

TO AN INSPIRING MUSE

Philip Higson

You have the presence of a châtelaine
And I could prove your faithful troubadour,
Glad of your light on paths too long obscure,
Your elevating soul to guide my pen.

You open realms beyond my former ken,
Beyond life's endless tunnels that immature;
You have the presence of a châtelaine
And I could prove your faithful troubadour.

O, for ascension O to find again
The hopes of earliest youth that seemed so sure;
You of all beings are the sovereign cure
For my now plight, hemmed in by meagre men:
You have the presence of a châtelaine.

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