

A Little Boy by the Sea

He won't remember this warm May afternoon.
He'll forget his hand is tiny
encased in the ancient God-hand
of his father
as they walk by the sea,
a full-blue sky with sun
and soft winds.

Too many days will crowd in
between today and the future.
Then the years will come
like endless bullies
pushing and wrestling
so many of his days
from his crowded memory.

Today will fall like a thin book
from a packed shelf,
forgotten.

He won't remember this warm May afternoon,
how he walked with his father,
ghostly as the soundless sailboats
gliding white over the sea's distant blue,

changing nothing,
leaving nothing behind,
on this forgotten day.

But for now at least
he's smiling.

Published in *The High Window*, 2020

THE PK POETS

The PK Poets is a series of free to print poetry leaflets highlighting the poetry of a single poet. It is intended to be a sample introduction to the work of a poet who is also a member of the PK Poetry Community. The PK List is a free community of poets who share their work using email and the internet. Information about the PK List can be found on the front page of the Poetry Kit Website at www.poetrykit.org.

ABOUT KATHRYN DE LEON

Kathryn de Leon is from Los Angeles but has been living in England for thirteen years. Her poems have appeared in several magazines in the US including *Black Fox*, *Moria Literary Magazine*, and *Aaduna*, and in several in the UK including *London Grip*, *The Dawn Treader*, and *The High Window* where she was the Featured American Poet.

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THE PK POETS

#2 KATHRYN DE LEON



(Photo; Kathryn de Leon)

Published by - Poetry Kit
www.poetrykit.org

My Father's Bass

It was always in the corner of the family room,
a tall, voluptuous figure of shiny brown
topped with the curled tail of a seahorse,
leaning lazily against the wall,
cocky and familiar as a family member,
patiently waiting for my father's hands
to pull it into his arms.

The two of them stood side by side like brothers,
twins joined together
for jazz and big band music practice.

Sometimes my father coaxed me
small and timid into the living room
as smoky and bright as a spotlighted stage,
guitars and lap steel guitar joining the bass,
his musician friends seated, smiling at me.

A quiet man, my father let the bass's deep voice
speak for him, the notes thumping
like an adrenaline-fuelled heartbeat,
his brown fingers thick and full of jazz
as they moved agilely along the strings
like a sculptor's hands working in clay,
creating invisible masterpieces that hung on the air
of those safe childhood evenings.

I hear my father when I hear jazz.
I listen for the bass and he's there.
It's as if his heart is still beating somewhere,
telling me he's still with me
if I will only just listen.

Published in *Two Hawks Quarterly*, 2021

Looking Through a Blue Bowl

Hold it to your eye like a kaleidoscope.
Look through the thick glass,
watch the day burn blue,

see afternoon's bright windows
fill with sudden twilight,
sunlight on the walls lowered

like dying flames.
Time will slow down,
trap you in a world stalled blue.

If the day is cloudy,
the bowl will give you midnight.
Check the mirror,

your face soft and grieving,
arms bruised,
flowers on the table

sober as if rained on,
pillows on your bed
stained to a darkness of sleep.

Remember to bring the sun back,
leave all that sad blue in the bowl.
It will be there waiting

even when you don't want it.

Published in *Moria*, 2023

Stumblebee

This is the first time I've ever seen
a stumbling bumblebee (a stumblebee?).
He's a shrunken airplane
rushing awkwardly down a runway
of bumpy concrete at my feet by the sea,
pitching left and right,
unable to get off the ground.

He's not giving up.
not slowing down,
his wings understanding nothing but flight.
He's like a baby trying to walk,
not accepting the ground,
wanting only up.

I took my eyes off of him.
Now I can't find him.
He might have staggered into a nearby bush
and not come out.

But I like to think he made it,
that his black and yellow body's tiny engine
coughed into life
and up he went, smacked back into play
like an out-of-bounds tennis ball,
a five-eyed pollen god
heading back to work with flowers,
getting in as many nectar-hours as possible
in his few weeks of bee-life,

enjoying the summer buzz of afternoon,
talking to himself in a deep voice
among green leaves,

flying of into the blue freedom of wild July
thinking like the rest of us
that these warm spicy days
of sun and flowers will never
ever end.

Published in *Neuro Magazine*, 2020