

THE SPOON RIVER Poetry Review

David Bond

Disquieting Muses

Disquieting muses speak
with long tongues kinked

like the scrolled penises
of wild boars. They glare with eyes

shanghaied from blind, obese great-aunts
groping for a nephew's young mouth.

They are beautiful. Naked, they arrive
upon the back of a brindled wildebeest

or simply slide along a slick plastic
booth in some lowlit Kullman

Blue Comet Diner where you've
come to get smoky inspiration.

Noticing an attempt to write seriously
about coal dust settling on eggs

at breakfast, they'll turn it into
the ashes of mad Shelley drifting

onto the full breasts of the Mona Lisa
and maybe the Paper Mate

squirms in your hand like one big spermatozoa
or you notice the eggs have now

changed into Picasso's testicles.
And so on.

Disquieting muses poke fun at Rilke
and his clichéd panther,

the ubiquitous death of John Keats,
Brueghel's and Chagall's respective Icari,

coupled with unnecessary commentaries
from W.H. Auden, Michael Hamburger, et. al.,

and prosodic uses of the word "antimacassar."
They do not believe a poem should

begin in delight and end in wisdom.
Related to neither Polyhymnia nor Terpsichore,

disquieting muses love Dylan's
"Tombstone Blues" and Ozzy Osbourne,

describing his work as
"early cunnilingual with overtones

of the Massacre of the Innocents."
They wear white socks and glasses

with heavy black frames because
presbyopic kids have all the fun.

They are responsible for most
of Charles Bukowski's poetry.

They mysteriously whisper of trying
to close the gap between the Self and the Other.

Disquieting muses look inside your head.
They dig deep, pull out a clock, an umbrella,

the smile on the corpse of your father,
never seen before this very moment.

Disquieting muses lead you gently
into the piazza of infinite regress

where a young girl rolls her hoop
toward a shadow neither man nor art.