



Poems from Heaven

By Barbara F. Matson

Dr. Leah Matson
(bookmaker)



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A vibrant rainbow arches across a dark, stormy sky, its colors vivid against the heavy clouds. Below the rainbow, a lush green field stretches towards the horizon, with a dirt path visible on the right side. The overall mood is dramatic and magical.

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.





Configuration of the Canyon

**The desert canyon is in bas relief
against its very self,
not convex nor embossed,
but dented deep and concave,
in strips of widened space..
Open mouthed and yawning,
awaiting summer rains,
in rapt anticipation
of the deluge summer brings.
It's deeply christened caverns sculpted
by the power of great flood,
an example of what, thrice yearly,
one wee drink can do.**





Thick Dust and Thin

**...and more they come
these words
thrashing through the still of thought,
describing morning
when I'm attentive or alone
on porches under the lamp light...
words thrusting to be scribed.**

**Word fingers write
through table dust,
yesterdays questions,
write answers for tomorrow.**

**An afternoon wind answers, with gospel gust
blows finger trace away,
until all answers disappear,
while questions in my heart remain.**





Thirty Below in Idaho

Trees stand feathered in night cold snow.

**Branches trembling
frightened quarry in Winters' glove.**

**Where have my birds gone,
who took their colored song,
why are my roots so snowfilled?**

**Wind slips icy fingers
through my hair,
pats my summer body white.
Casts eyes of December crystal
that I might watch....**

**snow cup the night in moonlit palms
and kiss the earth to white.**





Layed Back Looking

I watch the wind bent landscape,
eyes a'tingle for small moves.
Carmel colored wasps
land deftly on my pool
zoom through blue and red of dragonflies.

Across the way a startle-eared grey rabbit
gallops to cool shade
stands stately still,
ears pivoting
assessing paths
eyes eyeing me.

Winds listen in tall tree top leaves,
then squirm and wiggle back to life.
Then leaf takes a leap,
bails out, to who knows where
to certain freedoms, something new.

I sit with pen and lemonade
wind-whisper in my ears,
my eyes are happy to be poeting.



Morning Mountains

Morning Mountains speak in distant dialect
drumbeat, boulder, bush,
in bold gardens of the towering Ocotilla.
Grey sage and stubbled fields of challenge, heat, and death.
My curious eye is caught and feeds my swelling heart.
The mystic desert takes on hue and fragrance of white heat.
Makes rocks to move and flo,
erupt and stand on end.
Stones hold small bushes in their sideways slanting bodies,
they do not wave at me,
but circle roots of waving plants,
the stickery kind, in skirts of feathered grass.
I came here to get hot, to bake and test my outer limits,
to fuzz my mind and blur my brain,
and loll in natures secrets.



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 shameless 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.

A close-up photograph of a white swan's neck and head, positioned in the lower-left corner. The swan's feathers are white and layered, showing a textured pattern. The background is a golden, metallic surface with a complex, repeating geometric and floral pattern. The lighting is warm, highlighting the textures of the feathers and the intricate details of the background pattern.

Now that he's become family,
I wished he'd been here tonight.
I would have loved to see his silhouette
against the blaze of setting sun.



Word Phoenix

Words strut by on high heels,
clicking cross mind's pavement
sounding sparks,
shining cracks,
usurping mundane feelings.

Words puncture me,
words insect me,
words disrupt outmoded thought,
then wrestles mysterious sadness
to the ground
conquering my apathy.
Words phoenix me.





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.

