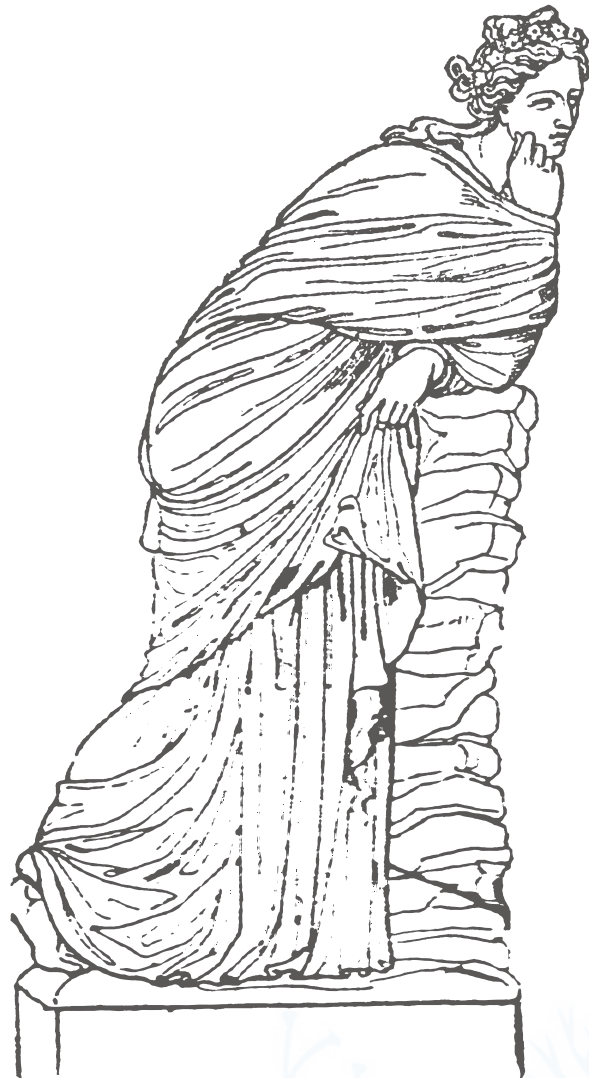


Death of the Muse

Lea Arista

A thick veil swirls,
rising and reaching further,
vanishing the higher it climbs;
Heat's faint memory remains inches from the
rim.
Below, silken steam streams,
effortlessly twirling into similar oblivion.
Its memory moistens forgotten sheets,
curled and off-white paper upon a desk.
Trash, one would think.
What honor would it bring
to toss text aside
in lonely death's aftermath?
A victim of time was not insulting enough?
Death was never the enemy,
New beginnings heed cycle's end.
Time: an elusive fiend!



Carrying careless wishes:

One for growth,

A second for freedom,

Another for stability...

Peace: a final desperate wish.

And Death answers.

The veil thins,

Vapors sputter,

struggling to rise.

The perfect time to drink—

A sign to refill humid air—

Their existence defrosts a freezing
bone-chamber,

reviving the frail.

When will the time be right for the life upon
the desk?

When the frequency is right—

That veil thins—

Their words rush forth,

flowing in a flourish of ink.

No adventure need be taken to find them.

Their unseen existence lives near Death—

abounds in oblivion with faded vapors—

leaving evidence of their presence on paper.

When is it the perfect time?

Later never comes,

Soon never occurs—

Time cannot break.

Careless wishes manifest dangerous results:

The sheets age,

warp in steam,

becoming a forgotten memory.

Their hurt or anger is unknown.

Regretful results remain

when you sit alone

and silence stays.

