

*Searching for Place*

*By Barbara F Matson*

*Where is that place my muse resides*

*Where is that artist's nest?*

*Blank canvas stacked, pens in a row,*

*Brushes hung near cans of paint.*

*Porch, with views of coyotes, rocks and clouds*

*A place where poems leap from a bush's secret branch*

*Ready to pounce on pages.*

*Where views become paintings*

*And eggs become souffles*

*That cliff hanging place of creating.*

*Coffee pot steaming, cream on the side.*

*Skylights flooding the shadows, books line the walls.*

*Is it only in my mind, in obscurity*

*It's haunt remains to quietly beckon*

*Right now it's shouting.*

*The yelp stops me from creating*

*Because I think it's out there*

*Instead of inside*

*And I forgot to open the door.*