

Muse
Brian Allan Skinner

I knock,
softly at first,
then impatiently.

Coyly,
you part the curtains,
but do not answer.

We both
know you are there,
but enjoy pretense.

Sometimes,
I draw you onto the porch,
very near the light.

Sometimes,
you invite me in,
and draw the shades.

But we
never know when,
nor what will happen.

And so,
we remain lovers,
ever courting.