

# An Evening In

An evening in; what bliss.  
A chance to collect my thoughts and scribble this  
and that and let my long-forgotten muse redress  
my vacuum-headed emptiness.  
Today, tonight here's hoping she will press  
a faint creative thought within a crevice  
of my mind.

But from the other corner of the room  
persuasive voices beckon me and soon  
the many hours of yet unwatched but pre-recorded costume  
drama, repeated from the afternoon,  
collude to steal my time and harpoon  
flabby dreams of quietness. And opportune  
moments fly.

I watched some footie, caught the news,  
switched over then to late night Jools.  
And when at last I deigned to choose  
to find the wavelength of my muse,  
there was no trace of that dear soul whose  
alchemy I'd just refused  
as night fell.

