Being hidden in a room of someone’s own.
Inspiring them:
their next beautiful line,
next love story,
next tragedy,
next historical revision,
next colorful brushstroke,
next light-hearted step,
next idea.

Their bodies become more,
metamorphosed into erotic symbols
through feminine flowers, juicy fruits,
and wild animals. Possibly even arm candy
as the artist distorts her by revealing
her every flawed secret
as beauty.
As she appears in allegorical works,
as the grand goddess or doormat.

She is dedicated to the art for art’s sake
even if she is stuck in the roles as a model, lover,
mistress, wife, teacher, and mother.
Oh what grand gate-keepers,
these women who support the great artist
suffering of obstacles and accomplishments
by sacrificing for the sake
of “artistry”.

The Perks of Being a Muse
Jennifer Anderson
No worries, the muse’s so-called art career
will probably pick-up after she’s eighty.
Aside from being in between
those other four free-lance jobs
and not being stuck in a tenured teaching position.

She inspires through creation
of her own prose, painting,
sonnet, ballet, criticism, and opus.
She can modestly undergo being
embarrassed by being called a genius.
How prudent of them.

She’ll be called an Aphrodite and Medusa
in the same conversation—
such a compliment...
to be called a romantic distraction
for one’s work. While not receiving any recognition
of her own talent.

Yet her labors of love will forever be immortalized
in revised versions of art history textbooks
as the supporter; pillar of this phallic artist.
She is the pride and joy for everyone
as her diligent ideas, craft, and work
will forever live on in the work of others.