

## My Muse

My muse is playful and  
mysterious.  
She has a name, all right,  
but she's not telling.  
All I know for certain is that  
"My Muse" is enough  
of a title for this poem. And I'm  
sure she's a she.

She drops clues and hints  
and runs off giggling.  
She wants me to make use  
of my brilliant mind  
and intense intuition  
to figure out things.  
She knows it all -- the Whole Truth --  
and often times

she whispers a seed and leaves  
it there to grow  
into an idea, or an insight,  
even a brainstorm.  
She is sometimes annoying.

I try to close  
my eyes and my mind  
but then she turns

motherly on me. I tell her:  
Leave me alone!  
And usually she does but  
always she leaves  
her scent behind -- one I swear  
I can't ignore.  
At times my muse is not  
there for me.

I call and I call, but she  
has no interest.  
I fall stupid and uninspired.  
But she repents,  
seeing my consuming need,  
and brings gifts  
as always to make up for  
her negligence.