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Beholding

Paloma Hernandez

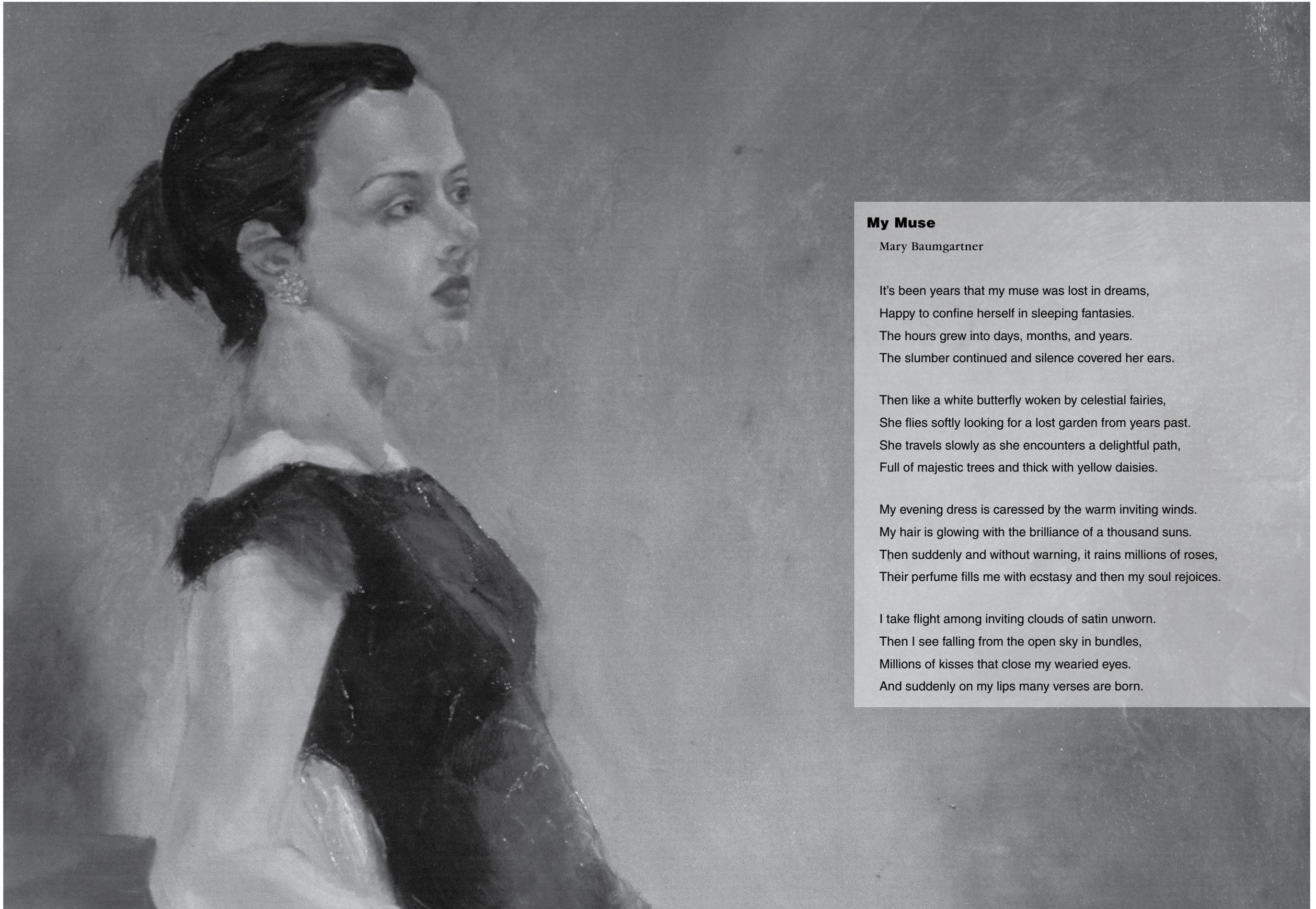
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My Muse

Mary Baumgartner

It's been years that my muse was lost in dreams,
Happy to confine herself in sleeping fantasies.
The hours grew into days, months, and years.
The slumber continued and silence covered her ears.

Then like a white butterfly woken by celestial fairies,
She flies softly looking for a lost garden from years past.
She travels slowly as she encounters a delightful path,
Full of majestic trees and thick with yellow daisies.

My evening dress is caressed by the warm inviting winds.
My hair is glowing with the brilliance of a thousand suns.
Then suddenly and without warning, it rains millions of roses,
Their perfume fills me with ecstasy and then my soul rejoices.

I take flight among inviting clouds of satin unworn.
Then I see falling from the open sky in bundles,
Millions of kisses that close my wearied eyes.
And suddenly on my lips many verses are born.