one gets to ask me any questions
I'm a mime in stolen time
Quieted by the falling notes
As I tiptoe soft, against the night
On pointe, and perfectly controlled
Where shadows touch my soul
Like the calm only morning knows
When she rises from the dew
I am new in the balance of a song
Whereas the world outside the window
Strings a tightrope to traverse
I knew every verse to my favorite tune
Me and the moon
Quieted by the falling notes

Susan Lacovara

Raincheck

I somersault at the very idea
of a cardio work out romp with you...
Pulse quickening, schoolgirl crush-blush
flush and feeling faint
at the sound of your hello...

And you know it...
And you use it...

like a metro card
swiped at the terminal
that leads to the express train
stopping at my cozy couch
and candlelit left-up late Christmas decor...
that welcomes you, once more
an evening to explore
just what it is finds us together
and yet, still separated...
into the arms of another new year.

Maybe I am getting a little wiser...
or dare I admit it, a little older
or too old to pretend I am young enough
to keep stringing these random days into yarn
that could possibly weave a future...
But tonight, I am tired,
from a day of feeling tired...
so pardon me for asking....
but I'll need to take a raincheck
and simply dream of you instead...

But by no means...was that a no...
And you know it....
So I'll use it...
This time....'til next time....

Susan Lacovara

Reaching For Mckuen

I wanted your hand to hold mine
The way a poet clutches a pen
An artist gripping his brush
Maestro fingering his baton

I wanted the conductive energy to flow
Lifeblood pulsing through veins
Palm, warm and welcoming
Fingertips igniting a brilliant blaze of flame

Feeling your skin feed mine
An exchange of beautiful unspoken conversation
Where words are useless
Almost obnoxious
The silence need not be invaded
By anything
Other than touch

Susan Lacovara

Recasting

Should I have stayed
One moment more
In the dissatisfying darkness
Of a closed door

Would it have helped
To re-explore
The unanswered questions
Like an unfinished chore

Or best to break
From clinging claw
To rise above
The here no more

Gather every final flaw
And cast again another lure

Susan Lacovara

Recycle

Put in pails,
to the side of the road
If only
we could toss out regret
There'd be a landfill,
sky high...
Where bundled bouquet flowers go...
To die...
Minds recall
what the
heart
can't
forget

Susan Lacovara

Redecorating Dispair

Knowing his Sunday is busied
breaking his back
carrying her bundled up past
into freshly painted rooms
where I no longer loom
as his maddening love

Thinking he is working hard
without hardly a nod of appreciation
Rattles the cage where this caged bird remains

Imagining he is setting up shelves
And stocking the cupboards
of a place he once deemed unfit to reside
To my surprise I cannot shake the thought
Of needing to redecorate my life
hang new curtains
to veil the sadness and sorrow

Susan Lacovara

Reflections

September's sorrow
Cascade of tears, to water
Near the tower's grave

Susan Lacovara

Remembering Me

I send out the postcard wishes
To friends who need cheer
Making it clear I remember them
And in so doing
Find the lost link to
Remembering me

Window pane reflections
And antique mirrors
Gave no glimpse
Of the girl who skipped stones
Over the water
Or walked on air
In meadows green

Til I took the time
To set aside the time
To be kind and courteous
Enough to stop making excuses
For the thief who stole my smile

I let the sun lighten my hair
And lightened the weight upon
My tired shoulders
By standing up straighter
And lifting my eyes
That the height of my spirit

Remembering me
First, as I was
Second, as I am
Third, who I became
Fourth, who I could still be

It was not hard to do
Once I forgot the tales other's told
Without their knowing the ins and outs
Of the maze that makes up my starts and endings
The curves and corners to the curls

That dance across my marvelous mind

Tonight, in good company

Remembering me

Susan Lacovara

Reminder...Note To Self

Keep breathing...

even when the day dragged on like molasses...
even as every step taken was in quicksand...
even if the forecasted sunlight never appeared...

Keep breathing...

as deeply as your lungs will allow...
as softly as the wings of a butterfly...
as slowly as that damn clock ticking, ticking, ticking...

Keep breathing...

focusing on the exhaled impatience
that sometimes suffocates the simplest of tasks...
expell what overwhelms you....Keep breathing...

Note to self....

Susan Lacovara

Reservations And Hesitations

I should've put in on the table
Thought I had it figured out
Should've took the chance when able
Now I have to do without

Spinning wheels, instead of parking
Miles before us, still to speed
Ignition on, but nothing sparking
Lapped, and falling off the lead

Should've caught that fleeting fragment
Reaching first, my grasp too slow
Hestation left me stagnant
While your river current' s flow

Reservations reeking havoc
Lights seen changing red from green
Now I'm jammed up in the traffic
Sandwiched lanes I'm trapped between

Should've spilled my secrets roadside
At the pit stop make repairs
To the vehicle of validating
To what now, nothing quite compares

Should've known what engine drove us
Should've looked beneath the hood
Now to find I'm all but stranded
In the 'ifs', the 'woulds', the 'coulds'...

Susan Lacovara

Resonating Voice In The Wind

Making sense of no sense at all
An art form you have excelled at
Radom reasoning for your ricocheting thoughts
Carved hieroglyphics

Milking the utters of the kind and caring
Albeit with a manipulated grip
Rarely raising the cream to your lips
Carelessly spilling the sweetness

Maybe it is best you wander your hills
A solo traveler time cannot properly teach
Reaching for all you left behind
Calling out her name again and again

Susan Lacovara

Respite On A Rainy Day

Gonna take sometime to rest today
Ride the waterfall week all the way down
Splash about in the white gloved pages
Of my favorite book
I don't think I'll cook
And care not to watch the clock
Just sit and sip some coffee
Remember I've forgotten nothing left to do
Let my breathing match the rhythm of the rain
Today, a better day than I had planned
Glad it ended up this way
My old gray cat content and fed
Lays his head upon my feet
I saw a stranger smile at me
From a red light stop with such sincerity
That I figured it was best to just smile back
And listen to my heart beat to the rhythm of the rain
I'm whole again, home again
With sweet empty baggage
A train in the distance whistles in my mind
Such calm to find
As I sing along to the rhythm of the rain

Susan Lacovara

Rest Awhile

Rest awhile the worries of today
Best I tend to what I can actually change

There are those who still count on my love
To be readily placed at the doorstep

Others who seek a shoulder to lean on
Let me leave my burdens home and hold their hand

A day bright before me, waves me over
Wide and welcoming, "Come as you are"

I allow the new air of forgiveness to fill me
What am I if not humble and hopeful

Go where the vibes are friendly and light is soft
My heart needs a rainbow to cross over

Where the faces of my brothers and sister shine
I will know my Place of Peace

It is not enough to chase away the gray
I must unzip the clouds and find my hiding sun

Soul and Spirit: give me guidance, grant me direction
That today begins another unwritten chapter

I have volumes of lionhearted love left undiscovered
Awaiting one that will take the time to dig deeply

Promises are too frequently given away
To those who do not value their worth

I shall keep the promise made to myself
To rest awhile the worries of this day

Susan Lacovara

Resume

Asked to list my finer points
To scroll out what makes me suitable
For the purpose of being examined by strangers
Who then decide if I am their proper fit
Becomes more a task than a turning point

Might they care that I care
For any and all creatures abandoned and lost
Sympathetic
Empathetic
Introspective
Dedicated to my own integrity
With a formulated flexibility
To being accepting of all those
Who are different from me

Would they care to have me spell out
The life lessons that have carried me
This far
Furthering my education on a daily basis
Of acknowledging I have further to go
And going the extra mile
To ensure I do so with a true smile
That is offered freely and without need
For costly reimbursement

Shall I post the positions I have taken
Against hate and harmful ridicule
And announce my degree of kindheartedness
In the face of extreme manipulation
Of those who seek only to press their agendas
Without concern for the real righteousness
Of making a necessary difference

Do I need open the files and folders
Of my many years of opening myself
To new ideas and fresh outlooks
In hopes they will look beyond their own prejudices
Allowing for me to be a team player

An asset
Being afforded a chance to prove
That beneath the packaging lies great substance

Susan Lacovara

Return To Sender

I watch the lovers shuffling
The boxes, bags while muffling
Their said goodbyes amid their things
And grayer skies the evening brings

I see them sort through photographs
The ones depicting how they laughed
When all was new within their promise
So sadly now we pay them homage

I look at how she hides her heart
As slow he turns, head down, departs
A taunting radio plays their song
Its melody carried far too long

I witness, but fail to provide
A bridge to gap the deep divide
Instead as common ground, romantic pretender
I'm the drop off point, return to sender

Susan Lacovara

Returning To Bergen Street

We were much older
My brother and I
On a drive through the streets
Where our youth played out
Like hounds picking up a familiar lost scent
Our heads cranning out the car windows
Caught up in the best of breezes
Blown off Bergen Street

Tossed back in time to find
The hill once seemingly too high
To navigate without proper breath
Stored in our laughing lungs
Was now just a bump in the road
It's grand scale now so slightly pitched
When once on a snowy day
Impossible to reach it's summit
With wooden sleds in tow

Mr. Swaine's colossal compound
Complete with mountainous mounds
Of felled Autumn leaves
Now appeared a rustic cabin on the corner
Of yesterday's yearning to grow up faster
And it was only yesterday we stole his bundled bags
A treasure trove of crimson leaf luxury
To dump and dance in sheer delight
Much to the displeasure and disbelief of our mom

Barely changed the bleachers
By the Old Nichol' s Road ballpark
Where we ran bases in glorious summertime sweat
And fell backwards onto the spinning playground carousel
Spying the trails of skywritting planes
Their lettered messages left overhead
For us to decipher in cloudless merriment

We slid in and about our perfect postcard town
Two tourists returning to their favorite vacation

Of a life long ago lived and lively kept
Dropping Newsday names by the mailboxes
Of memorialized moments, golden not gone
When all the joy in the world was ours
And he and I still kids at heart
Holding hands against all time

Susan Lacovara

Riff

Once I was the pillow
Upon which your head fell
Heavy and happily
At day's demise
Back when we had dreams
To tangle and twirl
In our mingling fingers

The widening riff
So vast now I fear
It will swallow me while
No one will ever know
I was here....
Not even you.

Susan Lacovara

Right Angle Triangle

The pointed corners,
connecting three,
where room for two
is suffocatingly narrow
and the triangle,
too tightly constructed
tangles and rangles
loose ended lovers
into a geometric equation
that leaves no formula affixed
to reasonably solve the riddle

Three sides, equal in measure,
solidifying an inescapable formation
of pieces put together
where upon it's strength fails,
should one be removed,
leaving a dismantled open ended configuration
that seemingly points nowhere
but outward...
and onward....
into negative space

Susan Lacovara

Rings I Have Worn

My Grandmother's diamond
I lost it, worn just days
Upon turning thirteen

My high school, acknowledged
With courage, a rebel devil
In a peridot, green

My brother, he gifted a claddagh
Wishing the hands to my heart, turned within
I brandished a band made of silver
And one of platinum, sliced thin

Two gold circles, once, were my parents
On special occasions, revealed
Pressed rose petals, encased, like a locket
And poison, in onyx, concealed

Collection, conveying a lifetime
Adorning the fingers that pray
There's one ring I've yet to be offered
And often, I dream to display

Susan Lacovara

Riptide

I dip my toes,
cautiously, now
Into the wake that was your wave
That once unseen,
washed over me
knocking me from my balance,
nearly drowning me
in the incredible undertow
Of you...

I steady myself
on the shifting sand
scorching sometimes, frigid, others...
And brave what could be
a tsunami of emotion
swelling
as another tidal wave
Of YOU...
Comes quick to shore.
I hold my breath
and fall under the ocean blue
Of Your eyes...

Susan Lacovara

Road Warrior

I suppose I know the way back
Without need for a well creased map
To take me down the road
My tattered fabric to fold
And load into my slung over the shoulder backpack

I need not glance at the compass
Buried in the deep well of my pocket
A convenience of keeping me on track
Just in case I feel I have lost my place
And fear my footsteps shall lead me back
To the broken road

I realize sometimes leaving
Someplace
Someone
Takes a certain amount of courage
A risky resolve to venture away

The years of my pacing floors
In the frozen lane of lingering
Over lost love
Have served to strengthen my legs
For the journey
Of what lies outstretched
On that road For which I have no map
No plan
No pinpoint stop over
For where I will spread out my soul
I just know it is high time
To set in motion
A movement in a new direction

I have chosen to travel light
Taking only what is essential for my survival
A song
A scent
Some sense
Of keeping to the course

I have made sandwiches of sweet poetry
To feed and feast upon
When weary from the winding woods

And knowing I shall make fire
From the bundled kindling
Of the well kept knowledge
That I belong to a better time
I need not worry about warmth
On a wet and watchful night

Susan Lacovara

Roll Out The Day

What promise will I make today
That I alone shall keep
For safe keeping
And with earnest heart
Deleting nothing
Roll out today
A carpet of vast green
To be seen as possibility
Undertaking tasks I may fear
Overwhelming, but necessary
For the obtained growth
Of spirit and soul
That I should behold
And be told
That today is mine
Unfiltered and as yet undetermined
Unleashed on a kite string
Up up up
To the scaling heights
Beyond the scaffolds
That squash what could be considered
As new, as mine, to find
What lies in wait
Roll out the day

Susan Lacovara

Rose Champions Return

I thought today could be different
As I shuffled soil to slather
The wildflower seeds into place
Saying my gardener's prayer
And preaching without practice
That I would not think of you
When comes the first bloom

But the truth is rooted just as deep
No matter how much I shy away from it

You are in every stem, every branch, every bud
And my tears, for daily watering, do not run dry

Once we spoke of filling vases
With handpicked colors
To grace our evening table
Simple flowers, like the love we shared
Would be enough
That much we thought
And their scents would drip from the night air
As you twirled your fingers into my hair
I, in your arms
You, by my side...
And our flowers in the vase

Susan Lacovara

Salty Night

On a salty night

Before the stars took stage

You held me

Near the break of waves

Both, bridled by our dusty ways

Your breath... my lungs expand

On a salty night

Burst fireworks heard

A prelude

To the spoken word

I'm glad to think it not absurd

That you should hold my hand

Susan Lacovara

Satellite Feed

The jigsaw puzzle map
I have constructed with tiny hands
Shifting states to move you closer
Keep you tethered to my time zone
I like to think of you
As building bridges to get to me
Mowing fields to soon know my footfall
Gathering twigs to burn
As a light in your window
I doodle your name on napkins and matchbooks
Adding my initials to a carved heart
Visit you via Google aerial view
Satellite feed to feed my cravings
Could you wave towards the stars
And wish me there....
So very close to heaven

Susan Lacovara

Satisfaction

The ever satisfactory coffee with cream
Marlboro Sunday morning smoke
Circling my tossed, from last night, hair
Still somewhat sleepy
In a half dream
Settling into this poured out morning
Much like the cream
Velvety smooth in my cup...
I snake my way through thoughts
Leftovers, last night's banquet
Finding myself fully fed
With really no need for caffeine
As this morning's pick-me-up

Susan Lacovara

Saving For Some Rainy Day

One cup of coffee, (not two)
I remind myself while pouring
The eye opening truth into patterned porcelain
Lifting it to lips
That yesterday lifted to meet your

Waking to the alarm clock of Cardinal's song
Revisiting my window sill
Today I leave the curtains closed
Not quite prepared to hear her music alone
Instead I hum out of tune, to myself

June promised heated days to grow my garden
The overcast skies see to it to stall the blooms
I straightened every room to fit your moods
And now I tuck into closets every last reminder
Of a Spring that never sprung

I can dress in old jeans, Yankees tee shirt
And take my time looking in the mirror
No longer matching colors and sprinting sweet cologne
To raise your senses to the arrival of me
And a day that was meant for two, to explore

There is a quiet, here...not completely new
I remember it all to well
It is the same quiet I lived within before you
Before the whispers weighed in
Before I stepped off the cliff of your summit

Two clocks tick away, one in this room
Another down the hall
Telling me that time has again placed us apart
You in the box that keeps your logical files
Me, in the mainstream daydream of hope and how did this happen

I was saving for a rainy day
The bundles of belief and breakfast coffee kisses
To build upon and use as our fortune, forward

I saw not the gray clouds moving in
Had I choose to remove my sunglasses, I might have

Susan Lacovara

Say Goodbye In Pink Satin

Say goodbye
In pink satin
A schoolgirl grown
Now gone
Her hair of blonde
Time twirled with gray
She slips away
As did our days
Of dance and sash
Pink satin flash
My memory stepped
In sepia stories
Shared in a vessel
JUST US
A ship of fools
Tied to the dock
Of yesterday's dreams
Watching sunsets
We'd never recapture
Believing then, we'd live forever
In the disco music melodies
We hummed in perfect harmony
And making waves where ever
We thought to cast our lines
Out of sight, yes
Out of mind, no
We flip through the dog-eared
Photo album pages
To find our young tanned faces
Without the wrinkles of worry
In the gait of gravity
Still On our side
The details colors that painted
Our mural of friends
Ever slightly now fades pale
Pink satin.

Susan Lacovara

Scents And Sensibility

I like the covers turned down
Kicked away
No matter the season
While the breeze from my open bedroom window
Allows for the reentry of your ghost

First gift
I ever gave you
A lavender sachet
In the shape of a corset
Hoping you'd recall the scent of my hair
No matter where you'd lay your head

You hung it from the rear view mirror
Of a truck that had too much mileage on it
I remember you selling that truck
But keeping the corset

I know you still remember the scent of my hair
Though you try to forget it

Susan Lacovara

Screen Door

He waits by the screen door
Unsure if he's ready to leave
Tempted by what could be out there
Looming in a lazy mid morning

Twice he glances in my direction
Almost asking permission
To leave me behind
On his quest to find
Some solitude in the dripping sun

I am not dressed yet
For my day to unfold
And slide the lock from the door
Granting him his freedom
To wander about
And without my overseeing

I know he wishes I were quicker
In my mundane chores
So to join him ready to pounce
On the wide eyed world
Just outside the screen door

He thinks twice and turns
Giving me a slightly annoyed nudge
And torn between rejection
And affection
Steps back inside
To willingly wait
That I might accompany him
Sometime sooner than later

Susan Lacovara

See Me Bright

See me bright

Sun

Moon

Stars

Fire

That you will seek

The warmth of my wool

The heat of my hand

The glow of my smile

And not let passing rain

Wear you down, dismal

See me bright

New

Near

Horizon

Happy

That you walk close

Want no other place to rest

Wish the nights could be longer

And the days apart fewer

And not regret what's left behind

The edges that cut you deep

See me bright

Honest

True

Loyal

Laughing

As if a child again

Chasing moonlight and rainbow's end

Dizzy from the intoxication

Of drinking deep, thirst no more

And stay awake, within our dream

So you can see with new eyes

Seedlings To Steer Me From Saturday's Table

Oh what blue sky put on pallet
To beckon me revise my plan
Altered, that a day in sunlight
Be my just reward
For taking calls from jilted lovers
Who sought advice
They will not necessarily use
But worthy tools I lend
Thinking they'll not be returned
But okay...
I see this day
Stretched out like a sheet
Drying on a summer's clothesline
Flapping in the fragrant breeze
And mine alone to do as I please
The tempting tease of what comes next
I'm not perplexed, but feeling blessed
Having sprouted my Spring blooming
Seedlings to steer me from Saturday's table
Make merry in the moment
If today I am able
Take my limbs to long walk
Whistling at the passing winds of change
It knows my face and calls me by name

Susan Lacovara

Seeking Sanity

Sanity...

Where's the life you promised me
All your "I love yous"
left on my window sill
Washed away with the rain
I watch the sunrise
As I always do
But it's just another day
another day away from you

Sanity...

Lost in the songs you sang to me
Stuck in my own imagination
loneliness and frustration
Wasting time rereading old love letters I saved
Sad but true what's left
But to turn the calendar page

Out there, somewhere out there
Somewhere out there on your own
I'm here fighting back tears
Realizing I'm alone
Hard to remember sweetly the days of you and me
This is just my New Normal of seeking sanity

Sanity...

Oh what's to become of me
Picking up the pieces
Myself to realign
Can't help but wonder was it a spell I was under
How long 'til I get you off my mind
And find my sanity

Sanity...

Once again feeling I can breathe free
To steer towards a new direction
Again recognize my own reflection
And get up off my knees
Find me some sanity

God grant me sanity
I just need clarity
And some sanity

Susan Lacovara

Seen On Seventh Avenue

On a Sunday circus stroll
With my favorite court jester
Jaywalking through laughter
And a million Manhattan mannequins
The sea of people parted
To unveil a curious sight
In silver sequined spandex bodysuit
Like a Cirque De Soleil spinning acrobat
A man, perched high atop
An antique oversized front wheeled bicycle
Dangling his makeshift tip cup
A plastic fishbowl, from a rod
Behind him, pulling a harp with no strings
I noted he truly had no strings attached
To the mouths, gapping open
The shutters clicking from tourists cameras
Trying to make sense of his show
Tried as I did to blend into the backdrop
His eyes found me as if with radar
He waved wildly, shouting for me to stop
And let me hear his serenade
In all the traffic
Why pick me....
I could not help but smile
As he strummed a ukulele
With absolutely no talent
Singing 'Tiptoe Through The Tulips'
Before pedalling past the noon hour

Susan Lacovara

Shaved Away

I should've taken the opportunity
while you were soaped up and showering
to write "I Love You"
with my lipstick
on the mirror

But I didn't...
And I couldn't have known
while you were shaving
that morning
You'd be waving goodbye
that evening....

Susan Lacovara

She Blows By

She blows by
A breeze of beautiful beginnings
Black hair like ashes
From yesterday's fire
She moves in sunlit shape
Barefoot and unbridled
Looking at leaves
Picking berries
Like a bird that lightly lands
Only to fly quickly away

She blows by
A breath of rain
Softness in the way she parts her lips
To let her hello fall
Refreshing as morning dew
Laying on the blades
She is evergreen and gorgeous
Though she walks away, alone

She blows by
Like someone's sprinkled cologne
Caught up in the afternoon care
Causing you to stop, but for a fleeting instant
Turn, look...
Find the sweet pea soul
That escaped into the vast and gone

Susan Lacovara

She Breezes In And By

She breezes in, and by
Announced by waves of cucumber melon
That trail, bouncing from her hair
A scent so dangerous in it's delicacy
She, like ripe summer fruits
Sweeping anyone and everyone
Into her crayola colors....
Ballet slipper softness
With words that whisper cotton candy
Milk and cream swirled skin
And cherry blossom budding beauty
She breezes in, and by
Before a wink, a blink
Fades just as the last golden ray of sun
Surrenders, and slips, dips to the ocean's edge
Curtsy... dancing day now done
In leaving, lingers the whisp of watermelon
Watercolor washes in perfect pirouettes
She breezes in, and by
She breezes in.....
And bye.....

Susan Lacovara

She Knows The Mirror On Her Wall

Like Eleanor Rigby
Sits Eloise Ridgley
Alone with a teacup of sorrows
Spent all her tomorrows
Looking back on yesterday
Making her way
'Round yellowing piles of newspapers
She's been meaning to read
A miserly woman whose only greed
Is to believe she still has time
To find the love of her lifetime
Before she has to dye her hair again
And pretend she looks her best
When no one comes to call
She knows the mirror on the wall
Watches her eating her t.v. dinner
Announcing she's a winner
At solitaire
Fragile now and frozen there
Beneath the lonely glow of lamplight wishes
One fork, one spoon, and so done her dishes
For another night
With the aches in her bones
Reminding her she's alone
With only hobbies to hold
her thoughts from growing old
Making lists of all she planned to do
Back then, when dreams were still new
The wide eyed cat from slumber crawls
To beg for her attention
And promises not to mention
The sad sight of it all
She knows the mirror on the wall
Stares back in disgust, shaking it's head
As she picks up needle and thread
Trying to stitch meaning
Into the fading tapestry of her time

She Said, He Said

She tried,
He lied...

She wept,
He slept...

She cared,
He stared...

She dreamed,
He schemed...

She hoped,
He coped...

She lended
He ended...

She waited,
He dated...

She wondered,
He wandered...

She struggled,
He smuggled...

She lacked,
He packed...

She reflected,
He neglected...

She worried,
He scurried...

And so it ends...She said, He said....

Shoveling Out

It is an urgent time, for lovers
Bundled and buried beneath the white of winter
There is a hush, in the quiet of morning
Some mourning their holiday vacation, over,
Others, determined to forge into the year
I, listen to the tales of tortured hearts
(all quick, to dial my number, desperate for validation,
and the proverbial, 'you'll be alright'...)
All the while, remembering
both the elation, and frustration,
of figuring out love

Sub-zero, today's temperature
Unkind to those, who wish for a blazing heart
attached to theirs...
Perhaps winter has a well drawn up blueprint,
Designed to put space and time
between the starry eyed, after Christmas couples,
Preparing them for the reality,
that not all is gift wrapped gaiety...
Into your life, some snow must fall
Heavy and heaping, frigid and formidable
And although traversing the trail is trying
Best to remember spring's bounty is waiting
to burst into blossoming bounty...

My steaming cup of coffee
satisfaction enough, for now,
Ushering me into the frozen facade
that is piled upon my porch...
The symphony of clangs and pangs
from baseboard heat
orchestrating the matinee
of this day's rising curtain
daring me, to brave the outside elements
Layer upon layer, kept warm...and wishful

And if love were snowflakes....

Well.....

I'd send you a blizzard!

Susan Lacovara

Silent Silhouette

i don't know the color of your eyes,
or how your hair falls
across your pillow
or what keeps you up late
or what you eat for breakfast...

i only know I find myself
unravelling your riddles
untying your underlying coyness
and undressing your
silent silhouette....

Susan Lacovara

Silent Stories My Soul Said

Silent stories my soul said
Tucking myself in a too wide bed
A space, where once you laid your head
Now reach for you, in dreams, instead...

Silent stories my heart told
Of how I wish you here, to hold
They say it's Spring, but much too cold
And these frozen eves have grown so old

Silent stories my eyes to read
In my prayers, you'll hear me plead
Finish what chores, you've still to seed
And hurry back to me...Godspeed

Susan Lacovara

Singular Thought

Your touch can read my body like braille

Susan Lacovara

Skipping Chapters

I rise
On automatic pilot
Smooth the covers, arrange the pillows
Step away from where you used to sleep
Move into my day

Tucking a friendly book under my arm
Like holding hands with an old lover
You can most likely find me
Broken and buried in the bookcases
Of a small town library
So often my shelter
When sadness washes over me
The unseen, never forecasted storm
That leveled the walls of my heart
Leaves me with little explanations
Trying to make sense
Of something so irrational
Like skipping chapters of a book

Susan Lacovara

Skywriting

I climb aboard the coattails of today
Thinking there's a wind I should ride

Might there be a friend to pick up
Along the stretch of sky

Past the blue of what we know
Perhaps see shades undiscovered, new

Susan Lacovara

Sleep-Away Camp (Sort Of...)

I cannot fall into the deep sea
Of sleep tonight
Knowing you sleep alone
Just beyond the bridge
I wish to be cradled up
In that first embrace
With fingertip touches
Tracing your face
So to remember it
On a night such as this
When the hours crawl
And the shadows stretch my imagination
Beyond the breeze blown by the bedroom fan
To the small of your back
Where I found such rest

Susan Lacovara

Sleepwalking On A Shirley Sunday

I have outgrown this bed, this house, this town
These cloudy days that follow sleepless nights
Minutes, hours, days, weeks
Of wandering foggy alleys of asphalt thoughts
Falling into crevices no one cares to fill
The mirror, passed, grabs hold of my hand
I wrestle away from a face I do not recognize
With her wrinkled brow and dimly lit eyes
She like a straphanging stranger
On a stagnant subway car
Will be forgotten, by the next assigned stop

Morning coffee, bitter, but swallowed the same
As when I, then, gained it's refreshing jolt
Springboarding me into the deep end
Of chlorine clear choices, a pool of promises
Now I shuffle the kitchen cold tiles
In slippered feet towards the daily headlines
Of a world gone mad
Swearing it doesn't directly effect me
In my muddled puddles of pushing on
The old gray cat looks to me for comfort
He, too, searching for a new place to sleep
Tired, from prowling the empty corners
You, not long ago, and not nearly long enough
Once occupied

How much rain can a cloud hold
Until too heavy, explodes
Winter long, but no Spring skips her date
To dance
It is only this provides a purposeful placing
Of one foot in front of the other
I had ballerina toes, just months ago
Now I walk in freshly poured cement
With eyes that stayed up way too late
My soul wrapped in a tattered bathrobe
Looking back on the brilliance of 'then'
While sifting through the laundry of 'here and now'

On automatic overload
All while sleepwalking on a Shirley Sunday
Exhausted and exploding to leave

Susan Lacovara

Slight Of Hand

I long believed in magic
Illusion
Roses appearing at an opportune moment
Trinkets pulled from a black silk hat
Never questioning the perfected timing
Amazed at the skilled performance
Captivating the senses
While smoke and mirrors were handsomely disguised

like many, I fell for his Houdini charms
The switcheroo between disappearing and reappearing
Soliciting applause and appreciation
All to the cheer of the curious crowd
Including me
Smitten by his slight of hand
Helping himself to the hidden hallways
Of my heart

He knew I believe in magic
Starry eyes full of expression
A hocus pocus smile that shined with abracadabra acceptance
And a waving wand to grant his every wish
He shuffled my emotions
Like a well marked stack of cards
To bury the Queen of Hearts
While stashing a secret Ace up his sleeve

He pulled rabbits, from nowhere
Wiggled himself from self imposed chains
And told me my fortune, while wearing a blindfold
Promised he'd share all the knowledge, the secrets
The tricks to making it all appear real

I never imagined he would see me in two...

Susan Lacovara

Slip Into Heaven's Rest

Slip into heaven's rest
And rest assured you gave greatly
of yourself,
of your love,
...all your life...

Let your frail body be refreshed
and your tireless efforts
to bring about joy,
be rewarded
in the glory that is heaven's peace

Your time here, with us...
a treasure, immeasurable
Now to miss the warming touch
of your hand, in mine,
the sunny shine of your laughing eyes,
the way you spoke my name....

I was never prepared for goodbye...
Still a child of yours,
alas, your leaving me behind aches my heart
Immediately...

I will watch for you, in quiet corners
My heart will recognize your face...
and I will carry your sweet gentleness
as a compass for steering safely.

Watch over, for you knew my every fault...
and without hesitation, loved me long...
AS ONLY MOTHERS DO...

Slip into heaven's rest,
Reunited, in the arms that reached for you,
There....awaiting your arrival...
Though far, now, from the embraces of Earth...
My heart could hold no other closer.

Slowdancing, With Strangers

Don't whisper anything, in my ear,
save the shared lyrics to the song...
You can draw your own conclusions
of how the evening might end..
I know it will conclude,
with two strangers,
boarding separate trains
heading in different directions
With a souvenir, stashed,
of the swaying sweetness
of surrendering to the night
and the dancing lights
Heartbeats and bodies,
pressed, perhaps, a little too close,
for the voyeuristic crowd
that faded fast,
from our realm of our combined rhythm,
relishing the release of all cares
And crafting a sensual, if not safe, sidestep
Slithering away
from the thoughts of the day
And twirled, dipping into the dangerous divide
Of slowdancing, with strangers,
both angels and devils,
conducting the orchestrated overture
Til his eyes meet hers
A glimpse of imagined, but likely, never
to meet again, romance
Strangers, slowdance

Susan Lacovara

Small Offerings Of Giveaways

If you give away enough pieces of your soul
Are you somehow, someday
Left barely able to stand
Leaning on a roadside fence
That frames an abandoned house
Huffing and puffing
For want of cleansing air
To reinflate your lungs

If you give away enough layers of your heart
Will your garments still grip you in warmth
Or will the winds find their way
In through the tattered fabric
Turning you blue and numb
Will you need notch your belt
Tightening and tucking your fragile frame
In fashion that no longer fits

If you give away enough well wishes
To strangers on the street
Asking only that they lift their eyes
Acknowledge you are there
Only to be met with the indifference
Of their necessary dashing off
Are your words just carried
Autumn leaves, in the wind

If you hand out enough pamphlets of praise
And pretty petunia poetry
On an avenue that links to the crossroads
Of KIND and CONSIDERATE
Will you be stranded on the sidewalk
Waiting for the light to change
Watching the traffic turn towards a detour destination
And you, without a map
Decide which way to navigate

If you give away enough empathetic tenderness
Like the man playing a lonesome clarinet

In the middle of the bustling marketplace
Standing on his small square of nowhere
Will those lovely notes fall to listening ears

Or do we resign ourselves to believing
We are giving away too much
Without reciprocity
And turn up the collar on our coat
Lower the gaze of our eyes
Tune out the sounds of the shuffling madness
And sadly suggest
Possibly even confess
That the give-aways come at too high a price

I dare to think twice
Look at my watch
And decide that it is time
To get going, again....
I've still more left to give away

Susan Lacovara

Smitten

I curl into your lap,
Snuggle against the scent
of your long overdue arrival...
closing the door to the world outside,
needing nothing, but the sound of your sighs

The steady purring
of lovers, lost in the common connection
of wanting to feel connected...
if but for tonight...maybe into tomorrow...
Finds us, once again, turning to each other

I want no explanation
for why you have returned
And I don't require small talk...
That you are here, enough...
Plenty...

I still get tongue tied
When we touch
And blush when you brush
the hair from my eyes...
In a cozy room, flickering
From the dance of candlelight
I am smitten and sultry
Stealing fairy tale endings
and hoping that wishes come true....
I wish for you
On other quiet nights,
brought to life
by our spontaneous combustion
The perfect mix of mindless laughter
Sensual surrender and mutual respect
For one another's troubled twists of fate

Near the open window, I now sit
As not to miss the chance
Of catching your lingering luscious scent
To take to bed, long after you've left

I will be nicer tomorrow
To every stranger I come across,
Sweeter than the song of a sparrow
Since sliding, effortlessly,
And smitten, into your inescapable embrace.

Susan Lacovara

Smooth Intruder

He asks a ransom for the kidnapping
Of my kisses
And then prepares to flee
To Costa Rica (and recover) ...

Leaves me not at the roadside,
But safe inside my own sanctuary...

And disappears into the darkness
Of December
Causing my thoughts to paint a portrait
Of his bare chest, breathing.

Susan Lacovara

Snow Day Delicacies

In a whiteout morning
flakes falling
As if a torn feather pillow
Shaken from heaven's height
You are out of sight
Following a long highway home
To the breaking news bundles
Of delivered to your doorstep
Daily updates of life without you

Whether a day or a dozen
I can not forego the fingering of keyboard strokes
Striking chords of conversations we should be having
Over coffee and whipped cream cuddling

A stay inside day
A certainty of fantasizing how we would let the snow fall
Forgetting agendas and all the world left tapping on the door
We can merely thaw
Build a fire beneath the covers
And hunker down in the here and now

Susan Lacovara

Snow Songs

He sends me Beatle lyrics
To land as snowflakes do
Piling up outside my door
Knowing like a salted sidewalk
Comes a melting effect

The temperature dips into decline
Announced by the t.v. meteorologist
Who strongly suggests I stay in
Away from the winds
Away from the chill
Away from the return
Of winter's reminder

That everything slows and stalls

He sends me steamy coffee cup sentences
To wrap my hands, if not my heart, around
John, Paul, George and Ringo
Would wink in approval
And Yes, I wanna hold your hand

Susan Lacovara

Soft Rain On Hard Truths

I am a friend to the rain
Come down and drench the places, parched
Soften the dried dirt of a lonely heart
Wash the world, new and sprouting
With a second look, another hopeful glance
Of a chance of loving the Spring time
Even if I must walk it, alone
Admitting your season's no longer in sync
With mine

Rain has always returned
Like a tiptoeing cat
That crawls through the broken fence slats
Stays awhile, soothing the blues of before and afters
A refreshing fill up
Of the soul's run dry well
Leaving moistens mounds of soil
In which to plant my new beginnings

Susan Lacovara

Solstice

O quiet comes the Winter Solstice
I surrender into the calm
Long be this night
And I shall greet it
Silver moon in blackened sky
Look upon me in my still and silence
Take me tender
Into a new season of my soul

Susan Lacovara

Someday Sundays

Someday Sundays
won't be spent missing you
an end to a long week's wondering
why, and where time took us

Maybe Mondays
could be viewed as a beginning
to better understanding the shadows
that dance across the long stared at ceiling

Truthfully Tuesdays
would be constructively utilized
if I looked beyond the temptation
to look back upon smoldering ashes

Wishing Wednesdays
weren't mid week reminders
of countless hours counting ways
to revisit words said and silence heard

Thinking Thursdays
might feel shorter
if I saw the distance travelled
to get this far from where we left off

Frequently Fridays
sneak around the corner
catching me unaware that I've grown
a little further from the hurt

Somehow Saturdays
aren't all about making plans and parties
as much as poise and prospects
for peaceful retreat

Someday Sundays
won't be spent missing you....

Someone's Daughter

For those who trot their masculinity upfront
Displaying their shields of steel
All but announcing "I am Man"
Know that I have petals of delicate bloom
I am someone's daughter too

And no hand should pick me
Without first recognizing
My long strides in the sun growth
My fragrance fresh to flourish
My wildflower beauty
To blend effortlessly
Into the bleed of day

They say no one should uncourageously entice a heart
Without true intention of protecting it...

I am someone's daughter too

Be sure when your wandering eye
Falls upon my path and finds me
That your first look lingers
In the stare of my eyes
And does not slip to spindle down
The length of my thighs
Imagining not my lilt of laughter
But instead the sound of sighs

I am someone's daughter too...

Men, I ask you to be brave
And think to champion a lady's heart
From the start
From the place which first ignites the flame
Steer her to warmth and not the fire
Keep her safe and without shame

Be the watchful warrior

Overseeing what dreams may come
Without disturbing the sweet sleep
Of a tender soul
That, alone, be your crusade
And all too true
It has its just rewards

I seek and search out the ones
Who need not brandish their steel
As if their only strength
The good and mighty men
Who dare to hold soft
A woman's hand
A maiden's heart

I am someone's daughter too...

Susan Lacovara

Soon

So small
A simple hand picked bundle
Of summer wildflowers
Overlooked by Autumn's arrival

I tie it, with care
Pulling a ribbon from my hair
And place it to dry
In a comfortable corner
Near the chair
I hope he, soon, comes to sit in

I shall spoil his tired soul
With kisses kept warm
Fill the late afternoon with song
Feed him with a stew of sweetness
And the sliced bread of a new beginning

Susan Lacovara

Space For Two

That I should fly
On your tailcoat high
Past the moon, where the shooting stars land
Beyond the crest
Of rainbows, blessed
Afloat, with tight hold of your hand

Where comets come drifting
Our spirits uplifting
From cradle to grave, still exploring
The promise of planets
The hopes of our parents
Cosmic comedy, of you, still adoring...

Susan Lacovara

Spellbound

The lemon tipped trees
in, the barely there, breeze
bow their heads in afternoon slumber

Sky, cornflower blue
Like the sweet eyes, of you
Spellbound, I, captive, fall under

In the ease of your love
on the borrowed wings of a dove
uplifted, to new heights, and soaring

Not a cloud overhead
since the words that you've said
flood my heart, unexpected, downpouring

See the Monarchs migrating
to the gulf stream awaiting
Yet I choose to stay near to thee

And share in your seasons
for whatever my reasons
Unlike butterflies, I've no need to be free

Susan Lacovara

Spider In The Drain

Regretting the slip into the sink
The spider, in the drain
Falling beneath the rimmed edge of safety
Not enough legs to grasp a hold
Secure the staying power
Water rushes, ungluing last chance
Of remaining above the surface
Pulled D

O

W

N

And as if to say, 'I surrender'
The spider, gone from sight, away
Reminds me of the daily struggle
My own, to stay on the porcelain platform
Of keeping afloat, aware, attentive
To the crash of currents
And current circumstance
That present a danger of swallowing me, unseen
Is there enough time
To climb to higher ground...
Again, again, again...
With legs that steal strength
From a weary, wobbly wishful soul
As small as any insect could be
Against the threat of sliding

D

O

W

N

She, drained...
And the spider, in the drain

Susan Lacovara

Spot Remover

He was just a cat
Just a cat, I said over and over
Trying to quiet the sadness
After hearing of it's passing
A curled up creature at the foot of his bed
Now gone.
Like me.
Gone
And now he will have to face the Autumn alone
Without his cat.
Without me.
And I know how hard he tries to hide his tears
Even as his heart rips
He repeatedly reminds himself
Everything passes
Seasons. Stories. Smells.
Smiles. Sunsets. Sundays.
Spot.
Susan.
Everything passes.
And he'll think himself stronger for not looking back
And I'll wish myself closer if only to console him
On the loss of his cat.
Lying. Lying. That I could be over him.
Telling myself, again, he was only a cat
Just like I tell myself he was only a man...
Everything passes
But the hurt in one's heart
When you long to hold the one you love

Susan Lacovara

Spotlight

'Til comes a time
when you are gone
gone gone gone
like a building leveled by a wrecking ball
I will keep walking passed that corner
Where once you'd stand
Just shy of the four o'clock hour
watching the white moon interrupt the afternoon sky

The humble moon cared not
That the sun was beheld for her glorious rays
Cheerfully applauded for her warmth and summertime kiss
Lovers often gravitate towards the blaze of brightness
Without thinking of eventual burn

'Til comes a time
When seagulls will scatter from the shoreline
Gone
Gone gone gone
I will stay with me feet in the sand
however the tides shift my footing
And look upward for that pale peek of the rising full moon
That lends me it's spotlight
For my continued search
For a simple love

Susan Lacovara

Spring Again

I thought I'd pick you daffodils
On this stunning yellow day
With fresh bouquet
Climb up your hill
Would you come out to play?
Seems the world is bursting
At it's seams
With daffodils in fields of green
And all the love we have between
Two friends....
It's Spring again

I thought I'd sing a merry tune
And you could hum along
I might forget a word or two
But still know your favorite song
The sparrows to accompany
Our pitch perfect two part harmony
A simple symphonic blend
Two friends...
It's Spring again

And I'm warmed by the Sunday smile
You wear for only me
Caressed by the gentle breeze
Blown in your company
Daylight dips to sunset dreams
As if in Norman Rockwell scene as
Tomorrow's troubles on the mend
Two friends...
It's Spring again

Susan Lacovara

Sprinkle

I have within my hands
The choice to distribute small seeds
Of words intended to be rooted
In the peaceful scattering
Of today's still unused sun
That they may reach up
Through whatever hardened soil
And stand strong on stem
Of an offered smile
Growing in the quest of friendship
Colored hue of humility
And humble to know I am not alone
As I lightly tread the lush green grass
Of the pretty day sprinkled
With serenity and scenery

Susan Lacovara

Stages And Phases Of Coupled Up Love

I, amid the myriad,
Of lovers...period!

Those who strolled
With thoughts, untold
Two went walking...
Without talking

Voices raised
From a bedded haze...
As if, caught spying,
Two lovers sighing

Waterfall of leaves,
By the boat basin breeze
Hand in glove,
Held, two, with love

Another poured English breakfast tea
While humming a lilting melody
Knotted hair, past her shoulders, fell
Tell tale sign of passion' s swell...

He built a fire, to ease her chill...
On bended knee, her every will
Without hesitation, he filled her cup
For she's the one, who fills him up

The years have brought them down this path
Too many counted, to do the math
But still, his eyes reflect her face
Secure within her warm embrace.

A couple, new...exploring bliss
They steal away, to share a kiss
And dream of what might lie ahead
After lying and dreaming, in a shared bed

I, amid the myriad

Of lovers...Period!

Susan Lacovara

Stalled By The Side Of His Road

Overheated

Stalled by the side of his road

I thought I had enough fuel

To complete the ride

Get as far away from his high octane words

Drag race myself from the delirium

Engine racing

Pedal pumped

Gears grinding

An obnoxious halt

Battery dead

Billowing smoke

Fumes choking my sighs

I care not

Happily stranded in scorching temperatures

I won't even dial up assistance

Wave off any passengers

Spend long lazy hours

Sidelined

Stalled by the side of his road

Susan Lacovara

Standing Up

I see no reason for the ranting and raving
Of people pretending they are saving
The world from some rising revolution
When their weapons of choice
Are prejudicial posturing
Professed indifference to empathy
Their rally cry of superiority
Sits not well with those of kind hearts
Cowardly carrying the flags of failed hatred
Disguised in disgusting intolerance
And ushered along by those
Who are comfortably compliant

I see no necessary return
To the evil minded madness
That festers and looks to formulate fear
Walls serve less than bridges
At least crossing a bridge carries one
To another place
Often a better place
Walls constructed to keep out
Or keep in an untruth
With the sledheammers of striking back
Against the false foundation
Of my America
I stand with those that believe
We are one race of humanity
One clustered consciousness
Of completing a better tomorrow

Susan Lacovara

Steady Comes The Sun

Come steady sun
To find me filled with summer hope
Near a tree lined lake
I wear my open heart
To welcome with glad greeting
A gentle new beginning

Softly to straighten the linens
of my life
Waiting for the breezes
The beauty to take me breath away
The birds have followed me
From the long lonely winter
Nesting in my Cove of Contentment

And one has reached for me
Touched the stillness that ran deep
Unlocked the want to whisper again
Into the trees onto the Earth
Within myself

I take this chance
As I have before
To widen the warmth
To seize the summer's promise
To stay true to the belief
That steady comes the sun

Susan Lacovara

Steer Far From The Fog

Steer far from the fog
Of the gypsy dilemma
The tossing of tarot
The shadow cast from the moon
It is a pretty gold coin tossed
Into still waters
Weary, be you, of the ripples
Steer far from the fog
The Boggs, where toads croak
Cloaked in a prince-like portrayal
Of taking their time
Taking your hand
Charming and calming your rage
To find love in the bramble
The branches that snap beneath your steps

Susan Lacovara

Still He Teaches

To the naked eye

He is frail

Attached to the confines

Of a wheelchair

Without words

As mechanical air

Pumps through his pulse

Once a tall and standing figure

A teacher surrounded by children

Craving answers

Came the onset of disease

Striking hard his bones and breath

Deliberate in destroying his will

But he never wilted or withered away

Definitely dares to find a cure

At every curve in the road

Speech and sudden movement gone

Elapsed in time from the effects

Of what goes on trying to steal his strength

But never securing a hold on his soul

There is a purity to his purpose
And a reflective light that he casts
As he rolls past the parade of well wishes
In the sunlit streets and cloudy corridors
Of each and every day
Determined to cover ground
And find ground breaking hope
For those who suffer in silent fear
Of no longer voicing their dreams
Or standing at a daughter's wedding
Or believing a cure is near
What miraculous gift he gives
On display and onward rolling
To the beat of his incredible heart
The world watching his wheeling wish
His healing spirit
Still, he teaches
As each day he is put to the test
And comes across with flying colors
Of humility, promise and faith
Instructing us to be better ourselves

And join in the race for life

Susan Lacovara

Still Life

I like tonight
That my tin top kitchen table
Is set much like those
Still life displays
Of my art classrooms
Long long ago
With a bisque bowl
Laddened with succulent fruits
The rosy ripening peach perfect
It's velvet fuzz sweating sweet
A pear so plumb, begs to be bitten
An orange heavy swollen with juice
Nestled in lightly falling evening shade
Caressed by the aromatic mint leaves
Stemmed and standing, a bundled bunch
Tomorrow will lace a midday meal
For now it's fragrance lofts about
And fills me fabulous fine
In the center, upon grandma's doily
Dances the delicate bouquet
Of hand picked lilacs
In a plain white milk pitcher
Elegant and effortless the same
Asking for me to pencil onto paper
The prettiness that sits as my still life

Susan Lacovara

Stronger Today

He, one, so softy wakes
Within the calm and nestled embrace
Of green hills
And a stronger will
Than yesterday

She, too, alive and merry
A bench beneath the tall Black Cherry
Finds gathered time
A clearer mind
Than yesterday

Susan Lacovara

Sun Day

Powder blue

The day opens

Like a carnival gate barker

Calling and drawing me in

To the colors

The moving parts

The melody of leaves

Falling from branches

Lemon ice yellow sun

sweetly chilled breezing by

And high

Gourmet morning to fill my belly

A skipping stroll about the grounds

A song to keep me grounded

I will dress in pretty pastel liquid green

As if dripping from an artist's pallet

And spread the strokes of my smile wide

To paint my canvas

Fit for framing

Later hang to admire

SUN DAY

Susan Lacovara

Sunny Side Up

She is yellow
As the climbing sun
Against the blazing blue

Yellow yolk of morning eggs
A table set for two

Her sunflower face
With perfect grace
Tilts towards the dawning's bright

Yellow wings of butterflies
Lifting her to flight

Susan Lacovara

Superstition

The yellow eyed black cat

Slinks in after midnight

The bewitching hour

For the superstitious

He still questions who I am

I play to his reservation

Knowing soon he'll understand

And come curl up without hesitation

Nothing goes hungry or unloved

On my watch

Not even a yellow eyed black cat

Who crossed under a ladder

While I opened my umbrella indoors

And forgot to throw a pinch of salt

Over my shoulder while cooking tonight

Too close to the open flame

Buying not into the taboos

Long tattooed into collective thought

I cross my fingers, wish on stars

Hoping my luck has changed

Susan Lacovara

Swarms Seen In Summer Some Time Ago

I

Joseph loved the Monarchs
Marching in their patterned parade dress
Gold and flecks of brown with black
In those late days of summer's surrender
We twisted together in teenage adventure
Taking on tasks to tan our skin
And perhaps put some jingle in our cutoffs
Bronze and baking beneath that Southampton sky
We were far from rich in coin
But ever wealthy in our laughing
At what the wealthy hired us to do
Those stuffed silk shirts needed never to water gardens
And unlike us could not ever imagine
Pulling dandelions from the gravelly circular drive
That only their drivers knew the shortcut to
A house too big, to be so empty
And sit so close to the ocean's elegance
Just a backdrop in the barely breathable humidity
In the long legged beachgrass rushes
Posture lined up like the New York City Rockettes
Began the earthy folly of the Butterfly Ballet
Sun filtered symphonic surrealism
Played out before us
In majesty of a multiplication table magnitude
Swarms of summer escape, too many to count
The fallout of flapping paperthin wings
Creating a breeze only we were caught in
There, two...unnoticed in their seaside town
Making merry as we made minimum wage
True the benefit package kept us coming back
Long after our tans had turned pale

II

Scott walked his stiff way, each afternoon
Mad and mumbling, at five
Prompt as the workday ended, ever the same stains

Alongside the stretch of the railroad ties
With giant strides to speed his thirst towards quench
At the crosslight corner blue collar bar
Head down deliberate to quicken his gait
Never noticing the goldenrod standing at attention
His cynical eyes fixed only upon his size thirteen shoes
Dare he to smile at the world whistling by
The very sound of carefree clamour brought on allergic rash
I drove the length of his lumbering
Once on a day when he did not offer to wait
Although headed down that very same path
I found myself alone and mauled by a buzzing static
A sound so foreign I needed to investigate
Like Dorothy spying black funnel clouds
A swarming of opalesque iridescent wonder
A waterfall whisp of prismatic precision
Filling the field and fading the tracks from sight
Dragonflies migrating with military might
Took to their Kamikaze flights
Dizzying me from my determined direction to follow the man
Who saw nothing of beauty bewitching
And I, alone, was granted admission to the grand performance
Of fairies parachuting from the sky

Susan Lacovara

Swells Of The Canyon

I lost my heart to a man
of the ocean
Sunlit gold locks, fell in waves
such, the sea
His voice, like the gulls, shrieked
with passion's emotion
Raised up his mast and set sail
far from me

I kept my heart anchored safe
to his mooring
Starboard, steadfast steering
'neath skies, thunderous red
Storms came to pass, and his soul
went exploring
Like seashells, I collected
what words, went unsaid...

I cast my heart out, not far
from his rigging
Given content, I, being caught up
in his net
Gone with the gales, forsaken
forgiving
What swells in the canyons of
a maiden's regret

Susan Lacovara

Take Cover

Cover my eyes that I might not see intolerance
that I should, with handkerchief in hand,
catch the falling tears,
shed with collective sadness
Of the heartbroken brokenhearted,
Side stepping their sorrow

Cover my ears that the crying children
be rocked in their mother's cocooned embrace
quieted by lullabies from an angel's choir
to hold captive their innocence,
like a precious gift

Cover my mouth that I shall not feed amongst the frenzy
of piranhas that chew at the fabric of a good heart
only to spit out sarcastic swords

Cover my hands in the warming handshake
of strangers I've yet to make friends...
so to strengthen my belief that goodness prevails

Cover my heart that I may, if wounded, forgive those,
who trespass against us...
With grace to move forward, enlightened, at best

Cover my thoughts in daffodils daydreams
Of a once majestically beautiful September's day
that was covered in the ash of indifference
Only to have a Phoenix's rising thereafter

Cover the caskets with flags and flowers
Cover the shivering fireman's shoulders
Cover the homeless man's feet...
Cover your crosses to bear, in kindness.

Susan Lacovara

Take Off

Had I only realized, then,
The airplane you boarded
Which sent you soaring
Away from me
Just so happens to be
A routine flight
For American Airlines
And wouldn't you know it
Lucky me....
I live only minutes
From the airport
And have the daily reminder
Overhead
Overwhelmingly loud
Of the 'On Time' schedule
Of your departure

Susan Lacovara

Take This Day

Is the salt of tears not enough to taste
Once, and once more, and once more again...
Again....and Always
Peppering the wound that refuses
To be covered up, for it is so ugly
A deep gouge...a gorge...a great abyss
Instead let them see the scars
Let them recall the blood and burning
The sadness of stupidity
That does not fade from sight nor thought

What was wicked, then, wicked still
That men of madness and nefarious needs
Think that life is disposable
Are we that different....
Have we all not a desire for love
For lasting friendships
For truth and time to discover it
For prosperity and purpose
For outstretched stranger's hands
That grip the possibility of peaceful coexistence
Why not wish for something greater
Why not strive to bridge divides
Take this day and turn it inside out.

Susan Lacovara

Tape Measure

How long has it been
Since your words woke me
Spoke to me
As I spooned extra sugar
Into my clear my thoughts coffee

How far did I allow my daydreams to drift
A helium balloon let loose

How many miles did my mind walk
Retracing the steps from then to now
And how many times did I realize
I WAS actually lost
Yet afraid to turn back
I just kept wandering further
Knowing there would be no finish line

How much had I changed
Sometimes I felt my own skin was more ill fitting
Than those faded jeans I refused to part with

I let my hair grow longer
I saw my once cinched in waistline expand
I stopped wearing six inch heels
And found flats seemed appropriately named

I did not tie a yard of yellow ribbon
Around the first handpicked bundle of lilacs
I did not count the days leading to the weekend
I stopped recording how many times
A stone thrown perfectly
Will skip across the lake's surface

In a fitting room
A young woman wrapped her tape measure
Under my arms across my chest
The measurement was less than I remembered...
Perhaps a broken heart allows for inches to fall away

Tarot And Tell

She is his voodoo
He, her taboo
Casted runes
Ruining the two
Her polished hand
His potion held
Under the moon
As moonlight swelled

Her sign, of sun
That Leo mane
Could not, the crab,
Coax to remain
As high as heaven
From which she fell
What now the cards
Tarot, and tell

He hides away
In hills and trees
She clears her land
Her head, and leans
Against the memory
Her heart, knows well
She knows the tarot
And knows his tell....

Susan Lacovara

Tea On Tuesday

If I give you tea on Tuesday
Will you stay a little longer
Sit besides me, near the fountain
On the worn wooden bench
Beneath the tall oak...

It I give you toast on Tuesday
Will you stay nestled in the sheets,
An then, will you linger
long after lunchtime
And make my kisses your dessert.

Susan Lacovara

Team Effort

I was handed the ball, to throw,
Or run with it...
I looked for the 'Open Man'
Someone to grab hold
And race forward, the length of the field
Darting through the defensive line
Escaping the drag down collapse
Triumph in the end zone
Score...And celebrate

I thought I knew the mapped out plans
Studied long, the 'Play Book'
Knew all the opponent's tactics
And felt I had the team to beat

But as the game wore on
I wore down
Intercepted, over and over
Fumbled, stepped off sides
Out of bounds...
Fell to my knees just shy of the end zone

There was no applause from the crowd
No high fives given in exaltation
Instead
I returned to the locker room of lonely
And hung my head into my hands
Had I let the team down
Or had it just been someone else's time
To shine, to win, to walk away with the prize

Susan Lacovara

Teaspoon Thoughts

With only the crickets chatter
To keep me company,
The breaking dawn
Lets herself in

Tiptoes, with the lightness
Of a cat's footfall,
Sits down at my tin topped table,
That we might spend quiet time
In reflection and expectation.

I pour myself into a cup of coffee
And measure my teaspoon thoughts...

The leftover rain
Swells the thirsty ground,
Dew dances on a spider's web
Woven outside my kitchen window

I love these empty hours,
All is fresh and fragrant
There is much promise
In this solitude of Sunday,
That I dare to linger, longer,
Drawing deep, on my cigarette,
Slow to pick up the pace...

I measure my teaspoon thoughts
Not quite prepared
For the daily headlines,
I'll steal another glimpse
Of sunrise...
For FREE....
And leave the newspaper on the lawn...

Weightless watching the morning
Come to life...

The slender fingers of a breeze

Caress the hanging chimes
Creating a symphony of sweet awakening,
No voices, as yet, to disturb
The orchestrated majesty
That is my morning.

If this is not joy, what, then?
To be serenaded by the breathing song
Of Autumn's entrance

With little to burden me today
I contemplate which way I'll walk
My graying dog,
Who stays asleep,
Still in my bed...
As if to relinquish his guard duty
Trusting me to welcome
The acquaintance of this day...

For now, little affects my calm...
I, alone, have a blank canvas
On which to paint my early hours.
So I sit, and sip,
And measure...
My teaspoon thoughts

Susan Lacovara

Ten

Ten...

Scaled measured perfection...

Curfew' s expiration, time tested...

Italian cousins, at the holiday table...

A boxer's regret...

Little Indians....

Levis waistband...

Commandments...

Healthy fingers, counted toes.

Seconds to lift off...

Moments to Times Square's New Year's Eve...

High school reunion....

Nadia's gold medal performances...

A dime...

A dame...

A dare...(if I count to ten) ..

Guitars, according to Englebert...

Hide and seek allotment....

Ten times 'round the seasons.....

Thank A Veteran...Everyday

For those who sacrifice
for our nation's freedoms,
So timely, as Veteran's Day nears,
For all those,
Whom lie under draped flags,
Stained red, white and with blues...
Or in graves, adorned with paper poppies
For the countless roll- call many,
Who continue to stand in harm's way
On guard, for my insured safety
And right to practice my liberty...
For all those who returned home,
Broken, bandaged bewildered...
But brave...oh so very brilliantly brave
And sadly, to those who never returned
Be it their body, brain, or badly bruised spirit...
I, applauding with great appreciation,
Thank you, pray for you, remember you
With an All-American heartfelt salute.

Susan Lacovara

Thanksgiving Prayer (A Place Of Peace)

I come from a place of peace
Acutely aware of my blessings
I carry an open heart
A youthful soul
And a dancing spirit

I see the bounty of what life breathes
Accept the shifting of the seasons
For comes no Spring without, first, Winter
No flowers if not for rain

I value the truths of my tribe
As long and lasting
I feel for their sorrows
As if mine
And rejoice in their happiness
Like a river that reaches my shore

I am humbled by sharing and grateful
For those who offer me
A seat at their table
For what, more plentiful to the heart
Than to love and be loved
On this day, thankfully,
Ours

Susan Lacovara

That Two Must Share The Sky

Ever bright, illuminous one,
Crafted golden, spun of sun
Attention' s thief, deliberate glare
Prominent perch, fancied fare
Careless scorching, flash of hue
Daily climb to mountain view
Outted, solitary might...
Comes the envious silver light
Strung against the onyx vast
Where poet's, prophets, lines are cast
Dangles deaf, unspoken strength
Stretched across midnight' s length
Second, in the beholder' s eye
Challenged jousting, exercised
One, with promise, one, impassioned
Two, alike, but difference, rationed
First, to burn, the morning haze
In meadows, Eden, lovers graze
Take armfuls, ample, tan and tone
Beyond the break of clouds, alone
With pearlized glint, and opalescence,
She'll peer above the condescendance
Shimmer, soft and full of grace
That two must share the sky
And space....

Susan Lacovara

That Which Came In Summer

You should have never stopped to wave hello
From the gravel throated vehicle of your voice
Should have kept on going in your One Way lane
Never slowing to spy me barefoot kite flying
On my blistering beach

It would have been easier to tend my sunburned skin
Than to repair my shattered stained glass heart

You should have rejected running your hands through my hair
It only caused to tangle up my focused thoughts
Into the architectural blueprints of your future plans

Had you not commented on my perfume or my playfulness
If we never shared our songlists from the seventies
I doubt I would have danced for you in the sand
I'm certain I would not have saved
That very last bottle of unopened wine

Had you kept moving in your silent determination
To remain an introverted enigma
I would have still been a butterfly
Flitting from petal to petal
Landing on larkspur and lilacs
Fully aware and forgiving that my summertime flight
And my feminine folly would inevitably end

But you did not pass me over
No! You did not pass me by
There, you caught me in your grasp
Fast and without warning
Snatching my breath and making me blush
I, so made of sand and shells
You, the wind and water
A twist of tornado touches
And a volcanic volley of hot lava verses
Flowing, flowing, flowing
Towards one another
In Come-To-Me confidence

You allowing me to believe that love
Like a rising tide
Goes out and yet comes in again

You could have just watched me from afar
Safely well hidden away behind the dunes
Disguising your binocular stare

Staying put
Staying away
Staying alone
Each of us unknown to the other
Safe from the summer surge
The soaking lust and longing

You could have forbidden a broadened smile
Turned in a different direction
Without offering to untangle my kite string
Knowing I could have done that for myself

I would have loved that summer, still
And surely so much more...
Had I not met and loved you more...
That summer....
And still

Susan Lacovara

The Velvet Ropes

Where do the good girls go
When the velvet ropes
Are stretched and snapped closed
The entrance blocked
Admission denied
After long, their stand, in line
The music in the distance
Danced to by others
The passed buffet bounties
Held back from their hungering lips
The valet parked cars, stacked deep
As it is time to trail on home, alone
With only the sound of their own footsteps
To keep time as time flips then the middle finger
One more time. One last time. How, again, this time

Where do the good girls go
When the velvet ropes
Are seemingly everywhere
Denying them the nightlife, the good life, the right life
Making mocked examples of their desire to be amongst
The laughter, the levity, the luscious leftover looks
In the morning of the night before

Susan Lacovara

The Absentee Corner

When I was young, still smitten
With the carnival ride, everyday life
Paraded before my curious eyes
At the busiest intersections,
The overcrowded parking lots,
An unmanageable exit ramp,
Or the entrance to buildings
Where education was to be handed out....
There stood a calmly figure, in fluorescent fatigues,
Arms waving, signalling safe passageway
They hustled and bustled us
From to and fro, single filed, marching
Keeping watch for oncoming traffic
That we might be spared injury
Where, I ask,
Are the crossing guards
For today's lost youth....
Who is there, directing the roads
They are travelling, seemingly alone
Why are they left with no maps
To aid, in guiding, the endless turns
Getting lost along their way
Searching for familiar faces
And places that offer safe haven
Have we turned a blind eye
To the busy streets of youth
Who undoubtedly fall into the subway system
Of feeling invisible
Navigating the uncharted emotions
Without the encouraging love, deserved
And quick, to announce they've strayed the path
Taken the literal turn for the worse
Ventured, if not wandered,
Into neighborhoods no one should enter, alone
They cross against the light
Jaywalking into the darkest places
Any soul would rightfully avoid
With a pocketful of tokens, to nowhere...
Street signs covered, grit and grime

While the heavy metal music
Of the overwhelming streets
Leave them looking for that crossing guard
At the absentee corner

Susan Lacovara

The Anonymous Athlete

My face, not frontpage newsworthy,
Yet, here, beneath the golden orange flame
With flickering fingers pointed upwards
In the proverbial PEACE sign
I have come, to join in...
My name, unfamiliar...
My country, far from where you call home
My years of sacrificial determination
accumulating before the masses
That I might make proud
Those who long stood behind my dream

Not all will rise to the glory of gold
Some will stumble, crumble, tumble
Down mountainsides made for giants
Or feel the ice give way, unmercifully
'neath their silver skates...
And the wrenching pain of falling short
Only complicated more so
Hearing the anthem of another country played
Pulling at the heartstrings
Of hope, dashed...

But, alas, I have made strides worthwhile
To come, representative of peaceful gather
And stand unified in the spirit of fair play
Where politics do not polarize men
And competition is set to music
I, the anonymous athlete
Participate in pride, for all my practice
And give my all, that I might stand before the world
And show I tried...

I might be last to cross the line,
But I willfully and thunderously finish...
And capture the hearts of those
Who shouted to welcome me home...
It is enough to hear the applause
Of strangers, who now know my name...

Even if for just this fleeting moment
I came in PEACE, I came with Acceptance,
I came with Understanding, I came with Strength...
And though, the anonymous athlete,
These triumphs, these merits, these accolades
Shall remain golden, instilled, burning bright
Within my Olympian heart...
Long after the flame' s been extinguished

Susan Lacovara

The Breath Of The Moon

There was nothing to hear...
But the breath of the moon,
Exhaling and erasing any and all burdens
I had decidedly hurried
To tuck into drawers
Out of sight....out of mind...
Tonight....thoughts unleashed
Free to wander
Where the boats slept in their slips
And the Autumn air kissed
the drying hydrangeas
Goodnight.

There was nothing to see,
But the breath of the moon
Huffing it's imprinted halo glow
Unto the open shuttered window
Of the French door pane
That remained ajar
While I slept
With no fear, no formula...
After frolicking, in a wee hour garden
That twinkled with tinsel
Romancing this poet's pen...

There was nothing to feel
But the breath of the moon
As it slipped it's shawl
Around my shoulders
Asking me to slow dance
On the crimson carpet of
Fallen leaves...there,
In the vivacious breeze
Of a steal away, for today, moment
Where I ALMOST forgot
I was breathing...
If not for the pageantry
Of parading stars...

Nothing looked better

Nothing sounded better

Nothing felt better

The breath of the moon!

Susan Lacovara

The Candle Burning

I do not know who I miss more tonight
The man I loved or the poet
Who taught me of love's pain
Either way, I am home alone
With the task of tasting my own tears
Too tired to reach for another tissue
I swipe streaked mascara
On the back of my hand
And thumb through old McKuen books
In search of a sentence that makes sense
Of senseless parting

The oscillating fan drowns out
The mindless monologue of what might have been
Had we let the windows stay open wide enough
For all the flying faults to escape
The evening breeze knows me well
As does the dim light of the candle burning
In this sad sanctuary of a room well decorated
With pillows and plush covers
You could have found comfortable
I stare at paintings, done in blue
Acquiring more room, than necessary,
On the cozy couch, shared with my compassionate cat
Who hardly sees a reason for my crying
Although I know, he also misses the hand of the man
Who once stroked our sorrows to sleep

Susan Lacovara

The Cat And I On Sunday

I wake to the sound of my coughing cat

A hairball lodged, to be dispelled

And I am reminded of the 'I love you'

Still stuck in my own throat

He was able to rid himself

Of the annoying blockage

Me, I struggle for clear airway passage

Feeling like lungs will explode

From the longing to have you hear me

The cat, almost as gray as today's forecast

Looks to me with lonely eyes of green

Your green eyes once met my morning stretch

And your touch was my catnip

I wish I had the attention span of my cat

He finds quick distraction from everything

While I remain stuck in the recall of your purr

We both miss your scratches, your scritchies

And lying in your lap

The Cat and I on Sunday

The Catch

I wake to wait for the anchor of your hello
An urgency for breath to begin
A patience needing mouth to mouth revival
Of another day wading within your words
The sea carries you out
And back
While I am landlocked in my longing
To meet you dockside
Taste the salt on your lips
Fall, like a flapping fish
Into the net of your embrace
Your cheeks tanned by too many hours
Adrift on the swells offshore
Your hands firm from a hard day's haul
I catch myself staring at the surf in your eyes
Wanting to ride the waves

Susan Lacovara

The Closed Coffee Shop

Many a meal of honey drizzled handouts
Standing on your breadline of love
Holding back the pain of starvation
For any tiny morsel offered
Crumbs in my palm
Sandwiched words
That left me hungry for a proper daily diet
A meager nourishment
For my never ending appetite

I was thin and frail when you first fed me well
With heavy syrup from the fruit of desire
Pourings of cream flooding my cup
Your soft hand wiping my mouth
The banquet before me stretched on and on
I to think it would not end
Stayed long after the plates had been cleared
Leaving only the bitter aftertaste to digest
And the noticeable weight lost
That comes from losing a lover's words

Susan Lacovara

The Commonality Of Connecting Words

I speak not in your native tongue
But then again, I might, when done,
To cross the vast and far divide,
Where our common words, shared, reside

And bridge that gap, to foreign friends
To where a rainbow rests, her colors end
I dream, to PEACE, we all surrender
With hearts, alike, best to remember...

In my pastel painted poet's eye
Where Summer hangs her head to die
Awaken tumbling leaves of Autumn
(As a child...how many...caught 'em)

With outstretched words, poor servants true,
That I may extend my hand, to you...
Take what is worthy for your needs
And spread the blossoms, from their seeds...

Kindness breaks the boundaries, shatters,
shedding light on all that matters
Lift your voice that the truth be heard
In the commonality of connecting words.

Susan Lacovara

The Con In Confidence

What face the jester does wear
To snatch her stare
And blind her eyes
From the surprise
That nothing is what it appears

His trick, hand picked
Certain she will fall
For the love of it all
All wrapped up in a summer squall

The Mystic
So twisted her religion
Based solely on the decision
That she knew him well and wise
And so was her demise

The con man
With practiced slight of hand
Showed coins of gold
For her to hold
Then switch the pitch
And sold her down the line
Left her with nothing left to shine

The thief, beyond belief
With ninja footfall stepped on her grief
Trinkets taken, identity mistaken
She could not sketch his true face
In a barely there and broken space
All she knew of what was real
Was she had fallen for a raw deal

The smiling clown
Leaving town
And with that
Tore the Big Top down

The Curtain Closes

When a life ends, always a dimming of light
falls across the once vaudevillian stage,
that was scattered with punchline laughter

The echoes of one-liners, filling the vacant balcony
and out on the street, the faint sound of music, fades
Rolled up playbills, caught in the avenue' s breeze
A sad reminder, of how sweet the show...

Susan Lacovara

The Divide

I have my nightfall quiet
Rain drizzling in the veiled darkness
Of soon to sleep eyes heavy

You bouncing into the sunlight
Of success and steady forward
Oceans of thought between us

Are you aware I am there
Beyond the great divide

I'll take you in my landscaped dreams
To the blankets that cover my bed
Silly little stories I tell myself
To conquer the great divide

Susan Lacovara

The Drive

Asked if I would take a drive
Perhaps just an hour
Outside of town...
Be introduced to a favorite cousin
Stay in the backyard to barbeque...
Nothing fancy
No need to fuss
Would I think it fun
Would I go along
Would I play along
Would I say yes

I answered yes....

And thought about how many times
I stopped short of asking
If we could take a drive
Perhaps just an hour
Outside of town
To meet his favorite cousin
Maybe have a barbeque in the backyard
No need for them to be fancy
Or fuss over me
I just thought it might be fun
To maybe go along
Be allowed to play along
Would he say yes

Susan Lacovara

The Drowning Of Love

Were it not for the cold hard telling of
unimaginable truths
I would have stayed in the steady stream
of you holding onto me
In the river ripples of broken promises
Failed attempts and almost theres

I knew I would be in over my head
And yet, you coaxed me from my shore
I knew I was not strong enough a swimmer
And still I waded in
To waters welled deep and murky

You saw my struggle to stay afloat
Yet continued further from my outstretched hand
Unconcerned that currents could carry me away
You barely glanced back
And down, down, down
The drowning of love....

Susan Lacovara

The Exchange

Only know if it's right

Or wrong

Or wrongly right

Or rightly wrong

After the exchange

After the exhale

After the overthinking

After the distraction

Of not knowing where to begin

Or how it will end

Or if it's an ending to a beginning

Or a beginning to an end

Bracing for the inevitable unexpected

And expecting what inevitably happens

When daring to dart into the traffic

On an unknown street

Deciding that no decisions need be made

Not right away

For this is merely just the exchange

The Feeding Hand

Smallest of Starlings
Come feed come refresh
I have nowhere to go
To confess
This morning
There's much of the same
The crickets they know me
By name
But he doesn't know
I wait in the wind
Listening for harmonic refrains
That play over and over
A haunting song
Far away
Come Sparrows
Come Blackbirds
Today
Keeping company with
What all flies away
Come Cardinals
Come Ravens
And Stay

Susan Lacovara

The Gate

It was the last thing constructed
Just before you deconstructed our chances
Put up quickly, like your walls...

The gate swings, both inward and outward
As if the moods of you, the wind
You took time enough to hammer it's posts
Unnecessarily deep, into my soil
Ensuring it would withstand time
And tempest weather

It remains unpainted...
Purposely...
Let time and temperature color it
As time and tempers colored us

I have no choice but to open it,
Walk thru it, every single damn day
Feeling it quickly close behind me
A kick in the ass

I have laced it with scarlet begonias
Dripping down the sturdy side
Trying to make it a beautiful entrance
Not just a reflective rejected exit...

Sometimes the Cardinals come
Pretty, they perch and stare at my loneliness
They remember when we were two
Holding onto thoughts of the picket fence life
That was just beyond the gate...

Susan Lacovara

The Hands I've Held

His were worn and torn, from braiding ropes
To secure his vessel, from the sea
Mine were cold, but not by choice,
And warmed, once his fingers securely,
And, sometimes secretly, wrapped around them
My heart, strangely, always kept the fire stoked.

Another's hands, like satin...
They did not work the tools of a skilled trade,
Instead his mind was busied, calculating,
Formulating and analyzing solutions
To every possible equation...
While my hands, simply turned the pages
Of his textbook days.

In the playgrounds of youth,
Someone else's hands wrote beautiful lyrics
Of looseleaf paper poetry,
That stole my schoolgirl heart...
And made it his,
Like a fair maiden rescued by the gallant knight
His hands held tightly, the reins, to my burning desire

The quiet corners, in dimly lit underground places
Found me tracing circles of wishes,
In the palm of a smooth hand, I so want to hold onto...
If, to be a fortune teller, reading the lines
That map of out his future...dare I place myself
In the palm of his hand
That he could caress away my mindless and minuscule madness...

Of the hands that held my life, in theirs,
For whatever length of time elapsed,
The oversized paw-like, wisdom worn hands
Of my father, who lifted me first,
Into this great vast world...
And pointed, with fair fingers, the directions
To journeys, my life would take.
Sadly, it his his hand, waving goodbye

That returns me to tears..Into my open hands

Susan Lacovara

The Happy Hotel

Having a well recognized hanging sign
And a well known 'Open Door' policy
To my heart and the warmth of my hearth
Sadly comes with a price
Of strangers and others who strangely return
To come and rest by the comfort
Of my continuous flame of friendly acceptance

That they may shed their skin
Molt from their mundane sadness
Stay as I serve tea and timeless encouragement
Mend the holes in their socks
And their souls
So that they regain the positive charge
To their battered batteries
Enough that they can slip away
Into sunlight
Strong and well slept
Closing the door behind
Vanishing to a bustop schedule
A ferry reservation
An airport accommodation
Of their standby barely booked
Last minute getaway

I empty ashtrays
Snuff out candles
Spread fresh laundered linens
Wash a sink full of saucers and teacups
And sniff back the sadness
Of rehangng the VACANCY sign

All, at the Happy Hotel

Susan Lacovara

The Hook

Watching fishermen
On the jetty rocks
Casting lines
Into the great sea
Their patience tested
Waiting for the right one
Lured to nibble, hooked
Reeled in
A keeper

I was that swimming fish
Free in the swells
Of blue and green
Until tangled in your line
Failed to fight the current
Scooped up by your net
And presented you
Your prize catch

You should have left me
In the deep
Safe in the school of many
Going unnoticed
My colors hidden beneath the surface
But you pulled me
To the shore of you
In your bucket
To be carried home
A filet for your feast
And once your hunger
Satisfied, full
You return to the next
Nearest jetty
In a new locale
And cast your line once more

Susan Lacovara

The Last Train

As if I could stop this freight train
From barreling down the rickety tracks
Turning back the hands of time
To find we've still got time
To relax and forget the fact
That one and one
While making two
Should never equate
To just making due
When holding hands comes naturally
As you drift off to sleep
Causally
Comforted and comfortable
In your own skin
Next to his skin
As only time, alone, wears thin
But never before seeing his morning grin
To bask in, breathe in, stop awhile
Linger in
But certain as the whistle blows
The bending rails to wherever he goes
Leaves a puff of smoke in the evening sky
High, way up, so high
And before I had noticed
I hadn't noticed
There was little left but goodbye

Susan Lacovara

The Lavender Door

What love lives behind the lavender door
My thoughts to explore
What pictures
On their living room shelves
Do they keep to themselves
Tied up in a bundle of love
As the steam from their morning coffee
Rises above
Do they look for no more
Than their love behind the Lavender door

What grows in their garden to find it
Behind the post and rail fence
In perfect alignment
Well it all looks so serene
In their backyard of emerald green
Like a picture painted Monet scene

And what about me
What about mine
Where is the love I'm hoping to find
What about me
What lies in store
Could I find a love like theirs
Behind the lavender door

What sweet songs at night
Does she sing
To echo the kindness
For the flowers he brings
And the calico cat
That they both adore
Sleeps in contentment
On their kitchen room floor
Do they wish for no more
Than their love behind the lavender door

And what about me
What about mine

I've so much inside
I've yet to define
What about me
What's left to endure
'Til I find love like the theirs
Behind the lavender door

What love lives behind the lavender door
With a wink from his eye
I am certain and sure
He longs for no more
Than the love behind the lavender door

Than their love...behind the lavender door

Susan Lacovara

The Lifting Lake

I have been drawn again
To the curve of a lake
It's calming blue cradle
Of keeping my cares at bay
An open box of paints
Brushstrokes against the canvas sky
Up high the circling birds
That know it best to nest
Alongside the shore

Called again to view the hanging moon
Because it appears so close
To capture in my hand's caress
Or as I do sideline sit
Near the open window breeze
Might the night song sing to my soul

Asked again to bundle my belongings
And tie up loose ends of longing
Leave behind where once a Mar(c) was burned
Into the sadness of staying too long, alone

Daring again to be the only thing I know to be
Me, simply me, organic and authentic
Then and there sunning my stitched together self
In the promise of Springtime's coming crocus
An evening's crystal constellations

Learning again to lighten the load
Of too much kept for no good reason
And remembering to teach myself
Tell myself once more looking ahead hurt less
Hindsight belongs in a box

Believing again a lake knows my secrets
They have always had privy to my concealed desires
And should the first night by the water's edge be bright
My wings to open and lift me toward the moon glow
of the lifting lake

Susan Lacovara

The Long Night's Moon

I surprise myself
With a moonlit memory of you
Plating the forbidden dessert
Knowing it will not taste as sweet
As when first you served me

Let me let go...
Let me let go...
Under the Long Night's Moon
Full and forgetful
As you

Let me let go...
Let me let go...

Susan Lacovara

The Mighty Maya

What now of this silence
Falling a soft rain
Stilled the river of her words
That wet our dehydrated souls
So long her tender touch
Stroked the heart of a poem
And lifted the frail birds
To flight
An unmistakable tone
Even and pure
Telling us of our unleashed potential
For goodness sake
And temperance
Who now to lead with grace
In eloquent experience
Cooling the hot house heads
With words beautifully said
And a life lived with importance
The book of heaven opens
Welcoming her verses
As we left behind
Bow our heads
Lower our eyes
And love the poetry
That was she....
I am but a small student
Of the mighty Maya

Susan Lacovara

The Missed Throw

I would have thought you'd find a way
To say 'Sorry'
Making it a tossed lasso
To land around my neck
Pull me back
To the corral of calmed conversation
Where friendship was a shared stall

Rather you dusted off your hands
Placing them deep inside your pockets
Fiddling with coins and so unaware
Of the missed opportunity
To saddle up and say the right words

Susan Lacovara

The Missing Moon

I stepped outside tonight to spy
As friend instructed I
To find the moon be sharing soon
Their two beholding eyes
A ceiling haze of hanging gray
Clouds led to my dismay
Not gifted by the sweetest shine
No moon came out to play
Wide is the world with miles unfurled
She's but an island girl
Who shares her star with friend afar
Beneath the silver swirl

Susan Lacovara

The Mouse Who Stayed For Supper

I imagine him with tiny Louis Vuitton luggage
Scurrying scuttling setting up house
Unpacking his matchbox belongings
Into my kitchen ceiling tiles
The mouse who stayed for supper

A bit of a distraction while trying to type
He cares not if he interrupts my morning tea
He's obviously absent minded and late for an appointment
Always in a rush forgetting something or another
Having to backtrack overhead and overheard
No less than two hundred twenty two times a day
Traipsing the length of the room, me at rope's length end

He's a bit brazen lately, this fast footed foreigner
Twice now dare-deviled dashed past the drowsy cat
And with acrobatic agility avoided the always on-guard dog
I'll confess his only reason accomplishing this feat,
At best, my fed too generously pets obese
And they prefer slumber to slaughter

I allowed him headway when frost bit hard
But now nibbling obnoxious, he needs to find a garden
Leave the rafters of my rooms
And meet up with chipmunk punks hiding in the hyacinth
My patience thin, his pitter patter prancing
Sounding more like marathon country line dancing
The mouse who stayed for supper

Who am I kidding...
I'll not chase him out
Nor set inhuman homicidal traps
To capture him in peanut butter bondage
Word on the streets, the girl's too sweet
To cancel the lease of any homeless stay
Who stows away, seeking munchies and mercy
Quite okay if he stays..luggage and all
Traversing my halls, I'll get used to the noise
And would probably stay up nights worrying what became of

The mouse who stayed for supper
Should he decide to dine elsewhere

Susan Lacovara

The Night Owl

With eyes wide as saucers,
she, the night owl
quiets and considers...

Friend to the frost of the night air,
waits on her perilous perch
secretly spying what scampers below

Hidden in shadowy stillness,
She, wiser than many would guess...
patient under the glowing crescent moon

Sleep will come in awhile...
Later than others choose as timely,
But for her, the darkness has a life all it's own.

Susan Lacovara

The Paradise Of Poetry

I shall be comforted to know
There will be books in Heaven

As they, my old friends,
To lend me the leisure
Of resting in the beauty
Of the shared written word

Susan Lacovara

The Return

She comes back, comes home
To the Once Before He Went Away
And falls into the lonely doorway
To a house, now, unfamiliar, Hers
The curtains block the morning sun
The furnace fails to warm
A howling wind, part wolf, part ghost
Threatens to hold her hostage
She misses Him, his mouth, his eyes
He knows it, threads a needle of keeping her stitched
To a life they used to share
He is there, in pole vaulting passes
Running swiftly, planted, Up High, Over
Landing, Score, Somewhat Satisfied...
Till he thinks he can do better,
Opting for yet, another attempt
At getting it RIGHT...Perfect
She swallows the thick tears, salted and stinging
Choking back the reality she waves away
Wondering if it will ever feel good again,
Coming home to a place, her dog no longer lives,
Her lover no longer visits,
A place where his left behind razor
Rests on her bathroom shelf
A place where nothing feels like a reason
To return

Susan Lacovara

The Sea Of Someone Else

The currents pull me out, away
I cannot swim well enough
That I should even dare to drift
From the safety of the shore, once more
and worse yet, without a lifeguard's watch
The waters look inviting
Yet best to back pedal from the surf
The sea of someone else

I almost drowned, last time
Dipping my toes in the wake of you
Wearing no life jacket
To keep my heart and soul
From being swept away
Sucked under
Swallowed into depths unimaginable
Gasping for air unobtainable
Struggling to find the surface
knowing I could no longer touch bottom

Everyone claims to be a buoy
An island paradise just past the waves
I long to believe their stories that swell
The salty spray of sweet escape
But I know how poor a swimmer I am
And how quickly the tides can change
Probably the reason why I seek the mountains
In place of the sea....
Would rather fall from the incredible height of your love
Than be swept away in the sea of someone else

Susan Lacovara

The Shed

Behind the old shed
With it's weather worn beams
Struggling to stand straight
Brave, against hurled January winds
Are the things she stored
For hints of Spring

A shovel, to dig away her past
A rake, to clear an unobstructed new path
A hose, to water all her dreams
A wheelbarrow, to cart away her sorrow
Pruning sheers, to shape what needs to thrive
Fencing, to keep out predators
Bricks and stones, on which to build
Composted soil, with minerals, rich
Watering can, to catch her tears, recycled
A birdhouse, for welcoming stranger's stay
Garden spikes, for steadying struggling seedlings

Stacked against the slanted side
Tucked into bundles that shout 'Useful'
For now, the sunlight's fingers pry
Into the pile, like a child, at Christmas
Racing to open what they cannot wait to receive

Behind the old shed, familiar tools
Needed and necessary for these unfamiliar days.

Susan Lacovara

The Sheer Physicality Of Pain

I do better with pain of the heart
Then that which riddles my bones
On another rainy day

I can medicate my lonely hours
With love songs from the seventies
And find an anecdote
In the opening of an artist's easel

But when tugged on
By the returning, if not, never leaving pain
Of pieces worn out by time
And too many burdens
Breaking my stride and stance
Like a wounded winged bird
Who dreams of flight
I stay tethered
To this all too familiar branch

The heart heals with patience
And promise
And recovery gives way to strength
The journey back, however long
Seems well worth the trip

In comparison, the countless hours
Slip into weeks, months, years
Of inflammation of too many tears
Bandages to cover the spirit sliced
Insulted by what limits my going on
Getting through, feeling better
My best self, put to the test
Of the ongoing boot camp maneuvers
Climbing that impending wall

How resilient the heart
Bruised, beaten down, broken
That it defies all odds and recovers
Time after time after time

Couldn't it be the surgeon
On call, now, for my sadly stretched soul
Showing up for daily rounds
Diagnosing what brings dismay
And offering the prognosis
Of a full recovery

Susan Lacovara

The Shift

What calls today
To conjure the mind to flee
From the shackles of the stay inside
Of one's thoughts
Pensive but pressing forth
To the open air surprise
Of summer coming to a close

Autumn chugging down the track
I am taken back
To the upcoming crisp days
That dare me to leave behind
The thoughts of finding that summer love
And trade my hand for the taking time
To revel in the colors on display
Bundle my poetic wishes
Knowing that winds will blow my heart
In another direction
While I add on layers to keep warm
I walk into the changing season
And greet the noticeable shift

Susan Lacovara

The Sinking Of A (Friend) Ship

The hurl of hurt
Blinding sandbox dirt
Shoveled from cynics
Those which mimic
With envy green
Truths unseen
A window closed
By invented prose
The door is slammed
With a careless hand
Guided and scribed
A jealous intent
clicked and carried
Maliciously 'SENT'
A playground of fools
Bending the rules
Unaware how the tools
Of belittling and blasting
Damaging and lasting
Are for naught
Without pure thought
A cowardly act of breathing lies
Dissolving ties
A compromise of kindness
A blindness
An unrecognized danger
That creates and crafts a stranger
Where once a kinship thrived
A dagger thrust deep
The bloodstains to keep
As the souvenir
Of posting words cruel and cavalier
Walk away, although wounded
From the slice
The stab
The needless senseless gab
Riddled with holes in the soul
Still knowing your story
(albeit falsely told)

Was merely conceived
To make another believe
Their days are far richer than yours.

By the

Susan Lacovara

The Soft Stretch

She slips from the warmth of her bed
Shaking her tangled but soft to the touch hair
Free to drip down her shoulders

Her still sleepy stretch
Of long limbs
With a lingering yawn
And lashes that flash as she opens her eyes
To the pardon me morning's arrival

Smoothing the silken threads of covers
That kept her unaware
Of what the world was doing
While she slept

What she has kept in her thoughts
Were thoughts of if he had slept well
Away from her gentle whisper
And if true he did miss her

Pouring the perfect blend
Of coffee and calm
Into her oversized cup
She wishes he'd wake up
And drink up
The full bodied richness of her love

Susan Lacovara

The Space Between Us

You asked for space
As of the space you placed between us
Wasn't already an ocean wide
I obliged....
Not once, but twice
And did so with the truest of intentions
Believing that strengthening yourself
Would somehow strengthen us
Or atleast reflect the goodness of my heart
You took my heart
Along with my candy kisses
Kept them for just the amount of time needed
Until the golden goose you imagined,
The one you thought could solve every thing
Failed to arrive on time
And then it was time to move on
Move away, hurrying and hurting
So blatant in your decision
That you left your empty suitcase behind
One last thing for me to dispose of
To free up space in my shattered heart
And lighten the load you carried elsewhere
And with a nod you rounded the corner
Of the next great adventure you hope to find
Sending me notice that you're doing well
Well on your way to your new everyday
Where I no longer exists
My photograph already faded, forgotten
Not even a memory you care to preserve
For a time when only I understand the loneliness
That comes from having way too much space
And wishing for a glimpse of love's face

Susan Lacovara

The Stir

He sleeps
beneath Sunday morning sheets
Unaware that I have moved away from his side
Into the early hours of "mine"
Hair uncombed
and on my third cup of coffee
I usher in the waking day
Sharing my morning with the poems in my head
I left our bed
but left him warm
So I could empty my head of song
and sentences
that ride the carousel of my mind

I check in on him
between the pages of these gentle hours
Pulling the covers up under his chin
Before I begin to write again
in the softened silence
I know when he rises
He'll pray, first and foremost
Before preparing a plate of his own delicious words
And all his nightingale stories, unheard,
There, while we nested
in the same shared space of sleep
And thus, we shall to keep to our promise
Of securing a stretched out Sunday
Penciling in only the task
of walking the dog, together,
In the dampness of drizzling rain
But for now I remain
In the company of fresh brewed coffee
Awaiting my sugar
to stir from his sleep

Susan Lacovara

The Taking Of Another Hill

Much the same, I get my orders
For the taking of another hill
Break down the tents
Pack up the supplies
Strap on a heavily armed backpack
And start the impossible climb

I am a soldier
Not of a country
But of a cause...
Of a course...

Locked and loaded
My only true weapon is my will
My wish not to be defeated
My stubborn refusal to surrender

An unseen enemy one fears most
Present yourself that I might challenge you
Strong and with self preservation
I can defeat your angry charge

The taking of another hill
Boots planted as the ground muddies
I am not on familiar turf, this time,
But shall not retreat without a proper fight

I can be my own hero
The taking of another hill

Susan Lacovara

The Unknown Dome

So here I am
In the unknown dome
In a crowded house
How, this, alone
And if, could walk
Where's there to roam
I'm left again
To long postpone
What I believed, once,
Soon mine, to own
Now breathing's tough
In the unknown dome
Deleting numbers
From the phone
Outside the grass
Is overgrown
From the pedestal, dropped
Neglectfully dethroned
Silly little lightening bug
Her glow barely shone
Tapping her fingers
From captivity of
The unknown dome

Susan Lacovara

The Upkeep Of An Empty Heart

I wish, instead of this tiny lakeside spot
I lived in a sprawling old house
that required much upkeep and repair
Something to fill the empty hours
occupy my mind
Free me from the endless recording
of your fast and feverish farewell

I have rearranged the furniture
in my "living" room
while feeling I was dying
a little more each day
I've sorted my seasonal clothing
into bundles and bags
tagging which dress was your favorite

Needing more to do
I took to alphabetizing the canned goods
in my kitchen cabinets
Just in case you call
asking to share a quick meal
I wouldn't want to waste precious time
prepping and preparing
When I could be kissing the missing you...

How many more candles can I place
about this lonely space
in hopes the fragrance of love lingers
The scent of summer swept breezes
(peach and coconut laced)
Vanilla sugar cookie softness
the very flavor of your kiss
baked well within my thoughts
Lilac and lavender
breathing in the corner that you found most cozy

What, with all this time on my hands
and all that still stays within my heart
can usher me from the tick tock clock

of separation
I have become quite the tidier
clearing clutter and making room
for the absence of you

Susan Lacovara

The Value Of My Time

I give so willingly, of myself
That I might steer you
to self assurance
All the while searching for air
To fill my deflated lungs...
And left hungry
for mere morsels of appreciation,
Not to boost my ego
But to at very least,
Know, that you know...
I care enough....for now...

I sacrifice time and temper,
Offering my shoulders
that you may unburden YOUR load
Unto MY already hunched back...
Heavy, from the weight of what I bear
If, but on the back burner...as usual...

I am spread thin,
Like honey on bread
Starving for a glimpse to see you
Take a chance,
To be present...in your own life....

It is not enough to ask for help
If you don't see the value of my time...
And in your casual disconnecting way
Leave your bundled broken pieces,
at my door...
I cannot be the crutch
You readily grasp
Time after time...
When I know, with certainty,
You are capable of walking, alone.

Hours fade,
like summer's honeysuckle blooms
And the sweetness falls from the vine...

Yet you, with apparent indifference,
Fail to recognize that I might reach
My boiling point
Much hotter and higher,
Than that of a solar flare...

It might appear I've time to kill,
But your 'come what may- look away' attitude
Is robbing my readiness and resilience
Almost to the point
Of feeling 'what's the point'...
Haven't you heard anything I have said? ? ? ?

The value of my time
Is that I have time,
for those I love,
Those in need of a sympathetic
Outstretched hand...
Not looking for a hand out,
Or a pat on their back...
Which I myself rarely receive...
But that someone stands for their own convictions
Deciding to grab hold of the reins
And gallop, full stride...
That I might see them,
independent..
Leaving me to myself,
To spend my time, in worth and wellness.
For this true, the value of MY time

Susan Lacovara

The Vandalization Of Violets In A Vase

The spray painted graffiti
Of his underlying words
Splashed across the canvas
Of her white washed heart
Staining the softness
Of her strong brushstrokes

She merely asked his opinion
For original colors
A mix of hues to add depth
To her portrait
He chose to mar and deface
What was so lovingly created
While she slept
In her water colored dreams
His scribbling scrawling
Plastered without thought
Inked with no true definition
Blackened the beauty
Her mural tainted
By his painted indifference

The careless rendering
A mindless mix
Of black and blues
Covering over
The greens and gay yellows
Staining what was
To be her one true masterpiece

She tried to capture
Ever to keep
The delicate essence
The lingering scent
Of violets in a vase

Susan Lacovara

The Want Of Wasted Words

Tiny mixed sentences

That now, would have been better used

Given graciously, on platters, silver

So that you could feast on my love

Tangled thoughts, rushed to deliver

On my way out the door, to someplace better

Tongue-tied, with too little time to spare

I selfishly kept going, without a kiss goodbye

Trivial bits of burdensome, boring details

That I should've laid in your lap

The want of wasted words, haunts my hallways

Ironically, it is those we always thought

Knew our every emotion, heard or unspoken

And long after they are gone, taken, or lost

They are the very voices I long for most

They one's that witness my evolution of self

And offered the vocabulary of love.

Susan Lacovara

The Waving Of The Wand

I am fooled by the blue of today's sky
Tricking my eye to think of July
And how a salty breeze tastes
From the warmth of my furnace fed room
I pretend that summer is not gone
There is time to tan
And take lazy steps near a shore

Not ready for the turning back of clocks
Instead I wish to sit on docks
Dangling my feet without shoes and socks
Where diving ducks waste their days
Swimming their small circles
In a sunlit haze

Yes tricked, from within these walls
I can hear the swirls of seagulls
Sweeping down to where the shells
Surrendered themselves on that beach
I teach my thought to return
To dunes and driving pounding surf
When winter waits to show her face

I am tricked by the slight of hand
That this season shields from my stare
Stuck somewhere between
Autumn cares not if I am prepared
To face the building winds alone
And knowing I have no other choice
But to pack my sand castle self
And move towards the shifting gales
I gather thee smooth rocks and seaglass
To stuff inside my pockets
So pretty to place on windowsills
When watching the first snow fall

Susan Lacovara

The Whole Of Him

Take him home today
The whole of Him
The heartbreaking reunion
Of a love so true with time
And tolerance
Might the sun accompany you
His last journey
Back into the tender embrace

Take him home today
The whole of Him
On a winding road
So often travelled, as two
Humming the familiar songs
Forever to haunt your heart
In the recall of a duet's harmony

Take him home today
The whole of Him
Wrapped in ribbons of melancholy
That tie him, forever, to your thoughts
And be not afraid to weep
For salted tears are telltale signs
Of a life lived well, together

Take him home today
The whole of him
Knowing it was your great and grand affection
That made him whole and happy
Beyond the stretch of years
Always remains a gentle place
Where he is whole
And home....again

Susan Lacovara

The Wind Up Music

The shops are prematurely saturating the air
With happy holiday music and bells
Making my silly heart swell
Remembering when love was real
Was new
And I had reason to roam
The tinsel Christmas town
Seeking out silver and gold

I knew no cold
And tasted falling snowflakes
Bundled against the bitter breeze
By your blanketing words of whimsy and warmth
Winter looked wide eyed wonderful then

Only now do I remember the frosting that followed

Like that perfect scene
Captured and held hostage in a snow globe
Never ever changing
Always just a beautiful
Time after time
No matter how hard or how often it was shaken
The Christmas cottage remained the same
It's lovely landscape intact
Merry and magically bright

I bought myself my own Christmas gift
Albeit well in advance
And against the good advice of my purse strings
A single silver snowflake
In a snow globe shiny new
Flecks of white and gold glitter
Floating dancing in the water

It's note by note song to keep me company
On my very own silent night

The Young The Needy The Hurt

They fall in love differently...

The young, the needy, the hurt

Youth will taste of bubblegum kisses

Under the blessing of the moon

Hotter than the August humidity

Holding hands in naive nuzzling

Guzzling every elicited and explicit hour

Believing all begins and ends

In each other's eyes

The Needy find a lifeline tossed

A sturdy anchoring to safe harbor

Building nesteggs and making omelets

Steadying themselves for tomorrow

Against the pillar of promises

They hope are kindly kept

Having someone to stand beside

When they are besides themselves

Sometimes settling for some compromise

Watching for an opened umbrella

Under cloudy skies

The Hurt seek shelter

In the cavern of someone else's

Barely breathing their breathless desire

To be a voice heard by anyone

Other than the wind

They trade-in, trade-off,

But rarely trade-up

Stuck in the silence of another Sunday

Spent reading separate sections of the New York Times

Wishing they remembered what drew them together

Not knowing what tears them apart

Susan Lacovara

There

I thought I saw your face again

There

There in a fleeting glimpse

of yesterday

I thought you winked at me

I thought I heard you call my name

There

There from your side steps

Inviting me in for tea or vodka

I swore I felt you breeze on by

Humming out loud, some seventies song

There

There as I turned too slow

Was it really you

There

Susan Lacovara

Think Me On That Train

While the fog shifts
And the stars lift
Think me on that train
That curls around the winding track
And leaves behind a whistled soundtrack
A fading song in the still of the night
To tuck you in and keep you tight
Til in my arms again
Think me on that train
Through the Clinch hillside
Where you reside
Think me on that train
It's huffing lullabies just a quick goodbye
To the summer sky and her winking eye
As I gather suitcases full of dreams
I trade my blues for your evergreens
Think me in that train

Susan Lacovara

This Chair

This chair knows how old I am
And how old I have become
Sitting beneath the window sill
That provides a slotted view
Of what will be this season

This chair creaks
Like knuckles, cracked
Its wood once not as dry
And long ago stood sturdier
Much the same as I

This chair lived in my every home
High on a Hamptons hill
And buried in basement boredom
Cushioned and cushioned
To match the melding years
The changing interiors
That took me from there to here

This chair like that of Goldilocks
Fits me just fine
After all I have been perched
Sitting, a sentinal gargoyle
Near a door that leads to come what may
For much more time
Than I thought I had time for

Susan Lacovara

This Love

I know this love
Like the back of my hand
Although I did not expect the hand
I was dealt
It is my most familiar joy
The sketched out picture of
Your morning mouth
Your gentle eyes
Your stretched out eccentricities
All still here
In the thickets of thoughts
Tangled in yesterdays, todays
And tomorrows

The midnight moonlit field
Grows less green, as it should, this summer
The summer we swore would be ours
Ours alone, against all odds
And now, how odd to be stayed here, alone,
Too long in the shadow of the day you left

Ironically I must watch countless jets
Their flight paths, hauntingly, above MY house
Our house, this place, our space,
Ghost riding airspace...
I wonder which lover leaves the other
Each and every time I hear the engines
And see the clouds swallow the fleeing planes

But I know this love
Like the back of my hand
And a hand I'd gladly give back,
To you...
If there were tides and chances that changed
To draw the currents back in our direction
I know this love
And I know you know it, too...
Undeniable in it's entirety
It remains entirely yours

This love, that I know
Like the back of my hand

Susan Lacovara

This Poet's Playground

Bring your pens, to sign graffiti
On my soul
Sky high letters of love
Longing unleashed set free
Come out and play with me

Dear Tony, please go pick up Dee
See if Colleen will come for tea
Khairul sits across the sea
My poet friends, dear company

Mr. Draper, reads the paper
Posting editorials, keen
I reside, with joy, inside
Thinking of Darlene...

All the children, with their pencils
Putting life to wandering words
Stay in summer, this poet's playground
A feathery flock, so loved, these birds

Susan Lacovara

This Poet's Thank You

They came from all corners
A rainbow collection of friends
To tutor my heart
In the lessons of healing
Of hoping
Of believing
Of hanging on
and getting through the frost of winter

They did not turn away
They turned me inward
and gave me strength
Their gentle compassionate hands
wiped the tears from my eyes
and pointed to days
with prettier skies

Like the rooms full of troubles souls
Speaking their names aloud
and telling their truths
I stood before you
broken and begging
And you came to rescue me from my sorrow

Making me mindful that all poets suffer
While reminding me of the coming dawn
How do I repay those kindnesses?
How can I speak of your worth?

It was you, my friends, my community
of careful and caring cheerleaders
That lifted me
That carried me
That placed me back
in a place of purpose
What greater a gift?

Throughout my pain you were all present
And gave me the presents of your wisdom

Your experiences, a common thread
for the woven tapestry of concern
It kept me warm and allowed for rest

Winter washes away now
And my love has returned with apologetic eyes
I welcome him home, as it is best to do
We break bread instead of promises
And I tell him of the many
who pulled me to shore

I could not have made it from the currents
Had you not thrown me the lifeline
Dear and wonderful poets...
who refused to let me drown
in the sorrowful sea of heartbreak

It is wonderful to be back in the sunlight...
It was you, my friends,
Kept me strongly swimming

PEACE UPON YOU

Susan Lacovara

This Year

This year...

I will love a little harder
Sleep a little longer
Listen a little better

This year...

I shall be kinder to strangers
Practice tolerance
Be humble and share

This year...

I'll change outdated outlooks
Rearrange unrealized visions
Toss out missed opportunities

This year...

I shall spend less money
While spending more well spent time
I will save riches of the soul

This year...

I'll keep making promises
And keep the promises I make
And promise to make a difference, (no matter how small)

This year...

I will watch more sunsets
Wake up early to catch the sunrise
And wish in every shooting star

This year...

I'll strive for new knowledge
Reflect on wisdom
Seek new ways to apply life's lessons...

Susan Lacovara

Those Two

Maybe the wind, blowing snow sideways
Allows for a blurred view of our reality
Reason to reevaluate the same old, same old song and dance
Come to some sort of conclusion

Alleviate the pain, somehow, but not today
Noticing how fragile flakes pile up to become a perimeter
Deepening Winter's way of keeping us apart

Seems pointless to step outside the warmth of my wanting
Useless to bundle up and brave the outer elements
Staying, instead, in a homestead that was supposed to be ours, shared
Answering the questions I ask myself
Never knowing if I am actually speaking the truth

Susan Lacovara

Those Who Know

Those who know
The me that is mine
Authenticity unrehearsed
See the righteousness of my ways
And braid in their loving twine
To secure I am a well received package
That deserves to be opened and explore
It's contents clear and kind
Rare as a valuable antique
Beautiful as a one of a kind gem
Those who know
The battles and bruises I've endured
Will look upon my badges
And admire the before and afters
Without turning a judgemental eye
To stare upon the obvious flaws and scars
We all carry under our steam cleaned clothing
Those who know
The lionhearted loyalty preserved
And the lightening quick forgiveness I serve
Will stand beside my blustery blues
And remind me they are
Those who know

Susan Lacovara

Thunder In The Distance

I love the fall of feather rain
But fear the thunder in the distance
I see the rise of planted grain
And hopeful it sways with resistance
To threatening skies of gray clouds sliding
Stealing blues and sunsets, red
I love the cool of showers, sweetness
But hate the lightning, overhead

Susan Lacovara

To Be There

I will come and find you, friend
Where you lay your troubles
Out to dry
Help you iron the wrinkles of worry
To smooth your cluttered mind
We'll spring-clean your boxed up sorrow
Make room for fast blooming tomorrow
I do not mind
Investing my time
For it is yours
To borrow

And we shall work in tuneful measure
With pasted grins upon our faces
A task so easy, if two, together
Bridging distance, shortening spaces
Uplifted by the songs of winds in rushes
A kiss, a touch, to bring about blushes
That come when both are prone to laughter
And greeting the daylight, the morning after

I will come and find you, friend
Set aside the timepiece ticking
That we will make this day our own
There's flowers asking for our picking
See me, fresh, and know I want to walk alongside you
In rain and thunder and days of morning dew
Even should you question if I wish to be elsewhere
Fear not... where YOU are
I want to be there

Susan Lacovara

To Chase The Rain

To spill my paint forming running puddles
Of purple and blue wet like the sea
Dip my brush and drag it onto virgin canvas
Steal the vacant lot

I will paint for you
Capture the dancing gold of dawn
Harness the reds of a heated summer afternoon
Preserve the onyx nights and silver moon
And wrap the portraits in pretty paper
Present them while we picnic
A basket filled with the baited breath
Of new beginnings

Susan Lacovara

To Make The Pieces All Fit In

Dawn's a single mother, with struggles, now her own
It's been five long years of widow' s work
To mend her broken home
A chore, to stretch her monthly budget,
With five hungry mouths to feed,
In the wee small hours, while children dream
She fall unto her knees...

And she cries, oh yes, she cries...
And few can sympathize,
While she tries to make the pieces
All fit in...

Karen cuts pink roses, from her garden, everyday
She's on her second round of chemo...
But the cancer' s not going way...
Beneath her floral headscarf,
no trace left, her flowing mane...
While the sun streams on her roses,
Her heart sinks, in pouring rain

And she hides, oh yes, she hides
What she somedays, still, denies...
While she tries to make the pieces
All fit in...

Juan writes another resume, on a page of promise, white...
He's used to work the graveyard shift,
Now he barely sleeps at night...
It's been eighteen months, after eighteen years,
A victim of 'downsize'
As the unpaid bills, stare back at him...
He feels so paralyzed...

And he lies, oh yes, he lies
So his wife won't realize
While he tries to make the pieces
All fit in...

Dan thinks of graduation, degree within his grasp..
Swallows pride, and takes a pain pill,
And a quick sip, from his flask...
Amid the building pressure, with no way to vent his fear
The expense of education, he can't afford,
this year...

So he sighs, oh yes, he sighs...
And he shuts his nearsighted eyes,
While he tries to make the pieces
All fit in...

Susan sits, and counts her day, stacks then into tiers
Used to have poet's plan
Put on hold these last six years...
Watches dancers, with their perfect poise
She, unsteady, in her gait
Imagines someone showing up, but sadly, not of late...

And time flies, oh yes it flies...
And with the full moon in her eyes
She tries to make the pieces
All Fit in...

Life's ongoing puzzle, laid out on a table
Complete the frame, with corners...
find them, if you're able...
To border the perfectly pictured place
Seems daunting, to begin...
While you try to make the pieces
All fit in....

Susan Lacovara

To See Beyond The Skin

It may be what you think too thin
To see beyond the skin
A glimpse inside of where I've been
To see beyond the skin

It might be less than porcelain
To see beyond the skin
The veins my blood is coursing in
To see beyond the skin

It may look rough, the shape I'm in
To see beyond the skin
My load long hauled and stained with sin
To see beyond the skin

It might appear thoughts kept within
To see beyond the skin
What's that...a fading hint of grin...
To see beyond the skin

If all you sought for was to win
To see beyond the skin
A mirror casts in truth your twin
To see beyond the skin

What was the aim of arrow' s pin
To see beyond the skin
Where words are thrown against the wind
To see beyond the skin

How do you dare create a spin
To see beyond the skin
What lies beneath much to chagrin
To see beyond the skin

Susan Lacovara

To Sketch You A Sunrise

If I, to sketch you a sunrise,
On an empty calling canvas
New and all your own
I'd use the kindest colors, soft
And pencil-in the break of day
Muting the horizon
As it emerges from a long night's sleep
To announce the sweet approach of light
Pale blue bands from the ocean's caress
Pink, as if from the bliss
of my first good morning kiss
Yellow, YES! Yellow, always yellow
Certain, that every day starts "sunny side up"
And green, my gush of lush greens,
ever gracing our wooded walking ways
Then dipping my brush into pillowy billowy white
Tenderly dotting the sky with cotton clouds
Which never threaten to turn stormy
Streaks of lavender (like that we sprinkle into our tea)
Coupled with bursts of orange to crack open the day
Glints of silver and strands of gold
All to behold...for you, to you
My most humble hand-painted morning "Hello"

Susan Lacovara

To Stay That Day In Sayville

Picking daisy bouquets from a roadside farm stand
Only her smile was prettier
Evidence showed their love was stronger than the wind
Tilting his eyes towards hers, even the sun shied away
Rounding her hips with his hands, he circled her beauty inside
Yesterday is but a dream, now, the daisies bow their burdened heads

Susan Lacovara

To The Girl Across The Street

You were my very first friend
With sunlit yellow hair,
which directly complimented my dark mane
We were a pair, uniquely different...
but, oh so much alike
In our search for childhood adventures...
we forgot to count hours
and sang our way through summer days
in a harmony that, now, has spanned
almost half a century....

It has been you, all along
knows how to bring about my laughter...
You, who has remained loyal
in your acceptance of my every fault...
And I can still return
to the playground of yesterday
and find you as my companion,
Best Friend....

Time has tamed us, just a little
Fate has brought about changes, unexpected...
Life has placed miles, but NEVER distance
between our everydays...

Where have the countless calendar days gone?

In my heart we will always be skipping
To the much loved 45's, from AM radio...
We'll pretend to be as grown up
as our older siblings
and share our dreams for the future,
while trying out the latest dance steps
stowed away, in each other's rooms

You went away, to become a wife and mother
(Something I am sure, your own mother applauds,
while sipping tea, with my mother, in heaven)
And I remain, on the Island of Long

not very far from where our friendship was forged...
Thinking sweetly, remembering kindly, missing always
The Girl Across The Street....

Susan Lacovara

To Think You Look For Me

Here in the sleepy still
Of a Thursday drenched by the rain
That never washed away the loneliness
That came and stayed for dinner
I found a calling card
From a friend a world away
My words I' m told, were missed
Were valued, were sought
So sweet the nectar of kindness, shared
When in a night that saw such sorrow
I begged myself to remember this blessing
A stranger, NO...
Make that a friend
Grabbed hold of my hand
Through the simple gesture of saying
I had been missed...
Tonight I send a wave of warmth
Humbled and grateful for the beautiful hello
A reminder of what is wonderful
Across the universe
Tonight somewhat sweetly that much smaller

Susan Lacovara

To Wish For Nothing More

I remind myself to look around
To gaze beyond the sleep of morn
And find the bounty of the day
Sprinkled about my yard
A stone's throw to the lake
Where overnight gray has opened
To Sunday blue
The return of Spring birds
From their wintery nesting afar
They break open the luggage
Of their throated songs
Cheerfully
I chirp along

And who shall appear
On the curbed corners
Stretching their tiny necks
To see the sun
The welcomed visitors
Crocus and newborn lilies
All come back to life
From beneath the barren ground
To declare this season, anew
Merry geese swim circling laps
In the peace of the thawed lake
Paired and perfectly content
To watch the green return to tree branches
My soul dances
Rejoices in the purity of the simplicity
That rests and waits outside my door
And for today
I shall wish for nothing more

Susan Lacovara

To You, To Me, To Us

Your laugh
can bring me a morning
tied in a rainbow's ribbon

Your song
can prompt me to pirouette
among the pine needles

Your touch
can twirl the sunlight
through my hair

Your sadness
can brand my heart
with heated hurt

Your stillness
can send rushing wind
through the valley of my soul

Your love
can make me want to be better
To you, to me, to us

Susan Lacovara

Tonight Before Tomorrow

I'd like to think tonight is different
But I love you just the same
Find I'm humming all the old songs
To your pictures in my frames
How has time slipped through my fingers
While my pen still writes your name
I'd like to think tonight is different
And with me you'd still remain

Susan Lacovara

Tormented By The Tiniest Of Something Missing

What was it today
that was missing
Wasn't the sun
it was there
Wasn't a song
I heard many
Wasn't a plan
those were countless

What then, what then
I knew it was something
I had forgotten to remember
And haunted all day
And hunted for hours
For an inkling
An image
A reason
To fill in the blank
That left me in riddle
Unnerved by the pestering
Festering feeling
Of leaving an important piece
Of the puzzle misplaced
With no trace of what I was missing
Went fishing through the stream
Of my thoughts
Trying to hook and reel in
Whatever it was I was trying to catch

Susan Lacovara

Traveller

It is your way to slide across state lines
In search of perfect weather
And a close enough to perfect partner
Whenever boredom rubs you raw
And the chill of your solitude
Settles in your bones
Though you care not for the blue of the sea
Nor a blue eyed blonde basking on a sandy shore
You return to the humidity that halted your breathing
Thinking this time you can withstand it's assault

Back to the salted surroundings
You fought so hard to leave
I begin to realize you never quite said a proper 'Goodbye'
Not to HER, Not to ME, not to the troubles that bubble
In the nothing bothers you pretense of self sufficiency
Imminent, the sun will look lovely, for a short while
While you let someone carve their initials
Into your seemingly well rooted plan
But just as unsuspected storms
Have a way of uprooting the steadiest of towering trees
You sway in the breeze, bend in the wind
And will no doubt be toppled by the twisting torment
Of never staying long enough
In Love

Susan Lacovara

Trinket

I tossed a coin of chocolate
At the corner store, just bought it
In my pocket, I was keeping it for you
It's merely just a trinket
But maybe you would think it
An offering of love, a gesture true

I picked a perfect pansy
It was sweet as sugared candy
Thinking it a dandy thing to do
And drew a sketch in charcoal
Of your face and all it's sparkle
In brown paper, tied a ribbon blue

I wrote a catchy love song
And a sonnet, thought it too long
But belongs, my heart attached forever new
To the treasure of your laughter
And my happily ever after
All these trinkets, if my love you only knew

Susan Lacovara

True Tale Over Time

Tempted now to tell the truth
How a man is etched into a heart
Ever deeper than tattooed skin
Generously believing his touch
Rising up to the call of love
Eclipsed by the myths that moved them closer
Attached to the promise of turning the key
Time held them long and far from each other
Perfection was never the intent
Evenings unfolded as dreams often do
Needing only a glimmer of moonlight
Guiding their hearts to surrendered embrace
Untidy tossings of smiles and sweetness
Innocently oblivious to the outside world
Neither of them saw what was coming...

Susan Lacovara

Try As You Might

Try, as you might
To brush me from sight
The Hunter's moon
Returning, tonight
Sheds shine to my hair
Your disconcerting aire
A thin disguise
No surprise
And where you sleep now
Pretending, somehow...
We were never to be
A shared fantasy
While looking for more
I was left by the shore
As you twisted and turned
Stating lessons were learned
But what keeps you tied
To the dark of my eyes
When you say it is wrong
We do not belong
To the taste of a kiss
To the moments we miss
To the love that was right
Try, as you might

Susan Lacovara

Trying To Turn Left

I know these traffic patterns
Having been down this road before
Maybe a million times
Or more
Stuck in lanes that lead nowhere fast
Wheels spinning
Using up the expensive fuel of emotion
Sitting in diesel exhaust fumes of disappointment
Desperate for fresh air

There is a sandy shore
Just beyond this exit ramp
I have taken it a million times
Or more
And emptied myself onto the sun baked stretch
Of Long Island loneliness
Collecting sand dollars and seashells
To display where your picture once hung

I thought I had the right of way
To better days of road mapped happiness
The GPS steered me in the opposite direction
Perhaps it's antiquated technology
Never recognized the signal of my new aged heart

So I am stuck, sandwiched in, on a four lane highway
Defended by the blarring of honking horns
Creeping towards whatever lies ahead, down the road
Waiting for the light to change, anything to change
So I can make my left
Like I have done a million times
Or more

Susan Lacovara

Turnstiles

Where did you go
When I wasn't looking
In velvety vanish...gone
Only a fraction of a frictional flurry
The ticking of time's sweeping slight of hand

Susan Lacovara

Turnstiles To Tears

I bumped into the ghost of you today
Going through my morning turnstile
To the platformed coffee pot
That was the first stop
On our daily commute
Back when the tracks lead
in some sensible direction
Before we derailed

The unattentive crowd of passerbyers
Rarely makes eye contact
Long enough to see the pain
I am desperate to hide
Ticket to 'Nowhere Fast'
Crumpled in my hand

I stand peering down at the rails
Which track speeds to you
Which one, long and winding,
Takes my once-upon-a-time thoughts
Far, far away
Chugging and heaving
Towards a destination I failed
To properly pack for
How could I have left the perfectly pressed
Once well suited for me, You, behind

Susan Lacovara

Two Birds Building Nests

She is in the tin birdhouse
I strung up on a bended branch
I know this by her putterings
As she builds her nest
Busy is she
Engaged in her crafting
As too, am I
Two birds building nests

Both having endured the harsh winter
The softening spring allows for song
I hear hers but who hears mine

Susan Lacovara

Two Brothers, One Roof

That I, so well, tonight might sleep
Two brothers, one roof, their dreams to keep
Wrapped warm together, both heartbeats pound
While mine's, at rest...they're safely sound.

One flew, to join the other's nest
So envious, left grounded, I must confess
How happiness hosts just greeting other's
One roof, one lifetime shared, two brothers.

Susan Lacovara

Two Days

I so selfishly wanted to wallow
in the aggravating disappointment
Of yet, another, unseen setback...

But what would that accomplish
Other than another slap in the face reminder
That I, alone, am not holding the reins
to my put-on-hold' life
or so it seems...

I want to raise the covers over my head
After letting my dog lick the tears
that fall, from my ' always an optimist' eyes
without any human's notice..and cry
Til I've no choice, but to close my swollen eyes
And sleep well after the alarm clock' s revelry...

But then, I remember I promised myself,
In a time, not long ago, of despairing doubt,
Two days, the allotted time, of feeling left out
Broken winged, and breathlessly bargaining,
Two days, downed and drowning in concussion,
And then I would rally what resources I've stored..
To once more, make sense of the senseless...

Susan Lacovara

Two Elements

Oil atop water
We floated in shared space
Two elements
Though stirred to mingle
Still unable to mix

You were shiny slick
so much lighter than I
You glided along with the tide
I provided the free ride

Oil atop water
The rainbow effect was deceiving
Pretty but all too toxic
When the coating got into my skin

Susan Lacovara

Two.

Two.
Towers.
Turned.
Tumbled.
Tanished.
Turmoil.
Tons.
Tolling.
Ticking.
Thunderous.
Tender.
To

Tall

Tall
Taken
Twisted
Tossed
Tortured
Thoughtless
Thick
Tempers
Time
Toppling
Triage
Turn

Susan Lacovara

Unbleachable

Who decides when love dies
The murderous blow of disregard
A thunderous hand
With so swift a strike
All joy is beheaded
As loyalty runs from the severed artery
A unbleachable stain
Of melancholy
Mixed in with DNA fibers
Of words that went wasted

Who decides when all is over
A thief in the night
Taking all that seems valuable
Stuffing a satchel
To move along, away
In the dark veil of deception
Washing their hands of the hardship
Of keeping love alive

Susan Lacovara

Under Construction

I am not yours
As I thought I would be
I don't know who you belong to
You hardly belong to yourself

You say you find comfort
In the care of an older woman
Who asks little
And so there are few consequences
For your disconcerting air

She allows your mind to wander freely
While you wish your body
Was given such lead way
Once you said you loved her no longer
When you tried to stroke my hand
Not long thereafter you built your house
On her land while again stroking her hand

I do think of you far too often
Some days looking for missed clues
As to how I let you in so deeply
When I saw you only had plans to leave
Time and time again

A child with a wilting attention span
Has better focused concentration than you
At least they attempt completing a task
You simply walk away
Neglecting to clean up your mess

I wonder if your heart has grown
Telling me of its claustrophobic quarters
I tried to open the doors, unseal the windows
Lay down a welcome mat at its entranceway
You merely bought stronger lumber
And built another wall

Under My Own Umbrella

Rain swells within heavy hanging clouds
A downpour coming
A drenching wash so certain
I welcome it

Might the run off puddlings
Wash away the footprints
Cemented in a past that no longer has roots

Let the forecasted change of weather
Be embraced and accepted
As necessary cleansing

You forgot to leave me an umbrella
When you left me in the storm
Soaked and so very cold
For far too long
My heart has finally drip dried
I move in the direction of warm breezes
And a break away from the cloudy days

Susan Lacovara

Under Some Sun- Ray

I am in the infancy
of understanding
why you trained my heart
to ski and dance
and twirl
and chance....

All for the sake
of forsaken romance

Susan Lacovara

Under The Umbrella Of Maybe

I'll meet with friends
Who know my sorrow
And borrow a cup of strength
From shared stories
Of revitalization
They'll scoop up my scattered pieces
In their open arms
Brush back the hair
Falling over my sad eyes
And remind me of my tenderness
I'll ask they not to speak ill of you...

I cannot weather any more rain

I will let their chit chat circle me
A shield of saying I will be fine
And almost believe them when they say
I a stronger than I know
This, and only this, I know
I am less than what I was before I loved you...

I cannot weather any more rain

Every day has been dimly lit by passing gray
The sun left as sudden as you
Lovers should never part
In the chill before Winter
The heart needs warmth to heal
And yet we confess to the strung out stars
That time might take a turn, a twist
Lead us back to the place before breaking
Where clouds part and the forecast changes...
I cannot weather any more rain

Susan Lacovara

Undressing An Old Address Book

In a drawer full of pencils
In my roll top desk
Like a graveyard of memories
Headstones marked by an old address book
Whose pages were worn
From the turning of time
My own scribbling looks strangely unfamiliar
A handwriting riddled with faded faces
Distant places and dreams I used to know
I decided to draw lines
Through those who had died
Either by natural causes
Or by cause and effect...

I had carried this collection of names
In cloth clutches, knapsack, satchels
And fine Italian leather purses
Decades spent securing a way to keep them close
Send a card, drop a line, acknowledge a birthday
Maybe have them accept a collect call
(in the middle of the night)
Only to have them stare back at me
On a lonely night in April
After hearing a friend is not doing well
Remembering how strong and virile
Our young bodies used to be
Before we played too hard, too rough
And waved goodbye too many times
And waved goodbye too many times
And
waved
 goodbye
 too
 many
 times...

Susan Lacovara

Unfinished Work In Watercolors

I intended to steal the sweet colors of the sunrise
Mix them gently with hues of after shower rainbows
Stroke with a steady loving hand across the blank canvas
That was to be ours

In quiet reflective thought I drew out what I saw as beautiful
Careful to etch my emotions into every line and shape
Putting time and effort into the design, the well crafted image
That was to be ours

I sat alone, but peaceful, in my painting position
Assured you would appreciate my soul's simple offering
Never thinking it would be viewed a masterpiece
But instead a rendering of a world I was willing to share
That was to be ours

It rests on an easel in a sad corner, where little sun enters
The edges are curled, the perfect purple pansies look blue
What was to be the first of many handmade gesture of love
Sits unfinished, quite the opposite of the relationship
That was to be ours

Susan Lacovara

Unsent Loveletters

In a box, in a drawer, in a cupboard, in a corner
Lie the remnant reflections of a departed lover's mourner
On a shelf, on a whim, on a back-burner, windowsill
Rest the spirits, of those suitors, she place upon a pedestal

By the breezeway, by the back door, by the wooden nightstand table
In her diary, in her journal, in her daily written fables...
Near her crucifix, her bible, near her beaded rosary...
Are the, still unsent, love letters, that no one else will see...

Susan Lacovara

Unsocial Media

I am a fan
of a handshake
in person...
With a person
whose face
I see
Who sees me...
Naked, without earbuds,
Fingers free to wave
Texting can wait a moment...
I've grown numb
From the restlessness
of having to reschedule time
To make face time
Connecting to cyberspace
And the bullying ignorance
Of 'in-your-face-book'
I once thought, upon entering a room,
Easter morning, some springs ago...
How gentle a moment
Seeing them there, heads bowed
in a shared reflective prayer...
Only to realize, I was the one
Disconnected,
They were dialing, surfing, posting
As I, in the doorway, stood
Outside, their social circle
I am a fan
of a well written piece,
Clasped in my hands,
tangible, tactile..
A feel of truth
Factual, not fabricated
As much the media frenzied world
Projectile vomits, on daily command
Regurgitating snippets
in viral velocity,
indeed, of epidemic proportions...
No longer does an impatient lover

stand on guard, tethered, anxiously
to the anticipation
of hearing the phone ring
breathlessly answered,
with spoken hello...
Voice recognition...
I am a fan
of the evening news,
anchored by faces I grew up with
Who lend credibility,
And compassion,
To the late breaking details of stories
we hate to hear...played over and over
I care not, for the coffee table chatter
Of experts-in-the-field of finger pointing
Shoutfests of opinionated overstated nonsense
that plays like static over the airways
Of actuality and practicality
I am a fan of watercooler wishes,
for a sunny weekend...
Cozy corner cafes, where the news of the day
Strikes up real live conversation
As you can see the dialect of one's eyes
Lifted, from the blue light of their phone

Susan Lacovara

Untaken Tokens

I wonder why they were left behind
The untaken tokens
Of love
Those especially selected
With so tender a touch
Wrapped with unwavering thoughts
Of seeing the surprise in your eyes

Simple souvenirs
I imagined would secure memories
Of my moistened lips
My untied hair
That red sundress
You hungrily eyed and spied
With its hem wet and heavy
From the washing waves
Frothing and foaming
As I strolled barefooted
In bliss
Searching for seaglass
And scallop shells
To hand string
Just before I photographed
A perfect setting sun
I wonder why you rejected
Neglected
A pocketful preservation
Of seeds from my garden
I swaddled in hand folded origami packets
Tied with a blade of beachgrass
Kissed with the sunlight of my soul

You looked unimpressed

My slumping shoulders
Disguised by a batik shawl
Said it all
And not nearly enough

I remember the hurt
My expecting your excitement
As if a locomotive
Rushing at me....full speed..,
Then failing to break for my station

In the drawer of a treasure chest
Now covered in cobwebbed wishes
Rests the remains of the finds
That took so much of my time
To amass

The traveler's journal
With rice paper pristine perfection
Unopened, an unwritten mapping
Of our planned personal picnics
In state parks and snow storms

The matching compasses
To keep us safely coming home to one another

A pressed pansy announcing the first day
Of our first Spring

You leaked an irritated smile
Barely accepting a humble bundle
Of BBQ utensils
As if I had skewered and sliced
Your introverted independence
Still in original plastic packaging
Set aside with a shrug off of sincerity
Your aloof attitude
Sharper than the carving knife contained

You did however take with you
The antique truth and brand new trust
That I served on pretty plates

Yet countless cards and perfume scented scribes
Somehow failed to land in your luggage
Finding them sometime later

Lingering, left alone
In a leftover pile
Of pressed shirts and paired socks
Of which you no longer thought
Necessary accessories

The remaining....
What remains unspoken
Of the untaken tokens

The

Susan Lacovara

Untitled, But Entitled.....

He loves dark chocolates, old fashion penny candies
and horses....
And I wish he loved me....

Not the kind of crazy frenzied love, you knew as a schoolgirl,
But the love that comes from knowing your soul is safe,
Your secrets, safe...your sad stories, told
But safe...

He drifts in and out of his own sentence,
Leaving lines, canyons wide,
to read between.

I do my best to find only the honesty within them...
So that I may savor the sweet slivers
of an evening, spent
suspended from a cobweb thin thread
that connected us...
That I might revisit it on a rainy day...

He loves his dog, his Aunt, his throwback jams,
Led Zeppelin and the Yankees
And I wish he loved me...

For now, as before, I must suffice to be content
And be his winter hideaway

Susan Lacovara

Untruths

Oh and how true, your troubles remain...
You've hidden your fingerprints
In her long dark mane
Sold all of your secrets
For the price of a tall drink....
What did you really imagine she'd think?

Then polished your brown boots
Arrogance slicked back your hair..
Quickly passing a mirror,
You wished wasn't there...

Rehearsed all your answers to the questions
That fly....
With no place left to run to...and even much more to hide

You gathered your jacket, belt-buckled your blues...
And wished someone else walked in your shoes..
A kiss, one last glance, an 'I'm sorry...so long'
Vanished into the night, where she'd never belong.

Susan Lacovara

Upon Discovering A Losing Raffle Ticket

I didn't win
No one called in a congratulatory roar
Announcing I could claim my prize
Start spending without reason
Share the wealth of my windfall
Crawl out of this hole dug too deep

Number 503379 died a dismal death
Unnoticed, lying buried in a drawer
It's fading breath saying 'I'm sorry...
You are still who you always are...'
Like an insult to injury...
(Pun, truthfully intended)
I am mocked by the ticket, intact
With it's picture piles of cash and coins
Staring up stunningly saying
'Try again'....
And again and again

I am not a gambling sort
As luck would have it...
Reminded that life is always
A 50/50 chance, to be taken
Will it rain....50/50 odds
Will the operation be a success...
Odds are in your favor
Will this relationship last...
Only if you agree to meet halfway...
A 50/50 compromise
Does life look better past 50
Should I cave, and place my bet...

On the back of the stub
Reads a warning....never noticed it til now
Written in all capitalized letters
As if screaming a lecture at me
'ATTENTION: THE PERSON USING THIS TICKET
ASSUMES ALL RISK OF PERSONAL INJURY, LOSS,
THEFT OR DAMAGE TO PROPERTY. MANAGEMENT WILL

DESIGNATE WHERE HOLDER IS TO BE SEATED OR PARKED
AND RESERVES THE RIGHT TO REVOKE THE LICENSE
GRANTED BY THIS TICKET'

For the life of me, I can't remember
Where I bought this raffle
What it was it promised
Why I believed it would be
My ticket out...
But after reading the hidden disclaimer
I am almost certain I am okay
Not having secured the win...

Susan Lacovara

Upon Meeting Me

Within my daily design
Of being humbled and heading out
Seeking to find some inspiration
Or at least some small distraction
I dress the part of being focused
Looking to find myself on the street
A stranger I'd like to meet

She would be smiling
And strolling without direction
Letting the day take her through unfamiliar towns
Past fancy boutique windows
Where only her reflection was prettier

She would seemingly have a skip in her step
Her hair hinting of sunlight's slather
Behind the flash of her shining eyes
There would be no trace of a tortured heart

I would make her my new found friend
Talk for hours of dreams and dally in the daydream
Of what life was like before you broke me

Susan Lacovara

Van Gogh's Sunflowers

They have kept me company,
when all the world went away
went on with it's all too busy day

With their heads peering into my solitude
poking around,
Opening up boxes, long ago packed,
their sunny-side-up golden faces
pulling at the ripcord
that tethered me to sadness
released the refreshing petals
of promise and pretty...

Simple, the strokes of genius,
gifted, the grand illusion
that all was well,
within it's proper place
and pointless, for me,
to question, what comfort gained

They have kept me calm,
when wind tore at my every wall
they, well rooted, held my ground,
in simplistic splendor...
my savior, serene
Sunflowers

Susan Lacovara

Velvet Voice

I wonder how it is
You know just when to call
When to reappear
A ghost I never learned
To fear

Like a song you remember
You can never quite forget
Though the lyrics get harder to recall
The melody remains familiar, yet foggy

We pretend all is well
Sharing pleasantries and pardon me's
For the time elapsed photography
Of where we've traveled, separately

You invite yourself to be invited
For a cold beer, a warm smile
A return to sweet seduction
I winch a bit and wink your way
Needing to keep that door ajar

I would have done well
To let the phone ring
Skip over the sound of your velvet voice
But life knows me better
And you know me best

Susan Lacovara

View From The Summit

A small boy with a view
From the Everest summit
of his father's shoulders
Passed me while peering
Down the double lined road
He a jovial jockey
Whose steps were two small
To keep up with his Daddy's pace
Big small toothed smile on his face
Seated upon his makeshift throne
I thought him no more than two
As this union of two
A child with little worries
A father with shoulders to carry them
Should ever they arise
We dipped a nod as courtesy
To what seemed a perfect match
Senior and junior
Under the bounce of blue sky
Strolling together
By the stride of one
Heading in the direction
Of making memories
They will always know
To be theirs
Come whatever mountains
To climb

Susan Lacovara

Voice To Whisper Why

Tonight should syllables fail you

Like soldiers gone AWOL

Struggling for voice to whisper why

Fear never that you are not heard

Your laughter echoes round the canyons

Of my heart and the black hill mountains

Where a coyote cries 'neath the moon

And the songs you did sing

In your classic Cabaret

Will be lifted like a glass of fine Cabernet

To fall from our lips

With the sultry sway of hips

Springing up steps dripping with sweat

Sweltering on a disco dancefloor

Alive for all time is the sound

Of hello after too long an absence

Needing less of sentences

And more of entrances

In and out of the braided brotherhood

That we wove with love's embrace

You are not a stilled voice

In a stranger's face

You are beauty and love

Long heard above

The silence that separates

Our comprehension

Of no explanation

Of how a thief in the night

Somehow thinks it right

Leaving me no words

Leaving us no reason

Leaving dangling paticiples

And our endless intentions

Of always having a friendship

That requires no spoken words

Susan Lacovara

Wake Up Call

With the intent of ignoring the deep winter
I sent my heart into hibernation
To sleep long and hard
With only the warmth of stored belly fat
Protecting me

True it was a brutal season

True I laid long beneath the drifting snow
Dreaming of the climbing summer sun
The happy handed waves of strangers
The kiss of morning dew

I grew tired of the rest and grew restless

Cramped and curled in a ball of caverned indifference
I longed to stretch from the confines
Of my fetal position stay away slumber
Open myself the warm up of the world outside my den

Susan Lacovara

Wander

Bundled in a breeze
An invitation to stroll
Deep in peace of calm

Susan Lacovara

Watching Windows, From Afar

So many windows, I walk past
each day, from different directions,
towards different destinations...

Wondering...

What lies behind them...

Those, with the fancy floral valances,
fluttering in an afternoon breeze
behind the whitewashed shutters
of suburban life
Do they open to reveal an overcooked meal
made by an overworked single mother...

And who sits, silently starrng out,
from the half-closed blinds
that cover the broken window pane
Someone neglected to replace...

What happens inside the house
where the bedroom light is always on...
Is there someone waiting for someone's return
Or are they merely afraid of the dark...

Still I wonder....

Is the steam on the glass,
to the window,
on the right...
from a too-long-of-a-day shower,
for a father whose paycheck, again falls short
or is the furnace turned up so high
just to warm the aged bones of a grandmother
too long, left alone...

Might there be a newlywed couple,
In that pretty painted country cottage...
Their private port holes, laces with rows

of perfectly potted pansies
as they propose their endless love...

Watching windows, from afar...

Did I forget to close mine.....

Susan Lacovara

Watering What Was Left To Grow

The faces of your fun flowers
Optimistic, as I used to be
Lift to bask in the streaming sun
Unaware that I hang my head
In the gray of overcast cloudy whys
I tend to them
As I had hoped to tend to you
Giving daily drinks to squelch thirst
Laboring on my hands and knees
To procure a proper bed
Their roots dive deep, now,
Settling into the security of this
Being their permanent placement
To flourish
To add a hint of loveliness
To the simple home I made for us
With kind and tender touch
I water what was left to grow
Awaiting the burst of color
Knowing these to be your favorites
Gathered then, by your loving hand
Planted near the open door of our future
Gaining strength to stand taller
With passing time
Our season, it was to be...
Now I have the task
Of weeding the bed
That was to be our shared garden
Although I long to see the bountiful blossoms
I fear their appearance will break my heart

Susan Lacovara

Wax Figure Fragile

To an untrained eye
She is perfect
But I know better
How very broken
This poised manicured mannequin
Stitched with sunstreaked
Feathery falling hair
She purchased at the parlor
From Daddy's hard earned dollars
Now hers to spend splendid
And with great insignificance
That twinkle in her eye
From contact lens created
And should you be envious
Of her shimmering seamless tan
You too can be sprayed
To a glistening shine
The mutilating mural of the myriad
Of tattoos tell her story
Of still struggling for something
Important to say
With a new piercing to catch the light
Of the her dimming self esteem
Beyond the glamorous grin
Of porcelain veneers and plumped up lips
I see the shadow of a pout
And while she accessories with
Only the most flawless of stones
I notice she has not one mirror
In her home

Susan Lacovara

Well Wishes (On Wednesday)

I never expected to be giving you
well wishes, (on Wednesday)
I only wanted to hear your voice
feeling sorry for myself
Hoping to crawl into the corner
of your comforting come-over-anytime,
I paused, when you said
You had something to say...
Didn't imagine you'd tell me
you were in love...
Once, long ago, I thought you
Loved me...
I know I loved you...maybe still do...
Just a little, when I'm lonely...

Susan Lacovara

Well Worn Leather

Maybe I should have known
That day
When your plane circled for hours
Before landing you in my embrace
That you were used to circling
And circling back

You packed your necessary tools
To stay on indefinitely
Bringing no roses, nor perfumes
Notions you thought trite
Bringing no handwritten notes
Of anticipation and excitement
Instead your bags were stuffed
With cables and connectors
For your hard drive

I remember the musty musky smell
Of your worn leather jacket
That sat too long in a closet
Unused
A fitting attire for one
Who wished to make a lingering lasting
First impression
But forgot that the scent of the past
Had well permeated not only your coat
But cloaked your desire
For your yesterday lover

Susan Lacovara

What Are The Odds

Am I, to believe, in the lottery
That fickle fate, flailing her hand
Could change the landscape
So well worn, with faith
Then carry my feet, new, to stand
On a perfect perched ledge
No longer to hedge
For the riches in life, at command
And constructing, at will
Destiny to fulfill...
Quite honestly, silly...the plan

Susan Lacovara

What Becomes Of Words Without Breath

What becomes of words without breath
When left alone on the outskirts of death
The yellowing pages that told of my soul
Who will repeat them once my image is old

In the leather bound books high on a shelf
That speak of the secrets I long kept myself
To whose hands will hold them these lines I created
When stilled are my eyes and my love is outdated

Can they long survive me with a life of their own
These seedlings well rooted, when my time is outgrown
Will they fall to the ears of a new poet's heart
What becomes of words without breath, when I depart

Susan Lacovara

What Do They Dream, My Animals, Safe

What do they dream, my animals, safe
From the dampness outside this house
Tonight's rain sweeps in and out
Like a cowboy in the old west
I confess I worry about the coming winter
Of scared stray cats and sad skinny pups
Stuck in the season's hours, alone
Seeking a stranger's compassion

My hound huddled into his quieted rest
Near the fat gray cat
With his vibrating purrrrrrrrr
So content to share this house
That BELIEVES
We all need a place where dreams
Need never be less than beautiful

Susan Lacovara

What Falls First

You fell into my tiny universe
My water globe of wishfulness
Much the way snow cascades
From the winter sky
Hardly noticeable
At first
Swirling like a song
Somewhere in the distance
Stalled
As if methodically searching
For a pleasant place to land
A flurry foregoing guidance
Floating
In delicate downfall
Simple soft and serene
Untouched and untangled
In the divine darkness of
Do Not Disturb
Do As You Please
Coating my landscape
In brilliant breathtaking beauty
A pristine path where no footsteps
Had yet broken or breached the stillness

But as always the seasons shift
The white moundings muddy
The ground swallows that which melts
Before our very eyes

Susan Lacovara

What I Do Not Say

What I do not say
Is that my love gets no sleep
Although I am tired
It does not tire
It stays up, watching the clock
Counting the hours, the days, the mounding months
Watching for the doorknob to turn
Have you walk back in
Forgetting, forgiving the day you walked out
Rubbing the salty tears from my eyes
And smiling, again, knowing
You were worth the wait
And the weight I carried
Staying awake
Awaiting our love
To recognize and finalize
It's way back

Susan Lacovara

What Is Known

What is known
What's our' s alone
Within our hands to grasp
What remains
What explains
What removes the mask

What is true
What to do
When question do arise
Where to turn
Where to learn
When left to just surmise

Who to blame
Who to frame
Which fingers tip the scales
Why the silence
Why the violence
Why truth not prevails

Susan Lacovara

What Plans The Out Of Tune Ice Cream Man

I do not think I shall buy his sherbert
My mind fearing he's but a pervert
In a box truck unlike the Good Humor Man
More like a invitation to an unusual van
He trolling the side streets well after dinner
I seem to notice each day he looks thinner
And the color spray painted drips of dark blue
Unlike any other ice cream vendor I knew
Strange the music he chooses to spill in the air
Is my judging suspicious on end stands my hair
Gone the familiar bells jingle sounding of glee
He plays instead lyrics I find odd indeed...
Tonight's medley plays on reminiscent, Fellini
'The itsy bitsy tiny weeny yellow polka dot bikini'
Yesterday's tune gave my thoughts another shove
Piped out for all, 'My Everlasting Love'
And difficult at best a reason to find
Why he streams 'Young Girl Get Outta My Mind'
Few mothers line up in the neighborhood
When hearing, 'He's A Rebel And He'll Never Be Any Good'
Maybe I aging maybe I'm jaded
But these aren't ice cream memories my mind's created
In a wife beater tee shirt arms exposed with tattoos
There isn't a treat on his truck I would choose
I keep my eyes peeled as he speeds into sight
Perhaps give your children cookies tonight.

Susan Lacovara

What The Masters Knew

What did those wise writers know
The masters making sense
Of all that has apparently eluded me

Rumi

Neruda

Heese

Gibran

Their words, withstanding time
Mapping the love a life so craves
A useful compass for my wanderings
That I, so often lost,
Need only redirect my thoughts
Towards their teachings
Place one foot in front of the other
And move further towards the light

Tangled in the thicket of confusion
Intelligence tells me I am not to blame
For the actions of another
I cannot change anything
But myself
And this IS a day designed for change
Hard as it may be
Letting go of the dream
The Hallelujah- hope
That manifested itself
Within my every waking morning
When first thing, to meet your eyes
The world was newly born and open
Alive, the wilderness of untraveled passion
A present to open and share
We tore off the ribbons
And unwrapped the magic only lovers know
Entwined and elated
We wished for the same truths
Searched for the same comfortable emotional softness
Grabbed fistfuls of sunbeams and stars
To stockpile should thunder arrive

I gave all and everything
Until my pockets were empty
But my heart was incredibly full
I could hear the masters writing sonnets
I felt the presence of God's power
I knew you had altered my being
I just did not realize how much....

Susan Lacovara

What To Do About Remembering

Farm fresh brown eggs
rest in a bowl
near the pottery pitcher
holding coral tea roses

The house is kept quiet today
As I remember you

The white scalloped hem curtains
flutter with the passing breeze
my thoughts flirt with dialing a number
more than likely long ago disconnected

Too early to sleep and too late to make plans
I decide to cook elaborate recipes
just to pass hours
and ward off the temptation to reread your letters

I have rolled pretty beach towels
placed them in inviting baskets
just in case you care to visit the lake
there's old milk bottles full of clipped tulips
to lace my windowsills with simplistic beauty

All is set and settled
nothing of pretense here

(that is unless you count my pretending
you might be remembering me too)

Susan Lacovara

What You Create

What you create is a world
Where I fit in

A hand crafted doll house
Like the one I always wanted

A pretty porch with potted plants
Flowers tumbling across the fence

Yellow sunlight setting on our kitchen table
Holding hands, instead of forks

Cozy sweated eves in which we stay sequestered
'Til the hours make our eyes heavy our hearts full

Simple sheets in a shared room of romance
Long lasting looks and lingering laughs

No phone calls or cable (slipping under the radar)
Off the grid and giddy to be granted our silence

What you create is an unimaginable imagining
Where fables seem to come to life

Susan Lacovara

Whatever Name Falls From Your Lips

Call me sweet pea
And I shall leave the lingering fragrance of me
Like honeysuckle hanging

Call me, luscious, merlot lips to kiss
When night, herself, grows tired
Of watching me fall for you

Call me angel, sunshine warm and wishful
Purring with catlike contentment
Your hands to stroke my hair

Call me lady, wickedly wonderful
Laced up in the corset of your caress
And I will confess
Whatever name falls from your lips
It is that, I long to hear...
Today, tonight, tomorrow,
Our time

Susan Lacovara

When We Were Young On Walnut Street

I hardly noticed the glimpse of gray in your hair,
I thought it made you look distinguished
and it made me feel safe
when we Sunday strolled
the picture perfect park
and, there, made a picnic of our love...

Captivated by your sad guitar
and how your hands looked strong enough
to strum away my every fear...
I would pay the price of any admittance ticket
Now, just to hear your tender tone
But I was far too young then...
unassuming and dangerously defiant...
wasteful, when we were young, on Walnut Street

We forgot to count the hours,
and never minded the afternoon sunshowers
on days you'd leave work early
famished for my kisses....
We never even bought a bed...
Instead we made due, and made love
in the makeshift cacoon of body heat
Our synchronicity of breathe
swayed us into slumber....

Foolish formulation drew us apart
and there were fewer trips to the art museum
And eventually your guitar sought another muse
I searched the stars, for a roadmap
back to my New York skyline...
And left regrettably, without knowing
What it would be like to grow old with you....
When we were young on Walnut Street

Susan Lacovara

When What Became Why

There in my corner
For a good long cry
Stapling pieces back together
From our once, then, side by side
Head full of hardness
Feeling empty throated dry
Struggling for the answers of
When What becomes Why

Here in the summer
Of a solitary tide
Wishing for a hurricane
To blow away your pride
Break the dam that holds the river
Chase the clouds from the sky
Erase the inkplot explanations of
When What becomes Why

There in your pastured field
Might you dare let out a sigh
Allow for a quick glance back
From the shooing of the fly
And know that nothing easy comes
If you refuse to try
To keep love new, all for you
When What becomes Why

Susan Lacovara

When What I Was

In tonight's whipping breeze
My windchimes, usually soothing
Sound more like cathedral bells
As I am at the alter of lonely

I heard your voice today
And then again tonight
Rallying all my might
That I might not fall apart

A fragment of familiar softness
Spilled from your lips
Just enough to make me miss you even more
Than yesterday...or the day before

Have you any stardust left
Deep inside your pocket
To sprinkle onto my shrinking self
Perhaps a dash, a hidden stash
Of something kind and kept

Winter looks to land at my door
Adding insult to injury
I expect to shovel both snow and sadness
Numb and needing the warmth of you
I am not afraid to confess
That I am less than what I was
When what I was
Was yours

Susan Lacovara

When You Tease

If I could give you somethin'
To show your heart belonged to me
Then I'd want for next to nothin'
And baby, ain't that somethin'
That nothin' it would work just fine, for me

If I could taste your kiss, like honey
Have your arms wrapped warm around me
'Round my shiverin' shaking' body
You know you're quite the hottie
And yours, the only body, for me...

You've got me tempted, so excited
I throw all caution to the breeze
Got my senses so delighted...
I'm elated, infatuated, like an ocean, saturated,
Oh I love you, when you tease

Take me over your mountains
Lay me down in your valleys, deep
Keep me out 'til the birds are singing in the mornin'
Wake me up, when it's time to sleep

You make me wishful, you make me wantful,
You've got me on my bended knee
You've got me wrapped around your little finger
I'll be all yours, when you tease...

I'll go exploring your canyons
Let me ride your coral reef
Keep me out 'til the bars are turning off their neon
And the girls are off the streets...

You make me wishful, you make me wantful
You make me say 'ahhh, pretty please'
You're me amore...I'm quite the whore...
And I love it when you tease...

You make me restless, you make me righteous,

You make me feel like I can't breathe
You've got me wrapped around your little finger
I'll be all yours when you tease...

You make me hopeful, you make me thankful
You make me say, 'it's you, I need'
You've got me wrapped around your little finger
I'll be all yours, when you tease...
You've got me wrapped around your little finger
I'll be all yours, when you tease

Susan Lacovara

When Your Dreams Were A Part Of Mine

Drastic changes

most unkind

Wiping all rhythm

From our rhyme

A silent movie

Set to rewind

When your dreams

Were a part of mine

Susan Lacovara

Where And When Rain Falls

In isolating gray and grime of last week's melting snow
The season that takes the longest to leave
Leaves me with half a cup of tea
And far too many thoughts of you
Where and when the rain falls

In need of a outreach, I outsource my emotions
Giving glance to strangers in the supermarket
Gas stations and gathering places
As you are no longer found
Where and when the rain falls

Busy, your hands, helping another
While expertly helping yourself to surviving the long winter
Fed, and well fended for, as opportunity presents it's pattern
Weaving you into another web, escaping the drafts
Where and when the rain falls

It is troublesome to keep jumping puddles
Seeking out the solid soil soon enough to sprout lush grass
That promised awakening that provides poets a reason to wander on
looking ahead, through the storm clouds
Where and when rain falls

Susan Lacovara

Where In The Wind

Every branch bending
In this moment's breeze
A sure and certainty
I will not break
Against the assaulting
Winds of change

My hair caught up
In the propeller blades
Of Autumn's unforgiving gales
I surrender to set sail
As the migrating birds travel

I will not choose to go South
Instead settle, nested
And allow myself
To be well rested
In the Northeast tree tops
For they have always
Given a safe haven
For a heart to heal

When once you spoke
Of cloudless skies
Ours to ride, with shared abandon
Turned, but to a banning
Of this bird's flight
Until a kinder hand lifted me
Repaired, with a gentleness
My wishful wings
Releasing me to flutter
Farther than your eyes
Ever envisioned

Susan Lacovara

Where Lilacs Find Me

I alone dance in shadows

Of myself

Certain no one sees

'Til comes the breeze

Carrying your voice

Back to the barren fields

Of my broken heart

Eyes closed with only

Sandman' s sequins to study

Then illuminated images

Of your grace

And goodness

Vivid and voluminous

Straightens my bundled up burdens

Strengthens my slippery slope

Lends me the love

Lost on an April day

A mother's face reflected

In dreams

And around every corner

Where lilacs find me

Susan Lacovara

Whether Or Not The Weather Changes

It feels like snow...
And it would come as no surprise
This late in January
I have been grateful
For this unpredicted u
Unseasonably warm Winter
Knowing I would spend it alone
Maybe Mother Nature
Once had her heart stolen
And decided I deserved a break
From being buried house bound
Having to dig myself out
With fingers frozen
And a wish for a stronger back

It smells like snow...
The air hanging heavy
Like cream cheese frosting
A circling swirl of cutting wind
That cracks it's whip
Forcing me to walk faster
The keep-moving joints
Of this girl
Who used to dance
From dark to daylight
Now feeling the effects
Of many a season's struggle

It tastes like snow...
Icicle breaths harden on my once cherry
Now, chapped lips
Water droplet words are formed
Yet quickly and quietly frozen
Left clinging crystalized
From the slanted rooftop of my thoughts

It might just snow...
And I'll be stuck under the avalanche
Of missing that man

The one who promised many seasons
Before taking with him
My lemondrop melting sun
To leave the snow clouds looming

I'm sure it will snow

Susan Lacovara

While I Waited

Life went about it's shopping list errands
While I waited
To love you

Seasons changed
And years, to the abacus,
We're added
While I waited
To love you

Fashions took turns in trending
Music developed a beat all it's own
Traffic grew heavier
While I waited
To love you.

I knew you were there
Out there, just beyond the corner
Next to the bakery,
By the cozy Italian restaurant
Down the block
from the fountain in the park
Near the bench, beneath the tree

I knew you were there
Waiting for me to find you
All those dreams of one day
Coming across your face
In the crowd
Seeing it was you, just you
All along that long journey
I waited
To love you

Susan Lacovara

While Out Walking A Winding Road

I looked for you today
In the wooded trails
of twisting braided branches,
where the drying leaves, edges turned up,
rushed and rustled round my heels...

I passed the school yard
echoing with yesterday's youth...
and was sure I heard you hopscotch
through every thought in my head...

But it was not you...
And I was still me
Me...without you....

I looked for you today
in a puddle's reflection
finding only a ripple
that mocked my sadness

If I methodically measured
the never ending walks around the block
and back....back home to me,
Me...without you...
How worn my soles...
and worn out, my soul
All this time spent looking for you
while out walking a winding road,
laced with the last flowers of summer
a spiteful reminder of being one...
Not two....

I looked for you today
At crossroads, street signs of what once was...
congested intersections of a town, too big
and a wish, too small....

Susan Lacovara

While You'Re Rising Up

Everybody has to struggle sometime
Underneath the canopy of defeat
To come out on the other side
And stand on your own two feet
When the winds blow heavy on your hill
With anguished strength for search of will
Know that I know this...
It's an opportunity missed
So don't let it get you down
Let it get you down
Let it get you down
While you're rising up

And when world appears an empty cup
There's still more left to fill you up
So don't let it get you down
Let it get you down
Let it get you down
While you're rising up

Everybody has to muddle through
The darkest kind of storms
Until the skies are parted blue
And the brilliant rainbow forms
And when you're looking for a reason
To look forward to another season
Comin' round... you can rebound
And don't let it get you down
Let it get you down
Let it get you down
While you're rising up

Go on, take hold of the kite string
Be brave, be bold, it's the right thing
There's much to your surprise
When you finally realize
Keep a focus in your eyes
Be alive...while you're rising up

We all sometimes walk a worried path
Without compass and feeling lost
In summation, when you do the math
Rich returns to pay the cost
When the world appears an empty cup
There's still more left to fill you up
So don't let it get you down
Let it get you down
Let it get you down
While you're rising up

Go on unfurl your kite tail
You'll succeed if you know you might fail
The only promises guaranteed
Are in the measure of our deeds
Of our love filled patient planted seeds
All is found...
So don't let it bring you down
Let it bring you down
Let it bring you down
While you're rising up

Susan Lacovara

Whitewash

Oh, to wish away the lonely
Set the ambers, to the skies
Free the sparrow, to her singing
Sprinkled light, of fireflies

Oh, to drift upon the ocean
Still, the swelling thoughts, gone gray
Circle in the swirling current
Forget the shift of tide, today

Oh, to whitewash what's unnerving
Gather grace, with guided ease
Lose the taste of salted teardrops
Wiped away on love's long sleeve.

Susan Lacovara

Winter Romance

Let's stay up all night
and listen to the dark...
Just you and I
huddled in the whisper of winter

Uninterrupted and blanketed
by the steady snowfall of softness
Outside the iced over world
knows nothing of our dreams
Let's keep this moment
all to ourselves

Like elves, busy at work
concentrating on every little detail
of what makes us tick...in time,
with one another

We can lie frozen together
cozy and calmed
by the rhythm of pelting ice
So nice, so nice
quietly strolling into slumber
with you

Susan Lacovara

With A Glass Raised

The eternal optimist,
cup overflowing
at times, teary-eye,
behind my rose colored glasses,
I, with glass raised,
toast to this day,
and the undeniable bounty
of a poor girl's blessings
that are, for me, abundant
and acquired, with great appreciation

That I should be wise enough
to see each dawn, a Thanksgiving,
each shared simple meal, a feast
that feeds the hardest of hearts,
every kind gesture, an opportunity,
strengthening that, which braids us,
into the village of voices heard
above the volume of vices
so often picked through,
like a last minute rummage sale...

Glad for the traditional reminder
that to belong, one must be willing
to let love, and lessons, flow freely
and evolve in the spirit of acceptance,
tolerance and understanding
Offering each other
a space all their own
where bridges are built, never burned
so that the road home
is always easily navigated
And once there, a reason to rejoice,
With a glass raised...cheers,
Slainte
PEACE and PLENTY

With A Tip Of My Father's Fedora

Last month they shut the doors
On Roseland
One final time swept the floors
Shuttered up the doors
Dimmed the dance floor lights
I read about it in the local paper
An obituary for days gone by
I imagined tears in my father's eyes
For this was the place marked the youth
Of his endless stories and untold truths
Of how sweet a time it used to be
The palace where music and memories
Swirled, syncopated in big band laughter
And gentleman dressed the part
A place where friendships became
Cemented loyal for a lifetime
Like the passing of an old friend
Worn by time and too much change
The iconic now turns to legend
To be stored in the archives of our hearts
And whose images are easily stirred up
When Sinatra songs are played
And when a handsome man asks for your hand
And dazzle you with his fancy footwork

There is no good time for saying goodbye
Like leaving the old neighborhood behind
What long stood as familiar foundations
Slips to the shadows, bittersweet
To the strains of Glen Miller's orchestra
I won't forget, those gentleman, then
A crew who dwindle down in numbers
Taking a Penn Station midnight train
Once more round the streets and avenues
Of our saddened thoughts
Impeccably dressed
For long awaited reunions
In the grand ballroom of heaven
Where the music plays in perfect harmony

And all the riches of life return
As they shed their heavy topcoat
Of a life long lived
I say farewell, leaving, for another day
A chance to dance...again...
I brush back a tear, .
With handkerchiefed hand
From melancholy lips
Blow a kiss,
With a tip of my father's fedora

Susan Lacovara

Within His Waves Of Blue

I stayed true, in his waves of blue
Each ripple, caressing my shores
The shift of sand, I understand
As once again, he deplores...

I confess, his last known address
A small flat, my tenement kept...
Linens of blue, tangled morning dew
Outgoing tide, I was upswept

In summer, content, wherever we went
His steel stallion, gone galloping, west
Chasing skylines, we two, into indigo hue
Clutching my hands to his chest

Wetter our feet, by the bridge, near the breach
Washed in lyrics of Blue, Joni Mitchell
Awarded first place, by the look on his face
With blue ribbon, he made it official

I long survived, in his ocean, to dive
Hours of holding my breath
Collect phone calls ensued, still gasping in blue
His denimed disguise, of unrest

In his cornflower glances, I counted my chances
Of what royal blue he'd choose, painting portraits
Of where, might I end..his lover, his friend
Uniformed blue, ever guarding his fortress

Susan Lacovara

Without You.... Without You

I'll take this rainy day
And turn it upside down
I'll head out on my way
And cover plenty ground
Without you... without you...

Put the t.v. on pause
And then, shut off the phone
I'll do it just because
I'm okay on my own
Without you....without you

Don't text me
Just forget me
Don't send no more email
If you could not respect me
My cooler head prevails
Without you...without you

Dust off my leather jacket
Put on my python shoes
Filled flask in my hip pocket
Head for the House of Blues
Without you....without you

Dance 'til the dawn comes calling
(Might even call in sick)
Some thought that I was falling
But I can rebound quick
Without you....Without you

Don't plan on doing drive-bys
To see if my light's on
You see I've gotten so wise
And programmed my alarm
Without you...without you

Don't beg for my forgiveness
It's much too late for that

It's my life and I'll live this
Don't forget your hat...
What love, once, made me wealthy
Now seems I've paid my due
Each day feels happy, healthy
Sad, but oh so true....
Without you...Without you...
Without you...

Susan Lacovara

Wooded Thoughts

Have another look around
(I am here)

All lace and laughter
(An open book)

What will you make of this day
(And might I tag along)

Voices lift, in simple song
(A beautiful harmony)

Ever the need to smile your way
(I hold my hand outstretched)

Rising to the occasion
(A morning, but to share)

Susan Lacovara

Workshop For A Winter Heart

I do not believe in icicle emotions
That leave you breathless
in the the January night

Too far from the freeze of fear
I have walked the windy woods
Arriving here,
Announcing I am here to stay
Let me in
To sit beside the fire
Of your love

Susan Lacovara

Worn Edges

Much the way ragged edged beach glass is worn smooth
By the continuous kiss of the upswell of waves
Your changing tides, lapping my shores
Over and over, in metronome melody
Has worn away my sharpness
And muted my color
Once free to ride the currents, take me where they would
I was content to be in no one's hand
Nor pocket
Nor shelved as a beautiful find
Tossing in the steady sea
Of undiscovered treasures
I would have been better off deposited on distant sand
Where the glint of the sun would not have led your eyes to find me

Susan Lacovara

Wounded Poet

I return to the keyboard
That holds all the letters of my life
Frenzied fingers telling my tales
In typed out testimony
Cursed...
I move the cursor
Line after confessed line

Words, mine, fall to print
Failing to keep them contained
In the vacancy of my hurting heart

I give them to those
Who know the pain
Who search for patience
Who bleed poetic blood

Here, stabbed and stilled
Stuck, and struck
By another's proclamation
That truth has been spoken
(A mere token of time elapsed)

I collapse into my soul's stanzas
As if their precise foundation
Can repair me
Rebuild my housing
Restore my sanctity
I soldier on

I come back
Riddled with bullet holes
Ever the warrior
Scared from the battle
Not knowing which side
Can actually claim victory
I wave the white flag of surrender
Stumble onto the gurney of poetry
Calling on the medicine of time

The remedy, the antidote
The one and only cure

My fingers tremble to write

Susan Lacovara

Wrapped In Pseudo You

Your aftershave scent
Clinging to the gray robe
You last wore
That morning after love was made
And goodbyes were left
On the nightstand table
The plush fabric, though soft and warm
Hardly a substitute for the embrace
That once, was all I needed
That, then, you gave so readily
That kept the world at bay
I could hide away in your morning stare
Forever... and of free will

The fisherman's sweater
You swore was too small
Passed down to me
Lies freshly folded
Awaiting a windy day's selection
Another remainder of how your arms held me
In the shelter of sleepy eyed sweetness

In your valley, near your creek
Over the hill that houses your distance
Are there particles of the put-away me
That show up, from time to time
A lone stray strand of black hair
Threaded through the cableknit
Of the sweater you kept...
The one that fit you perfectly

Susan Lacovara

Writing Me Off

Fear flutters

Fierce and with a violent strike

Deep within a soured stomach

Churnings, burnings...

What if I not my recognizable self

To you

I walk the plank of uncertainty

Trying to balance on a loosely strung tightrope

Knowing one wrong move could cause

A great and tragic tumble

I only want to collect the shattered pieces

Decide if gluing them back together

Will be better than tossing them out

This fear of seeing your crumbling façade

Rips me apart

If only to find the small space

That once was safe

between US

My hands would cease to tremble

When I see your pen stroke

Writing me off.....

Susan Lacovara

Year Ends

For all my friends, within this forum,

Year ends, but my love and respect for each of you grows
Heaven knows you have granted me great joys
And I will carry that beautiful reward into the coming days
Though my recent words have been few
My thoughts of you, many
And many more wonderful writes are there upon the new horizons
To share with splendid comrades, confidants and cherished characters
Know even while my pen was stilled
Still I think of you.

Happy Holidays to all I have come to treasure,
Peace and Poetry....
And a generous hand to touch each heart....

Susan Lacovara

You Are In My Way

Trying to put back the tiny pieces
Of my day
Busied by my menial tasks
You are in my way
In my way

Maybe it's your haunting laugh takes me
By surprise
Could it be a secret stash
The mystery of your eyes
Dare I do a thousand things
To aid in my distraction
Finding I am useless, lost
In magnetized attraction
You are in my way
In my way

And the breeze it brushes against my skin
This is where your touch begins

And the warming Sun creeps around my bend
Bringing thoughts of you that know no end

Fearful of my drowning in the deep sea
Of desire
Pulled by the currents of your waves
Swells growing ever higher
Let the salted sea of you
Wash me wet, today
You are in my way
In my way
Yes, you are in my way
In my way

Will I find your goodness in a green box
On my table

Caught ooff guard and thinking hard
Will his offers keep me stable

And it's all too much
This side of you displayed
You are in my way
In my way
Yes you are in my way

Each and every day
In my way
You are in my way

Susan Lacovara

You Know A Way

You, you know a way
To make a day seem full of magic
From up your sleeve
I do believe
You pull upon my heart's fabric
Turning broken branches
Into blooming flowers
Parting clouds, unveiling rainbows
After far too many showers
You, you know a way
You know a way
It's just your way

You, you know a way
To make me play carefree abandon
Letting hours go
My smile to show
That I'm still standing
Stepping to the future
Unafraid of what's is leering
Face into the wind,
In the meadow, there's a clearing
You, you know a way
You know a way
It's just your way

And I will come along
In dance and with a song
Trusting we belong
To the moment, never wrong
You, you know a way
You know a way
It's just your way
And here am I to stay
I know a way
It's just my way

Susan Lacovara

You Show Me Safe

Where the black of night takes prisoners
You show me safe
As stars collide with my wishes
The howling wind becomes a whisper
And your mountains let me sleep

Where the soft snow falls through treetops
Unexpected and unannounced
You show me safe
Warmed are my hands that reach for yours
As we climb the steepest hills

And the sunset splatters her unnamed colors
On a horizon so far from anywhere
You show me safe
Brushing back the hair from my searching eyes
With a tenderness true and simply served

By the bending branches and the creeping vines
Where time is lost and love is found
You show me safe
Allowing both our breath and beating hearts
To rest awhile, in joy, safe joy

Susan Lacovara

You Were Never A No

As hard as it is
Stepping away
Take with you this
You were never a No
What we shared remains
Unmistakably real
Though never realized
Had you told me
I would move on
I would have told you never
You were never a No
But circumstance shifts
Wisdom takes hold of my hand
Blueprints are altered
Leading to new construction
Would I have ever imagined
On some Sunday
Somewhere in time
I would let go of your hand
With a promise to always
Wave your way
I would've laughed off the idea
You were never a No
With the kind exchange
Of understanding
Admitting we had not one regret
You wish me happiness
As I hold back a goodbye
You were never a No

Susan Lacovara

Your Perhaps Present

Perhaps, perchance
You might love the way I wrapped
Your present
All full of ribbons of me
And a hand picked card
That says just enough
To not say too much
And scare you away
(Even though you always come back)

Perchance, perhaps
You will notice how I always remember
All the little novelties
You think clever
Making me ever clever keeping them filed
In the cabinet of my constantly caring
To present to you, for sharing
Perhaps sometime soon.

Perhaps you won't mind that I
Missing you, and a little hungry
For love, stole back some chocolate
From a tiny torn corner
In your perhaps present
I doubt you'll mind
Perhaps, perchance

Susan Lacovara

Your Wished For Weather

I, tonight

Soft as falling rain

The September of you

Downpours over me

Puddled drops find their way

Down the same stairs

That lead you here

Lightening strikes

And loving lust washes

All the grime of a dirty day

Away

I will not close the windows

I shall not shut the doors

I'll let the rain rock me to sleep

Your wished for weather

In distant dreams to share

I'll catch rainbows

In my upturned umbrella heart

And lay them out

Should you return in Autumn

Susan Lacovara

Zig Zag

I thought he'd tire
Of changing directions
Updating addresses
Throwing darts at the map
Of states still to be navigated
But he didn't
He hasn't

I thought he'd settle his soul
And rest his racing thoughts
Long enough to hear the birds
And the evening crickets
He swore lived in his head
But he didn't
He hasn't

The zig zag continues to control
His serpentine search
For the illusive quiet and clear stream
Someone else, who may never exists
I thought he could see my truths
But he didn't
He hasn't

Where the mountain meets his memories
Maybe I will float by in a breeze
To touch his shoulders and lean again
Against his wounded wantings
I thought he saw the sun in my smile
But he didn't
He hasn't

Susan Lacovara