

The Muse / *Pat McKeage*

Lo, I am with you always
My beading eye sees all
Your pecking voice violence
in my soul. I mock you.
I mark you.
I carry eternity within my breast and
I lift my wings exulting in their reach
and with orgiastic creations orbiting
in my brain, dive
and with stained beak
I pick you up and we fly
transposing holy breath upside down,
downside up, Saturn's rings
flashing by, somersault
rolls, outside loops,
inside loops, earth
a speck in your eye;
until I yawn.