

Whimsical Inspiration

*Whispers of mystery touch my soul when I gaze out the window
Waiting for some small sense of something unspeakable
To revitalize me, refresh my mind, restore my wonder, and...
It seems all the world stops on an instant while echoes of ideas
Like wisps of smoke from a snuffed out flame
Tickle the edge of my dreamsense.*

*Then the clock hands move, dragging me
Forward against my will, away from awe and into reality.
The whispers silence themselves again as I mourn
Loss of imagination and creative freedom.*

*My thoughts are crowded again with obligations of adulthood.
Regular responsibilities and added must-do's weigh on me.
But I miss the flights of fancy and the free mental air
That sparked so many rambles of reflections or randomness.
Epiphanies of delight occasionally dance through my brain
Like a butterfly flitting across a busy city street to reach
The neighbor's window box full of colorful flowers.*

*I look up from my busyness for a second in startled joy,
Afraid to grasp the glory and squash it out.
I watch wistfully as the chance to create flutters out of reach again.
Sometimes, if I'm smart, I make a minute for whimsical inspiration.
The whispers of mystery touch my soul and this time I listen.*

~ Cara Colleen