

A New Muse

Owen

Dear Lord
Let me be anything
But bored or in love
Been comfortably cursed
Almost blessed to sleep
Now I want to know what I don't know
What she sleeps in
I need a new muse
If she sings for me I'll sing for you

Dear Lord
Let me be anything
But a boy or in love
It's a double-edged word
Both sides will cut you clean
I too often forget if I'm in or out of it

I bleed the most
Turn my blood into poetry
That's why I need to know what she sounds like when she sings
My neck hurts
From holding my head up straight
For so long
My feet hurt
From standing in one place
For so long
Dear Lord
Let me be anything
But loved or in love