

I, muse.

I, an artist's inspiration,
even if the brush strokes
don't touch my stony skin.

Decorate me with beauty,
exquisite balms
over my ancient wounds.

I, muse.

I, adored walls,
despite the hard stormy history,
I still stand here.

Honour me with talent,
colourful dreams
which someone else had on my behalf.

I, muse
now healed.

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