



## POEMS FROM HEAVEN BY BARBARA F MATSON

Dr. Leah Matson (book maker)

# **Magic Rainbow**

You've touched the sandspit with your splendid finger.

Arched your iridescent back
o'er black and distant fir.

Crying aloud in color
you shimmered
then absorbed yourself
once more behind a cloud mass,
or maybe
into earth's half-circle of your sky sprung self.



#### Daybreak

Daybreak suspends horizon in its hum
taps branch tunes
on cool window glass.
Wake up. Wake up
It violins my inner ear.

Warm silence,
quilts my sleepy thoughts,
pillows the early morning
In sleep slogged snuggle,
something is stirring.

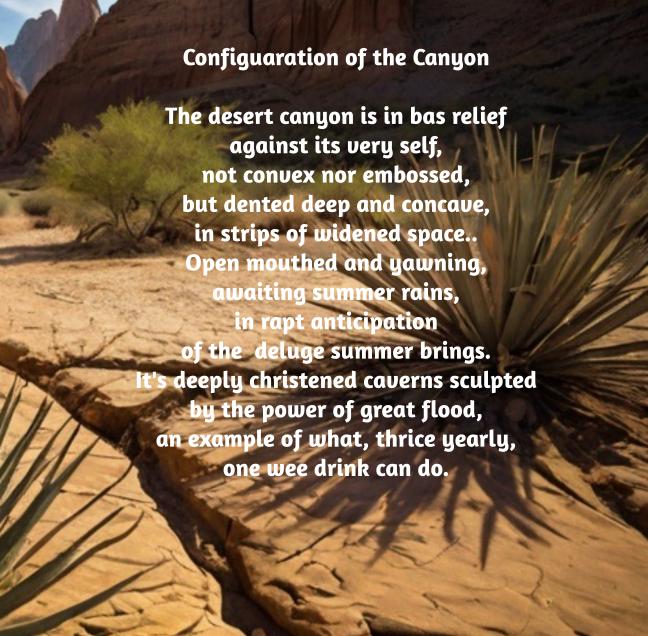
Sunrise urges harmony with dawns birdsong

eyes closed I begin to hum

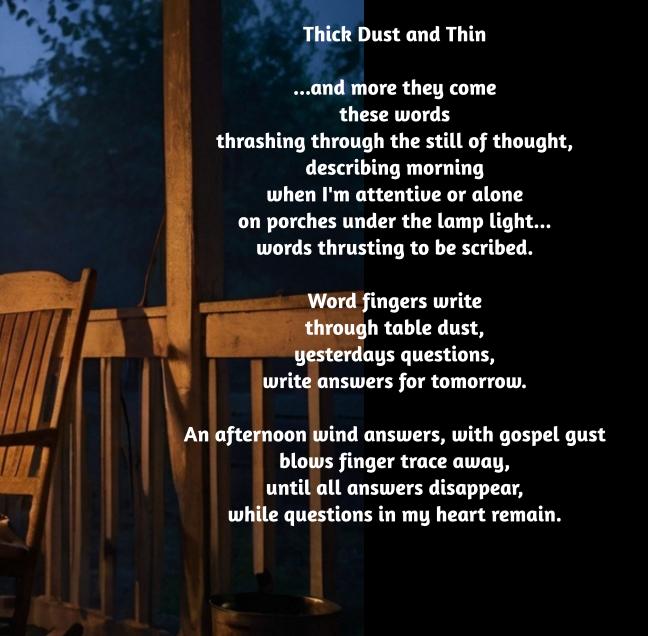
the day awakens new songs to be sung.



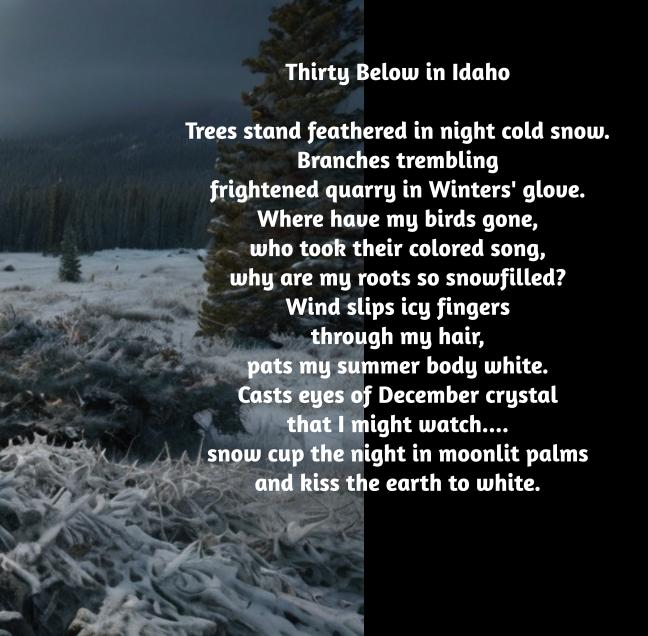








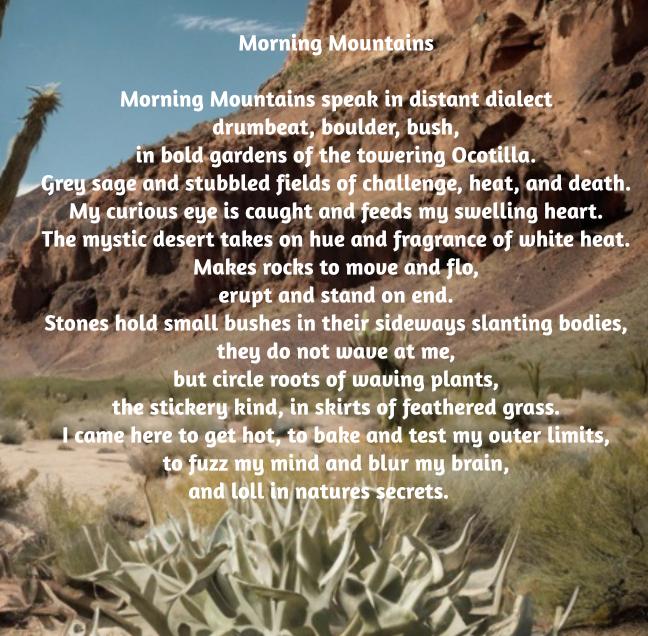












#### Goosie

A white gander has moved in with our mallards contrasting pale brown with glowing white.

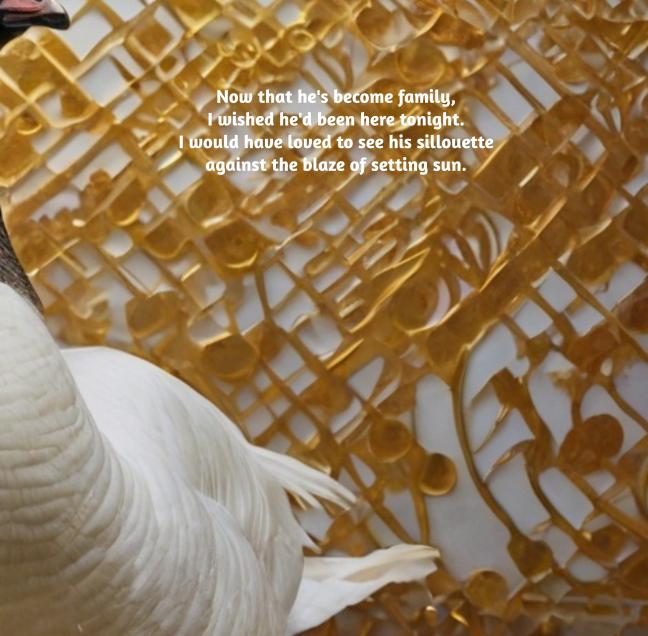
Beige feathers fade in the reflection of his snow white wing expanse.

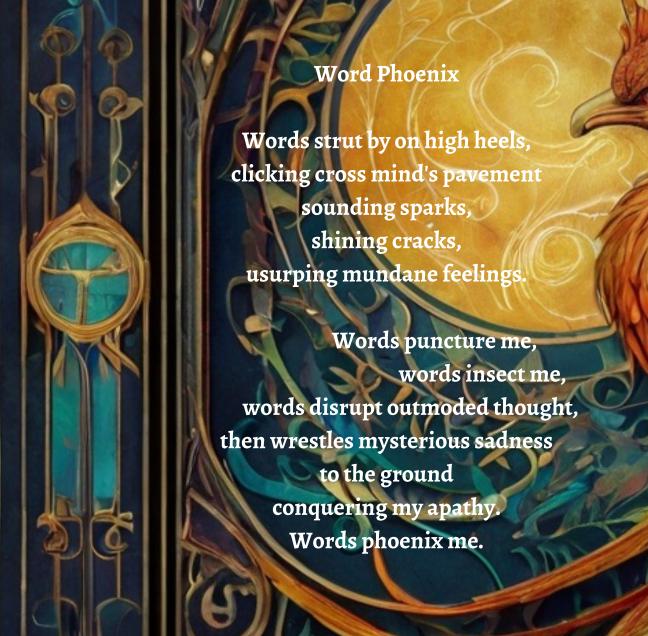
I think he must know, but he's shamleless as a spendthrift sunset, or iridescent ocean froth, flaunting beauty in breathtaking glimpse a creature by beauty born.

His splendid neck unfurls such grace, my eyes are riveted to catch the feathered flow.

He speaks to me in several different sounds, sharp hiss and ribald rasp, squeaky recognition, and a honk for his desires.

He tips his head with pink rimmed eye, sets webbed orange feet on bobbing dock, picks waiting corn with beak turned to the side watching warily from the corner of one blue eye. Feet planted squarely his long long neck, allows a two foot radius for devouring his food.







### Words

I sit in dust-puddles of terse desert sounds,
No moist words

to sprinkle minds terrain, they hide in sun-dark-shadows, hoping not to evaporate before being

heard,

yet hushed to hide,

you seek,

they grope,

for some river of immortality.

