

# 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