

Emilie Autumn "The Muse"

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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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