# You, my darlings

by now you will have noticed

I’m making this up as I go along

this is my internal dj speaking

next up

a little song and dance

a little story

a joke or two.

then me again

but first:

tonight I have no poems in me

at least, I thought I didn’t

my muse is having a bath, I miss her

but even muses have to take time off

but there is always one thing I can write

says my internal dj, imagining an audience

out there in the night

there are invisible lines

unknowable forces

that link me to you (all of you)

what you get of me

is as inevitable as rain

and as long fore-ordained

if you were smart enough

you’d know what I was going to say next

I am saved only by the quantum

a *soupçon* of the random

the jello in the salad

when I’m replaced with a silicon chip

there will be no jello

but you can’t take an uninterrupted flow of poesy

you’d feel sick, like eating too much chocolate

so here I am, the master of ceremonies

providing the light in a basket of dark

and what is the one thing

I can always say to you?

it is this:

we are the same, you and I

we share this night, belong to each other

drink from the same trough.

collections of the physical, reaching

for the metaphysical

those lines that connect us, they are real

just ask your right brain

there is only one thing, and it is us

it’s time to listen to the other hemisphere, people

that’s what we do in the dark

you can ask my muse, when she finishes her bath

next up

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a little story

a joke or two.

then me again

always me (you, my darlings)