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## **My Guardian Muse**

The genius reigns  
over chaos he wrote

Sat there in filth  
dirty clothes and no soap

The genius reigns  
over chaos he wrote

Laid there in dirt with  
no clothes and no hope

A guardian muse  
as Zen as can be

Lifts up the hobo  
and force him to see

That that the genius  
who ruled over chaos and wrote

Is a folly, a fool  
a red heart'd fool

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