

## 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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