

You Are Muse DeLuxe

You are muse deLuxe,
my Calliope of comfort.
O thread-count cotton! O scented
wrap of warmth! I tuck into you
and nestle; I snug and I loosen
anxiety's tug. Where do these
thought-knots come from?
Golden nuggets nudge me:
what if / worry, what if / worry.
They scatter in the gray-
matter folds, acorns threatening
to grow oak forests.
Systems of leaves so thick
I don't see beyond.
If I can't
point to a cause,
does it exist?

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