

The Kingdom

Is it possible to find someone in this time, beautiful as you are?

Where the voice of your rumor sounds, my claims resound,
Why does my drum pound, thumping so unsound?
My eyes, idolatrous, draw your lines, lost in contemplation,
Your words resonate their incantations, your eyes their sole meditation

Will I hold you till we part from dawn?
To have you redrawn, respawn, as your beauty invades my rampart
Your figure delicately superimposed, embossed to this bane existence
Make of me more than another prisoner, more than fool,
In this war, peace will not be soon

In a fulminating flash you will be gone,
A timid stare, a thought already flared,
A desire illuminated glares
Gone, shun and done,

Why did you have to sit on my throne?
Take me out of your kingdom and let my feelings be stoned
Roads you will travel, as I continue shipwrecked,
Casted away on a clouded drown,
Searching for you, never to be found
Vagabond of intertwined roads,
I walk upon tattered drapes that lead to mosaic pictures of your laughter
Each corner of this second reminds me of you,
Where I will go after?