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Three Poems

by Marise Morse

The Kitten

Have you seen
this kitten
how it bobs its head?
Tireless a sprig of tongue
flicks in flicks out
attempts to dart away
purring, motor running
tiny teeth
work hard, whiskers
long light flecks of nylon twine, tickle
if my hands get in the way.

Little padded paws stretch
brutal claws span out, retract
without much harm.
Bands of silken skeins unreel
collide with legs
of stiff backed chairs
loosened strands, fraying threads
remain of playful afternoons.

Now you're gone
I can't remember
when was it we kissed last?
it was a time
before I turned my head
from yours
as you leaned in through the open door.

I traveled north alone
that summer
greeted by a farmer
kindly eyes, a gentle face
spoke he was at home.
In the evening
by the lake
a sudden cloudburst
pushed torrential rains, down
the farmer's wife summoned me
to say you called
soaked, I smiled
told her how you worried so
she had no reply.

Next summer I fled back

expecting more of feeling, found
the wife alone
the farmer gone
in search of one last sail
the lake
before the winter's drawing in
a boating accident in freezing waters
one clear November afternoon.

When was it you and I we kissed last?

The Roses

Goodbye
she said
and shook hands timidly
wanting rather
to be welcoming.

Our meeting, brief
perhaps as long
as knowing grandfather
standing at his open door
waving, watching our departure
till the last speck of moment
a picture
out of its frame.

His pursed lips
whistled without sound.
Snow fell and rose
to just beneath
the window sill.
Our tiny legs
were buried
with each
giant step.

Or
did I take her hand in mine?

Is the parting in my mind now
as it was, or
is there another likeness
standing
in between?

I search
the tiny leaves

next to my chair

a soft voice floats
behind my ear, those leaves give
purple flowers. I turn
to see
her glance has touched
my touch.

The roses froze last winter
and so
did not do well this summer
and see, look lost now
their time is passed.

Hush

I pass where young Sequoia trees
stand guard
the open silence hums
something left of you
still walks.

Slipping up the hill
an old stone fortress bites
the cold
harbor gapes
where frigid waters heave and lurch
her mossy flanks
a gripping ache.

Your silence baffles
beyond repair, I fear
days co-mingle
slipping, vast
nights molasses, slow
my eyes gaze
indigo coals, the grate
and dream of fire.

In early days
exploding passion
sent us clear across the ocean
deep, my palm in yours
horizon winces piercing stars.

Wildness in the clouds burst
time, a delicate ampule
poised, I hear

a raindrop fall
bell clear
a wayward phantom blows
cold cold breath
unbound sorrow
its shiver strolls along my spine.

Still moments
flutter. Snows
drift into pockets. Silent.

I long to see the beach from here.

Marise Morse is originally from Connecticut. She is currently living in Glasgow, Scotland, pursuing an MFA in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow after completing her MLitt in Creative Writing at the University of Aberdeen. Her work appears in, *From Glasgow to Saturn*, and *BAP Quarterly*.

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