

UNAMUSED

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better share the credit



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my poem machine was running keen

no way that i could lose
my witty rhymes would ring and chime
and always would enthuse

my thoughts would charm, sometimes alarm
but always struck a chord
in hearts they'd wedge, make things on edge
but never overboard

i must admit i fudged a bit
i was not on my own
i had a muse who helped me choose
the words to set the tone

i must impart that i am smart
so please don't get me wrong
but with the aid of that sweet maid
my work was much more strong

my name adored, her name ignored
no credit did i share
at first okay but came a day
she claimed that was unfair

and on that day, in early may
she came to me with news
her job, she'd shelf and write herself
and be her own damn muse

i quickly said, go right ahead
i find it hard to care
cause i'm the star and you're sub par
your work cannot compare

her face grew red and off she sped
i heard the front door slam
i gave a smirk and went to work
i didn't give a damn

i grabbed my quill and waited till
a poem began to form
but nothing lurked and nothing worked
i wasn't even warm

the days went on, my talent gone

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my poems not even missed
but making news was my ex muse
atop best seller lists

i tried to write with all my might
the pen limp in my wrist
my mind was black, i'd lost the knack
to write a grocery list

i'm in the ditch, my muse is rich
she rocketed to fame
my mind once lush has turned to mush
can't even write my name

and all the glee she gave to me
the thoughts crammed in my dome
are hers instead, my mind so dead
i can't complete

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