

## 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.