

Birth of a Muse

Intense pressure plasmolyzed between teeth cracked igneous rocks
plaque built masonry black thick tar smoked heels
the sun as soft as a fizzled halogen bulb
for this pointillist moment, all the creative forces in the cosmos
are engaged in a thumb wrestling match with you
surrounded by a crowd of drooling, cheering 4th graders
your master work oozing out of every pore into thick globules of calligraphy
emerging from the convergence of your life and love lines
and as it blinks by you leave your shadow's shadow behind.
so many night crawlers writhing in white dot fertilized mud
awaken with the smell of inspiration seeping into either end
and they purify Picassos and Van Eycks and Botticellis out the other
paint restored through the digestion process
buried frame-deep in the ground
coffee beans buzz back and forth cascading caffeine
while the sphere's radius passes through each point on the axis.
Expanding small bang
leaving particles of vibration
and you can hear Joyce yelling
"Three quarks for master Mark!"
dissolving into a thin sheet of Saran wrap that covered
a can of steamed beans
it maintains strength, bruising callused skills
somewhere in Tibet a fledgling doctor puts down his stethoscope
and picks up ivory xylophone mallets.
A sugar honey warm wind drifts by the Canadian tundra
telling the pine tree evergreens
they will lose their leaves this winter
and the Aurora Borealis contracts
a quick burst of interpretive dance colors
wearing skimpy summer clothing
beads of sweat descend into dew drop blades of grass
refract the whole world
each star becomes dark for a split second
and you could swear
that the universe blinked at you.