

Euterpe: The Greek Muse of Lyrical Poetry
Nancy Taylor

Inspire me where garter snakes hide,
cicadas click tymbals, and cedar lends
scent. Perch me where turtles risk
crossing lichen-covered logs and ideas spring
from a rabbit's hop or the ribbit of a frog.
Where metaphor floats in the wake of drake
and mallard, I'll ring sonnets from lady slipper
tongues and reflect rainbow from trout
to color my verse. There, as music blows
through common reed, I'll mark tempo
with a cattail wand. When thought
doesn't stream like a minnow school,
I'll find patience in a heron's pose.