

CHANGING THE SUBJECT

I tried to make a poem. But my muse deserted me.
Besides my own bents, biases, and moods
I'm stymied by her quirks and whims, her attitudes.
I picked a topic and an angle, even picked
a title. But nothing works. She let me down,
abandoned me and left me in the lurch.
Her name is Erato. She isn't answering my calls.
Except to let me know I cannot write without her.

But I am also subject to a greater guide.
No petty preferences, just divine example, holy help.
Dependable, definitive, forgiving flaws and failures.
So who needs Erato? I'll write about my Lord.
I'll simply sing His praise and recommend His Word.
The most supremely perfect ever heard.

--Glenna Holloway