

MOORE POETRY

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MooreLove. It's what we all need. Join me here from time to time to pause in gratitude and praise of this imperfect world.

"If this is being woke, let's keep waking and waking and waking up."

-Tess Taylor



A world turned topsy-turvy. A too quiet house. A family locked behind screens. One small curious girl given to spying. An inept mama bird. A miracle.

Announcing the arrival of *Chelsea Skye, Nature Spy!*

Launching in February, 2024

Events being scheduled now in New York and California

Stay tuned for ordering information.

Check out this link for my recommendations for the tween in your life.

<https://shepherd.com/best-books/navigate-middle-school-years-with-honesty-empathy>

The best books about navigating the middle school years with honesty and empathy





Ekphrastic art is defined as the response of an artist in one medium to the work of an artist in another medium. Typically, it is a work of poetry in response to visual art, however *Poetic License – Albany* reversed that, giving local artists an opportunity to respond to poetry through painting and photography. Below is my poem with two art works generated in response.

APPLE-PICKING FOR THE FIRST TIME WHEN YOU WERE THREE



Patrice Malatestinic – Apple Picking

Apple-Picking for the First Time When You Were Three

by Kate McCarroll Moore

October in Upstate
the air crisp and tangy
the Helderbergs decked out in
their show-off red and gold.

We peeled off our jackets
ran down the hill, following a well-worn path
through the rows and rows of apple orchard
past the lookout and the shed, past the tractor, past the sheep

You held the bag open, while I reached high above
and passed them to you, one by one. When we rounded the corner,
you could reach the ones closer to the ground
so we changed places, you passing them to me, one by one
each pick a triumph, until the bag was full
while your sister stood rooted, eating one ripened apple down to the core
the sweet apple juice running down her chin, the birds circling high overhead,
the sun warming this day into memory.



Timothy Reidy – The Helderbergs Decked Out in Their Show-Off Red and Gold

A message from my memoir group:

When the girls were little, we made our own Christmas traditions. My fondest memories are of them lying beneath the tree in the dark, listening to *Enlightenment* by Van Morrison as a way to find Christmas calm. Christmas nights snuggled together on the couch watching *It's A Wonderful Life*. Overnight trips to Santa Rosa to attend the Snoopy Ice Show with friends. Year after year on repeat.

Now they have their own families and are making their own traditions.



I spent early December in New York with my 92-year-old mother, reliving her traditions. I took out her tabletop tree and decorated it according to her very specific directions. I set up the paper mache creche that I made in first grade. I spread the 90 Santa figurines throughout the house, each in its own designated spot. We painted holiday memories at the kitchen table. And then I sat with her each evening and watched a Christmas movie of her choosing. Some evenings we watched two. Her joy was infectious.

May the joy of this past season carry over into a joyful 2024 for you and those you love. (And may it be filled with poetry!) Happy New Year!



I am a poet and a children's book author – a collector of stories, discarded objects, and memories. I teach virtual and in-person memoir and poetry classes, using my passion for poetry to promote kindness, empathy, and connection.

You can find my latest musings here, including my 2024 intention to build a daily haiku habit:

<https://substack.com/@katemccarroll>

Just finished reading: *Why Father's Cry at Night* by Kwame Alexander

Currently reading: *The Covenant of Water* by Abraham Verghese