

Creation

I pace back & forth grasping for
words & phrases
to wrestle to the page
Pungent metaphors, fresh & ancient,
saturate the room
wanting my attention

From the threshold of birth this muse
kissed my brow with her red lips
left her mark,
seen in reflection when the moon is waxed three-quarters

Now Poems leak from my dried breasts to
nourish my forgotten child within
tickling the paper,
rainbows on the page

seduce my maiden into
exploring the earth with bare feet
in ecstasy as mud seeps between toes

prod the mother in me
into birthing beyond progeny
spurting fountains of new ideas

Wild grandmother muse calls to this croning woman
whose blood flow has moved into caverns &
voice seeks the language of wolves,
her lips still fire-ant red as the day they
first burned into me

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