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Cleo Griffith

The Muse Glows

She is here, you know,
but you must look.
She may not appear unless you wish,
like a fish that glows in the darkness.
She may not examine the light,
but she is here.

She is here, you know.
If you do not look
you will not hear,
for her voice is low,
except when she is loud.

When she knows you need her,
she is here.

Whimsical, you know,
she has been here, and there,
always, if you look.
If you don't,
if she finds you before you find her,
watch out! Her claws may shred,
her call deafen.

Ignoring her is dangerous.
You know you need her.
Give in to the siren, seek her,
take from her the glow, the gifts.
They are yours already.
They are you.

Cleo Griffith's work has been published in *Miller's Pond*, *Cider Press Review*, *Iodine*, *Main Street Rag*, *More Than Soil*, *More Than Sky: The Modesto Poets*, and elsewhere. She is vice-president of the Modesto branch of the National League of American Pen Women and is on the editorial board of *Song of the San Joaquin*.