

Pen Pixie

The muse she comes a calling
When it's late and past the clock
Doesn't like convention
In fact, she never knocks
A wild and gentle creature
Her smile is dark and wide
On silver platters offers
Works otherwise you couldn't find
To salvage creators' moments
With relief from the pain
She could leave without a whisper
Not even to explain
There is no number for her
Muse isn't even her real name
Won't come if she is beckoned
Won't come if you refrain
There is a moment secret
Hidden just before hope lost
The wide page open welcome
Fertile to be crossed