

Begin

by Myke Bartholomew

The gears are twisting in the engine
Of my imagination. Dreams yearn
To explode from the ends of my fingertips.
They chew their way from brain through veins
Waiting for their moment to crack the sky.
Munitions from a day's worth of war
Ricochet off the back of my teeth
Trying desperately to make it to paper.
An echo carries the crackles
Of a dying candle's last breath.
I close my eyes and stare at the marquee
That glows on the inside of my eyelids
The blinking inspiration stains my irises with a vision
As beautiful as the sun bending down to kiss the ocean.