

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

Catherine Lee
Leaving Kansas

Chasing rainbows,
Catching wind
Of blue skies,
You learn to fly
Like witches,
Make believing
There is technicolor
Power within,
When all
That remains
In waking dawn
Are wounds
In black and white.

The Widow

I buried you in February
In cold ground still
Frozen in quiet repose,
Long before the first bud
Peeked out from behind
The shroud of gray mist.

You said fear is for the living.
No shit.
A hand clenches tight
Around my throat.
That's what I picture
When I close my eyes
And the sound

Of my ragged breath
Raises panic somewhere
In my chest
Like a smothering blanket,
The one that still smells
Like you. I wrap it around
My face and heave.
Maybe you're there
In the lint and pill
And plaid.

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

Like a Butterfly

I stretched my wings
Only to have you
Trap me, relax me
With gin and fingers

I never felt the pins
Holding me down
As you added
Me to your collection

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

Water

I blink a levee of lashes
Over liquid eyes,
A troubled awakening
In pools of bitter brown,
Borrowed from elemental
Seep in puddles waiting
For deep pouring
Of broken waters.

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

Ode to the Atlantic

I arrived on your shoulder
Where the brackish mouth
Of Chesapeake Bay kissed
The western hem of your veil.

You hid treasures
In shadows and sand,
A lifetime of memories
Gathered in faded baskets.

Though I left for newer gems –
Brass rings and gilded inklings –
I remain a shell that holds
The echo of your distant waves.

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

Souvenirs

You wear scars
Like a badge of honor,
Memorials of valor
And manhood
As if these things
Could be distilled
Into surface fibers.

I only see pain
And permanence
And more pain,
An ugly constellation
Of sinewy stars
Collapsing
Into supernovas
Of space between
Time and tissue
And skin.

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

Stained Glass

I remember your blood,
Filled cocoons dripping from fingers
Drawn deep across my sharp.

Fingers everywhere,
Round nail, deep ridge,
Silver thread of skin where I fought back.

Formless shards seared
To sister edges
Even the score.

My chipped eyes a fractal stare,
Cold as translucent stain,
Peerless through the haze.