

My Bride's Trapped in the Mirror

1; Urania's Fogging Up my Future with Truth

Suicidal pleasure dancing on stars,
her smile illuminating, lifetimes of cost;
constellations—spread across—her body.
thou tan-lines: my indignation relaxed
as loneliness never forgave the loss.
She seeks sensation but strays submissive,
apprehending speech from trophies fallen—
thou shadow haunts my eye: your curvaceous
thighs guide, solemn arrows of lust—I thought.
My world, my atoms—protons, desired trust
my moon, my Amour—neutrons, Passion, love
my sun, my ardor—electrons, perverse lust;
the nymph of homage, rose of firey time;
who tames thy heart? Your blush—a galaxy;
your freckles contrasting like stars in space.

Oh, Thalia:

I met a girl. She was elegant. I said,
“The planets align for you, how glamorous.”

Oh, Calliope:

I *saw* a girl. She blushed. My heart rushing—

“I know of chicanery.. though she’s *too* cute!”

2; I Hear Terpsichore Playing behind me in the Mirror

The *crush* emits warm light—so vibrantly

in day or night; her smile, how tranquil—thoughts

how hateful—curves so faithful—she’s the sun

worshipped from afar. Burnt; those who get close.

I see sirens, virgins—who don’t dare—kiss,

the desire, dripping devotions not theirs.

Her jawline—a divine sign of bliss

her looks, a sacrifice of silent nights

for divinity damned immortality,

to expectation of *moderate cheeks*.

Whose blush is red, though faded, contours bled

florid from stress, she shadows replacements

the rest are mute: she shines like stars, her lips

are merciless; her touch, my thirst for love

her voice, my haste for fate. The test I hate—

Oh, Thalia:

I knew a girl. She’s intricate. I said,

“The circumstances are hideous. Who is this?”

Oh, Calliope:

I want a girl. She’s smoldering. I’m swooned—

“is she a chimera? a broken mirror?”

3; Where is She? I Hear Euterpe Somewhere

I miss her innocence, a facade; hues—
a prism, a mirage—gleaned for impunity
in clouds of sin—a storm of seraphim:
A sedulous saunter, sparkling amber eyes
wavy locks; mocking my joy, you deploy—
your ear piercings are coy; bias’d, your ears
forgave who left, resent who stayed. Thee caught
my breath; a hiss, a secret whispering
of punishment? how so? Thou lascivious
fair—prize, you hypnotize: a paradise
your gaze, my haze; a maze of mystery
our ancient history—blissful memories
rolling eyes, tranceful lies; our lisping past
too bad. Your lips—a gift of harmony
a glimpse—heaven, the horizon—*I wish.*

Oh, Thalia:

I dated a girl, how meretricious she was—

“I miss the horizon and harvest moons.”

Oh, Calliope:

I desire a disease, she’s sorrow’s cure—

“She’s neither; the celestial ether—”

4; Tantalizing Whispers from Erato, Ring in my Mind

Oh Selene, *light of desire*, heal my past:

pearl skin, maroon floral and crimson lips,

to tanned thighs, hazel eyes—blazing green haze;

I love the blonde, who was brunette, though now,

this everlasting pale yellowing soul stole—

my rotation for desire found sun.

In *memories offering* a kiss of wine,

though sublime, without seven deadly sins

coloring my mind, she’s torching my skin,

like angels losing wings while still falling

or Sirens calling—“Love is delusion;

Lusts restless passion from *Lynx’s device*.”

Illusively addictive worshiped songs—

Who knew we got along, until I saw

a song, then heard lyrics, written for you.

Oh, Thalia:

I kissed a girl, how miraculous she was—

“Her lips were voluptuous; a rage may sleep.”

Oh, Calliope:

Her *neck*. The *sweat*; an *artifact*, I lack—

“Her *breath*, swooning my *soul*; a *cliff* awaits.”

5; Melpomene, an Unwelcome Visitor, Enters the Mirror

Of flowers scent, I taste predestined fate.

In rain—*of death*—there lies a rotting carcass,

of desire? Probably: the rolling thunder—

chanting my name; heaven from passion—Dark

from expectation; cold stinging needles

frozen freckles; teasing your lips bitten

by frost; my dreams of *Queens*, chisel'd on stones

their tombs of travesty—*Time stops*—your womb

the only sin, I dare to seek or tease—

is obsolete, morbid and bleak. Why hide

from winter wings, and change as summer fades?

your face, my fame, my heart, your game. your voice
supple and sweet so—desirable yet weak
in strength not *weight*; the scenery is dry—
her scent is majestic; *my mind is lost*.

Oh, Thalia:

I lost a girl, how traumatic, she said
“I hope you stay lonely and miss the past.”

Oh, Calliope:

The rain is myriad—*Love’s* a tyrant—broach;
“I miss a lonely tongue, she stings. *She’s gone*.”

6; Clio’s Playing with my Bride’s Memory

The flaws now erased. Crimes of love, a tease:

those signs—of lies—a denied prophecy

of hazel, hints from sun—blazing with lies;

she’s tan, I’m banned, from touch—the sight of cries

is blind, my crutch—her curves—absurd; so cursed.

The waves rolling to shore—I’m sure she lives

in doves I seek—in winter days and nights

of summer bliss. In mist our eyes can try

to define truth; they sell what words won’t tell

off frozen *lips* blazing with hesitance:
The cure for sin; soothing effects of gin
a hymn—she sang—she grins—she wins; I'm framed
by her flaunting her flames; sealing my fate;
she bats her eyes, my dreams get crucified.

Oh, Thalia:

Oh Death! She's it; the key. Oh Desire *rain*—
“*Her voice*: Heaven and hell; my drug of love.”

Oh, Calliope:

I loved a girl, an *insidious habit*—
“A beach, she left, I died; what *poetic speech*.”

7; Polyhymnia Sees Harley Quinn in Still Water

Hidden pleasure—silent but—prominent
how voluptuous, too nefarious, who says
“I despise thick thighs—hazel eyes”—her hair
of blonde, from brunette—lost, still exists, lives
prevailing but always seeking the hunt.
Shadows guiding her hips—I'm whipped; *my tongue*
kissing her design; dress is tight, my dreams
are wide—her hips are confessions I hide

of bliss, sipping heaven from songs I miss.

The twist? She's royalty. In purgatory

I sit, I wait, I contemplate—her face

her grace; *my need for change*. I hate the things

that stay the same—I think I'm insane—she's

too hot; a mirage glittering with peace.

Oh, Thalia:

I chased a girl, how conspicuous, I thought,

“How tumultuous, I'm delirious, though *tamed*—

Oh, Calliope:

A hint a twist her—hips a—kiss, her lips

“a tint of purple, *hazy eyes*. *She flows*—