

## COWBOY CREATION

One more crumpled mess- tangible token of  
Rejected imperfection, placed strategically  
To remind me that caffeine and loud music  
Do not make an artist. I touch the page  
Still feeling the breathe, the pulse of a  
Masterpiece waiting to be born.

My pencil hovers pregnant with my dreams.  
The music separates me from the chattel of the world.  
I wrangle my thoughts, prepare them, align them  
To trample orderly onto the page.  
Crescendo, my pencil now a frenzy to  
Lead the images into a recognizable form.  
I stop in the silence of my mind.  
I admire the view. I tip my hat to the  
Creation before me.