

A channeling instrument as trade

I told her that I had ignored the sunset so that her smile would be the only thing in my mind, not the sun that smiles at me almost daily.

But in reality, that was not the case. However, as I know she likes to be the only one, and in fact, for the moment she is the one and only. I told her so, and she liked it, and with that, I earned another one of those smiles worth receiving often.

She said: *it's beautiful what you wrote*

I replied saying that without her mind, such a literary approach would not have been possible, that the beauty of the artwork is in the muse it represents, which in this case is her. And it's simple like that, without the muse, which may well be injustice, an artwork can never be born.

And this is so because the artist or author is only the channeling instrument of the reality he or she faces. That reality can be the sun or the moon or the blue eyes of a distant woman, and the idea of being by her side and kiss the end of her smile and take refuge in her arms and say things so that she would hug you and well, move from words to kissing and from the kissing to sex and from sex to the contemplation of that immediate past.

And the gaining is in that, in knowing that you provide the world with a service, that of being an artist or an author. And by the way, allow me to clarify that the world could be the whole world or just her, and for the moment it is like that in my case, her.

For so many people, it seems that there is not much more to see in the muse after a while, but when one has been is poor, one learns to delight with chicken bones, sucking the internal reddish liquid and feel, in that almost null animal element, eternal life.

The same thing happens when the muse is she. When I told her this, she laughed saying that I put it that way because I am a hopeless romantic, and in fact I am, and that is why I said it because it's true that she is my muse and I am a hopeless romantic.

Happy with the statement, she showed interested, and asked: how so?

And I, praised by her feminine curiosity, explained...

Depending on the distance, I told her, my talents go from enjoying your walking towards me to looking into your eyes to feeling that you come closer to listening to your voice to smelling your aromas to savoring your skins to hearing your breathing to losing myself within your clothes to feeling your hair to exploring your body to delighting in the sounds you make to penetrating that world so intimately yours to entangling with you to observing how water drops slides down your skin to gently laying your head on my chest and with you, now we both covered with sheets of some color, escape to the world of dreams...

She has looked at me again without saying anything, but something *intense* tells me that from now on, she will believe me when I tell her that she is my muse and my world.