

Sensuous Poems of Paul Turner (2003-2007)

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Chocolate and kisses

It's twilight after chocolate and kisses,
Sugar's high,
tresses.

...

Come take me in style

(set separately as songs by L.A. Smith and Eric Funk)

And so you went away,
Cast off from me, and
All adrift.

Come take me in style,
Come ruin my days,
Away from this city, and while we reach into the night,
And headlong delights, mellow t'ward first light,

Passing into passion, leaning into days.
Loving you in style, loving your ways.
Loving you in style, loving your ways.

...

Fall on Beach

Walking the beach 'cause it's on with my lover
in blue corduroy surrounded by no other.

Singing a tune as we hurry autumn's late denial
of breezes and boats and blankets.

Those eyes light brown have it going down
along Winthrop's wall, up from her lane,
here in November's chilly embrace.

Back back, then, to her tender saltbox place!

...

Graduation bed

You whispered and smiled with the lover at the door,
Slipping back to our graduation bed.
Hip bones rough, last possession, few words.
We had each other, yes, and some times more:
Boston poor, Flushing homestead, hugs at the concourse door.
Was there doubt that a narrative would start in our needy hearts,
That stories would thread and be told to one another,
That life would get better and not just for us,
That into these times, we would find treasure?

...

Imaginary Trysts

(set as a song by Stephen Feigenbaum)

We speak by phone,
pencil trysts and wondering
an hour's length from each other.

There's so much downtime in a week –
minutes spent together,
offset by second lives.

Saw you late last autumn
(with friends and favored colleagues),
You brought a witty companion,
a contractor who knew the limits of the workaday world
and licked the thoughts of his after-hours.

On leaving the party, I stood at the top of the stairs,
as you tugged the cloth of your coat.
Your friend's eyes, gleaming from precious scenes,
did not notice our careful shrugs.

My virtual lover,
how I want you –
those hard feelings,
all over you again.

...

Overnight with you

I observe your ceremonies in dark brushes,
A motif in pajamas, the bottoms dropped off.
Only a suite between us and the semester charade.

Do I kiss you after your last experiment,
Drawn out till the 8 o'clock class?
Yourself altogether again for the golden rule and filigree.

I peel myself off the proposition
That tonight you are entwined with only me.

...

Ruby Days (set as a jazz song by E. Funk)

Deep humming, two college couches,
a bedstead, a student flat,
under stars or flickering lights,
a sparkle in a whisper,
curvy buxom, Norwegian ruby, turquoise tight.

My great lover, Valentine lentils,
Volkswagen running, pearls,
towards northern lights.
Three months in our tower,
testing rising waters,
glimpses, better sight.

...

Sip from the same melody

I read through your emails last Tuesday eve,
On account that my no-account took his leave.
I learned from his message he was just a passerby;
I remain starry-eyed for a better prize.

I know that you breeze into this city on the 5th of each month.
I see there's an invitation, at first over lunch.
We remember the heady times; watch the day sailors glide by,
Sip from the same melody, read each other's minds.
Have coffee and ... catch up, refresh the how and why.

I read through your emails last Tuesday eve,
On account that my no-account took his leave.
I learned from his message he was just a passerby;
I remain for you starry-eyed, let's give us a try.

...

Your Image (set as a jazz song by E. Funk)

In the mist, just past the thaw,
freezing still mornings for the train, what I saw.
Brushes on your hips, lips to my eyes,
dappled light, those sighs, two beats at a time,
Will I lose in the springtime, gesso for my dawn:
leaning in, your image, against another's wall?