

I SAW IT IN A NOSEEUM



I sit in my position
like a good sphinx should,
“sphinx like” you might say,
silently pondering
quietly affixed
to ever roiling sands
of time
never moving,
never being moved
until that one day
I had to blow my nose
and that guy with the trumpet
blew it clean off!

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Today's Generative Prompt: Do an ekphrastic based on the above image of Louis Armstrong serenading his wife in 1961 - the story behind the image can be found [HERE](#) . Special thanks to [Dr. Seuss](#).