

Muse

Go west, young man,
An invocation,
That once, when young would toast;
Packed some jeans,
An old guitar
And headed for the coast.

In West L. A.
I'd settle soon,
And move among the stars;
Malibu
And Sunset Drive,
And Lamborghini cars.

My early life
Unraveled there,
I moved to Venice Beach;
Acquainted with
A pretty miss,
Into my soul she'd reach.

I found my heart,
Once hidden deep,
Beneath an empty guise
Of superficial
Character,
My essence in disguise.

A decade and
A half would pass,
Emerging wholly formed;
Another coast,
She followed me,
Completed, I transformed.

Thoughts I hadn't
Held before,
And poetry that flowed
From somewhere
Deep within myself,
In stanzas would encode.

Now vestiges of
Decades past,
Moments come and go;
The gift of
Her acquaintance still,
In embers in me glow.