

THE PK POETS

Mother

I felt your smile
on my face this morning

suddenly saw you
as a young girl
as I looked down
from a greater age

your blossoming beauty
tentative

my shadow already
a part of you

unaware
you plunge forward
into your life
dance forbidden dances
on a ship going to war

farm fresh
from buttercups and corn

I see what you don't see
across the waves

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 List. The PK List is a free to join 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 Catherine Kanaan

Catherine Kanaan is An American who lives between France and London. She was born in Connecticut, USA but left her native country at 29. Catherine read music at University in the States and continued her studies at the Guildhall School of Music when moving to London from Saudi Arabia in 1984. She started to write about six years ago. She has a couple of poems published in the Poetry Kit magazine and hopes to see more of her work published in the near future.

Copies of this poetry leaflet can be downloaded and distributed free of charge provided no change is made to the content. Copyright of the contents remains with the writer.

For further details, to make comment, or to contact the poet or the publisher please email;
info@poetrykit.org

THE PK POETS

#7: Catherine Kanaan



the photograph

we're standing side by side
at Greenfield Hill

you stare vacantly

you have on your cream jacket
and red slacks

Mom must have laid them out
for you that morning

it was the year I fell out of love
and came home in the spring

searching for the small comforts
of childhood

I peer out with a half smile

as I gaze at the photo
our figures seem to flatten
and retreat

spring crowds forward
into the vacuum

bursting blossoms
of pink and white
dogwood

end of summer

you left
slivers of laughter
floating through the empty house

tomorrow they will
settle like dust
to be swept out

I hear your footsteps
on the gravel
a last goodbye

you heaped your sadnesses
at my doorstep
for me to sort out

I'll do it on a rainy day
along with the ironing

right now I need
the sun

Yara

she stands there
looks at me, unblinking

I wonder what she's thinking

she doesn't smile
but purses her lips slightly

she doesn't take it lightly

solid on her four years
that she has to change gears

and shift into five

Poem In Response to *Falling Warrior* by Henry Moore

he pushes himself up awkwardly
on his elbow,
arm and shoulder, thinned to bone,
legs resigned,
ligaments and tendons stiffened
into heartbreak.

his thighs rise to the
fulcrum of the knee
which lifts, a last hope,
but hips pull too heavily
all that was life, love or lust,
now dead leverage.

the heart gives
a final lurch, pleading
with the soul

whose last sigh exits,
pushing with its feet
the head towards dust
of battle
lost.

Epidavros Revisited

look around you
even the stones have burned

I return to this desolation
where Zeus sits with ashes
in his hair

silence
silence

even Echo has fled