

Inflammatory Writ

Joanna Newsom

Oh, where is your inflammatory writ?
Your text that would incite a light; 'be lit'

Our music deserving
Devotion unswerving
Cried; 'do I deserve her?'
With unflagging fervor
Well, no we do not, if we cannot get over it

But what's it mean when suddenly we're spent? - tell me true
Ambition came and reared its head and went - far from you

Even mollusks have weddings
Though solemn and leaden
But you dirge for the dead
And take no jam on your bread
Just a supper of salt and a waltz through your empty bed

And all at once
It came to me
And I wrote in hunch 'til four-thirty
But that vestal light
It burns out with the night

In spite of all the time that we spend on it
Om one bedraggled ghost of a sonnet
While outside the wild boars root
Without bending a bough underfoot
Oh, it breaks my heart - I don't know how they do it

So don't ask me!

And as for my inflammatory writ?
Well I wrote it and I was not inflamed one bit

Advice from the master
Derailed that disaster
Said; 'hand that pen over to me, poetaster!'
While across the great plains
Keening lovely & awful
Ululate the last great american novels
An unlawful lot left, to stutter and freeze floodlit
But at least they didn't run, to their undying credit