

## ABANDONED BY MY MUSE

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*Wesley Kisting*

At the end of time I shall look back,  
To think upon the things I lack.  
And then I'll find I'm quite fulfilled,  
Yet lack the greatest wish I willed:  
And that's to have my Muse to hold  
And hear her sing as I grow old.  
Her silence then will surely tell  
My passion did not woo her well  
Nor struck in her that blessed chord  
That earns a lover Love's reward.  
And I, no doubt, will still complain  
(well knowing that I groan in vain):  
"How sad that Love should love a jest  
Which pricks so sharply in my chest!  
I tried! — I tried!  
I raged and burned and cried!  
Love impaled me on her lance  
But would not give a second glance,  
Nor the slightest heart's relief,  
Just pain and sweat and tears and grief!"  
And when I've spouted all my pains,  
Reason will restore the reins.  
Then, no doubt, I'll give a sigh,  
And scold my heart no more to pout,  
I fanned the flames of love so high  
Until, alas! they quite blew out!