

Of Music and the Muse

By Glenn Currier

In between the chords and notes,
spaces and pauses, can I find rest
for my hands long enough to get a dose
of the muse, a cosmic moment to reflect?

And when a chord is sustained
it carries me in anticipation
of what change or pain
will come, and for what duration.

From measure to measure
I wait upon the muse
for some small treasure
to dwell, disrupt and suffuse,

interrupt the normal routine
and reveal something splendid,
an artistic moment unforeseen
a miraculous onset unintended.

Do the angels and the divine
intervene in a poet's affairs,
create miracles in the mind
momentarily suspend daily cares?

Or are we listening to the music and muse alone
save the few who gather around
our lines for now til we're gone
to embrace wholly ground?

*"Of Music and the Muse," Copyright 2019 by Glenn Currier
Written 11-12-19*