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Three Poems

by Cheryl A. Van Beek

Feline Friend

If I approach too quickly you run away
on tip toes,
then flop on your back
for belly rubs.
Every night now inside the front door,
an army of you
sit guarding your kingdom ever since you saw
that frog
or maybe a moth,
that dared lurk outside your castle.
Hop on the stool next to me
when I need a chat.
Fix me
with pupils
like tiny black footballs
that swell
and bob
in buttonholes
of sea glass green.
Did you once walk on two legs?
Some dialect of "Meow" you answer
pretending
not to speak English
but I know you understand.
You give yourself away
when you stretch and open
the drawer that holds our game
so you can pounce and swat,
the string dangling from my hand.
Pressed against the glass,
you watch the lizards but never try to slip out the door.
You've seen it all before.
This time life is bowls of salmon pâté, massages, and sofas.
Curled up nose to tail, a furry nautilus.
Enjoy feline friend, who knows what your next life holds.

Fruitful

Day breaks the sky
open wide
rips skin
orange

Editor's Note

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peels away the night
bites into it like a peach
chews gold flesh
drips white light.
Sweet tang
burns through morning fuzz.
Juices fly,
spatter the sky
red
flings the pit
to fertile ground
where night will root
and rise again
with the moon.

Postcard

Greetings from Concord, Massachusetts
our old haunt
When the Wayside docent wasn't looking
my hands swam over Louisa May Alcott's white -washed writing desk
willing her prowess into my flesh

Walking the Minuteman Trail
I felt your warmth blush white doves above,
their bellies glowing peach in sunrise skies.

I wandered Thoreau's forest,
trying to feel his vibrations in the stones.
Breathing moss and cedar,
my fingers trailed you--the ripple in Walden Pond.
I watched you crimsoning leaves on Sugar Maples.

At Sleepy Hollow I traced names engraved in granite tombstones:
Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau
and yours.

This postcard will find you,
not miss you
like I do.
I will hold it close,
then fling it into the wind.

Cheryl A. Van Beek has had poems published in *Sandhill Review*, *Long Story Short Poetry*, *Vox Poetica*, *Poetry Superhighway*, *Five 2 One*, *Poetry Pacific*, *Dandelion Farm Review*, *Miracle- e-zine*, *Creative Ink* and *River Poets Journal*. She has also written for a local newspaper. She is a caregiver for her mother and lives with her wonderful husband and their two cats in Wesley Chapel, Florida, "The Land of Flowers," where she tends an ever expanding garden of diverse wildlife including the occasional alligator.

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