

# Sunday

*By Amanda Green*

You stir the Cool Whip into your latte  
and tell me about your Muse  
wherever she may be

here I am!!  
waiting to inspire  
and create in your  
pallid world  
on cue until my scene  
where you discover me  
just below your usual glance  
standing by until you stop  
searching the clouds  
and find me nestled in the scorpion grass  
and when you do!  
I will splash reds in the trees  
and pour gold in the streams

Then you bring up another random name  
Tell me she loves Eliot too  
and with a turn of your wrist  
lighten the rich browns with cream