

From Morning Songs: Waiting for You, Dear Muse.

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Each morning, waiting and craving for my dear muse to come and be taken

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Again, I close my eyes and wait for you, Dear Muse, never knowing if you will come and enter me today, and if you do, I have no notion what you will bring. I glance out at the eastern sky, at the orange glow then close my eyes again and sit here in my darkness, waiting with delicious coffee-- the warm brown brew I crave like I crave you. I take that first warm sip-- the sound of ahhhh rising from my throat-- a sound so pure and filled with poetry it teaches me to listen to my deepest voice— the voice that has no words, that says what I can't say, a sound of praise, an ode that anyone who savors the beauty of that taste will know. I take another sip and shake my head in awe and again that deep felt ahhhhhh rises from my throat and fills the empty room with poetry that no one hears. How does such beauty come into my cup and to my tongue and from where? What journey has it taken before arriving at my lips? And then I think of you, my dangerous friend, calling me again from where you live— that realm I sense is somewhere near, as if you are the girl next door whose house I want to enter without knocking so I can take you in my arms, Dear Muse and know again the taste of you and hear our screams fill the room with our wild poetry.