



Men and their Muse



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Simple creatures are what we are. Demanding in our expectations to feel desired and give in return. It is not just one thing that defines us, not even a handful. And part in parcel of all the parts that make up the whole, the perfection that maketh man is not without its thirst which can only be quenched by his opposite.

It is said that opposites attract. This statement is not without its individual interpretation but does bring to the boil a great deal of truth in this broth of companionship, complement and completion. We all crave companionship with one that complements our strengths and obscurities all the while providing a sense of completeness to the dish. If we are made in pairs then it must be better to have tasted the sweetness of a deep connection with all its bitterness than to walk through life in its entirety having not pricked your finger while admiring the blossom of a beautiful rose.

Inspiration comes in many forms providing the necessary zeal for the completion of a task. A muse on the other hand is another creature altogether. Bear in mind my usage of the word "creature" as putting into context one of the Great Singularity's magnificent "creations". This creature is designed with the one true purpose of bringing out the Eden in every man. His opposite, his counterpart in every sense of the word, and yet the one true element that plays the complementary role so effortlessly, the woman.

Do I speak unkind if I mention a man's insatiable desire for the woman, or am I apt in my description of our admiration for all that she is?



If it is not the windows to her soul, piercing and adorned with sparkles that show us the opening scene of an unforgettable moment, might it be the curls at the very edge of her lips that crack wide open the heart of a hardened man. Or maybe just maybe it could be the sum of all the components that add up to a face of beauty unblemished by the physics of perfection and yet better still.

We men, so strong and rigid, quiver and cringe at the very weakness we face when in full view of the woman strength. It isn't physical and at times rational may escape her, but it lies radiant and sure of itself in her energy in motion. We love it and for the most part commend it for what it truly means. In all shapes and sizes, hues and shades that would make the colour septum of a rainbow jealous; the woman is celebrated.

Is the trail of broken hearts from men left wanting not proof enough? What about the poems and sonnets which capture the making of a fleeting expression, one that is everlasting through the alchemy of "the word"? Arrays of songs in all genres try to capture the quintessence yet fall short of what is. And with the effort to recapture or immortalize, we continue to create art as a commemoration to the perfection that is right in front of us. No matter how trivial our efforts in the face of perpetuity, try as we may to show praise to the majestic creation that is The Woman.