The Gestation of Art

The hungry ones
are clawing and biting
at the earth.
Looking for bedrock,
Searching passionately
for what's really here.
For the music.
For spirit truth.

The hungry ones
are fervently trying
to avoid mediocre.
Igniting fire
to burn away the fat
leaving the bones of existence.
And then see the bones
fresh.

The hungry ones
look for new tongues,
to speak new words.
Polished words,
Blasted by life wind
and emotion sand.
Core words, that see
the truth with heart eyes.

We are the hungry ones.
Breaking our bones,
Searching our centers.
To expose ourselves
naked and honest to the world
so that the world
might be reborn
naked and honest with itself.

--Diana Martin