Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Karen L. George: Three Poems

Karen L. George · Thursday, July 21st, 2022

Afternoon Tea Daydreams

In the hilly pasture, my twin sister and I sit
on dense Irish damask (white with swirls
pearly as oyster shells) Granny handed down

along with her farm, shamrock china, and the art
of reading tea leaves. Deidre hands me a cup
of Merlin's Magic Elixir of Life ordered

from Galway, mélange of lemon myrtle,
marigold petals, grapes, rosehip peels.
She overflows her cup from the pewter

kettle, in a reverie of last summer's lover.
We've spread homegrown cucumbers
with our goats' cheese seasoned

by rosemary and thyme. Kaylie joins us,
mouth sunk in the cream crock we filled for her,
eyes drowsy—milk drunk we call it—daydreams

of suckling her nanny's teat only a year ago.
The feral smell of her fur mixes with whiffs
of seaweed shampoo from our wind-frizzed

auburn hair. The sun's heat on my back,
the rhythmic lap of tongue, and the sigh
of dry ryegrass tilts me into a nap.

~ Inspired by Andrea Kowch's painting *Tea*

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Clasped in a Moment of Fracture

Her spaniel Vincent, returned from an ocean plunge, releases a snatched mackerel into the

woman’s open palm. She wants no part of what her delicate fingers support—this limp, opal-scaled body, its rheumy eyes gone dark. Her eyes distant, she chafes the past and future. Vincent’s wise gaze fixes on a sandpiper hopping ahead. The fur on his ears, the tawny amber of honey, and her plush chestnut hair blow askew in high winds. He’s collarless; she wears a white ruffle around her neck that echoes a silver choker. Saltwater droplets from the fish and dog’s mouth mirror the crystal rosary beads she fingered last night to find an answer. A blustery sky and waves arched in ecstasy frame her face, pearly as moonlight.

~ Inspired by Andrea Kowch’s painting *Fetch*

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Winter Solstice

The first snowstorm melted except
for a patch by the barn where the family

of five crows swooped from their roost
after I threw dry kibble our Corgi refused

to eat. Their caws and wings percuss air.
I swish through fields, flatten russet crests

of ryegrass, gather branches. Fog entwines
birch trunks, ghosts the barn, soot-black

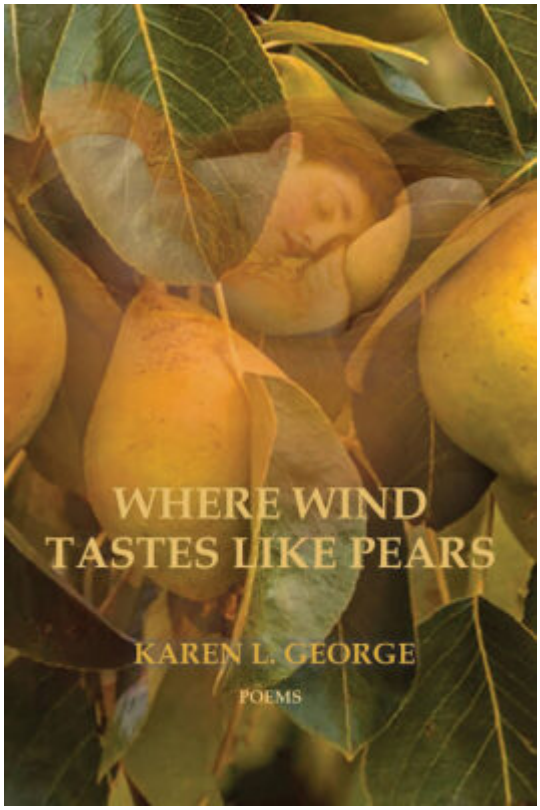
with age. Wind and cold chap my cheeks
and lips. Soon as dark descends, my love

returns. We’ll howl around flames,
revel in heat, color, crackle, spark,

launch our hibernation.

~ Inspired by Andrea Kowch’s painting Wood Fire

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Where Wind Tastes Like Pears by Karen L. George

Purchase WHERE WIND TASTES LIKE PEARS by Karen L. George

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