

# The Muse

## Emilie Autumn

Your eyes are raised to heaven  
When I'm sitting on the floor  
At your feet. What am I for?  
Do I create or just translate  
Between you and your mind  
The art you'll never find?  
And when your pen runs out of ink  
You'll close the book and with me  
Leave behind your memory  
Are you brilliant? Are you blind?  
Would you have nothing more to say  
If I ever flew away?  
In the end is it you, is it me?  
Do I have anything? What am I for?  
But when I walk out that door  
Your prayers are plenty when you have  
An empty page before you  
And still I may adore you  
For you take dictation better  
Than most poets true compose  
Your lines far surpass those  
You pray for what you know will come  
Your confidence is flattering  
But still it's quite another thing  
Compelled to inspire when to dream  
Is all you really understand  
The letters from your hand  
Will never quite belong to you  
And even then I only pray  
That when I leave you'll softly say  
"Goodbye."

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