
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Lisa Marguerite Mora: Three Poems

Lisa Marguerite Mora · Wednesday, April 3rd, 2019

July

The closed door
vapid heat, descent into alien
territory. Every year of childhood,
forced outside

across baking pavements
and the cooked sand, met relief
in cool surf, buoyant hands of another
changeable mother. Dragged me
under, taught me not to drown.
Soothed me, carried me
and the weight of all I carried.

Addicted, I'd return each day
scrubbed clean by salt and violence
kissed by gentle sea tinged air. Became
a mer-child, feral and knowing
respectful of these forces.
Still, I feel the drag on my bones
of riptide fingers
across my skin. The call, the call
of the gull.

No longer do I enter those shattering glass
green waves. Strength, treachery
and mystery – I discern it all from the shore.

*

Hummingbird

Tiny bird so full of vigor, electric life
yet here I shiver, pushed against this block of ice
the past does rise and through me slice

berg of time could press me flat
but taut strung creature, will have none of that
Hummingbird whirs on and on
darting through my frozen sun
pierces what lies rigid, thick
exquisite joy
my grief slides slick.

*

Moon Wish

Moon, you hurt me. I have wished upon you
too much. Have thrown desire onto the wash

of tides, your silver eyes glittering in those folds
of wave. Give me, give me, I said. Make me whole.
Place upon me peace. Instead you have given me hunger

insatiable longing. For life. I am turbulent with blood
and breathing. Storms inhabit me.
Your cool beams do nothing to soothe
such bone fervor. Moon

you mock me. I no longer step outside to gaze
at your lunar pool. For you mean to kill the woman

I was. So, I stay inside, my blood tainted by night
by human circumstance, circumscribed within a finite flesh. Moon

I know I asked for it.
Moon,

wait for me.

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