

the words



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20/20 amour heindzeit

by cathe boudreau

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In the beginning.....

This is the first book from the 1994 collection by Cathe Boudreau. If you think that someone has forgotten you, guess again. The resolve was to start the new year dedicating a spoken works show to all of the men that have left marked impressions, whether reality based, fantasy based, or as a mentor.

Truth be known, if you have read any of the other works, my flaming heterosexual nature is obvious.

Despite the millions of years of misunderstanding women still love men, men still love men, and women still love women.....(and we all seem to love chocolate.) We choose our partners. I often wonder if we are not meant to enjoy and move on rather than to attach to one another like barnacles. It makes the ending of the moment much more bearable.

So, I dedicate this work to special, (not necessarily great), men who have shared some life time with me: Sam Ledger, Erich Lah, Michael Vachon, Chris Welch, Michael Mullally among others..

I also dedicate this to the fantasy, fancy, and fickle: Henry, Algernon, Charles, EV, Andy, Hirsch, ray, Tom A., Gary B., Tommy D., J.A K, and two D's.

To the other ones I prefer to forget.

Most of all to the memory of Freddie Mercury....who kept me alive throughout my second ten years.

Oh, and Michelle, this bud's for you.

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Romantic notion

I never had a dream about you
not like you would think

There's no images in my brain of ripping off
your clothes
with my teeth
having you bite my neck,

right where the shoulder
meets it.

I never have speculated if you would like
my hair, because it is long
or because it is auburn.
I hadn't even wondered what you would
smell like after six or seven hours
of adult play.

I never thought about the type of condoms
you ask for at the 7-11

I never wondered if you kiss using your
lips or if you taste your way through
or how many mouths have pressed into your
skull, digging at your fillings
I never wondered if you have had fillings
I supposed you would.

I never wondered what part of your body
reacts to a slow scratch up your spine.

I never wondered if you snore.

I never thought a day about
what you would look like as
you sleep. Until today.
Last night I had a dream
about you that had
nothing to do with lust.
But it was a hunting desire.

At first it had nothing to do with you.
In fact, I started the dream thinking about

a lover who had been slaughtered by
fear of life.
He took me to these
hot springs,
in Montezuma, New Mexico.
He left me there.

I sat in the waters, warmed by springs
I looked up and you had been leaning against
the very same rocks.
I saw your chest, your
adams apple,
your arms holding you a little above
the swirling pools
your head tilted back, with your eyes
closed.
only time I
had ever dreamed of you
was in coffee shops discussing
the bullshit we both were amused by.
or doing a reading
with you on the same stage.
Never sensual.

The dream jump cut to my house.

I was wearing a sweater, boots, jeans
dried off completely.

The house was empty of light.

The wood stove

roared with passionate heat.

There was a knock on the door,

and you stormed in

not even seeing me? I wonder

You went to the records, pulled out Miles' Decoy.

You turned on the turntable, played the
sounds

You were wearing a black jacket, red shirt,

had a belt on...I hate belts by the way...

black jeans, boots...cowboy boots?

Your brows

furrowed together like you had

just been told that you were the sole

person responsible for the

budget deficit.

All you said was, "Right".

The same way I had heard it and

seen you say it at least a thousand times

in your spoken shows.

You stood facing me

In the dark kitchen by the stove

You stared at me

as if I was a mirror

I said, "I am not you

we just have the same reflection."

you said, "Right"

You reached out

Jump cut in the dream..why do dreams

do that shit?

You and I sit by the stove,

I just put a log into it and the warmth was

dazzling.

You were still wet from the springs

you were completely naked

and wet

and in my kitchen with me

staring at the fire in the stove

toes crossed, tattoos muddled by shadows

We sat there, then you spun around and

reached for me again

This time the dream did not cut

this time the arms were holding on to me

this time I felt your face buried in my
neck
The sweater becoming a kleenex
you
cried,
deep gut wrenching sobs
as if every tear you ever had in your
entire life was making a return appearance
You tried to say sorry, or something, and

instead just continued

I will write a dirge because of this dream

Jump cut in the dream, and you are in my
bed, although I had slept by the stove, to
be with your tears and to talk with them
I wore them as a tribal ritual
I soothed them
You slept for two nights and three days.
You had said you had never felt so
clean inside
you said that your body just
needed to trust someone
so you had an inspired moment to
come to the desert and sit in the
springs

You said it was a new feeling
you were ready to feel new things
you were empty enough to fill with
sadness
elation
expectation
hope
dreams
and even though you understood death

you decided it was something
that wasn't ready for you yet.

I woke up in the morning stunned.
I wondered if the Black Coffee Blues was
the catalyst for all of this.

I wondered what you looked like when
you were on top of someone you

wanted to care about

I wondered if you closed your eyes when
you came.

I wondered if you came with emotional
release, or just as a physical exercise.

I wondered what you cook for yourself at the

7-11.

I wondered if you ever saw me in the crowd
and
wondered what I would look like next
to you at 3am.

I wonder if you would think I was pretty,
like my horny
eighteen year old freshmen do...

I wondered if you were a little shit, like I am,
because you take over a stage when you
climb onto it.

I wondered if you ever fucked a v-jay
from empty V.

I wondered if you made sounds

when your body was in
sexual rhythm or if you were catholically silent.

I wondered if you would kill my
mother for me.

Just
a thought.

I wonder if you get into laughing fits.

The dream happened,
and suddenly I wake up
something that only the man I loved was able
to stir in me.

(before he destroyed any
emotions

I could ever feel for anyone else...)

I wonder if you will ever find me, or try to.

I wonder if you will ever have my cat walk
on your face
at 4am asking to be let out...and send
him sailing across the room.

I wonder if you have all the same albums,
and if you enjoy
watching stupid ass movies in the
middle of the night.

I wonder if you would like to come to the
desert and sit
and be silent with someone.

I wonder what you taste like

It's just a romantic notion.

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The husband

Thoughts of the eighteen year old bride
appear in my head as if miles away
as if glancing at magazine photos
of perfume ads

cajun born and corn bread fed
uniformed confirmation

redundant information
formerly obese and drastic sadness
demanded from me the
change of situation

The anger toward parents
school
truth
manifested in wedding vows

and self induced
self reduced
imprisonment

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subtle hints that perhaps he is all wrong

a male voice on the phone
is greeted by a slam
censoring hand of the man

best friend black man
walked me home
ring wearer uses the phrase
"you want yourself a slimy nigger dick"
demanding I repeat his call

of his, blinded by his beliefs
bound in this tie to
a confederate war

In the reunion of the naval pair
the Shenandoah reached the pier
disembarking in celibate amble
listing with the weight of months at sea
bride unable to recognize

betrothed man calling her name

if you had sex once you had it
missionary
a miscarriage of ovum
a return of mistrust
desire to carry the seed
to produce an ally
failed

now crutch religion stand holy ground
detached from the man
never again sharing heart sounds

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Piercing Blade in Toyota Truck

sinewy length warmed in silk brown eyes
a hand as strong as the temper of storm

the doctor had me lay on the table
freshly nude from a rebound lust
eyes closed, body composed
sound of a blender as it drills its way
into my stomach
creating a woman capable of need
wants
desires
sexually aware sensually prepared

the man from the desert opening up eyes
to an emotional amusement park

The drives we'd take in white toyota
visits to phallic symbols on beaches in
Hatteras
cameras
sand carved memories
Mornings started with a recitation of
the moody blues gathering gloom
while evenings were spent collecting
boxes and cans
and pouring contents
into vat on stove
devouring with cognac
98 point 6 plus 98 point 6
in the crib

in the heat of winter snow fallen ground

Fireplace evenings
lips composed of shapes of lines of thigh
shaping words in curving taste of smiling skin
thorns of whiskers as cheeks embrace jaw

My hand held became empress
regal digits caressed by swooning prince

if eyes were clearer
so would be mind

Nights spent long in memory
in mind in soul in thoughts in life
a smile that spread over each of my limbs
the laughter becoming my life blood
looking up at this tall lithe other
amazed at each touch

alive with each trace of hope
a future as cinderella eating leftovers from a glass slipper

book shuts on last page
with ivory lighthouse dimmed
darkened heart unwillingly beating
with deep flowing scars
blocking passage of entry
to any other armored suitor on white steed

Last words branded
"sghetti, years later you'll only remember good things"
If that were not true I'd have
been cured sooner

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Las Vegas Man

The story in the desert of meditation

of mother in her transcending state
of mushrooms
of words flowing from mind to page

cologne scented shirts to wear
when you leave
dark world left other senses to
bloom in the darkness

A touch by the fire warmer than the coals
a walk in the dunes when I remembered where I was
a touch by the water sitting in the shower
for hours upon hours upon hours upon hours
until breathing seemed secondary to being

You, the man I had hated for being wittier than me
you, the one who had called me while he was knees deep in
female of the moment

you, the most beautiful creature I had ever seen
You, the one who wanted to make me feel better
after the wedding rituals had come to an end
and after the rebounded
romance dove into the sea

You, the only man who has ever broke me up
so that I understood the pain of loving someone
who was unable to love someone like me.

You, who had found attraction
in older, richer, wiser
blond woman whom I was nothing like.

you who I compare
any emotions that I pretend to feel
to those I felt with you
ripping tape from wounded hearts

bleeding thoughts of fear of love
bleeding mind in common reality
that it doesn't get better with time
Instead of healing
awakening awareness,
which upsets others who enter
my little world
A few months that changed course of life
rescued me from fantasy

poked me in the ribs with machete
demanded that understanding of betrayal
denial
infatuation

Yet, had I not felt for you
I would have not known what it was to feel
and I would have not made a choice to avoid
feeling for another the same way

confronting my own ignorance
has blinded me to my own capacity
of receiving

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Crucified Fish

Years put the deck in order
the scruffy ragged boy
the overalls curly top
dimpled grin

today he is a father
husband to another flesh

mated down
freedom caged
not the man I think I loved

Scents

torn wood and carved clay
vanilla breath and charcoal fingertips

Textures

kitty litter spine
post art opening sweat

curling twisted hay browned in time

Sights

Michaelangelo crafted form
lines and rock hard muscles
soft supple skin dotted dark
certain lights on the nude astride
marble as clean as the dead pearl diver
as it lies reposed in Portland, Maine

Never had time for his devotion
obsessed by a fishing boat
a hammer
giving me everything he could give
but never around to share it

Sturbridge as the memory
the fields of leaves in autumn kiss

former girlfriend obsessively calling
tore us apart
as his kindness was greater than his common sense

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Mother's Love

save me from my mother's love
from slaps and stabs at body and mind

take me into arms of strength
and laugh me out of the place
rescue me from kiss of death
from homeless self in basement
from rivalry in sisterhood for
your attention and care

liberate me from maternal grace
taking me into wings of matron italiana

to see the reality of what

a christmas with family should be
without the anger of
years of unexpressed pain
hate and forced love in mother's name

Hold me until the tears go away
until I stop shaking
until I feel whole

and then

let me go
to fail alone

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MEET me marry your EX

And this time, I mean it
no, I've never told anyone else
something like this happens

only once in a lifetime

Ma, yeah, I think she's the one
she's amazing
I never met anyone so amazing
isn't that amazing?
I am amazed

oh, boy, this sucks

for a whole summer I had a t-shirt that said, meet me marry your ex because that is what happened every time I dated anyone. I was thinking about just capitalizing on the deal by putting an ad in the LA Weekly.

Each man gave the promise of
"that will never happen, we don't even speak"
uh huh
"she lives in orange county"
uh huh
"we live in the same building, but we're not living TOGETHER"
uh huh

"She's already living with someone else"
uh huh
"she hates sex with me"
uh huh
"we broke it off two years ago"
what, your penis?

Let's go through the list
zig, the god of humiliation,

film maker, made a film
about me

and him

I was the back bend chick who sang off key
because although I was hired to sing, I never got
to hear the music until we recorded
and it was just once....
this is how I want to be
remembered?

uh huh

while I was still recovering from east coast
and he was still involved with the michigan woman
marrying someone else
Next.

David, cameraman

we owned the same books, read the same music
ate the same philosophy

played the same games
he waited a whole week before
running back to orange county

Michael O'comedian, a blond

first mistake,
never had a positive blond experience
went home for fourth of july
everyone congratulated me on the wedding

that he had with someone else
and he still hasn't told me, five years later

Steve, comic genius

he's not seeing her
he is seeing her
he's not seeing her
he is seeing her
she is seeing red

I become a target for her friendship
she becomes epitome psycho bitch

Then the worst of all

Chris, the drummer boy
a loser tattoo all over his body
yet, I was color blind by his caring nature
stupid silly me.
He was so involved with his former love

that he broke up with me as I lay hospitalized
with no one else in my life
to give me reason to get out alive

I auditioned for a tv show that focused on the failures of romances, and the people who interviewed me did not believe that this had happened so many times. The label became, "too nice" since neither they nor I could come up with a logical pattern from each of these romances that would lead anyone to believe

anything like this could happen.
But that was a few hair colorings ago.

The hospital gave me a reason to not date
since it is very hard to start a romance while you
have needles in your arms and spine
and hoses in your throat and nose.

Weekly treatments and vomit attacks
prevented me from feeling good about myself
so I was vanity free for a number of months

That seemed to be the cure,

but I wouldn't recommend it

if you had any other way to avoid the circumstances.

Besides, talk shows wouldn't believe you.

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infatuation of the friend

Please be with me when I close my eyes tonight
as I lay in the cradle in the corner of the room
you have had a profound effect on my senses
stunning me to all I have seen in the past
guiding me to the process of bread baked emotions
wearing me out in my dreams

My dear sweet friend with manly stance
who I want to hold in the depths of sweet musk
and who I need to hear in the whisper of night
you know of none of my wish to want you

yet, as the dusk breaks the silence
you look at me making common remarks
about time, weather, books, music, thoughts

not saying what I choose to be correct
in reaching a depth of response

sap filled cream puff emotional drive
hallmark rejected poetry sitting in my mind
a prom date romance of flowers handed in the rain
allowing you in the maze of thorns I have become
if only I could share you in me
with souls melted by wanton perspiration

and salt tinged moments of flesh into flesh
yet you are remaining here as friend

many times I have traced your form under
jeans of black denim
under shirts oversized and worn
I have leaned into you when you have told me
secrets
so that I can feel your breath by my neck

and catch whisps of aroma of the day on your skin
tears from inner thigh sliding at the thought of your touch
knowing you have love with another
yet I can call you friend

certain degree of making you mine in this
friend of dangerous closeness
is the thought of giving up this when a concrete notion
takes you over and places your hand on

my left breast to feel the heartbeat that is
growing stronger in your presence

fears not to be denied
as excitement builds this anticipation into
eventful dreams of your body and mine fusing in
mutual need

countenance of the dear friend who is always

there for me when lovers have long gone
infatuation of prevented love
eyes become bedfellows as I sleep alone
next morning to rise
without you to awaken next to

please hold me some night when you have given up hope
when you have torn down bricks of years of others' love
when you feel the need to be an equal with your friend

and enter me with the understanding that no one else will
ever come to me again
heart sharing blood of this friend

nails now digging into me hoping to stop lust with pain
throat numb from screaming
out remorse of not being
the one who laughs next to you during comical air
remove me from the list of platonic

and carve my initials into the list of the wanted
take me into you digesting this form until
we have mastered the art of loving each other
together, friend

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Look, it's this

I fucked you
you fucked me
we both rolled over until it was over
in the after glow
it's the hunt for clothes
the answer to be given
when
will you stay for one more night
is asked

Look, you didn't know me
I don't know you
which is the best thing
for us
for now
here
it doesn't make any sense
like the promise made to self

after a night of over drinking
"I'll never do this again"

The frantic call of
hope he doesn't remember my name
in the dark
I look like
he looks like
someone else

thank god, Buddha, and the drug store
remembering beauty is only skin deep
and ugly lies beneath
sheets

the posing as some character
the reach of an alter persona
a strike in smile
a strike of light

the left of day
the party that no one ever thought would end
this way with two naked
strangers
people
staring blankly at unfamiliar ceiling
releasing tension
creating tension
hoping that all is understood that

tomorrow means
get lost

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NYC 12/91

Michael, you prove a difficult script
the story so plain
the story so easily read
the man so easy and so hard to swallow

British charming in an alarming way
in alarms I ran to uncaring arms
with promises of rescue
with apathy stronger than love
cinderella now enslaved

millionaire child had me
on minimum wage play air hopper
across nation to share
15 minute intervals of

prostituted gain
the smile was Cheshire
as was the truth
here again
gone again
then again, only you knew

I had read the letters you had received
other women who were loved by

your charm
disarmed we were slain
apparently you had planned to wed one
and then grant a Tony to another
maiden fair, talent worse
and one on again off again mistress

sharpest knife pierced deeply
upon seeing estranged wife

in her
sculpted form
in her
meticulously perfected smile
whose grace transcended even a photo

Children you had were born for
genetic perfection rather than
love

At this point I called you shallow
you stopped and gave a look
that can never be equal to anything
by another

mortally wounded at my observation
the romance had as quick a death
as an overspent erection

Only you were able to match your own

cruelty
by leaving me rejected and unwanted
and to this dessert, you placed the cherry topper
of leaving me jobless
homeless
alone with your returned Christmas gifts
in the Amtrak station
holidays spent searching for one room
to collect what was left of a melted snow woman

who gave up a possible wonder filled career to help you
accomplish your self service

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Eggs

Abortion
spontaneous absorption of fetal tissue
into tubes
spontaneous rejection of child
of rejected lover

an out
an escape
a relief
a belief that it was all for the best
within all perfection
twice this rejection
of child

from mother within

self guide to canal
runs along quite well
until the swell of the wave within
spontaneous abortion
miscarriage
miscarry the
trust of another within

the logic of not confiding in mother

in being that bore me
that I was unable to bear
having her genes
passed and so it left me
like a passing thought

but in tears rip shred pain
in terror of life giving air
of head swelling between
vaginal cave

so the process began
while still tolerable
twice, small, cramps like menstrual gain
and a childhood lost
the ejection
rejection
of me

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Irish tea, French Music

angles in voice spreading cream on toast
soothing bumps and cracks with
cream and mortar
cementing me in

the voice stole me first
english accent surrounded by

mink blanket throat
cooing lion

taming me would take more than
satin sheet voice yet I sought
him out
like a cat to crawling insect
devouring myself as I grabbed his tail

dementia set in quickly
sooner than expected
more profound than humanly possible
all breaths taken

all steps taken
all days spent in
devotion to this desired one
I currently understand first hand

temporary insanity

scent was polished refined crisp air following him
glistening rainbow of freshly cut steel

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Dinner is Served

Spaghetti strewn thoughts
slurped with fork fulls of sin
sauce on side
inside the demise of
whatever war you are in

daybroken heart
night fallen dreams

life is a leftover of whatever seems
real at the time
or the moment
or dream

eat and indulge

cement in shadows memories are food
whomever it was secondary to
palatial pleasures

secondary to whatever was
in my teeth at the time
whatever touch, felt, or dreamt

erich will be remembered for
cans and calamari
the experimentation of dining delights
the discovery of sensual pleasures in
taste sight and scent

mullally is the breakfast egg
muffins and irish tea
before a cold day
without him and
colder still
an evening with

Vachon was trash on road

flow of a car
dementia in momentary
nothing sacred for more than moments then
gone

Infatu-friend is long moments of silence
followed by hours of
vocal exchange where
ears are bathed in tone of voice

in sound of emotion
in sexual hidden tension
lost in the wall of another's non presence
in latté and bisciotti

the one I want to know has

a gorky's menu from days in LA
late nights with whatever
spurred a need of what

you can forget about tomorrow

former husband replaced red lobsters
with crawdads
was there a future in this?

succulence held in the palm of hand
like a masturbating teenager
fearing discovery

eating in gulps air and lies
devouring in mountains
retiring in sighs
I eat this man as I chew
this thought

those whom I choose to disallow
from memory taste and moments
are ramen noodles in a 7 @ \$1.00 bundle

filling at the moment
yet hardly a nourishing meal

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Boardwalk

Triangular image with untamed hair
wrapping itself around the wind
your face
the skin

The sea blowing its thoughts into your mind
you stare unmoved by deeply penetrating air

The brown of your jacket becomes a water color
smear of the clouds and the sand around you
hunched on rocks perched dark and low
brow darkens with dew fog covered wave
and though the beach is crowded with morning's
post evening lovers, fisherman, dogs, and parental visitation child

you are completely alone in it all

round rough ragged sigh
ripping course through rigid stomach
blending into the rocks
smearing into the skin
you are one with the sea
exclaimed by a crashing wave on your chosen rock

hands becoming raw pink with chill of day

yet eyes unmoved from targeted horizon

mother wave curl holds you like infant
grabbing at your breast searching for milk
in manly chest
and this nourishment can only be found in the
scent sound sight sex of sea

For days I have seen you here

when the weather holds you away from
entering the waters you are kept at bay

small simple man
with notebook, bag, pen
writing tales to the ocean
and throwing them in

in the morning you rise and pass my window

with surfboard at hand
wetsuit donned in preparation for
intimate encounter

Your form changes from crumpled lost soul
that rounds out his days by writing out new life
to sculpted divine adonis
who commands the waves to hold him up as
he walks onto the water

stands proud
then succumbs to her wishes of being all of who she is
bowing with her
rolling into her
like lover to lover
until she grows tired
and you paddle on vessel to
unsafe shore

This man at Rockaway beach
home only when held by the sea
lover to his mistress
despite his many earthly woman's advances
the destiny is the man shall be joined to
the true love he holds
as she has hold of him

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I give up

Enough of this

again,
again,
why the hell did I do it again?
I suppose it's the same reason that
people chronically only five pounds overweight

go on eternal diets
they appear to be normal healthy individuals
so they do some self induced torture
to be put back into the place that
they do not wish to go
the mirror

I am on the oh, honey,
it's been so great
I really feel like I can love you

and trust you
and

damn that five pound diet

it is the sickness that turns a perfectly
okay, somewhat perfectly reasonable
human being into a basket case
it is that undeniable need

to be desired and needed
despite the fact that when standing alone
I am quite competent,
enjoy life better
stress free
and
just
horny as all get out
there, I said it

I guess that validates the feeling, doc

so when the hor-man's kick in
and the blindness overtakes me
I truly
hate this whole thing
and need to evade
any emotional contact

I think I have man genes in this
when I was younger, All you had to do was say,
"you look nice today"
and suddenly you were the prince
valiant, strong, and good
I hunted you down like a dog to a sparrow
acknowledgement of my existence meant
that you deserved to be part of my life
look out

now, in full manhood
I evade evade evade
I take your kindness, lies, sexual desires
and drop them in your lap with
a scream of fear
EEEEK, a mouse

and how does this manifest?

Do I become bitch from planet three
or just ignore you completely?

Oh, if it were that...
no, I am cursed with the affliction
of sleepiness

you can tell that the relationship would have actually
gotten somewhere

special
unique
by how much I want to just take a nap whenever you are
around, my friend
my eternal diet of
snooze to lose him
because if you have him
you can no longer stand alone

I fear love
yet I want the lover
I fear the loneliness
yet I want the aloneness
I fear the mirror
yet I order the cake
the discovery two years ago after
British fiasco
was that if I fall in love with

printed people
who only exist in media portrayal
or in their own printed hand or song
I can move from one to the next
without pain on either side
madness that is tamed by an occasional
living human in my life
shunted to evasion by
fear that they may find out who I am

and run off on their own accord

my five pound diet
is to love no one who can offer love
at yesterday's pang I loved author
this morning, a singer
and now, an artist

who will never know of me
and in this they will never hurt me

I am not invincible to this
I am invisible to them

having years of conviction
I have found that to care and to scare are only
separated by a single letter

I have the dreams of being touched

and held
laughed with
and taken care of as I take care of another
I have dreams of warmth that feels sometimes so real
that my hands are bruised with
imprints of my other hand's fingers
when I arise

Yet these very same things make

me a very frightened child
a corner holding shadow
waiting for night to fall so
tomorrow can start and today will be done

I fear that when the me is allowed into someone else
that the husband will return and
create disillusioned destiny of homecare and
servitude

that former lover will return and
create a self doubting wilting rose
who never reaches for the water
because of the beauty of the others around
being more deserving of that attention.
Fear cutting trees so that
reality will follow path

The me today has not been taken to another

for quite some time
results in terra firma
rooted belief system
the 20/20 hind sight blinding me
from the fore sight

sure the selfish thoughts come to mind
the thought of,
I have only got maybe 10 more years with

this face before the mature one hits me
the thought of,
having no children at my age gives some men

the idea that I am lesbian
the thought of,
finding the bigger purpose before settling
on happiness

There is danger in love
there is danger in solitude

there is danger in having the inability to live
well in either
and I am the risk

Women have the nature of creating nurturing relationships
first with parents
friends
lovers
Although I have not been adept at any

of these
I do not feel failure
until I see another couple
holding hands
walking
laughing

And at the same time
I watch the faces for wishful escape

aggravation
annoyance
watch as couples eat in restaurants while not uttering
words
watch as marriages of friends dissolve
inexplicable and uneventful

I listen to other women sit in packs
and knock the men

they have spent months and years in pursuit of
I sit and watch the game at the bar while
the men complain that the women at home
don't like this or that

and oral sex seems to be an issue for everyone
while aural sex is lost to innuendo and rumor

So I am on the five pound diet

of being friends with men
and hoping that there is no
ultimate ulterior motive
because the fear of death is only
an ounce of feathers compare
to the ten ton fear of love

Author, Author

I read you
and feel you
and touch you in my inner most

subconscious being

I read your feelings
emotions
tenderness
and want you

and then when we
meet

I move on

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Delicate Number

I stand next to you in full length mirror
naked to the world
each other
ourselves
for hours we were asleep in
tangled bliss
Now I stare at your rumpled
hair
I can feel curls twists

snarls and scalp with my eyes
bumps and scars, scabs and tattoos of past
I follow the lines of your forehead to
the brow
smoothing them and admiring
arch branching over eyes
bridge to your ears
the soft round skin which I nestled
just moments before

I stand with you here

unashamed unafraid
the eve next to your adam's apple
the skin of face
with flecks of colors of autumn
they grab my presence
eyes lashed like a trap to hold me in

color so rich and deep

beyond your mind
bridge of nose separating the
concentration form right and left brain
nose scarred
inhaling the scent of hours of us
lips still slightly swollen from
empassionate kiss
given as if to save a life

thoughts of the way your bottom lip
rolled up an down as your
top tried to taste your presence in my mouth

I watch you sigh
and tongue wets your lips as it wets mine
gentle softness in your chin
belies the strength of jaw

I reach to cup face in hands
to look at you directly
not through trick of mirrored glass
your neck is still beading with
an night time of heat
heartbeat still echoing
as I bend to lap the stray sliding drop
rolling down your neck
biting into shoulder

inhale deeply to breathe you into me
chest miming my actions
occasional stray hair
down line to naval
where the chill of morning is leaving bumps
on skin

Right and left arms with road maps in hair
traces of sun burn still left on driver side

freckles appear like a star
aging skin colored within
your hips and I both bend
as we sit on floor
knees around knees
feet around backs
silent for nearly three hours
just the rhythm of blood rushing
from heart to vein to mind to groin
the lines about hip bone

hid your true form

unison of breathing partners
together so long yet
virgins to their feelings

thighs is muscle tension
soft patches of fur to be held
pet
stroked

sleeping penis rests like turtle in shell
suddenly aware of warm eyes gaze
wakes up to look around
only to find woman's hand on skin of balls
allowing skin to
coil and tighten is plea for more
only to feel nails slide
to inner thigh
squeezing and shaping warmth

a slow scratch down calves
prompts your head to jerk up
hear you gasp erotic sigh

feel your hands on my face
not intruding my gaze
not interrupting my desire to see who you
truly are
not afraid to be honest with

silence
feel forehead against collarbone
feel arms holding me into a
once lonely body
feel legs and calves press into spine
we rock this embrace

we have succumbed to our illusions
we have begun to think about our

duties
responsibilities
other friends
other lovers
and that's when we know
it was our only chance
that we took.

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Closing notes:

Cathe Boudreau has done regular sets in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, New York, Virginia Beach, and in her former home of New Mexico.

And, to Matt Comeione, who thinks he was left out.....guess again.

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