

Mia's Magic Window

A Creation Story in Four Acts

By Gwen Gordon

Don't run outside for better seeing.
Rather abide by the center of your being.
For the more you leave it the less you learn.
Search your heart and see,
The way to do is to be.

-Lao Tzu

ACT I

There once was a girl, who had not a care,
She called herself Mia, and did nothing but stare,
Through a window she had, so wide and so clear,
That it gave her vast views of things far and things near.

From anthills to mole holes to elephant knees,
From far away comets to low flying bees,
The shivers in leaves as they whispered "Hachoo!"
And the curve of the very dark side of the moon.

Everything everywhere inside and out,
She could see through her window when Mia looked out.
And the stiller she sat, the truer the view,
When at once all her stillness brought a view that was new.

"Oh Boy Oh Boy, WOW!!" her heart sang with glee,
As it filled with a Zing and a Whoosh and a Wheee.
She tumbled with tickles and twisted with wiggles,
Every cell in her body burst out into giggles.

"Hallelujah Falala Whoopdeedoodlydee,
Through my window I see that the whole world is meeee."

Then with crayons, some paint, and eight big bristle brushes,
The magic in Mia spilled out in great gushes.
She filled a whole page, it was glorious fun,
Until she declared, "Tadaaa! I am done."

ACT II

A big gust of wind came, the picture blew down,
Onto a road going straight into town.
There a very busy lady was hurriedly headed.
She was thinking of money and where she could get it.

When she saw Mia's picture, a tickle swept through her.
It brought her to giggles, refreshed and renewed her.
So she straightened her back and shrewdly declared,
"This is brilliance, pure genius. I must show it somewhere."

"There's new talent in town which belongs just to me.
The show opens next Tuesday promptly at 3:00."
The show opened at 3:00 with some fruit punch and cheese,
And Mia's new picture brought the crowd to its knees.

It toured all alone as a One Picture Show,
Then returned a retrospective, two years in a row.

It won every award in the art world rat race,
Including Best Picture, Anywhere Ever, First Place!

Soon the picture was showing nonstop, day and night,
On postage stamps, T-shirts, coffee mugs, and night lights.
There were gum wrappers, door stoppers, posters, and toasters,
And finally, new Super Duper Picture Decoders.

Then one day a collector with a stinky cigar,
Said, "Get me more pictures. I'll pay well. You'll go far!"
So the very busy lady said, "Well, please excuse me,"
And she left in a hurry to deliver by Tuesday.

She searched high, she searched low, upside down, inside out,
For that one in a million, all the fuss was about.
But instead of great genius, all she could find,
Were some dirty old windows, all left behind.

Just then she remembered where the picture was found,
Off the road to the very far edge of the town.
When she got there she saw, lying down on the ground,
A little girl fast asleep, cans of paint all around.

The lady, who found children as annoying as bugs,
Strained her back, pinched her nose, and gave Mia a nudge.
"Is the artist around?" she inquired with a frown,
Holding the picture out of reach, upside down.

Mia looked up and burst into a smile,
"Do you like it?" She asked. Her wide grin stretched a mile.

"Do I like it? Just what kind of a question is that?
With such *Je ne sais quoi*, how could anyone not?
Its oblique nonchalance is abstractly surreal,
While the postmodern edge hides a faux fauvist zeal,"
Said the very busy lady playing her part,
Thinking how children (and bugs) know nothing about art.

When she saw Mia smile, she looked down through her nose,
To inspect this young girl from her head to her toes.
As she did, tiny giggles made her heart nearly soar,
So she stuffed them at once, coughed and asked, "Is it YOURS?"

"It sure is!" Mia chirped.
"Very well. Come with me,
There are papers to sign and people to meet."
Before Mia could think or even ask "Why?"
She was rushed from her window toward a piece of the pie.

The very busy lady called the rich art collector,
Who told a slick gallery owner to call their agent called Hector.
She lunched with lawyers and licensers, onlookers and interviewers,
Collectors and colleagues, critics and curators.

Everyone could agree, they could tell by her glow,
That Mia was the next, well, Vincent Van Gogh.
And they all wanted pictures, which they'd sell in a hurry

She should start right away, after all time is money.

Mia wanted all her new friends to be happy,
So she turned herself into a masterpiece factory.
She worked everyday in the top of a tower,
Trying hard to create about one every hour.

At first all her pictures fetched a high price,
That's when Mia declared, "twice as much would be nice."
And she'd swell out with pride, when strangers would coo,
While she'd boast the whole page that was hers in Who's Who.

She learned clever tricks to make pictures that sell,
Thought nothing of copying? After all, who could tell?
Until after awhile all the color had drained,
Both from out of her heart and from out of her paint.

Then one day the collector, his cigar sticking out,
Stared at one of her pictures, and declared with a shout,
"Do you know what this is? No I'll tell you WHAT.
It's the SAME OLD STUFF and I've seen QUITE ENOUGH!"

So the slick gallery owner had Hector, her assistant,
Call the very busy lady, who then left in an instant.
She rushed over to Mia, and spat out through her nose,
"You're history! You're through! Honey, that's how it goes."

Mia stood there in shock, for how could it be?
"What is happening? Who am I? What was that? Who was she?"

Mumbling, she stumbled all the way home,
To the edge of town, where she stayed all alone.

Her heart sank like mud pies and oh how it hurt,
For the window she loved was all covered with dirt.
Mia slunk to the ground, her head thick in a fog,
She fell fast asleep and she slept and she slept and she slept like a log.

ACT III

When Mia woke up she could tell she was older,
There was gray in her hair and a weight on her shoulder.
The window was barely a thought in her head,
Instead Mia wondered just how she'd get fed.

With nowhere to go and big bills to be paid,
Mia got work as a house-cleaning maid.
In time Mia made a big splash on that scene,
For soon she was known as "Ace Cleaning Machine."

She was called the best expert for tough grimy cases,
Flown clear overseas to clean filth in far places.
There was one simple rule, Mia wrote on her sign,
"I DO NOT DO WINDOWS," one must draw the line.

Even so, something ached down deep in her soul
That no amount of scrubbing for pay could console.

Then one day Mia sniffed and peeeuuugh did it stink.

She wiped muck from her hands in her grime-covered sink.
“What a dump!” She declared once she got a good look,
At her own little house, steeped in inches of gook.

Mia rolled up her sleeves, then she loaded her sponge,
And with one great big deep breath, Mia lunged at the grunge.

It was no easy task for the filth hung so thick,
That at first only chain saws and picks did the trick.
Until one patch remained wholly covered with muck,
From its size and its shape she could tell it was stuck...
...TO A WINDOW!

ACT IV

Mia gasped as the whole of her past flooded back,
A window, a picture, a world out of whack.
And she stared at the muck covered spot for days,
In a strange kind of stupefied, half witted haze.

And then came the day, there was war in her voice,
"I will fight off that dirt! After all, what's my choice?"
She worked herself hard, day and night to the bone,
But the muck on the window stayed stuck like stone.

So Mia took workshops with vocational trainings,
She bought mail order guaranteed cleaning upgradings,
Then mixed solvents, astringents and purified muds,
With state-of-the-art, Super Muck Cleaning Suds.

Mia strained through the day, she toiled through the night.
Her jaw locked, her head hurt, the soaps blurred her sight.
Then out of the blue, on her 83rd hour,
She ran out of steam and she fell,
CRASH, BAM, SPLATTER!

Head over heels, Mia bumped to the floor.
That's Enough! I am done! This is over! No more!!!
She cleaned up her scrapes and bandaged her head,
Feeling just how good it was not to be dead.

As she rested, she forgot all her hopes and her fears,
for security, peace, only joy, no more tears.
A life full of striving for something to win,
It seemed up 'til then that her life had all been.

And soon every thought seeped right out of her head,
when lo'n behold she found there instead...

That a curious breeze gently swept through her,
Then a stillness... began to renew her.
Softly, slowly, gently she felt it,
A weight that lifted, a hardness that melted.

Without opening her eyes or thinking a thought,
Mia could feel the whole muck lifting off.
"Oh boy oh boy, WOW!" she exclaimed with delight,
"How eeeeasy it is without all the fight."

For the first time in years Mia sang out with glee,
As the light gushed right through with a zing whoosh and WHEE!
"Yahoo Yip Yip Yip. Toodaloo, falaleeeee!
Now I remember that the whole world is meee!"

The eyes of the bat and the song of the larks,
Even agents, collectors and man eating sharks,
The farthest flung fireballs, drifting in space,
And the teeniest quanta-sized smidgen of haze.
Everything everywhere, big, small, or hot,
Not nowhere was there something that Mia was not.

So with crayons, some paint and eight big bristle brushes,
The wholeness in Mia came out in great gushes,
It filled a whole page and then several more,
Then began to spill over and right out the door.

Mia made pictures in all shapes and sizes,
With no thought of winning prestigious art prizes.
Instead she just gave them away free of charge,
And the joy of this giving kept her window quite large.

She invited each person she met to play too,
And to clean their own windows for their own special view;
A private delight of enormous proportions,
A world come alive without any distortions.

And the more of the world that a person could see,
The more like themselves they were able to be.

For the magnificent treasure of clearly seeing,
Showed how all joy worth having comes simply from being.