

Poets Apologies

Oh! For a Muse of Fire that would set my pen alight
And a star to steer me by and get the meter right
To travel in the realms of gold where feet in ancient times
Walked with old sea farers who spoke ancient sailor rimes

To have memories that flash across an inward eye
Vacant and pensive moods as on my couch I lie
Or in a swinging hammock a thousand miles away
Dream up prose and poetry on good St Crispin's Day

I'm not afraid to rant and rage or enter that dark night
Wear purple now I'm older along with red so bright
But I sit here in my office all perplexed and still
Awaiting inspiration to compete with that Bard Will!

I'm the hare that limped its way on Blessed Agnes Eve
And ailing Knight at arms alone and love aggrieved
Stumbling for inspiration I must resort to plagiary
As ancient Muse Erato has failed and abandoned me!

The Healer.