

Cultural Daily

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L. K. Thayer: "My Poem Walked Through The Door" & "Whores Don't Kiss"

L.K Thayer · Thursday, September 6th, 2012

L. K. Thayer created the popular website [L. K. Thayer's Poetry Juice Bar](#). She reads her poetry at Beyond Baroque with Poetry In Motion, Stella Adler Theatre, The Rap Saloon, and more, and has a book of poems being edited titled 'Whores Don't Kiss'. Thayer just finished acting in the play Tennessee 'In the Summer,' portraying Tennessee William's sister Rose and Mother Edwina at The Sidewalk Studio Theatre in Burbank. Her newfound passion is photography, and she continues to study Method Writing with Jack Grapes in Los Angeles.

My Poem Walked Through The Door

my poem walked through the door
 I couldn't ignore her, she was Mexican, an older woman
 short and 9 months pregnant.
 she asked if she could clean the windows, anything.
 begged to clean the bathroom, anything.
 she had an odor of desperation
 she wanted to be worth something, anything.
 her pain dripped from her eyes.
 my poem walked through the door
 and needed a helping hand, she needed money
 she said her husband was sick, she had more children at home
 and her baby was due in one week.
 my poem walked through the door
 9 months pregnant, hungry and desperate.
 I reached into the cash register,
 I took a five my boss would have killed me for taking.
 she would have screamed at me.
 I wanted to give her the whole till, I took the five,
 walked over to her, handed it to her as her tears fell
 soaking into the grooves of the hard wood floor,
 I hugged her bent shoulders and big hard belly
 so tight, I'm surprised the baby didn't kick me, hard.
 my poem was grateful and hugged me back.
 my poem was a desperate woman.

my poem walked out the door.

Whores Don't Kiss

I lived at Sunset and Formosa
in Hollywood for a few years
I don't know, it could've been longer
or shorter, I don't keep track of time too well
down the street was and still is,
The 7th Veil Strip Joint
back in the day when you saw 10 to 12 hookers
on every corner
doing intimate things with men
without getting intimate
I would walk down to my neighborhood bar
and always play Tell It Like It Is by The Neville Bros
on the jukebox
I'd have my song lyrics on me
have a few drinks, and start singing them
a capella in anyone's ear
I had the songs
and the songs had me
I wrote them after a break up
after a nervous breakdown
after all, it was better than
empty sex in an alley way
in the back of anywhere
of course I made sure I fit that in too
I miss the ladies on the corner
it gave this town more depth
more soul without the heart
in this town where fame is the drug of choice
wondering how to get it
how to score it, how to become a household name
like Ajax or Swiffer or Rice-A-Roni
this town is like a melon baller
that keeps scooping out your guts
to make an ambrosia salad for the masses to snack on
eat it while it's fresh, it gets old fast
and you have to toss it out
like whores turning tricks for their pimps
someone's always calling the shots
but you can't give it all away
you've got to keep your cards close
and they will fuck you
but just remember...
whores don't kiss

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