

## Three Poems by Laura Bayless

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### Sure Cure

Feeling bluesy on a Saturday morning,  
so far down in the dumps  
I'm reduced to watching Tom & Jerry  
cartoons on Nickelodeon,  
I decide to take a cruise down the coast  
in my Mustang convertible, top down,  
wind in my hair, 1200 on the AM dial,  
KYAA cranked up on the stereo,  
DJ Chuck "Boom Boom" Cannon blasting  
the Oldies with *Roll Over Beethoven*,  
tires hugging Highway One curves.

Waving at strangers in yellow Lamborghinis,  
I pass tourists fighting the wind at Hurricane Point,  
grumble about behemoth rental RVs,  
sing along with *Rockin' Pneumonia*  
and the *Boogie Woogie Flu* by Johnny Rivers.

Ten bucks worth of gas and 24 miles later  
I make a U-turn, brooding like Rumi  
hoping for some spiritual insight,  
head back to Carmel for frozen yogurt  
with Karen Carpenter's *I'm On the*  
*Top of the World*  
on the radio as the only remaining blues  
stretch out west across the sea.

## Time Out

At the summit of Whaler's Knoll  
I survey a portion of coastline,  
a single egret, sleeping harbor seal,  
line of pelicans skimming across  
the sea in fluid formation.

I feel the sun on my arm,  
an ache in my lower back,  
rumble of hunger  
before I dig into my lunch,  
apple and cheese,  
ripe cherries, almonds.

I need more time  
to watch breakers roll in,  
crest beyond islands of stone,  
bear the tremor in my bones,  
listen to the white foam sigh.

I'm in no hurry  
to budge from my hilltop refuge,  
trek back down through the woods  
to the rugged north shore,  
return to whatever consequence  
I've left behind.

## **What We Don't Know**

All day the damp blue towel  
danced against the deck rails,  
swayed by an east-flowing wind  
that sails up the valley.

It witnessed a trembling cluster of alyssum,  
glossy crow tilting atop the pine,  
yellow bobcat as it stopped briefly to sip  
from the water bowl in a neighbor's garden.

All I did is what I always do on a Tuesday.  
At sundown I held the blue towel to my face,  
retrieved what it had known.

**Laura Bayless** is the author of three books of poetry, *The Edge of the Nest*, *White Streams and Touchstones*, and *Persistent Dreams*, and three chapbooks. She has participated in multiple *Women and Food* art and poetry presentations, as well as *Women's Voices* readings at the Carl Cherry Center. Her poems have appeared in many local and national publications, and anthologies, including *Dancing on the Brink of the World*, selected poems of Point Lobos.