

Last Minute

by Austin Alexis

I no longer know their dimension.

They sing from its heartless core,
these muses, belting out
creepy cadences I once deciphered
but now cringe at, uncomprehending.

Coming from my low-tech stove,
the muses' chanting lacks effective volume.
If they'll ask me to pick up my pen
to pen a verse or even a letter,
I'll murmur about missing ears.

Snug in my realm of fumes,
only the loss of oxygen makes sense.
Lost in a self-induced drowsiness,
my mind stays too loose to fathom
any instructions, sensations or inspiration

other than this safe shift
to a phase where sound shreds itself,
this funky transition to a silence
even my babies' cries die in,
this walled-in sanctuary

of a void that harbors peace.