

A Framework; Morals, Love, Death

Sun Dogs Bark

My chartreuse eyes glinting keen with incite
A phoenix with vast claret feathered wings
... I was dreaming that I could fly last night.

Thrusting from earth now eager I'm scaling
T'ween crisp cirrus I weave chasing star curs
A phoenix with brass crimson feathered wings

Pillar brick wings bleed 'try touch glory's blur
Forest green eyes ablaze with avarice
T'ween ice crystals I weave chasing star curs

The wind suddenly shears 'neath wings reckless
I fall swiftly with arcs of diamond dust
Navy green eyes ablaze seek for solace

Dead carmine wings shatter on earths grey crust
My charcoal eyes glinting keen with raw spite
I fell swiftly arched back to ashen dust
... I was dreaming that I had died last night.

A Fisherman's Tale

Out o'gloom, her pale siege comes to menace our humble dwell
I look to celeste fix, yet no stark smile to traverse me
So I grip my girl, now graceful, as she slides in churn swell

My girl's effete bones shiver, I hold hand tight, she begs flee
'No my love', so steel she plough's on fierce, ice slapping her cheeks
I plea for celeste fix!.... yet no stark smile to traverse me

Enraged, her howls come screaming! shakes my lass 'till skin comes weak
I say 'be farer my girl', shy, she tries turn forth our scow
'No my love!'.... so bold she ploughs on fierce, ice slapping her cheeks

Her fury hurls, first flot then ice floe... splints... fly from loves brow!
Marred.... lets cry! bones cleft, I whisper 'we have each other now'
I say 'be brave my girl', so steel, she try's keep float our scow

I slide aged hand across my beautiful salt licked bough
Out o'gloom, her pale siege came, broke apart our humble dwell
Marred tried 'vain, bones cleft, I whispered.... 'we have forever now'
So I sooth my love.... now peaceful.... as we slide in churn swell.

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Mute

Mute hues of dusk gone, still 'cept for clerid
Sight is slight, sloe murk taunts with 'a whisper
Shadows come creeping, silence grows trepid

Twilight so stark, not 'beam of pale lunar
Seeps through this chill shroud of ritual arcane
Sight is slight, sloe murk taunts with 'a whisper

My thoughts become smart as my wisdom fades
No sense or viscera to 'vert brae'k bone
Seeps through this chill shroud of ritual arcane

I lone am the wolf whose fangs turned to stone
Close my feigned eyes, yearn for glimpse of sea green
No sense or viscera to 'vert brae'k bone

Barren confines for this degrade machine
No solace comes for a soul like me..... so
Close my feigned eyes, yearn for glimpse of sea green

I spied too late what I chose to forgo
Mute hues of dusk gone, still 'cept for clerid
No solace comes for a soul like me..... so
Shadows come creeping..... silence grows trepid.