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From Years on Nauset Beach

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From Years on Nauset Beach

She ain't no Nauset Woman
thanks Thoreau

Who broke away from a Siamese twin-grip on her teddy
bear.

She's a tall building
nation's capitol
city woman

who's a Picasso Blue Boy's daughter,
living it up on oil paints, watercolors and
Nantucketless summers.

One of these days
it was one of those days,
she told me he really was
blue blue blue.

But who knows the truth about those blue fathers anyway?
I confess

I've been nursing White Russians
Anti-Franco I've become.

Trying to get a little closer
to that esoteric playground.
I need the chance to make it.
where Mona Lisa ladies
cast champagne magic spells.

— Though it all don't mix too well
with a Nauset beach poet's dream
pretty secrets never stick,
and a Nantucket summertime strolling memory
is unhealed windburn on my heart.
I'll remain standing
with mindless bears.

Kim Kiefer