

## 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](http://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](mailto: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