

Double-Edged Sword

A dream to Jonquil came one night,
The Muse brought the heat and the Muse brought the light.
She saw wings, she saw flames, and
She saw things that have no name.
Jonquil tried to sleep again,
But the wings and the flames just would not end.
There'd be no peace, she'd have no rest,
When the Muse commands at her behest.

The Muse comes calling, can't be ignored,
The Muse cuts deep with a double-edged sword,
With the final word and the missing chord,
The Muse cuts deep with a double-edged sword.
Oh, the Muse cuts deep with a double-edged sword.

With her two hands and earthen clay,
She worked all night and she worked all day,
To bring heat to flame and flight to wings,
And form and shape to the nameless things.
But the eyes can hear, and the ears have sight.
The heart of the Muse knows when it's right:
When the flames take flight and the wings burn bright,
And the nameless things have form and light.

Feels like a blessing, feels like a curse,
Feels like a fear so far far worse,
A fear that strikes to your deepest core:
Honor your Muse or she'll come no more.