

## My Muse Shall Not Be Denied

she taps on my door  
at such inconvenient times  
with her urgent pleas:

as dawn's brain-fog lifts,  
in morning's soapy shower,  
at sunset's repose

*do not ignore me!  
my rare gift will slip your grasp,  
lost forevermore*

I may fail this task  
her mission is too daunting  
for these few short lines!

*my time is not yours  
deny me at your peril  
I am not done yet*



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