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The Muses Are Dead

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And on this frail pen alone
Does rest the burthen of
Transcriptions of haunting memories:
My fingers tremble
Lest I make her ugly, and distorted;
Or lest, in poring over realms of gold,
I fall into pits of tar as some
Great and stupid beast of ages past —
And there remain, never to be dug up,
(Indeed with no such fancy
To be found in that dull state).

Yet memory and desire,
Insidious friends do summon and push too,
Lest the ink dries to the point I hold,
And thus forms not
Even footsteps to make casts of.

phil parisí