**Missives of Thy Mind**

*August 3, 2013*

From Whence such Firm Missives of Thy Mind.

What Bound. Still Bind.

Our Bodies Rare Bourne.

Within our Hearts immure the very Indulgence.

Joy Private Pleasure.

Sensual Communion of Our Couch and Bed.

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WhyFore Thy so to I. Dictate. Decree. Cry. Thy Bell Jar of Wary Angst. Fear.

Trepidation. Must so descend and then. Repel. Bar. My Demure Entreaties and

Advances of Yearning and LaMour.

WhyFore Thy so to I. Dictate. Decree. Cry. Thy Bell Jar of Wary Angst. Fear.

Trepidation. Must so descend and then. Repel. Bar. My Demure Entreaties and

Advances of Yearning and LaMour.

Such Ramparts and Bulwarks of Thy Psyche. Must so by Thy Edict so Disclaim.

My Lovers Suits and Pleas. So Encounted. Yet so Fond.

Such Ramparts and Bulwarks of Thy Psyche. Must so by Thy Edict so Disclaim.

My Lovers Suits and Pleas. So Encounted. Yet so Fond.

My Love Keene Enjoinder to Thee. To Twine as One. To Fuse. Couple. Merge.

Conjoined in Flesh and Soul. Link. Mend in Connubial Harmony.

My Love Keene Enjoinder to Thee. To Twine as One. To Fuse. Couple. Merge.

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Alas before a Love Spark be Struck. Coal of Such so Fired. From Aphrodites

Bosom so inspired Loves Intimate Selfless Gift to Ones SoulMate be Spawned

and Borne. Pray We might meld combine at Gentle Dawn Stirring of the Morne.

Alas before a Love Spark be Struck. Coal of Such so Fired. From Aphrodites

Bosom so inspired Loves Intimate Selfless Gift to Ones SoulMate be Spawned

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Sweet Rising of the Blood.Breath.Day and Sun. Alluring Waltz.Nobel Mating

Dance of Precious Clay Vessels of Spirit Pneuma Soul Anima has begun. By Thy

Constraints of Love. Thy Shells Compass Shape for I and We. All such Loves

Treasures. Jewels. Sustenance. Empathy. Be so Cold. Done. Morte. Fini. Over.

Dead.

Sweet Rising of the Blood.Breath.Day and Sun. Alluring Waltz.Nobel Mating

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Treasures. Jewels. Sustenance. Empathy. Be so Cold. Done. Morte. Fini. Over.

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Silent Nocturnal Self Roused PortraitDream. Abreast of Thee in Realm of Nod

at Sandmans Gentle Touch. Such Quiet Torment and Muted yet Poignant Sight.

As I stir. Awake. Near Thee in Dead of Night. Find your Beauty. Beguiling

Winsome Form in Slumber and Repose. Alas Why to I Thy must Cast the Chill

of Such. Studied Indifference. Does One Suppose. The Heart might fine but

know.

Silent Nocturnal Self Roused PortraitDream. Abreast of Thee in Realm of Nod

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of Such. Studied Indifference. Does One Suppose. The Heart might fine but

know.

Icy. Glacial. Blue Aura. Sans Whisper of Invite or Welcomes Call and Glow.

Cool Forbidding Silent Song and Verse of No. Verso Face of Thy Sweet Visage.

Safe beside. But turned away. No Glimmer nor Glimpse of Ray of Hope of Yes

or May. Gelid Back of Thy Feminine Stature Mystique Physique Precious

Delight. Mask in Unwitting Perchance Unconscious Yea still Cautious Calculated

Defense of I . Watchful Leary Chary Alert.

Icy. Glacial. Blue Aura. Sans Whisper of Invite or Welcomes Call and Glow.

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Defense of I . Watchful Leary Chary Alert.

Proscribed by Thee I might assure. My Plythe of Strength Protection Love to

Thee so sure. Lyes beside Thee in shared Pallet near. By Mere Brush Graze

Caress Stroke of Fingers Hand or soft Kiss of Timid Lips. To Thy Tender Spine

Breast Shoulder Sweet Scented Hair. Say. Pray. To Know Rare Kiss and Lovers

Comfort of Soft Press of Derrière.

Proscribed by Thee I might assure. My Plythe of Strength Protection Love to

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Caress Stroke of Fingers Hand or soft Kiss of Timid Lips. To Thy Tender Spine

Breast Shoulder Sweet Scented Hair. Say. Pray. To Know Rare Kiss and Lovers

Comfort of Soft Press of Derrière.

Nor seek to hold Thee near with Warmth and Care. So Banned and Barred by

Thee such to instill within my Being the Fear. My Poor Midnight Gestures of

Love may Sear. Thy very Psyche. Loose Demons Ghosts Wraiths Goblins from

Depths of Woe from long passed Years. Yes. To Thee Startle Disturb Burn

Ache Sting Twing Grieve Distress Trouble Anguish Perturb Anger Hurt.

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Ah so it goes. So it be so. So Life Flows.

Ah so it goes. So it be so. So Life Flows.

Perchance within Thy Center of Self and Font of Days Gone By the Whisper of

Thy Inner Winds so spins such Tale of Not to Be from Suns Moons Rise Wane

Set of Old. That I to Thee to join in Union of no Bounds nor Net be so

Verboten. Forbidden. Taboo. Star Crossed. No Mas. Cold. From Thy Store and

Font of such from past Slings and Arrows of Life and Love so imparted. Thy

Bruised and Wounded Soul and Heart. Wells Thy Spring of Tears and Fears

what flows to I with no Fresh Waters of Yes but only receding Tides of No.

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Perchance Thy Fears Tears Taboos. Such Tragic No to I of You. Thy Cage Bars

Shackles Chains of Love Thy so forge for Two. So Entwined in This Cosmic

Dance of Space and Time as I and Thee. Be so ordained. So based and

founded. Inspired and fired. Conceived.

Perchance Thy Fears Tears Taboos. Such Tragic No to I of You. Thy Cage Bars

Shackles Chains of Love Thy so forge for Two. So Entwined in This Cosmic

Dance of Space and Time as I and Thee. Be so ordained. So based and

founded. Inspired and fired. Conceived.

Reside Inside. In Thee. In Thy Haunting SoulMirror Vision of Thy SelfPassage.

Say should Joinder of Thy Tender Bloom of Youth and Moi More Robust

Measure of Eld and Caducity say Seasoned Hoarde of Years. Alas be perceived

in Public Opiate Fog. Shallow Myopic Discredit. Or Yea. Pray. Even perhaps Dim

Envious State of Disrepute and Hollow Scorn by the Populace and Weary

Masses.

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Masses.

Such Mirage Illusion of Love Trust Felicity. Thee so Spun for such a so

Devoted Love Waife as I. Spell cast for Such Suitor of Thy Heart Soul Mind as

Me. So dearly purchased ore these some Four Score Moons. With Pure Patient

Essence of My Sands what flow through Life's Fickle Glass. Alas Say Seven

Precious Years. With quiet Faith I did await. Thy Yes to perfect Love Union. As

Thee would perchance taste Others Lotus Buds and find at last. As Thy attain

with such Passage on Thy Way. With some Three Thousand Days Sols swift

grant from Rise to Set of Sun. On Thy Path to WomanHood from mere Girl and

Lass. Woman's Self Anointed Wisdom Vision what would say yea Dawn Free

and Clear. To Paint for Thee with Brush of Love What I am. We are. Could Be.

Pray Thee take Me for Man as I am and We be One.

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and Clear. To Paint for Thee with Brush of Love What I am. We are. Could Be.

Pray Thee take Me for Man as I am and We be One.

Now with Thy Certain No the Curtain Parts. Valance Thy have with Tender

Mercy perchance so blinded shielded My poor Heart. Now to such Mirage and

Illusion rises with Thy firm No and Over starts. Where Thy Candle Of Love I so

believed Thy so completely with no condition shone for me. Alas I so hear

know and see. Say does One suppose. Thy may have composed. I beheld and

with Blind Hope so conceived and believed. Mere Love Phantasm and Fantasy.

Thy Loves Light now not so shaded. Doth not for I so freely shine. Thy Loves

Candle Gift with no Reserve be not Mine. Bright Mirage Illusion Spell Thy so

painted spun cast has faded. Veil lifts. Cast aside. Thy Shot of No a fatal blow.

So to I Thee such empty Love Message doth impart. Thy Light of Unreserved

Enduring Utter Love mere wishful innocent phantasmagoria. So extinguished

by Woe of Thy No. All grows Dim Benumbed and Dark.

Now with Thy Certain No the Curtain Parts. Valance Thy have with Tender

Mercy perchance so blinded shielded My poor Heart. Now to such Mirage and

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No matter be the Path of I and Thee what hath. Joined Our Orbits and

brought Us to this Cusp. Where still Thee finds It Nere to Be. That Thy will

bare as I to Thee. A Naked Soul and Breast. Full. Total. Unconditioned. Love

and Trust.

No matter be the Path of I and Thee what hath. Joined Our Orbits and

brought Us to this Cusp. Where still Thee finds It Nere to Be. That Thy will

bare as I to Thee. A Naked Soul and Breast. Full. Total. Unconditioned. Love

and Trust.

No matter be the Kernel Nor Seed from which Thy Web of Vines to I what si

gird and guard Thy Door doth grow. From Whence Flows the Spring what

feeds and fills Thy Blue Boundless Trackless Limid Deep Dark Limpid Moate

and Pool of No. Alas if such be True. Within Your Very Heart Mind Spirit and

Soul. If it be So. You deign that Fate holds I will nere so meld with You.

No matter be the Kernel Nor Seed from which Thy Web of Vines to I what si

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Soul. If it be So. You deign that Fate holds I will nere so meld with You.

Alas I cannot within. My World of Self. My Spirit Soul and Being. Essence of I

as Lifeforce and A Man. So deny Truth of My Existence and Altman. So faced

with Thy Reality. If such is So. If such so Be. Despite My Light of Love. What

shines for All of Space and Time for Thee. No Limits.

Alas I cannot within. My World of Self. My Spirit Soul and Being. Essence of I

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