Move Me brightly

Martha Ashe
Move Me Brightly // Martha Ashe

Let my inspiration flow in token rhyme, suggesting rhythm... -Grateful Dead

Who is this mysterious Inspiration and where can I find him? Surely not in the pencil cup I am fingering at my desk, but perhaps in the blue pen, or the pink highlighter, or perhaps in the neon universe of star doodles on the corner of the page. The white expanse engulfs me in a deluge of empty words crossed out, images undone, impostors of the illusive Inspiration. He hides in the memories of a childhood forgotten. I never once put my finger in a power outlet, never felt such a shock, but I cannot say that I never felt the allure of those two parallel slits. I know now that through those holes he whispers, hisses, temptations to curious boys and girls. How funny, that the outlet that comes to mind was in the kitchen beneath the bowl of fruit. I have looked for him in the trees, felt around in the grooves of the bark, wrinkles of wisdom, skin tattooed with initials of people in love or who were in love once or who simply love living. Noticing the pile of leaves at my feet, I think of pumpkin pie and of a patchwork quilt keeping the toes of the tree warm for the coming winter. I curl up into this
blanket and reserve myself to rest from my tireless pursuit. Drifting in and out of sleep, he appears and embraces me, unveiling the unconscious so unattainable in waking.