

Written while a western storm thundered into Arlington. "Michael" was my muse's family nickname.

- Scott Delaney, 2003

MUSE MICHAEL

Muse Michael blows a kiss
off the tips
of her fingers
and waves it on to find me.

I disintegrate like a dandelion seed in spring -
floating,
free,
cruising across rainbow waves of air
invisible to all who look too hard
and never find they could float
if they just lean back
and go.

Helped on by the blow of a muse,
the breath of a fairy,
the touch of ethereal beauty,
embraced by light, soothed by quiet lightning,
cleansed by gentle rain.

One kiss and I am set down
on the lips of gerbera daisies
and watch her melt into the wind -
a flirting dream teasing memory in the early dawn,
who leaves me smiling without reason,
but with hope.