Girls in my Head

By

Carl Lahser

I have written a number of poems in which the female sex is discussed. These poems are based of memory, nostalgia, casual glimpses, imagination, and discussions with friends. Anyway, here they come.

First Hours of Fall

The Walk

Mind Pictures

Donde

Glimpses

Memory Prod

Jogger

Full Moon

Suns in Orbit

White Bat

Lagoon Evening

Biloxi Lament

A Hurried Glance

Hooked

Once

Miscommunicating Blues

**First Hours of Fall**

Sitting beside you

on an afternoon in early fall

evoked memories

of sitting beside you

on pleasant afternoons in spring

and of missing you all summer

when you sat beside another.

What a long miserable summer it was.

Fall afternoons

have brought you back.

Where will we be

when winter winds

begin to sigh?

Where will we spend our winter?

**\*\*\*\*\***

**THE WALK**

mid afternoon on a fine fall day

overcast and humid after a quick shower

footfalls muffled by damp leaves

a jay screams in the distance

an acorn falls shattering the heavy stillness

We walk not speaking

holding hands where the path is wide enough

to a log on the edge of a clearing

sitting and watching cardinals flit

through the changing and thinning leaves

holding hands

memorizing worn knuckles

scarred fingers, age spots, and bluish veins

until we silently agree it’s time to return

up the silent path through the half light

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**MIND PICTURES**

**I'll paint a picture from my mind -**

**the most desirable face in womankind;**

**a sexy philosopher with an orderly mind;**

**luscious boobs and a pert behind -**

**on a canvas of silk oh so fine.**

**Then I'll look and see what I can find**

**remembering that looks is just the rind.**

**\*\*\*\*\***

**Donde**

It is cool

A Sarah Vaughn vinyl LP plays

with hisses and scratches

Lights are low

Donde? Where are you?

Spring and overcast

Quiet trail through blooming

azaleas and dogwoods

a wooden bridge and a robin call.

Where are you?

On a tropical beach at sunset

pina coladas.

lobster on the grill.

A tarpon rolls and mullet scatter.

Where are you?

A sampan skims across the South China Sea.

On the Nile a dhow drifts

with creaking ropes and planks

Mist rises and clouds form

hiding Machu Pichu.

Where are you?

Where are you?

With me always

wherever you may be.

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**Glimpses**

**I saw her in a Christmas crowd**

**but she vanished in a sea of bobbing heads**

**I called to her in the Plaka in Athens**

**but she turned and spoke to me in Bulgarian**

**I bought her favorite drink from across a bar in St Louis**

**but she was gone before the waiter arrived**

**Countless glimpses of her over fifty years**

**in airports, on busy city streets, on passing busses**

**She must be gone**

**consumed by time, absorbed in space**

**existing only in a tiny corner of memory**

**unchanged in fifty years**

**as I grow old alone**

**\*\*\*\*\***

**A MEMORY PROD**

Driving through the city park

for the first time in years

I saw an old oak tree with one low-hanging branch

that had a distinct dip about mid-way along its length.

I remembered a girl back in our high school days

posing on this dip

arms crossed on the rough bark

chin resting on overlapping hands

head tilted with a sly smile.

The tree was still there

but where is the girl

of a half century past?

Her and the beguiling smile

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**Jogger**

**brown pony tail**

**whipping left**

**then whipping right**

**in counterpoint to her hips**

**She personifies the Big Bopper song**

**“That’s what I like”.**

**\*\*\*\*\***

**Full Moon**

A full moon and setting sun

The red and orange of sunset

contrast the pastel gold of moonrise

like chrome and pewter

I have watched five hundred risings of the moon

 -floating over sparse spruce and aspen forests

 and cranberry bogs of the arctic;

 -surfacing from long tranquil fetches of open ocean

-leaping over waves crashing into coral reefs;

 -swinging out of steamy jungle green in the sudden tropical night;

 -eerily lighting the ruins of a hundred dead or dying civilizations;

 -moon washing maize and squash patches;

 Montane valleys; desert vistas;

 -from aircraft where rising and setting of the sun or

 moon can be played like a yo-yo;

 -peeking through buildings in crowded cities.

The best and most exciting full moons

have been and will be

in your company.

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**SUNS IN ORBIT**

In another young and boundless world

we swam in the surf

and dried in the sun

nibbled sparkling salt crystals

from tanned flesh

rinsed in a rainwater pool

with gentle touches

There was intensity

of the sun

the touches

the wonder of being young

In another universe

on another night

the owl called through an open window

and we had picked persimmons

that cool evening in the fall

and moonlight made

tan skin look alabaster

Another pot of tea is brewing

and you are

friend and lover

day and night

beginning and end

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**White Bat**

**Plums had set on the old gnarled tree**

**when a hoary white bat found us**

**circled round us**

**and gave us a thousand years**

**The plums have ripened**

**and time is held in a polished ironwood box**

**carved with a peach**

**and bats on the four corners**

**The box sits on a table between our chairs.**

**Take my hand and I will keep you as warm**

**as our kung and two mau taan**

**until the owl cries out in the night**

**\*\*\*\*\***

**Lagoon Evening**

Waiting for the lobster to cook

we watched the sun set

behind the mangrove trees

in a short burst of color

A silver sliver moon

who trailed the sun by two hours

reflected off the lagoon

framed first by the orange glow,

then by the black of night

Two moons and

pina coladas

on Cozumel.

Memories are painted just so

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**Biloxi Beach Lament**

chorus

Biloxi beaches,

Biloxi bacon.

You made me feel at home

when I was forsaken.

I first saw her fishing

on Biloxi's Back Bay.

When she looked at me

in that certain way, well...

chorus

We strolled in the moonlight

on Biloxi Beach

Then she left town for New Orleans

and beyond my reach.

chorus

She returned one night

when the moon was full.

She couldn't resist me

and Biloxi's pull.

chorus

Now we are settled in a houseboat

on the old Back Bay

and a hundred years from now

we will still be that way.

chorus

**A Hurried Glance**

Black hair

Shoulder length

Shiny black

Reflecting highlights

Would I be attracted

If I saw her face?

**Hooked (Twenty-fifth anniversary)**

Twenty-five years ago I joined in a wedding.

We cast off with no course set,

not knowing where we were heading.

One thing was certain and can't be denied -

I was hooked on the bride.

A year or three later, at least, more than one

We were just getting settled when along came our son

It seems like yesterday. The years they just flew.

I've been hooked on those two.

Time has flown, the smooth and the rough

I often wonder if I've done enough.

I know that, for my part, it’s been a good life.

I'm hooked on my wife.

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**ONCE**

You once asked

if I would build

you a house.

So I did

and a world

besides.

You lived there

long before

you asked.

But

the world

did not exist

'til then.

# Miscommunicating Blues

I told her that I’d see her soon

But she said to me, “good bye”.

Now she’s with another man

And I’m about to cry.

I got the miscommunicating blues.

I’m walking and talking the blues.

Just miscommunicating all the time.

I asked her for a slow close dance

But she danced fast and far apart

She twirled around and kept on going

Leaving me with a broken heart.

I’ve got the miscommunicating blues

Cause she stomped on my dancing shoes

Just miscommunicating all the time.

I took her out for some fancy grits

She never returned from the powder room

I got stuck with a great big bill

and went home all alone.

 I’ve got the miscommunicating blues

And a doggy bag big enough for two

Just miscommunicating all the time.

I called her up one evening

Her machine said call back after ten.

When I called back she was disconnected

And I can’t find her number again

I’ve got the miscommunicating blues

Wrong number and busy signal blues

Just miscommunicating all the time.

 Carl 010200