

The Immortal Wings of 'The Monarch'

Beset in stone....

Upon her throne

'The Matriarch'

of the butterfly realm

With Cellophane wings

they hum as she sings

through the catacombs

vibrating....

Echoing.....

The highest of frequencies

in the deepest of rooms

the cryptic tombs

Where the Matriarch looms

Bewildered butterflies

Cringe and cower

as the queen of the colony

shouts from her tower

Alas a moth...'The Black Witch', had flown

Into the depths where the butterflies roam

Causing confusion with entrancing illusion

'The Black Witch' casts her spell

Seeking out the chrysalis

Where conspicuous cocoons dwell

A murmur of screams tumult the cave

where thousands of butterflies

shall eternally lay

'The Matriarch' struggled

with all of her might

but moths' mighty magic

has since claimed her life.

The Immortal Wings of 'The Monarch'

Immortal wings overshadow her prey
as she hovers above the butterflies' graves
Decadence dwells in the midst of her madness
saturnine souls swell with their sadness

But absolute arrogance shall befall the dark moth
as 'The Monarch'...'The Queen' of all butterflies doth
prevail, as alone her strength is akin
To 1000 horses and 1000 men.

Without any warning, the 'Black Witch' was sent
Back to the surface where she forever spent
A life time eternal
Her blackened wings bent
Never to fly,
 Live or die.
 Again.

Morte di dieci... 'Death of ten'

The centerpiece comprised of dolls, of brides
Gracing the cake of a sinister size
Nine faces iced, lied looks of surprise
The moment of pose, each one of them died
Fetal figures, baring skeletal features
Fracture the structures of once feminine creatures
Sentimental ornaments, decorations forlorn
Adorning the cake, he baked before mourn
Adversities, he married with scorn
Anniversaries, to repent for his wrong
Annulling the cull, awaiting the bait
Upon wedding song, sealing their fate
The ninth knife sliced through the loaf
No witness to confess his new found oath
Nine candles he lit for every wife
One woman each year, each losing their life
Staring at every head, he made dead
He then blew out the flames of shame, he once wed
Alas the feel of fire and steel
Invoked the moments of memories real
Would an even ten mean the end?
An excuse he wished for, but he could not pretend
Thus an 'X' shall mark her by numeral
Signified, should she die, feigning her funeral
Italy, Rome, he prepared for next year
But for now he embellished his wish with a beer
And a slice of cake was eaten,
Devouring each and every victim
Would he finally stop at ten?
Moreover a reason he could not defend
Ten wives alive, would be hard to survive
So 'Her' end would be special, should that time arrive
On the thought of that note, he then went to bed
Dreamt of his future wife, and her dead
And how her head, would be placed on the cake
Beside the nine, he now had to remake
Numero dieci...
Will be still, at the wake

Postponement of Moment

Whilst an audience encored his palms to applaud
The stage betrayed a beguiling accord
Apathetic approval besieged every need
On approaching reproach he repelled to his seat
A moment elapsed at the speed of sand
Collapsing within his hourglass hands
Gradual granules remained behind
Concave glass leading masses left blind
Stagnant sights caught by eventual whim
Provided caprice thus allowing him
To surpass forbearance portraying a pace
Turning the world upside down into place

'KRYSTAL' CLEAR

Atop a crystal citadel,
Lays a moment waiting, for a broken girl
towering above and beyond our world
this palace surpasses the cloudiest realm
a picture perfect place to dwell
Up until the day she fell....
Translucent walls share secrets told
Fractured cracks, aged and old
The pinnacle of this palace hides
A room without a view inside
A place where only one woman went
She knew, from here, that her soul would be sent
Clambering her way up onto the roof
A broken woman... with a hidden truth
Peering beyond diaphanous glass
Cracking the ceiling, concealing her past
With one eye open and two hands clasped
She prays this pain will be the last
The shattered roof, could hold her truth... no more
Thus the soul was released of a maiden forlorn,
Rapidly crashing through glass and crystal cut floors
Floor upon floor, more flesh tore
Slicing the dress, she constantly wore
No matter, no more, all had seen it before
Those who had blamed and named her a whore
The torrential downpour of slicing shards
Opened old wounds making way for new scars
Each piece of crystal..! Every point of glass...!
Splintered her body, piercing the past
At last!
'Krystal' Clear, could finally see...perfectly!
In pure harmony

CRYSTALLINE...

In the distance her crystalloid crypt
hung in the balance of him...'*Chrysalis*'.
The avalanche of instinct had now claimed her path
'*Chrysalis*' was succinct..! Citing caterpillars' epitaph

Protect the object, object '*Crystalline*'
Cased in cocoon, his '*Butterfly Queen*'.
Within quartz quarters, contained, she remained,
this venomous empress, '*Crystalline*' by name.

Encase thy wings into transformation
becoming her world, was evolving creation.

'*Chrysalis*' the catalyst, safeguarded her soul
as metamorphosis then took full control.
His glassed wing glamour, '*Crystalline*'
shall overwinter whilst clinging to leaves.

In diapause, a month doth pass
from the cremaster she must leave '*Chrysalis*'
His duty to keep her secret discreet
had come to an end, for death he would meet.

Her diaphanous wings soon sprung into life
'*Chrysalis*' then knew she was bound to take flight.

Entirely toxic, on venom she feeds
the 'deadly nightshade', a most poisonous weed.
Alas, '*Chrysalis*' had fallen deep.
In love; as dire consequences he'd reap.

For his heart did melt whilst she flirted with flutter
her breathtaking charm was spreading like butter.

One taste of her lips proved his instant demise
devouring him whole as he said his goodbyes.
With a smile on his face
he then closed his eyes
forever within, his glass butterfly.

