

My Inspiration

*"From where does inspiration come?"
I find I sometimes wonder.
Is there a simple answer,
Or does it shift from one moment to another?"*

*Sometimes it comes in bursts,
Like a volcano, it suddenly begins to flow.
Other times it comes quietly,
Like a flower, it steadily grows.*

*Sometimes I find my thoughts
In distant, mystical places.
Where ancient trees with fractal limbs
All feign familiar faces.*

*The morning sun behind these trees
Casts away the smoky skies
The clouds bow down and in their place
Inspiration begins to rise.*

*It stirs at first, as the glow awakes,
And the flame is brightly revealed
An intense, reinvigorating feeling,
Your path is known. Your fate is sealed.*

*And off you go to pursue your dream
Your inspiration fully known.
But soon enough, the flame dies down;
Inspiration must be regrown.*

*Yet, since you were born, I find my thoughts
Don't wander quite as far.
My thoughts no longer need to escape
By train, by plane, or car.*

*All I need to feel inspired
Does in our home reside,
For my beautiful, inspiring daughter
Is at our home, inside.*

*As I watch you fall asleep
And feel our hands entwined,
I know my life is now complete,
As for inspiration - you are forever mine.*