

## 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