

Anne Mikusinski

Observation

In the balcony

I sit

Watching

As below

Grounded but in full flight

You soar

Carried by passion's currents

And unchecked inhibition

You meet me where I am

And usher inspiration in.

Third Interlude

Your voice fills up this space
Like smoke
Seeping into corners
And entering each room
With or without invitation
Changing everything it touches.

I think of suitable accompaniment
And conjure subtle strings
Or the occasional
Interjecting keyboard
As acceptable companionship
For murmured words.

Three AM

Outside

The rain whispers

Playing counterpart to sounds

Inside

Soft tapping of keys

Give birth to ideas

Baby-stepping their way

Across blank pages.

From another room

Brushed drumbeats and low strings

Spread light upon a scene of

Quiet work

And little sleep