

# Mind Your Inspiration

*by* Emily Sparkles

Be careful when you choose your muse,  
for she may be a siren.

A muse takes words and works of praise  
as offerings to flatter.

A siren is sustained by lauds  
and demands them ever after.

A muse will smile, benign and sweet,  
at your attempts to woo her.

A siren's smile drips with bloody glee  
at the sacrifice you've left her.

Muses fade; they come and go  
and the artist's laments are one-sided.

The muse may not even know he's gone,  
her life not requiring excitement.

Sirens don't allow for leaving,  
Their call may turn from sweet to shriek.

And when the artist dreams of fleeing,  
at best he'll shipwreck at her feet.

