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Invocation of the Muse

Timothy Dwelle

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Invocation of the Muse

Too many nights spent waiting in this brooding darkness,
Watching the storm gather on the horizon
And devour the world with its desolate, amorphous mandibles,
Waiting for you to burst through the door
With a nervous smile and a flimsy excuse
As a single raindrop collects and falls from the bridge of your nose.
Too many nights spent alone in this hollow room
Waiting for lightening to strike.

Waiting...

Because I know you're out there.
I can see your footprints in the gathering storm,
In the low carnivorous growl of the wind through the gutters,
In the sudden flight of birds and the scattering of leaves
And a lone dog yapping in the distance.
And I can feel that anticipatory electricity all around me,
Like a string being pulled too tightly
Knowing it's going to snap.

Oh yes, I know you're out there.
Like one of those haunting melodies stuck inside your head
That you're sure you know but you can't quite seem to place,
I can see you in the shadows,
In the corner of my eye,
Teasing me to turn my head and find you no longer there.
Or maybe you're the kind of game men play upon themselves
When they spend too long alone in a hollow room,
But I keep your photograph in nine sonnets
And that's the only reality I know.

And that's how I know you're out there,
Because I can no longer see the wind and the trees and the gathering
storm,
But instead only the reflection of your face in a smoky mirror.
And that is why I have no choice
But to spend another night alone in this brooding darkness,

Waiting for you,
Waiting for the storms to come,
Waiting for the lightning to strike...

---*Timothy Dwelle*