

Silent Muse

To the lonely heart that will write a novel
Of a tale it can't piece together
About the absent twin they hope would marvel
At the life he had lost forever.

Their inspiration who they never met once
And know they will never meet again,
Who acts as their nagging and voiceless guidance,
Like an optimistic hooligan.

I say it now, to the voice that is gone:
I write to remember you.
To you, my lost source of inspiration,
To my sweet and silent muse.