

Writer's Lament

I see you, Deadline, lurking ever nearer,
And hear you whispering your name in a grating, ragged voice,
As if that will drive me forward when you know...
You know for sure...that I am searching vainly for Inspiration
In our favorite game of hide and seek.
The muse ducks and weaves, takes shelter behind Procrastination
And adjusts the insisted-upon mask of Perfection
That all but blinds me as the game unravels
And the seeking seems to feed the hiding
As they spiral in a fevered tango
That haunts my nights as you draw near—
Looming, demanding, relentless in your need.
You will come, and I will meet you—
I will not let you pass and look back with a sneer
At my incompetence or failure.
No, I will meet you with an Offering—
Never quite right, never quite perfect,
Crafted painfully or born with a gentle push,
But yours to take into the world
At the designated, relentless hour.