

To the Muse
By C.J. Newton

*You speak to me in tones of sound.
Waves wash ere consonants divide.
Vowels and rhythms in you abide
And we sing on the wind before we write it down.*

*You march on streets with surefooted step
And guide me in your enchantry.
I walk and run to kiss your mist:
Your lover fighting to bring you the best*

*I with these humble hands can create
That yearn to touch the tissue that
Links you and me and music and poetry—All.
Running with you I am briefly great.*