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Move Me Brightly

Martha Ashe

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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.