

Beautifully Wicked, rewritten

brightest sunfire, raging heat, flowing lava,
my spirit soars and body burns

Salvation brought by blows,
in honesty's sweet kindness
You wear Your rusty armor well

Benevolent and twisted Master
You opened the back door into my mind

Salty tears and stoic silence,
worth the wounds at every turn

No fallacies for fantasies
No wasted words on lies

Pure and true, strong as stone,
of the earth and evergreen

Passion and force, a lasting trust
Beautifully Wicked, my Wolff.

Morning i suppose

my notebook is full and i suppose i must go out
scraps of paper everywhere

i could start writing on the wall
i will fill another breadbox with my words

words last longer in the box than any bread
my love for You is in these words

my soul and all of me
Your pet
my love
Your pet
my pain
my Wolff
Your moon

i think You understand my words
another source of love

our dragon moves within my hand
a source of inspiration
a gift from You, a thing i have
to help contain the flow

ink like blood upon the page
ink and blood upon my skin
only You tattoo my heart

Your pet
my Knight
Your rust
my tears
my Master
Your dirt

our dragon's home is in my hand
Your gift was for these words
if nothing else sustains us
i cherish all of it

Your pet
Your gift
my words
my heart bleeds out
and yet

perhaps You will reach out Your hand
strong enough to save me
the only way that i can serve You
You've given me the means and inspiration

Your pet
my Beast
Your silence
my devotion
Your servant
Your sword
my wounds and
my reward

Nothing at all to do with me

i cannot help but hope
but i cannot bear to ask

it's nothing at all to do with me

i wish the tears had not started so soon
but the pain is not enough

should i seek my solace with another
with lips that tell me lies
with hands that don't know how to hurt

im scared of what becomes of it
fearful of what i might do , when the hate begins to rise

the suffering is all our own, my Wolff
You won't allow another door

the one You have opened leads to joy as well
the hand that holds mine firm

i remember when You offered it to me
and how i placed my hope and trust

if You could squeeze a little tighter
perhaps i would know peace, my love

our destinies intertwined , we walk the path
never apart now and never together, i am nothing

and its nothing at all to do with me

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Tattoo

Tattoo
the words are what matter, the design is inspired
written by devotion

loyalty ,my Wolff, is brave, Yours has not been lost

indelible, in skin, in blood, in stone and in spirit

more to come , i can be sure,like writings, does not stop

it must express where it is found
the medium is like the earth,it reaps what has been sown

the harvest, i hope, will bring the Moon
and the Wolff to howl

not for reward, sadness or guilt, but by ancient nature's need,
true desire, instinct, called

stoicism plays a part, neediness and craving,
strength of conviction holds the sword of hope

all these words that spring, my love,
doubtless evergreen

Stained Glass

Would You open the door
If i fell through the glass

Sharp shards of nightmares
Whittled from bones

And souls that i lost
Your hand has delivered return

With rusty cage of longing
And stinging sword of hope

The Wolff makes a throne of the earth
Shining harvest of devotion from the dirt

Cascading rays of heat
Lava flowing from her soul

Dark, glistening stone of devotion
And stoic obelisk in the silence

Darkness is welcome under our moon
Into the chasm we fly