

## **Muse on a Moonbeam**

Twinkle you don't  
but glow you do  
not yellow not white  
through my window.

Half the month I see you  
riding above my maple  
and I mostly ignore you  
because you're steady  
and I'm busy with trivia.  
I file you under L  
for later.

Since muses unused dry up  
in the dark of the moon  
(or so some poets fear),  
tonight I welcome your light  
as a loving underflow  
beneath my busy overflow.

Tuning into your glow  
far beyond the maple  
yet as near as here,  
I let my writing listen.