

Hugh Findlay

The Muse

Here you are
as the day settles
and the small sounds magnify,
the breathing of the whole earth slows
and the soup of the night simmers.

You worry me like a wild animal,
inside-out with your ice and storms,
growling at me to move me
half in fear, half in threat;
all combined to lay doubt
like blame.

You hang around like a wolf,
drawn and repelled by the human fire
that is my life,
that battles your cold and
instinctual desires.

And I see your eyes even
when I am not looking,
reflected in the
dark lush spaces
of infinity.

You call me.
We make such a scene
as we scheme to simultaneously
recognize
and ignore the other.

When shall we capitulate?
When the snows of something
greater bowl us under?

I do not think you can know.
Again, I shall scream at you,
and tend to my fire
as it tends me.