**At The Deserts Dawn**

*August 26, 2013*

Dawns Kiss Caress call One from Silent Bourne.

Where Lye Hopes Fears of Day So Self Repressed.

Ego. Id.

Blinded Musings of the Mind.

As One as I so stirs from Land of Dreams with Souls Whispers of the Morne.

Missives of the Heart what Dance amongst.

Gentle Fields Glens of Nods Morpheus Gift of Slumber.

Grace of Rest.

Once more My Private Visions of the Night are so Entwined.

With Pondering how It might be.

It may be so.

Though. Alas.

I thought as I was Yours.

You were Mine.

For These some Three Thousand Dawns Rise and Set of Sol I have perhaps.

Embraced Mere Illusion. Fancy. Fantasy.

Thy Spell so Spun.

With Thy Beauty.Allure.

Siren Charms So Cast.

Not so. I be not Your True Beloved Inamorato of LaMour.

Such Mirage so by Thy Chimera of Love so Crafted.

Painted. Imbued. Engrafted.

By Thy Subtle Brushstrokes with Hues of Thy Eyes Smile

Whispers of to Come upon the Canvas of My Heart.

Apparition I be the One You most Treasure Love Adore.

At this Sad Rise of Sol the Mist Drifts Off.

The Veil and Curtain Part.

Your Own True Thoughts of Love ne'er have lay with Me.

Just as Now I see.

You lye amongst the Desert First Light Aurora Day Spring Rays.

With Thoughts of Other than Those what might be so Plythed to such as Me.

As so You have for All our Share of Space and Time.

Yet I till now be so Heedless.

Myopic. Purblind.

So Dim Deprived of Vision.

Sightless. A Prisoner of Thy Night.

By Thy Illusive Love Craft.

Romance. Enchantment. Charisma.

Magic Charm. Mystique.

Ah Yes.

As I must no more ignore.

Must face. Embrace.

This Truth of Rise with Sol of so long subdued.

Rare Glimpse of The No of We.

Dark. Mystic Blue. Sad Truth for I.

You of You.

Tidings of Loves Distress.

Unease. Disquiet. Alarm.

Thy Lye Amongst Thy Own Day Break Reveries.

Amongst as Thy have for these Years.

Of My Fruitless Joy Woe and Wasted Atman Tears.

My Patient Faithful Trust Plythe Longing and

Expectant Love Vigil of Our Starcrossed Geste.

With Alas No Thoughts at such

Birth Rise of Sun.

Of You and I as One.

Thy Lye Once More as Thy have

Amongst Those Visions Prophets Pilgrims who Promise More than I.

Paint

Portraits what may so to Thee seem.

Indeed. Grant Thee Covenant.

Assurance. Pledge. Vow.

Of Fleeting Sustenance to Thy Necessities and Dreams of Now.

Moments of Pyrrhic Victory.

Truth. Strength.

Comfort to Thy Needs.

Yet say still the Stuff of Life Worth Idol and Hollow Mask.

Alas. Perchance Thy Own such Thoughts of Each Desert Dawn now Come to Pass.

Ne'er of Nor Plythed to Our Meld.

Bond. Union. Path.

But rather centered of Thy Self Focused Grail and Quest.