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"The Muse"

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The Muse

Mr. Bowman took another sip of tea while he watched the foggy, gloomy dawn. Goodness, it was cold, it was too cold, and he was definitely not in the mood for cold days. He still hadn't written a single word, and the quill lay silently in his desk, expecting him like a patient wife waiting for a travelling husband at the docks. No, he still hadn't written anything, and the papers were curving on the corners due to the damp mist that had ruled over the night, and still reigned in his heart. His hands held the warm cup, trying desperately to absorb all the heat and distribute it inside his body. He stood up and turned to his desk, dreading the old chair where he had been sitting the whole night. It was still warm, true, but what had been a soft seat was now a worn out fabric too accustomed to its owner. He sighed, and sat again in front of the blank paper and the quill. There had been a time when nothing was more beautiful and inspiring than a blank paper. But now, he looked at it, and it looked back at him with a query air.

He looked at the window once more and his eyes got lost in the breathtaking landscape to which he had grown so accustomed. It just wasn't as moving to him, since she was gone. Now her fair hand didn't touch his shoulder anymore while he wrote, nor the delicate whisper of her skirt against the floor caressed his ear when

she brought him a cup of tea and some shortbread. How was he supposed to write anything, without her soft, warm lips pressing against his cheek every now and then?

Another sigh.

And then he started to write.

A tiny muse, shy, silent, had peeped from one of the remotest corners of his heart, and she was getting closer and closer while he fed her on ink. The quill turned and danced over her white stage, leaving behind its trail of black ink like the blood of a ballerina who danced towards her death. It turned and flipped, celebrating the arrival of Queen Mab and honoring her with a thousand words that carpeted the white, dull paper, it turned, it turned indeed, on a stage that observed her with no other audience than the critical director.

And thus, the muse started losing her timidity too, shaking her long locks to spread her fragrance, her sweet fragrance of mystery. She dictated those turns, those steps, to the quill, showing the words the right combination to open the safe where every mortal keeps his feelings. After that magic instant... Instant? Had it lasted for hours or minutes? Who knows, who cares. After that moment, the muse stopped softly, careful not to leave an undesirable blot, or not to lay an inadequate word, and when she stopped her harmonious, yet mad dance, she looked him in the eyes, aye, into the writer's eyes, and with half a smile she put her delicate finger over her lips.

When he blinked she was not there anymore, only her words and a soft, cold mist that could, nevertheless, warm his frozen heart.

Bioprofile of the author: Elena Truan Aguirre es una estudiante de 22 años de Estudios Ingleses en la Universidad Complutense de Madrid, donde está acabando el segundo curso. Escribe desde pequeña y publicó en 2010 la novela Lady Warrior en la web de auto publicación Bubok. Es la persona detrás del blog de la Jane Austen Society España (www.janeaustenses.wordpress.es), que planea fundar de manera oficial.

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