

Heaven alone may understand,

    If even Heaven does—

This strange estate, this Satan's seal,

    This clutch that claims my soul.

These strangled callings, can you hear?

    They clamor for control—

Erato's whisper: "Poet art thou",

    Some playwright's ghost ~~is~~ outshouts!

I never prepared my voice to sing;

    Why did it turn to gold?

I never have toasted Terpsichore,

    Yet still she came and bred...

The shades of sculptors haunt my hands,

    And fight my mother's gift—

The only birthright gift I own—

    The rest are bastard freaks.

Her truth of touch, her rare technique,

    Her keyboard mastery

Precede this horde that made me host,

    Infesting heart and mind.