

Cowboy Artist

In my Grandpa's house,
I stand in the present.
My eyes are drawn
To where the past hangs framed,
On the blank canvas of the wall:

Young sheriff, with my toy pistols drawn
Badge of pride painted on my chest,
Saving damsels and chasing outlaws.
"See, Cowboys never fall.
They just dust themselves off."

Quoted from my Grandpa's poetic heart.
Strong callused hands sculpting my shoulders,
Aged leather cowboy boots coated with dust,
Cowboy hat with a long gray feather,
Western wear and Injun soul.

I would listen to his paintings.
A wolf howling towards its white lover,
Foxes sneaking with riddled steps,
And a great spirit bear.
He said he saw its courage in me.

But his was not the bear—
His was the mustang:
blazed bronze crafted in the furnace,
Tempered passion and wild heart.
What is first fire

Ends in smoke.

But, see Cowboys dust themselves off
And from the embers I formed my art.

Ode to Fire

Heart of my desire.
Fuel ignited,
Smoke stacked on pine,
Divinely restricted
Fire

Chilled to the soul.
Frost has said
That the world burns
Before you,
But also warms the hearth,

By my steady eyes.
They never lie.
Blackened shadows hide
From your glowing light
That changes

The mind of the night.
One moment red sparks,
One moment blank coal,
Fire that leaves scars,
And fire without soul

Is quite cold.
What stories around you have been told?
Dragons and damsels, legends and gods
Romances and fairytales
New worlds hidden in the flames.
Forger of weapons and of art
There is no end to what you can start–

Finding Music

When I no longer hear or speak the muse,
Words fly and float, lacking anchor metal.
Though I let my red arrow true and loose,
Ooo I couldn't hit blue song birds that settle.
Trees shake in heat of breeze and I see dry
Air. At least I think sight works without ears.
Voice bottomless like Tartarus so high,
Without piano, without sound in tears.
The muse, with devil wings, takes my day dream.
Blank white sheet; pen draws invisible ink.
Fish net in my hand looking past trout. Streams
Change course, catching the butterfly wrinkled
In time; I am left feeling unamused.
There are no colors left to paint you.