

# Inflammatory Writ

Joanna Newsom

Oh, where is your inflammatory writ  
Your text that would incite a light, be lit  
Our music deserving devotion unswerving  
Cry "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, 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 and hunched 'till four-thirty  
But that vestal light  
It burns out with the night  
In spite of all the time that we spent on it  
On 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  
He said "Hand that pen over to me, poetaster!"  
While across the great plains, keening lovely and 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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