

# The muse

Miriam Weinstein

Sweeping into my chamber unexpectedly,  
her gifts rain down, and I soak up these offerings

like a soldier after long battle. To she who bestows:  
how can I possibly show my gratitude?

During her sojourn, should I lie with her, forego sleep,  
become a handmaiden to her every need: burning incense,

lighting candles, singing praises? I am certain she needs  
air to breath, oxygen to fuel her fire—I will not hover.

Outside I walk along the creek where I am sheltered  
by willows. Waters swirl around a cluster of rocks,

and I follow the trill of song bird until, heeding  
the raucous warning of a crow, I leave my refuge.

The melody of a gardener humming as she trims  
rose bushes fills the air. I pause then return

the greeting. My gaze is held by deep brown eyes.  
Did the wistful scent of autumn roses soften

my reserve? A reservoir opens before me.