

## The Tardy Muse

I feel the muse within me stir, she really is quite late  
I've called upon her many times, she never kept the date.  
There's not much time for action, for now she's growing old  
She wants a chance to share her thoughts... (That seems a little bold.)

She wants to talk of honesty, integrity and right.  
Those virtues often pummeled by greed and lust and might.  
I must admit her message is not dated or archaic.  
But her timing is a little off ... (Just give me a break.)

The wrinkled face before me, where once a beauty stood  
Still has within her faded eyes, the spark of right and good.  
So release the cloying bonds of uncertainty and doubt  
And, when she's on her soap box... if she chooses ... let her shout.

For we only have a window that is small to make our mark  
And if we're shy and timid, we'll extinguish any spark  
So turn the old girl loose and let her have her say,  
And if she trips and stumbles ... well... there's always Chardonnay.