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.

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