

UC Merced

The Vernal Pool

Title

Freelance Muse: An Epistolary Poem

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/0pw0m102>

Journal

The Vernal Pool, 2(1)

Author

Bryels, TaNayah Rachelle

Publication Date

2015

DOI

10.5070/V321027463

Copyright Information

Copyright 2015 by the author(s). This work is made available under the terms of a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives License, available at

<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/>

Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

**TANAYIAH RACHELLE BRYELS
FREELANCE MUSE:
AN EPISTOLARY POEM**



THE VERNAL POOL

ISSUE THREE, FALL 2015

Freelance Muse: An Epistolary Poem

i.

freelance muse in search of a real poet. must be warm-hearted and thoughtful. willingness to write in a second language appreciated. must be musically inclined; there must be jazz in your verse or this will not work. it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing. must have apartment with plenty of sunshine & lots of space for flowers. must love to drink. and drink. and drink. must always abide by rule of threes. must know how to write something other than the blower's daughter. if you absolutely have to have a day job, it must be beleaguered school teacher or friendly neighborhood barista, or something equally necessary but taken for granted. if you look up to John Green, this will not work. lanky brooding white boys and ad execs need not apply.

ii.

dear miss muse,

i am writing in response to your incredibly detailed and wildly specific want ad. i believe that i am the perfect poet for you. attached are a few pieces of work that i believe will bring you to agree. however, before we meet, i have a few questions of my own for you.

what qualifies you to be a muse? how ephemeral and sparkling is your beauty, on a scale of one to ten? is your voice more like the tinkling tintinnabulation of a tin wind chime moved to song by a summer breeze, or the rustle of cool fall air ghosting through the grass and waking fallen leaves? how long, in your opinion, could i opine on the opalescent qualities of your wide-open eyes? is your hair more along

the lines of the finest spun gold gleaned from the glowing hoards of the gods? or closer to the softest wool culled from the blackest sheep on the isle of colchis? or perhaps red as the light in a rising sun over a distant fire-cleansed forest, in which i can faintly see my own redemption? frankly, any of these will do. what constellation can be drawn in the freckles of your shoulders? let me know so i can begin composing now. similarly—would you describe your skin as a) the pale coolness of fresh milk in a glass on a crisp monday morning, b) russet-brown and soft like fresh earth sifting through a farmer's fingers, or c) tanned and golden and longing for my touch? if these descriptors are not enough, please do feel free to create one of your own. if you would be so kind as to address these inquiries at your earliest convenience and reply to me, i would be so grateful.

yours,

p.

iii.

dearest p,

i can tell already that you're the right poet for me. but rather than answer your litany of inquiries, i propose we meet. how can you know how you'll be inspired if you don't look your inspiration in the eyes? i appreciate your earnest efforts at sussing my fitness for musing for yourself, but there are some things that cannot be divined over correspondence—the divine being one of them. i invite you to join me this coming wednesday at the small, silent red-walled coffee shop that sits thoughtfully in the shadow of high-rise apartments and khaki-colored corporate offices. we have a lot to talk about.

ever yours,

muse.

iv.

dearest muse,

a few of the poems i wrote after we parted ways yesterday. enjoy.

“fitzgerald eyes”

you must be all eyes

to people who amaze your:

staring eyes, big and brown—

searching, childishly wise.

endless eyes, i feel;

abysmal

perceivably Eckleburgian.

do you mean to stare so—

into me, out of me, through me,

forcing a polite smile and an awkward laugh?

or do you only

mean

to look?

v.

dear p,

i think we're going to get along just fine.