

I Also Craft My Sullen Art

(Interlocking Rubáiyát)

I *also* craft my sullen art by night,
When muses on my nodding head will light.
I've tried to find my niche; I'd often fail,
But now, at last, I've found the itch to write.

The jet-black lifeblood stains each fingernail.
Its weight inflates the number on the scale.
One day I'll be a master of the pen,
Or I will be a shattered dream for sale.

The writer's mind's a loom. Its pow'rs can spin
A tapestry from hay or gold from tin.
Though Inspiration is a fickle sprite,
We'll migrate to that midnight desk again.