

Idea

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This was basically me finding poetic release on the subject of how often inspiration slips through my fingers before the project it applied to was finished yet. It's from awhile ago, but I'm still fairly happy with it.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Firiel/59801/Idea>

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In the wood I saw a light;
Like a star so clear, so bright...
It beckoned me to find the source,
"I am a stream, follow my course!"
I lagged half-hearted, hesitating;
"Come, come, don't stay waiting!
Follow, follow, do not stay;
Or my fire may fade away!"
My feet enchanted followed the call,
Only to find that after all
Its voice was meant for a nobler ear,
When I grasped its flame so dear
It died and left me in the dark;
My hands had smothered its precious spark.