The Return of the Muse

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Abstract

Bitch, O doddering Muse, At the green-stained fingers Of the young scholars this day. Brush off that dust-soaked robe And creaking, step down from Your top-shelf throne among the spiders To marvel at the new quest of desire...
THE RETURN OF THE MUSE

by
Craig Hildreth
English/Pre-Med 4

Bitch, O doddering Muse,
At the green-stained fingers
Of the young scholars this day.
Brush off that dust-soaked robe
And creaking, step down from
Your top-shelf throne among the spiders
To marvel at the new quest of desire.

Watch the queues that lean and wait
To take the baccalaureate,
Tunnel minds who run the maze,
Ring the bell and gargoyle praise.

Sing, O parched Goddess,
For the ream of erudition,
Drape the stinging white notes of ocean-spray,
Swept from Odysseus' silver sail,
Around the opaque eyes
Which cherish the blessed black robe,
Weep the joy of honor regained
To the backs of efficient heroes
Who march the plastic steps to fame,
Letters placed beyond the name,
Empty ears to songs of old,
Eyes that pass the cup of gold.

Now, O trembling Woman,
Before your candle lies down to die,
Grope your way back
To your musty perch
Over lampshades and cheap cologne;
Fly away to the isle
  Where the Gods alone
Are immune to solicitous disease.
Toss your stringless lyre upon the pile.