

Anthology of TylerHathaway

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

*The writings contained within are dedicated my beautiful lady Melony whom I love dearly my Soul
mum Gail Plaatje for being my mum my daughter Samantha for all the support she has given me
..my two sons David and Jordan for believing in me even when I couldn't ...and finally to all those
poets who are still yet to come ..never give up on your dream or creation*

Acknowledgement

I thank any and all who support and create their own narrative in poetry ..and I thank Julian .for the opportunity to write this book ..

About the author

About me hmmm a tough one a writer and artist with bipolar ..but still very expressive in my emotions and my desire to support others through writing their feelings in prose poetry or script ..

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Passion

Tis another Nocturne 's descent velvet heavens of shadows crawl doth cast feathered wing of Raven darkness upon thine essence in soft and haunted whispers .which mayhap perchance to resound echoes ..

MoonlightAh harken ye unto silences ..should thee darest venture forth of secluded havens ..for tis thence most beauteous Nosferatu ..princess and Lady in graces timeless ..doth roam her palacial gardens of her yesteryear 's innocence. ...

Knowest she thence tis perhaps singular touch of her lips upon the fruit of forbidden wants ..that anticipation...in feverish pitchOh the longing thence to taste of thy deliverance. .

For tis so one who doth defy crucifix and doth gaze at reflection ..for shall it cast none upon looking glasses ..ney thence not even upon lake or waters of silvered sheen ...Ah thence M'Lady didst she walk and stride silent neath eyes of Luna's posses ..though tis so that she whom doth hold command of Nocturne and didst peruse Solar ..that he might bow afore her ..

Yet now tis within forest darkening where boughs of aged wisdom doth they knoweth all ..but foretell perhaps in whispered chances .and shadows dance ..

Come forth thence Vampyric Maiden ..taketh of mine own hand ..as it doth tremble in anticipation of what treasures might yet beset thee within a kiss of crimson

Raven ? 2016 Vampyre ?

Shades of me

Tis said do be "most darkest of night before the dawning light doth break." Though would I wager ..Is it not as darkest as my shattered heart ...

"Shattered ...sadly "tis it truest" as shards of glass.." hath they embedded " in my chest.. pain perhaps comparable " unto heart that doth shed crimson rivulets" in endless ruination of my spirit...that even " my soul doth weep"

"Weeping miseries" ..that tears fall silently ..in silvery streams of guilt..down my cheek..they roll..heavy laden with memories of you...your ghost still haunts me...your smile endearing ..and warming this cold , morbid existence....

"Morbidity ..sombre" a silence that "doth it draw satin black veil" to cover my eyes...for if i were to look into the abyss any longer..would i plunge myself unto its depths..such is my loneliness and isolation....

'Isolation" to be so alone ..so alone that my thoughts they "doth echo of me" inside my own head...or to swim an ocean of sorrow ..an eternal voyage on "desperation's hand" ...but of what despair .. a madness claims me ..

"Madness." .for it was complete idiocy to let you walk from me "whence did we two have eternity and reside therein happiest". Screaming in the night...i awaken from sleep..and look for you...then harsh realities become awash of me...in my mind ..that i am alone..

"Mind numbing" twist of fate...that i cannot dispel you from my soul .."thine enchant doth it enslave me. In chains of "thy softest most sighs and caresses tenderest" yet they feel as though they are "cruellest hawthorn spike" and barbed wire snare ..that did trap a wolf unto thee...

"Wolf ensnared" ..entangled of your love...blinded by the unseen reflection of your presence....listening to your heart ..dearest love was mine.."now tis lost of me". ..and the bloom of your smile..a rose whose beauty abounds my dream's wants.....Ah ...but now hath it beome torn and withered "petal of indifference" within my hands...and "thereto my love " "must my broken soul reside"

2016 ^{(R)}/^{\wedge}. Raven ?

Summer's Ghost

Summer's Ghost ..

I sit alone..ney .. for tis so thence am I lost within mine own maelstrom of dispondency .cast adrift mayhap upon tempestuous storms of doubting..oh pray what might thence thy reward be .. wouldst I offer perhaps in barter of even a thread of hope and knowing thee most intimate ..

Foliage upon the tree ...hath it begun to fall away, thence too doth I. for my lot or toll .. to observe how those most beauteous echoes of each wondrous dawning waken now under promise broken hath become as ashen for thence shall decrepit sorrows awash the vine fruits of passion .. rot and bitter taste pervey...

Canst it thence be so a bloom t'was sayeth to blossom eternal ..hath been chastened most cruellest .. her petals silken ..doth wither betwixt mine finger tips... bloodiest of those agonies that doth eviscerate ere more deepest within mine own silent deathly heart ..so much hath passed over ..shrouds of winter oh how they imprison me of mine own hopelessness ..now that knowest I thou art winter's frozen hand upon mine own brow furrowed .

Verily doth I proclaim in confessions reluctance .that even the melodies of such happiness ..musical keys didst resound our joining oh for too many in multitude be thence the songs we two didst compose upon Summer's hand ..yet now the ebony doth crack neath weighted tearful remorse and ivory lay blood stained ..tainted mayhap of it own realities ..pain wracked composition and torn sheets of belonging doth tumble from mournful and empty eyes for whom such sorrows doth I pray one's fate shall it ne'r cause to cast gazes upon

Raven 2016 ? Summer's Ghost

Infant Dark

Infant dark... weep not ..whilst thou doth seek haven within thine own insanityt"was it not thy fault ..thou were borne unto evil that t'was unspaketh ..

Verily tis of truest cofess thou didst indeed suckle at breast of Jackal....bitterest taste upon thy tongue doth venomate thee ...thy heart hath become shattered in hopeless abandonment..

Cast down from Celestial height ..were thou accursed upon thy birthriteproclaim thy light didst illuminate brightest ...lo' paternal sickened nurture ...grasp thee nettle of painful regret ..that it burn deepest

Didst thy blood parent ..pair visit upon thee...angers of leathered tongue and cruel blade ..corporeal curse placed within thy beingthat sword thrust deepest of thee ...

Now knowest ye winters of discontent ...that doth usher hatred daemonic against thine own understanding ...

Pray soonest shall ye find release ...smash chains of guilty imprison ..imposed of Luciferous father ...in foolish belief ..that tis as Darkness doth will it

Bloom of creation's unseen beauty ...doth they yearn in earnest of thy blessings crimson ...should ye draw blade across thy river of thine own presenceknowest in thy slumbers ..thou art loved eternal.....?

2016 ^{(R)}/^ RavenChild ??

My Immortalle

My Immortalle

Come forth unto me ..mine own desire unfathomable ..for thine eyes..doth beckon me in sheer 'en
trance 'oh ..art thou obsidian candle's flame ..dancing afore minexpensive own wanton crave of
thee...

A Mistress in Shadow mayhap ...but ney and thrice doth mine heart confess tis imprisoned of thy
phantom caresse ..a faintest whisper doth echo within mine own soul ...

Princess of Nocturne's waking ...one who doth summon ethereal haunted gazes ..doth her silvered
glories wax and thence wain in her embrace of starless darkened celestial haven

Whence then Raven bird doth it perch upon monument silence ..cruel reminiscences of one's gem
long lost ..but ne'r art thou farthest in painful refleet of thee...

Tis true t'were thou ..ney ..thou art mine own etrnity's deliverance a mantle of beauteous timeless
perfections....can thy smile er'e be recaptured ..within eyes of another ...ney for money own heart
doth it make pledge thee. ..and thereto shall i devote mine existence ...in carving upon granite
pedestals in tributes of one whom doth command amours of me ere'more. ..

2016^(R)/^ Raven

Nosferatu Beauteous

Nosferatu..

Beset ye darkest maiden upon Nocturne's fortunes...infernos that doth sear one's soul ..spare not of mercies for want of heart's yearning ...it doth concern ye not .c'ept crimson dream ablaze within thine eyes ...

Petfection of forbidden bloom ..one who doth ward of Shadows unseen ...yet art thou as vision so clearest unto me ...thy petals doth they bid one to taste thee of thy paradisial delight ...for knowest thine allure none can dissuade...

In moonlight's summon within hourglass turning....thou hast cast many a hungered soul unto thy maelstrom of lusting ...yet tis naught unto thine own heart silentc'ept perhaps gorge of thyself...sate thy thirsts....

Carest not I ...if tis void of damnations that doth greet me in thy caresse ..can i fight not thy unspoken beauty ..and instead wage conflict upon mine ownself...thy kiss upon my lips enthrall passions...

Gladly then I doth bequeathe mine own creation ..life's blood...it doth rise tidal ..and fevers rage upon my brow...tis but thee sweetest Nosferatu that i crave ,... thy body entwine within mine own ..our souls doth they become one..whence upon streams of carnal beauty eternal shall flow as wine and sweetest honeyed promise.....thy fanged embrace doth it press against me ...Oh ..doth I implore thee in hushed whisper.... and moan stifled doth eascape mine own tortured lips ...Bite truest sweet Darkness ..deliver thy promise unto my flesh wretched....for longest epoch hath i sought deepest ocean of forbiddanceto immerse mine innocent self in temptation's waters.....taste then... oh fated amours.. mine own crimson honours doth summon thee...and place this essence upon thy mantle ..kiss me now. I beg of thee.. breach floodgate of sins immortal ...and steal ye away mine own beingthereto deepest love divine ..doth but another angel fall at thy feet ..er'more

2016 ^R)^ Raven ?

Traveller ..

T'was most fleeting whispers upon mine own ear ...yet didst their summoning rage immortal in mine own torment ...ne'r shall i knowest of thee sweetest amours ..but hath I glimpsed thee within silvered moonlights ..

Ghostlike effervescent sheen of thy body ..doth wage war neath mine own savage bosom ..such thence doth longing for thee contort realities ...that am I lost in thine eyes

Must I submit in embettered remorse and reluctance to mayhap once begin thence this quest beset upon oceans darkest

Verily hath I crossed tireless face of time itself ..and as moth be drawn unto flame ..didst I step forth of shadows concealment ..yet in mine own folly therefore didst I cast miseries upon mine own flesh ...blade that doth lacerate most deepest ..be that of shattered hearts ...for fragmented shards of broken dreams doth pierce even immortal enslave...

Once thence didst I travel lands and oceans of time for t'was in those darkened places didst thou pass by mine own presence and shadow ..even if thence t'were I seen not unto an eyes nakedness ..but of thine own heart's want of that which it knowest not for reason ..c'ept mayhap to sate thine own hungers ...or summon forth thine own insanity 's ending

Once and more shall mine own heart set sail of mine own wretched body ..nail mine own soul unto the mast of a rose blackest more than nocturne herselffor in mine own voyage of lost love shall I perhaps cast mine own shadows immortal er'emore

Raven ? 2016.....'Traveller'

Obsidian Shadows Caresse

Tis it loneliness ...sweet melancholy posses that doth enrapture thee darkest desire...adorn ye thy crown Nocturnal in majesty's silence...

Spaketh ye not of dawning's greet...and caresse thy thee of due sweet mornings....then light of day shall it cast not upon ..incase thine own flesh be marred ...

Lay ye softest ..against pillows satin.... and lace finest be thy shroud ..whence upon darkest velvet whimslumber deeply ,in respite eternal... thy casket abode ...none shall disturb sweet one of shadows born..

Hounds of Hades ..doth they proffer themselves neath thine altar

Mausoleum ...testament that once didst thou walk abroad ...and fear not dawning light ..for thy beauty was as that of new born sun...that doth awaken above....

Yet doth thou see thine complexions ethereal ..thou art caressed of illuminate darkness inglorious allurepray what then didst cause thee to surrender unto romances forbidden ...though knowest i thy promise of bonding unto another doth weigh heaviest against thy bosom ...love ..it doth carest not whence upon cruel arrow doth pierce mortal....

Thine own torment that doth cause tears to shed crystal jewel..descend thy face ...Tiara beautiful of mournful loss..

fall away..

Fear then not thy beauty , shall wain whence soul doth take flightor perhaps thy bloom of roses darkest must they wilt upon stem ...tis not so ..for within thine own heart tis immortal ...and thy silken caresses eternal

Soonest sweet entrance of mine ..shall ye step forth lightest of shadow's guide....come unto mine own dreams... thy nakedness against mine own ...as perfumed aroma of thee doth captivaterest ye thy crowned Raven dark tresses upon my breast ...whence we two shall become entwined ...

I see thee ..sweetest soul ..and thy pains conceal in thine eyes ...masquerade of crimson whisper it doth pretence nothing neath thy fleshc'ept blessing obsidian ..a final caresse ...

2016 ^{(R)}/^{} Raven ?

Scribe thee truest heart

Scribe for thee mine own world , in myriad spectrum of a thousand shaded miseries....darkness to thee doth I dedicate thy my hand ...to compose sonnet of broken souls wretched

Knowest not I..of any love truest ..tis bitterest wine upon my lips.... .and soft caresse doth become as barbed claw ..that it render my flesh torn ..from sinew...

Hath I wept many a tear ...that am I sickened of hopes false of they who in absent emotion ...proclaim upon venomed tongue...that they lure me unto hopeless abandonment

Romancing then pointed dagger's promise ..doth it bequeath release if t'were to barter life's blood against cruel blade in baptism of sorrows ...

Tempt not the bloom's most purple hew ...for its silence doth belie amany enchantmentspell cast upon the pages silken immortality ...

Mine own yearnings doth they mean nothing .unto me , lo to compose illusions and weave incantation , bewitching and beguile they whom in blind stupor doth follow the Raven dark ..into mine own heart aching

2016 ^ (R) / ^ Raven ??

Sonnet

Sonnet..

T 'was upon a nocturne ..darkest heavens velvet caress upon the moonlight ..a stillness sweetened within mists of memory doth I recall a Raven didst perch upon my shoulder ...whispering softest into mine own ear ...he didst quest of me thrice

'Pray telleth unto me kind poet how doth one wax lyrical upon the heart of others if thine own heart doth beat not .'

In my reply ..why tis to muse and even console those whom hath dreams naught of their own ..for in mine own heart hath I borne witness 'O many a sorrowful tear shed ...whence can i illuminate thence their hopes with simplest word

The Raven didst reflect kindest upon these words ..thence didst he quest the second ..Pray telleth unto me muse of many a dream spaketh what of thine own happiness...doth thou deserve not to knowest that completion of thine own longings.

My reply t'was thus ...for it doth matter naught of mine own happiness if thence my verse forge as iron belief in one another...that tis my happiness and mine own completion. No greater desire hath I than to glance upon lovers lost within one another ...

The raven gazed deepest into mine own soul and thence didst I witness his final quest upon mePray telleth unto me one for whom sweetest narrative doth embrace all who may recite thy hand's compose'What of love...wherefore is thine own....

Wiping a solitary crystal like tear from mine eye ..didst I answer ...Sweet raven ..knowest thee now ..my love is that for all man and woman ..that they shall knowest sweetest congress and thereto hold dearest unto their hearts the love that hath I lost ...for now my still beating heart doth wax many a sonnet for lovers to take unto their own self and my rest eternal shall cometh ...

The Raven was content and didst smile at me and say ..Thou art temperate in thy verses ..thy magings doth carve deepest emotion upon hearts of even Oaken wake.....and with those words ushered didst he fly upon the heavens once more

Raven ? 2016 Sonnet

Raven Dark

You were a Darkness that did enslave me ...proclaimed yourself of my own blood of Roma ...yet did you cheat love's happiness...

Nosferatu/Brujah. You know the meaning of the two even though you were promised to another..

How foolish was i to let myself become nothing more than prey to satisfy your Sadistic hunger.. to lay my being open to waste of your putrid breath upon my skin...even when in truth ...you made my flesh crawl

As a Tarantula you spin your deceptions and ensnared me in your web of lies.... Taking that which i gave you out of sincerity ..then once your hunger daemonic was sated ..and my essence on your vile lips... that ugliness in your eyes beset the daemon inside ...and tore out this heart of mine

Every nightfall would you step from Shadow in silent velvet beauty ..you were a vision that my heart yearned for....yet should i have known that moment you did refuse to gaze upon your reflection...there and then should i have noticed your evil intent...you hid it well....were you afraid of what may stare back...now i see that yes you were...

You wore your gown of shadows gossamer softest...it was a sweet perfumed whisper upon my heart ..a rose so silken that i longed to touch ..to taste...and savour...Oh but now i realise that your Nightshade deception was fatal...

From your lips sweet nothings fell as droplets of fresh summer's rains...and bewitched me..this can i not deny...now those sweet nothings bequeath their namesake.."nothing". the prophecy fulfilled from your empty black heart..and acid taste of you has scarred my flesh..

Your body was by illusion so beautiful a venus darkest...but with such perfection...i would feel myself compelled to watch..hypnotised in cruellest desires as you removed your gown of lies and sorrows...now would i gladly take a blade to my own flesh to cut your sting from my body...the memory of your touchburns incessantly.....a torch..a warning beacon unto the unwary...that you Nosferatu will feed your hungers wherever your lust takes you ..

I weep solemn tears dearest Raven mine..though not for. you..no ..they would be wasted... not even for me....for my reward is justbecause i did lay myself at your feet ...no dearest my tears are for the innocent man ..who knew no different ...his crime. To love you ...yet you defied this and sought my blood of Roma...it is for him that i weep....for you have i nothing but bitter regrets and dishonour upon my name ...

2016 ^{(R)}/^{\wedge}. Raven

Incarcerate me

Am I captured ...imprisoner of mine own desires.... lo' for be they most darkest crystalline caresse
,,... peer then within looking glass , yet not a sound shall pass lest it fracture her beauty
flawless...shatter perfection of one's longing , wouldst I ne'r perchance upon....for tis but a dream of
thy heart so wondrous ...and am I enslave unto thee..

Illuminate in soft purplesque hue that it doth throw haunting enchant of my being this Raven
blackest of the Nocturne doth await thee in cage of gilded sin's envious eye...whence upon a
moment didst thou offer succour unto thy yearnings ...

Painted illusion of naked flesh....mantle of velvet whispers caresse thy cheek in
majesties.....passion's shadow spoken not of tongue , but of wanton possession , timeless beauty....
.fruit sweetest of the vine,,thy flesh doth rest upon my lips...grape of lusting doth waken her harvest ,
the wine of thee doth baptize ...

Inglorious amours Harken unto this plea... , how didst thy divine caresse ensnare my being ,...?.. if
t'were in truth thine eyes that didst entrance unto the heavens...or perhaps tis but a glimpse of thy
illuminate ethereal... even more hypnotic than soft moonlight herself..which thou hath oft bathed
thysself within.. ...now within tomb of mine own heart that tis broke as fragmented jewel...can I not
help but cast mine own mind in search of thee ...Oh foretell unto me , be it whispers upon the ocean
if tis thy pleasing , when sweetest rose Vampyrice shall i taste thy soul ,and proclaim thou hath set
Raven free.....

2016 ^R/^ Raven ?

Softly she doth weep

Lady Willow ..oh how thy crystalline teardrops doth shed from thee ..beauty refined, capture smile of dawning light within bauble of pearl dew...

Bough of dreams ,thy magicks knowest unto none save theewhisper mongst forest haven , doth ferry thy secret of ancient lore , tho M' Lady , thou art modest indeed ..and thy workings doth falter not...o' wytches knowest thee, thy wondrous weeping ,gift unto Mother

Stand ye neath Father's vigil , akin unto Oaken bough ..for thy limbs doth weigh heavy ,tears o forever , but oh such embrace , for thy spirit tis warranted ,that ye shall ne'r be broken , poet , muse and yet artist too ..hath they waxed lyrical of thee , many hath perched neath thy fountains, gazed in awe at thee..

Couples in courtship , lost in adoration and devotion betwixt one another ,hath they sworn sacred vow at thy beautiful mantle , for thou art Altar , shade and healer , there to lovers doth shed tear joyfully , but not as sweetly as thine own blessings ...for Lady Willow we see thy grace upon Winter's hand.. canvas doth it transform , but ye doth wear garb of seasons passage , and still though doth hold most beauteous reign ere more....

2016^(R)/^ Raven ? ?

Paradise found

Mine own I've so truest ...oh how canst I compare thee unto precious bloom so tenderest. ..Thy
caresse is that of deft glancing touch as though t'were butterfly's gossamer wing upon mine own
brow fevered ..for t'is it so that a sweet sickness hath encompassed mine own entirety ..thou art as
beauteous as dawning sunlight which doth dance radiant upon silken waters of millpond calmness
...though smile doth illuminate the heavens and yes verily doth I proclaim even more brighter than
the sun and the moon as they take their places upon their own thrones ..yes thy beauty doth
outshine these ..though sweet scented body it doth hold of me in rapturous possess ..Oh thy
fingertips doth play melancholy delights upon mine own flesh .for thence in turn doth I stroke thee
deftly as though thou art creation of finest artwork ..mine own hands doth run over thy akin of soft
alabaster. ..Our souls doth beckon one unto another in unity eternal .for t'is there within one
another's arms thence we two belong and thou art mine own paradise er'emore ...

Await thee

Steadfastly upon precipice craggy in cruellest isolations, ...afore Celestial host of Luna's effervesce illuminate.... there I cast mine silent tears upon oceans darkest ,...waves foreboding ominously ...stir they not in waking of tidal ebb or flow ...then mayhap there be glimmer of hope that mine own sorrows unspoken shall return true love unto me....

Harken then faint heart of mine doth thou knowest not tis folly to pursue her phantasm , though I hear her voice , more enchanting than Darkness velvet caresse ...flawless opium pearl of mine desires , tis then illusion unkindest beset of me...

Through tearstained memories...oh tis such bitter yearning of thee , ..that mine own tears well upon swollen eyes , ...crimsoned insanities doth blind me...am I granted torment ...thy reflection's ghost doth appear afore me in opaque dreams of thy beauty ,punished without mercies sparingly....

Thy perfumery of sublime desires...oh so precious were those moments my love , didst we revel of sharing passions deepest ...we two wouldst grace our dreams surreal glories of thee ..nocturnal bloom didst we together cultivate our paradise ..even now thine aroma still haunt secluded flower of thy presence lost ...

Art thou to return unto me on seas silken voyages ,minutes . hath they passed into eternities..though I knowest not of any reasoning and stray from this place ...t'was it most sacred ...a testament to amours undying ...

In mine own defy of sanity.. Shall I await thee here..yet in truth doth realisations strike most harshest upon my winged shoulders ...am I alone...and shed my soul to bleed ..til my heart doth beat né more..

2016 ^ (R) / ^ Raven ?

Time's immortal hands ..

Reluctantly..doth..come the dawning light ..and hands upon face and pendulum doth sway
...mournfulsoonest shall mine own wings take flight ..and I shall take then of my leaving
...deepest regret doth it awash my soul .knowest I that in truth mine own heart shall ne'r mend and
cease to beat in merriment of knowing love once more ...loneliness doth pretence my creative hand
and I draw many a word finesse upon the night ..so tis seeming of finality ..that hath my Raven
beauty flown far from me ...and I reside within mine own lost soul ..

Thereto hath I not of decorative verse .or mayhap phrase of emotion beyond that of dismay ..sweet
demonic torment I bid thee taketh mine own heart from my bosom .and shatter imprisoned
hope..that inner light of hope , the flame be extinguished, that it ner burn within mine own soul
er'more

For am I as naught within the hand of fate , mine own destiny doth it confuse and confound , ney not
ere a woman shall again touch mine own essence as that of my Raven of Blackand thence shall
I plunge mine ownself into abyss of miseries ..for thou were mine own reasoning ..

Celtic Raven aka Tyler Hathaway

Beauty doth it fade graceful..

Cometh waking light of shadowed reality ..garish nightmare some may venture to broach forth
....ah but thence perhaps wouldst my reply grace favour unto those for whom shadow .doth it hold
no illusion .. thereto nightmares doth become naught more than , sojourn of the heart ..

To wit my brethren , hath I toiled longest upon forge of broken dreams .. verily doth i proclaim they
hath been laid unto waste ..debris of sweet nothings ...but oh ..Be it so beautiful within deception of
one's soul...

Wether thence doth it be realities born of painful remorse mayhap ...an act of a decietfull heart
..that doth cast cares not of whom or whence .. doth cupid's arrow doth strike cruellest intent ..Even
if it doth break and splinter there upon stoneiest ground or perhaps find delights in resoute of fertile
garden which ..hath awaited sweetest rains of forever's promise ..knowest not I. ..

Learning therfore from one's own folly ..as my familiar 'Amethyst' , doth perch upon my shoulder
affording of me such comforting momentsthus shall I compose in lyrical waxings ...create many a
fine tiara of tears and thence even shall heir beauteous allure tarnish notone canst but darest
dream ...

2016:^(R)/^ Raven

Lost Amours

Pray telleth unto me .that which insanities canst ne'r wager comparison ..for thence tis it so that mine own bosom doth it weigh burdensome...and mine own heart doth hold rhythm melancholia sickness ..haunted of memories ...oh thou art so beauteous...even thy phantasm doth captivate mine own soul's respite ..therefore but to rend mine own longing for thy caress ..for thence shall knoweth I thy graces angelic deliverance ...

Ah but alas thou art distantly beyond mine own grasp ..as though fruit forbidden and sweetest didst drape thyself from vine and limb ..and thence should I but wish to partake of respite neath thy shadethine own body Goddess like ..doth it stand fast in silent repose ..Though t'were it thence upon Summer's promise ...whence mine own lips didst glance thine ..and nectar of thy bloom didst I savour splendours of thee ..

Thou art yet mine own mantle and gladest shall I place mine own frail.body afore thee ..for now sweet amours beckon unto mine own ..shall I thence close mine eyes and cast selfish wish upon moonlight ..that ye shall return ..mayhap tis beset that one must henceforth reminisce thy sweet caress ..but knoweth I in reluctance ..as pain doth it wrack mine own being ..that thou shall ne'r again cast thy glances upon me...

This warrior wolf doth traverse both dawning and thence nightfall ..in search thereof mine own lost amours ..and tis now which knoweth I that madness daemonic hath laid purchase upon mine own heart ..though It be shattered unto fragment of but a thousand and more tears ..I scream unto the night in maniacal rage that mine own princess hath become my possessor ...and shall she hold thence keys unto mine own Kingdom ere more ..

Raven 2016 'Lost Amours' ?

Maiden fairest

Come ye hither oh most beauteous maid ,thy footfalls be so gentle , silently thou doth play gentle upon my mind ,.

Sit ye agin me ,for thy smile art more alluring ,than sweetest perfumed bloom..oh but tis garden o' secret ,and obscured from those whom hath tasted not nectar of thy kiss..

Thou art mantle and altar unto mine own desiring of thee ,for wouldst I want not of need to pluck Rose of knowing to any other name ,for tis said perfection be not reflected or indeed mimicry cast not a glance ,or hold candle unto thee, oh flawless pearl...

Nova doth place gems of Nocturnal gown within thine eyes ,for in that same doth depths with naught of fathom, invite mine own soul ,immerse and raptures,to bathe in most glorious wonder off thee ..

Thy breath doth it become such as gentle summers temptation, to stroke mine own fevered brow,harken doth I unto thy dawning choruses ,they greet mine own senses and intoxicate sweetest heart, for thou art mine own painted canvas of timeless wanting and salvation deliver me of loneliness, shall I therefore sit neath Oaken bough , compose sonnets unto thee eternal, for just one touch of thy tenderness and graces....er'emore ..

2016 ^{R}/^ Raven ? ?