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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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