

POEMS by Jean Stephenson

CHANGE OF PERSPECTIVE

A great grandmother
sees her world with different eyes.
Men become pals
instead of lovers;
offspring are helpful
extending hands
to haul us out
of low-seated cars
and strangers open doors,
balance
our descent from curbs.
I am the laughing queen
of my universe."

MUSINGS ON A NOT YET DEAD LIBIDO

I will unashamedly admit
to a few troubles with my libido.

Why does everyone assume
it left me along with spike heels
and push-up bras?

When the sight of a muscular thigh
or hairy chest brings
luscious memories of rumpled beds
and erotic delights.

Oh Mr. Banderas!
May I call you Antonio?
Thank you for being available at Blockbuster.

'You're always there for me
for fantasies at home.
Those hypnotic brown eyes
that Spanish accent....oh, my!
When I hear you advertise
'Nasonex for seasonal allergies'
instead of runny nose and sneezing
I imagine
the two of us in a wild tango.

You whisper in my ear
that I am a good dancer
and that you will love me forever
and I am aglow."

"HABIT"

'Myriad moods
encompassing many emotions
accompany a show
of photographs.
Mostly indistinct
mysterious memories
long forgotten
swim to the surface
as I shift my view
from one photo to the next.

My eyes rest on one
that features a crack
in the sidewalk. Instantly
I see myself an eight year old
protecting my mother's spine
by my placement of a shoe.

'Step on a crack, and
break your mother's back'

No matter the lack
of logic in this infantile chant,
it was a serious concern
for this child.

My mother is long gone
and I am ninety,
but never have yet knowingly
stepped on a crack."

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