

New Muse

It's easy to confuse

What is only a new muse  
For a flower in the heart  
When the clouds begin to part

When the ocean has a song

And you've waited all along  
With your ears against a shell  
Hearing secrets you can't tell

How the shutter learns to see

How the masses drink their tea  
How a stranger gains a name  
Idle sins that christen shame

Easy come and easy go

I can hear the one wind blow  
Over buildings in the sand  
Under birds who understand

To fly inside a gentle flock

As the waves defeat the rock  
Not at once but not at bay  
Working on the seventh day

The inspiration to renew

The only thing to come of you  
A broken string upon a harp  
For music that is flat and sharp