

The Poetry Muses
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Is anything sweeter than crisp rhyme and meter—
That wonderful moment when muses do teeter
On edge of euphoric, delicious delights?
They find the right words, which a rhythm unites.

Consider, perhaps, the deft use of the vowel—
Yes, just when you're ready to throw in the towel
Your muse will excuse herself, lickety-split
And return with some assonance, peppered with wit.

When couplets and clauses are coolly created
Your muses conclusively collaborated.
Assuring accomplished alliteration,
They postponed their much-needed Venice vacation.

Your muses just love when they all get to see ya
To help with your use of onomatopoeia.
A "hiss" or a "boom", then a "twang" or a "thump,"
Can rev up a poem, like a hearty fist bump.

Comparing with "like" or an "as" is creative;
In this realm all muses are poetic natives.
Reject or agree, admire or abhor,
They like similes but adore metaphors.

My muse is amused when I call her to praise me;
Your muse may accuse you of being quite lazy.
Whatever you do and whatever you say
Please let your muse think that she's just saved the day.

Yes, muses are feisty and can be so fickle
Yet Lord knows they live to save you from a pickle.
All wannabe poets should heed my advice as
Your poems will exude literary devices.