**Musea**

Michele Evans

[myooz-ee-ah] *n*. if Homer’s *Odyssey* were her museum

exhibit no. 4:

at the fore, a statuesque four wheeled quarter bred for rescuing

a stony-faced forsaken queen hidden behind *hell* in a wall of cement.

exhibit no. 3:

a triumvirate’s libretto, a blackened note, trill and a *sigh winds* perched atop

stony parchment, cemented arias silenced by their prey.

exhibit no. 2:

twin pedestals, stone faced, yellow eyed statuesque mountains cemented

and tame, a portico protection from *sirs. see* the threat of wild animals.

exhibit no 1:

a single stone post, rough-hewn, ripened smooth, an oiled trunk penny colored

with twenty-year old, cemented roots, a gnarly pillow of nightmares.

the final exhibit:

a songbook, refrains inspired by forgotten pasts and futures, a paper *muse*(um)

of sorts, restoring cemented hearts from the rotten timbers of life.