

## Prose

### I Am Not Amused - Life Is Hard Enough

By Zeus, life can be more unpredictable than death. And death is a sure thing, whereas life can often, especially for a writer, or a poet, a special subspecies of a writer, be bettered by a muse. And I am not typing about the muse you read about or watched in films. I mean a woman who influences everything you write about, even a freaking haiku, although there, you can evade her a little, especially if you write about AI. I love the idea of AI. Artificial insemination of intelligence into inorganic stuff, with humans, the alpha on Earth, beginning to understand that an alpha always fails and falls to a new stronger life. Life is in competition with itself. Not all life is created equal, especially between species. And even in the midst of an alpha species, the human animal always ranks the individuals within based on their power and means. But that is not the story here. I am going to recount a strange tale about once, only once, not being quite amused by my muse.

It was a special morning like every special morning waking up next to my muse. In case you were not following my continuing story with my muse, she lives on the Moon. Yes! My muse lives on the beautiful Moon. At least she is not living on freaking red Mars, since red is her favourite colour. Of course, she lives on Earth, but she might as well be living on the Moon given unfortunate circumstances. We are in love which should not surprise any writer or poet. Falling in love with your muse is a frequent occurrence. That my muse is in love with me is a rarer occasion. Moreover, she fell in love with me, my words, really, before I fell in love with her words and then her. That is already one small reversal. I still do not know if the principal reversal was even called for or even enjoyable. I guess that you will also be the judge of that.

As I was typing, it was a bloody good morning from the start. By Zeus (I prefer the Greeks to the Romans), we were still alive and full of love, both inside and all over the sheets. The scent of a muse is unique. There is nothing to compare it to. Even my two favourite plants, cannabis and peppermint, pale, even together, in comparison with this out-of-this-world odour. A perfume with this scent could bring the end of the world even faster than the path of perdition that it is already on. I think that Shakespeare knew it. Perhaps it is the reason for so much death in the Bard's timeless plays. Shakespeare's sonnets were more subdued but as beautiful as all the stars in the Cosmos and beyond.

When I opened my eyes, I felt different, like new, especially when I looked at my muse and saw myself. I almost screamed, then thought that it was a wet dream, that is before realising that I did not have a prick. My sword was gone, replaced, by Zeus, with the meaning of life. I finally had a pussy of my own. I touched it, moving a finger around its circumference, pushing it lightly inside, feeling the warmth, launching something I quickly stopped. Reality was beckoning in my head. Wake up, prick! You are just dreaming the best dream of your life. It must be also because of your muse. She is even special among muses, and she is trilingual, including English and French. English for the mind and French for the heart. What a creature of delight is my muse! In the hardest time of my life, I am suddenly blessed with a muse who is in love with my pains through my words, which have

now become hers.

I touched myself; I meant, her. S/he awoke, quickly understanding what had happened to us, smiling at first and then laughing like never before.

“I love you so much that I have become you,” s/he finally said with my voice.

I think that I love you even more, but I never even thought of becoming you, I replied with her muse’s sound.

“You have no clue, my love, but our love has been curated from above,” s/he whispered as though someone could hear.

Curated? I hope not by Medium<sup>1</sup>. Too bad Scrittura<sup>2</sup> cannot curate. They have this great poet who knows what I am typing about. We seem to be sharing similar pains. I hope that he has a muse to take care of his wounds. Words are never enough. He may need to write a sonnet. It is less free, but the Bard is always watching, living forever between the words, looking for old rhymes brought back to life and enjoying new ones. *To Be or Not to Be* is the anthem of the human condition.

“Curated by the gods, my dear love,” s/he replied.

So, they do exist. I hope that you are referring to Zeus and all his family and friends.

“I am, my love. You see, it did not take you long to understand.”

I surely did because now I am your muse.

“Only in appearance, my dear. Remember that what really counts is inside, within and around the heart.”

How long will I feel and look this way? I asked, hesitant, not sure that I wanted to hear the truth.

“Only until noon, my love, when the clock strikes twelve.”

Very appropriate, I thought, before saying: We have enough time. I want to make love to you as a woman.

“That was the idea, my muse,” s/he said with an almost imperceptible wink.

I held her prick in my hand and pulled it lightly until it stood ready for all that next came.

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<sup>1</sup> <https://medium.com>

<sup>2</sup> <https://medium.com/scrittura>

## Poetry

### C - An Alexandrine for My New Muse

There is a woman out there across the ocean  
Who sees my heart and my soul through blue words of love  
She writes with her tall heart calling me a poet  
When she is the true poet looking for a muse  
She looks like a blue rose yet her heart is scarlet  
Except that her letter is a C for candour  
Her words envelop me with blissful reverie  
I dream of her colours both awake and asleep  
The Bard seems to connect us by magical words  
*Speak low if you speak love* I want to cry it out  
*The course of true love never did run smooth* I agree  
When did you hear back from poor lovely Juliet  
I hereby declare that life is fairly unfair  
Love doth remain ill-restrained to time space and how

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### Taller Than My Muse - Not to Amuse

I'm a life taller than my muse  
A whole eighteen centimetres  
She proposed to wear high-heeled shoes  
So she could reach my lips' first kiss  
I'd of course bend down to kiss her  
She is however in my dream  
I did kiss her enchanting mouth  
It felt like a concocted kiss  
Her love for me I couldn't taste  
It was my dream embracing me  
It seemed like a dream of yesteryear  
When I was a teen still dreaming  
Juliet alive pretending  
To be or not to be not dead  
If not for him at least for me  
I love my muse and she knows it  
She loves me too it so appears  
She doesn't mind dreaming of me  
With me I need her to be real  
I asked her to take to the sky  
She's afraid of flying that high  
I was ready to swim halfway  
Throughout the pond until Cap-Verde

Unluckily my muse can't swim  
Of no help is COVID-19  
Tell me about this piece of shit  
I want to transmit her my words  
This poem is also for her  
I'm afraid that she won't let me  
Insisting that these words are mine  
I now write for her they are hers  
She's unfortunately too kind

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### **The Love of My Muse - A Sensible Alexandrine**

I finally received four photos of my muse  
Each picture curtsyng to my oft skipping heart.  
I touched them on the screen where heat became my love  
Alas, even printed they did not feel alive.  
Dearest muse, thank you for my words as I beseech  
You to make manifest more footage of your grace.  
I need more than your face, my beautiful goddess  
Please send me an image of your breasts enveloped  
In anything you desire, even air and lace  
As long as I can see your captivating skin.  
Heaven hath no tenderness like a muse adored  
Perchance paradise doth appear in my daydreams.  
Nightly sleep is filled with ghosts of your words pushing  
Within to ask more from your interim retreat.

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### **My Heart Doth Ache - More Words for My Muse**

My heart doth ache for the love of my muse.  
Tears oft abound like a small bluish lake.  
How can my mind even attempt to choose  
Between what I can do, what I can take.  
She walks upon the waters of my life  
Unable, I think, to even pretend  
Her words are exclusively mine when strife  
Within, doth demonstrate words cannot mend  
Every single feeling filling my heart  
Contrasting I love you muse with do you  
love me too, at least as much, with your part  
Drowning my mind in an uncertain hue.  
Love, 'tis worth repeating, doth hurt each one  
No matter size or height, it absolves none.