

DAIMON

By Dawn Joy Marks

I summon my Muse. He comes to me, speaks through me, and I, through him. The story downloads, or the poem appears; my hand moves across the page, a vision brought to life, a fantasy revealed.

Usually he appears unannounced, surprises me, inspires me. Unexpected times, like when I'm doing dishes, taking a shower, or driving; there he is. And I drop everything and listen.

Sometimes I pick up his vibe, get this kind of shaky feeling, knocking me off balance. Sometimes his presence makes me stoned; I write and the world just stops, time slips by and hours pass.

There's no logical explanation.

I go through my day to day existence, awaiting his call, and excitedly, I answer it, grateful that he remains loyal to me, after all these years. Oftentimes when I call on him, there is no answer, only silence fills the page; I stare at blankness, willing the spark to ignite, but nothing happens, and I feel abandoned.

Speak to me Daimon, of secrets dark and light, of inner places only you can take me to. I am yours, body and soul; I

long for your touch on my heart. Paint me a picture with your words, sing me a song, dance with me tonight. We come together and my creative juices flow, an idea is conceived, and inspiration born.

I miss you, and feel you near; but only silence I hear.
Show me a sign and I'll feel fine.

He came and left
on a midnight train
stopping to invite me

Belief in ritual
and dances that move in circles
around the rhythm of three
you and me and he
competing for ecstasy

Lost in fantasy
a menage a trois
of heads
words unsaid

Spoken; broken

He came and left
on a midnight train
stopping to invite me.

Around midnight, I turn out the light, and like the trickster, he awakens me, whispers in my ear, words like drumbeats pounding, pounding with an urgency, phrases caressing my body inside and out. I am tired, exhausted, and long to sleep, yet he wants to play. So I open up and let him in, let him take me to that perfect place, let his being fill me, let his being rock me, let him make me whole again. If I fail to heed his call, his words will fade from memory and all time; what is not written down will be forgotten. He calls the shots in our relationship.

So I turn on the light and let him turn me on, let him love me; let me love him. He kisses me from head to toe, tickles every secret place, knows every crevice of my mind.

Pages and pages scribbled down, until I am depleted and can write no more. Dizzy with words, I turn out the light, and say goodnight to Daimon.

THE END