

# Stupid Muse

By windrose

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I think my muse is broken

I no longer hear his call

What a finicky creature

He only comes around

When my heart is aching

Why do I never see him

When laughter has me in thrall?

Why is he not there when

Love is blooming brightly?

Does all that sunshine blind him?

I miss the wretched beastly

Just not badly enough to want

To go out and get my heart

Trampled upon once more

To bring him back to me.

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