

Untitled (My torment is tinged with time and shyness...)

My torment is tinged with time and shyness.
The sad sense I have of the fate of our lies
Quiets an essential quest for knowing you.
I would gild my gaze with your beauty,
But knowing none of your needs—
You want yarn and cries to be true—
I can only watch and whisper my cares in shadow.
Ah! Beneath me a blue veil cools hot skin
And rain runs in a juggernaut from dreams.
My blood leaves little affection for this guile.
When will I lapse fully into that old carapace?
The one that with sweet strokes made me think I was safe.
Raw and red roses wind about my black life.
Pure and purple language chain me to the heaven of you.
Would winters were more than screams from a pyre.
Friends and goddesses alike fall upon a sea of mean missives
To still demons and drunk prayers bewailed through conflict.
My head longs for home, but it is you I ask after.
Aloof from all I am as if gone ten moons ago,
The nights put the now in the herculean light of eternity.
It's crazy, but not only a forest of kisses can find me.
Despite the delicate days of wanting and parting,
I would worship god if he could give me you,
But I know the knife in my breast may be truth
Or only the subterfuge you are pleased to play with.
Who can spring me from this honeyed hell of cunning?
I go on, but I give less than two thousand suns.
By then my asking will not be suffering but bold caterwaul.
Will it be a sweet or stormy mother you make?