

Treacherous

by sweetflag

Inspiration is a fickle mistress, and she takes what you need when you need it the most.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Inspiration is a fickle mistress, and she takes what you need when you need it the most.

I sit and stare at the vast white before me,
Wondering how to trap my thoughts in ink.
The pen is cool between my fingers, and I can see
All the words twirling within my mind as I think.
I sigh and cry and with a frown, know I am damned!
No words flow down my arm from mind to sheet,
And no muse guides my wayward and stalling hand.
The page is blank, and the story remains incomplete.
What caused those violent sparks of thought?
What possessed me and guided my mad fingers?
If only I had that now! Instead, I am fraught.
That cruel memory of passion still lingers.
It burned hotly inside me... a thousand suns deep within!
Pen nib scorched the paper as it trapped upon the vellum
The delight and ecstasy of my muse-befuddled skin.
How I honoured her efforts as she incited sweet delirium.
Panting and sweating as each line took on sensual structure,

Teeth worrying lip, and perched at the end of my seat
As I carried out the whim of that hungry, divine creature,
And within her tender mercies, I burnt in her duplicitous heat.
Cruel mistress! To have fed me and left me to starve now,
Insensible to my suffering and thirst as you glut on my effort.
The blank page crumples in my quaking fist and tears rain down.
My heart clenches at the betrayal and the snatched support.
I had it! Within my grasp, I had it all; all there before me:
The form in all its glory was laid out and wanton to my eye.
I drank it in, but the last was lost in my greed and glee,
And I never saw all that I should have—it was all a lie!
Treacherous inspiration with a delicious voice,
Luring us in with bitter-sweet abandon.
Did we ever really have a choice
But to listen and hang on?