

Coquette

Fair muse – would you forsake me heartlessly,
Because I clip your wings to earn my food –
And leave me mute and voiceless and afraid
When phrases will not come to cloak a mood?

Ah! Muse, if you but knew the pangs I feel
When I am forced to check your shining flight –
You would not starve my soul for lovely words
And plunge my spirit starkly into night.

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