

2017

Three Poems by Martha Webster

Martha Webster

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Recommended Citation

Webster, M. (2017). Three Poems by Martha Webster, *Mad River Review*, 3 (1).

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MARTHA WEBSTER

Gilgo Beach, Sumac, Sunset

Cold November night
in the reeds that rattle
hollow among swamp bones.
Fierce is the fire
through the western shrubs.

Moonlight shines on warrens
of invisible eyes:
muskrats lumbering up
flanks of the dumped,
pale dunes. Leave it there
for ocean's taking,
the unsolved vanishing
that was mine.

Deluge

The house is lit by ghost light.
The cat purrs against my ear
as if her cancer doesn't hurt her.

Only four days until you're back.
I remember: when I felt free,
pristine, while you were gone.

Dead Fly On Pine Window Sill

There is a doe
snuffling in the humus
below my open cabin window.
She flicks flies off
with ears as long as corn husks.

All I hear are veeries
and a crisping of leaves
under her *en pointe* toes.

So close, I can smell her.