The Un-Amused Muse

William Weir ’18

Upon the peak o’ ‘Lympus’ golden crest
The marble stoops and floral mangers tressed
Do kiss the tips of the clouds cast soft in blue
Whence ancient God and ‘desses bathed in dew.
Their glazed breasts turn milky collars red
Of mortal men whose hearts give rise to head,
For human lives doth ne’er seen such sights
But mangy actors, playing Gods, in tights.
So e’ery scribe of apes’ adopted word
Must use Prometheus’ fire for means absurb.

The Muse I’m called, in name Calliope,
The greatest judge of epic poetry,
But I am snatched from all mine reverie
By each and every poet’s vanity.
All suppose of heaven I was born,
But no, my start derived from Grecian porn
For Zeus, my sire, therein fair Mnemosyne
Believed his Comb of Cocks would sate his sin.
Because in youth nine sons we loved arts,
That sexist boor told all his sons were tarts.

And so I write this poem, humanity,
This tome that spurns its words away from glee.
But promise this, I do in rhymed time,
Mine Godly prayers go with you in this rhyme.
A tragedy is stable at the start
But comedy doth steady on depart.
In their honored form with tear in eye
A laughing grin becomes the strange reply;
O, on thine mask I see no turned skin,
But in good time, you’ll laugh, you’ll fear, you’ll grin.
Your many words, although they dance on lips
Tie on a bun and drown in contrite sips.
So please I beg you, halt your blinding eyes!
The arm of Hercules bore much less size.
The Nemian Lion 'twas not so fierce a fight
But pretty lady puss slain at middle night.
Now all the stories chant of trophied fur,
Yet in all truth, Herc brought that daughter's purr
To greater heights that night with moon most high.
'Till Herc, in her sheets, fled from her father's cry.

On Trojan beaches laced with sunlit streaks
Apollo, flaming, burnéd cheeks of Greeks.
And waves lulled in on diamond azure tides
To kiss Achilles' heels 'tween saucy strides.
His sandy toes danced light upon the gold
As blood sprayed hotly from a soldier bowled.
"Chick-fwap, chick-fawp" became the sound of doom
When thonged1 Achilles flopped into the room.
"Chick-fwap, chick-fwap," sounds not of warful passion
But of tannéd warrior's pathetic fashion.

I'm Muse of word, so vaunt in charity
I've grown molested by thine scribbled spree.
To hell, to hell! My Grecian heart shall fly
And throw the bird to all thine Gods on high!
For they have cursed me with this painful charge
Whose weight would capsize Charon's ancient barge.
For I must listen close to worse and worse
Poems of nitwit "authors" spewing verse.
Milton holds he knows the truth of hell,
But truest hell begins when humans spell.

Note

1 A pair of toe-splitting sandals.