

## Dismay

Imagery flows through a waterspout, into my study drawn,  
Icons on a shining screen, a mocking dance begun.  
Tired grind and groan meanders, through a mental fog,  
Ideas unprepossessing, fraught with miscued work,  
Entreaty made to bright Electra, random specks float down,  
    No succor lies before me, only dirty snow.

Not inspired begs the question, my ideas worse for wear,  
My pleading is but scant relief, a watery redoubt.  
Borrowed sums are tightly wound, against my future bright,  
Lacking hope of sweet reward, within my beck and call,  
In concatenating waves of chaos, a lesser vision forms,  
Defeat this time my silver cursor, let starlight stand aside,  
    A vapid bit is thus produced, an awful crop of words.

Though creation is its own reward, and knowledge often gained,  
I often chafe on papers proffered, with task so lowly done.  
Evolution piques truest effort, a Kantian delight,  
Sagely I start to print; as caution begins to well,  
But hesitation is cast aside, consider now the sun,  
    Disk and paper fly about; I set off on a run.