

Elizabeth and The Looking Glass

Oh how I have loved.
An ocean bed of brittle bones and forgotten
peaks laced in frozen stones

I have been and I have done.
A thousand open waves wept for my attention
yet none stirred my shallow affection

A ship stained in ashen white,
her belly lay barren on silent shores
now that my pearls are cast like dust into spores.

The angelic voice of lives first chapter sinks
into open hearts and wounded memories.
The call to the chase in the winds petulant grace

Golden veins drenched with victory scars
tarry nothing unless soothed with such rosey lips
A fool relishes in plenty where a honest man
begs for a rivals envy.

A wind carries no limbs that could satisfy me
and so
The pursuit of passion enclosed me to you.

I journeyed across the sands to seek our union
insidious slumbers that no tongue could loosen
Such a vicarious vixen,
even then

It started with the Tower.
We enslaved ourselves to it through the hours
Supple muscle torn and flesh
melted hands and suffering heads

From the dust we forged our carousel.
My wanton palace were we would soon dwell
Amongst the dunes, it stood like a washed up shell
Little did i realise it would become my lonely hell

But then, oh it was my majesty,
opulent, a sovereign kingdom, the cherished treasury
In those walls we feasted on spoils of our younger days
raptures invoked our gluttonous praise
Never a single, never one
our pleasures where redundant, not even the Gods could outrun.

But The worlds about our feet started to bore
Our ready temptations were insatiable and became a sore
Our heads looked up to the sky
and we welcomed the ebony gaze with greedy eyes.

The night became a moving waterfall of falling light
Each star began to walk and took flight
Porcelain raindrops, with precious faces
From distant altars we were gifted their eternal ages

The tower was an open chest
banquets, concerts, decadent entertainment
New words glistened on our ripened grins
blessed with the immortal queens and kings

One night, one dance in the warmest of winters
The great floors were cleared for the close of dinners
A figure ascended into the centre and began to dance
and she had only to give me one glance.

And I was done.
Skin of mellowed fruit, enveloped her rippled frame
Eyes of molten shade and crumbled lilies
Lips of a cut silk
A body that hummed in silence
My undoing was sold in front of everyone.

I took her hand and we moved together
Her pulse spoke to mine and I was lost within the ether
Her touch found my embrace
and I was hopeless to escape.

That evening was one of many
my being was sewn to her whims already
Our long awaited union left me fatally elated
who was I to consider our indifference as things escalated

Hours would bleed into days of just existing near her
She longed for my constant and I implored her
I moulded myself to a vision that pleased her
I was left perpetually starved as it was impossible to have enough of her.

She was my everlasting exhalation.

In the final days we visited the heights of the tower to hide
She enjoyed the quieter reaches by my side
Together we built a looking glass of beings from the skies and the earth
For the looming tides when we were to be apart she told me with such mirth

A thought seemed so impervious but of course it approached,
The towers city reclined into mourning, our pleas were revoked
The immortal creatures lined our streets and bid farewell
their ignorance to our grief stung like a overcast spell.

I took your body into mine
and I begged you to decline
But your promise belonged to your kin
and I was left where I have since been.

Your last words struck me still, a promise of eternal love
In your image, you said, just like the beings from above
We are the infinite few blessed with such an honour to feel
an endless breath that can never cease or be concealed.

I let her go and watched her light fade back into a single light once more
I stood alone until the sun was called for
An empty dawn, a hollow bed
For days I lay deserted and wept

I wandered out to the tower to our spot
Pulling out our looking glass, setting it in place, tying a knot
With both hands I lifted the carved birds in my palms
The smell of it was like holding you in my arms

Once turned into every night to search for you and wait
to see if you would keep our promise, not leave me to this fate
The winds my chorus the sands my veil
Your promise desolated me, still and frail

Hope can last a long time I discovered
It starts so potent, lingers then is smothered
It turns things into lies and injustice that are humiliating to compare
And as for me the looking glass was a mockery of our affair.

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A forgotten voice, a silken rose
My love, all love is deceit waiting to close
The pull of companionship plagues the hungry heart
in reality, like all things death mirrors love its counterpart

To my darlings I now hang you up to dry
In my desert far from waters birth I wait to die
In nature's image I will reside alone while the fools reign high
Oh but a sad old man to wait for an inconceivable goodbye

My Elizabeth,
My everlasting breath.