

Rubicon

by Julia Denton

One morning when you have made other plans
and the sunlight comes early, promising a productive day
(or else hides lazily, tempting you back to sleep)
one morning when you have closed your door to any guests
the muse will come to you unbidden
and will seat herself at your table.

But you will not welcome her, though countless times
you have claimed to seek her out.
You will be surprised at her appearing;
not a gossamer beauty or
dreamy poetic enchantress
beckoning you to immortality.

She is large, and without charm.
She sits heavily, arms crossed, fingers drumming.
She is an unadorned intruder,
a demanding and uncompromising overseer
unimpressed with your intentions,
impatient for what you have to say.

What will you do then, with your comfortable life
with your delusional aspirations
long held in check by your inability to put
pen and ink to the paper
nose to the grindstone, butt to the chair,
stark life on the lines for all to see?

It will be too late to dash for a robe
to cover your pitiful nudity,
too late to call "just a minute,"
frantic, in search of excuses.
Sooner or later it will turn out quite plainly
to be a choice you have made all along,

Yes or No
not maybe
not sometime but

Now
or

Never.