

WE ARE THE MUSES by Judith Judith

We are the muses;
And we are not amused;
However clever;
Or charming a ruse;
The man may use as;
His method of choice;
When laying claim
To inspirations;
Insights or illuminations;
Emanating through a muse.

*We're modern muses;
Re-booted, savvy innocents;
No longer dupses;
Of "I must have ye" lewd intents;
Penitence' useless;
Peruse the fine print and relent;
Or—
Take it up with management;
The All-In-One Omniscient;
She's our boss;
Most awesome Goddess;
Ever present font of "what is:
Of us hotties, is the hottest;*

Raining bounty's best upon us;

But mess with Her and—

Let's be honest;

The consequences won't be pretty.

We are the muses;

And we've got more than a clue;

Men can't confuse us;

Despite how dreamy the view;

We've scooped your story;

Front page of Muse News;

You're the guys who get entranced;

By even just a sideways glance;

At someone seen by happenchance;

Who just happens to be channelling a muse.

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Let's be honest;

The consequences won't be pretty.

So if you love her;

Take heed and handle with care;

Ask nothing of her;

Until you're prepared;

To stay the course of

Integrity's way.

Resist all fame;

And lame temptations;

To co-opt mused inspirations;

Let the Sacred permeate;

Mundane and ordinary states;

While ever mindful of your dues;

Humour, kindness, gratitude.;

There's nothing more we'll ask of you;

Just don't forget the contract calls for nothing less.

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(The last verse is sung only at the finale. In the background, the faces of famous muses including Fred Kahlo, Mrs. Einstein #1, Hannah Arendt, Sabina etc. morph into a map of Earth when this verse begins)

Our boss is Gaia;

Most sacred Source of "what is";

No Goddess higher;

No nobler course to "just is";

She has a message;

For all who would hear:

Time to act;
It's not too late;

While I can still reciprocate;

Nurturance and harmonizing;

On a scale that's globalizing.

Sure She's hot but watch Her chill;

Once you un-do what you will;

Acquiesce; stop second-guessing;

How She manifests Her blessings.

Here's the thing;

She knows you know;

Don't make us sing;

We told you so.

Wake up, wise guys! Listen, brutes!

Humble pie bears Wisdom's fruits;

Nature's lessons, no excuses;

And no messin' with Her muses;

"Cause the consequences won't be pretty.