

words

The woman

Her words could spell the mind
coerce the soul but... she was
so no words were needed for devotion
to follow

Crafted by the absolute
every angle seamlessly flowing
into every curve like unbroken
waves obsessively constructed
passionately perfected...
she was

Her name when spoken tasted like
the sweetest matter that one so lucky
would savor for eternity

She walked in desire
enveloped by lust
that captivated all who saw her

Bound by her beauty
Enchanted by her ...
They were.

Broken

It was no more for all it once was

the remains seem to bound it

disrupt the visual from ever

seeing it as it was

unable to piece together the torn edges

for in its haste to be destroyed

it forbade itself from rectifying the regret

and now a million pieces could not be of

lesser value than when it was simply one