

# When the Muse Abandons You

*by* Gary Hardaway

My muse has unfriended me.  
No more vague instant messages.  
No more enigmatic emails.  
No more ethereal prompts posted  
to my home page.

I am abandoned to the mundane  
calculations of a small mind  
trapped by small considerations  
such as what to buy  
for dinners this week, what

paper goods to replenish,  
what staples, like rice and onions,  
to re-supply. It's not so much  
sad to be alone as boring and banal.  
No second, third or fourth opinions

rearrange and ruffle the shopping list.  
It's only you and the cats  
shaping the small commerce  
of a small household. And the cats  
have very limited concerns

such as is there kibble to nibble?  
Will we have our canned pate'?  
Will there be fresh litter to clump  
and freshen our excrement? And,  
where is the nip? You promised us nip.

