

Poems by Sheila Banani

The Muse

So smooth she comes
like ice cream on the tongue
or music flute-sweet
curling in the ear
with a warming breath
Like bird-song in the
midnight trees
sighs
while the world's asleep
so smooth she comes
Rising up out of soft
untouched places
so smooth
she comes carving out my soul.

Don Quixote

Oh, Don...
windmills
are stilled
while giants sleep
and twitch with dreams
of larger fears,
whose wakening will cloud the sky,
then shake the hills and
start us slowly spinning.