



Do you think that you know
Who I am, what I feel
Just because we spend so much
Time together
How do you know that you
Are seeing me
And not just seeing us
Don't call me an iconoclast
just because I don't
believe in any
color-by-numbers philosophies
You may call me a cynic
but I feel my karma
is too valuable to invest
in fly-by-night dogmas
If I can't see it, hear it
feel it, smell it, than
it just doesn't fit
in my mythology
Granted, I have co-opted
the features I most
like from the other
sects
Muses figure prominently
in this
but then, muses always do
You may be my muse
But that gives you little

Purchase upon my soul
I thought that muses allowed
us to see ourselves
not the other way around
So if you want to know me
Take me as your muse
Or take off your shades
And read the pain in my eyes
I didn't put it there
Just for you
It resonates for me, too