Pray Wilt Thy Fly to Me

July 5, 2013

I lye abed alone on eryie above the haunting vast trackless Sea and puzzle why.

Doth my Spirit know Blue Emptyness.

My Being pine and cry.

A Lovers soft sweet pain and gentle Moan.

Poor Heart Aches within foresaken Breast.

Love wanders in the Wilderness.

Cold. Adrift.

No Harbor. Hearth. Nor Home.

Til Voice of I whispers Yes.

Souls answers sure simple be.

As plain as my Waning Moon.

I mourn that Thee be not with Me.

Thy not be at my side.

Have taken Thy leave.

Left me Bereft and Alone.

Ah pray My Lady hear my Plea.

Our love not yet be Morte.

Our LaMour not over. Died.

Our World not turned.

Our Flame still burns.

Our Union still binds and holds.

Not yet done.

Come Back. Come Back.

That we may once more Meld and Twyne .

As All of I be Thine.

So All of Thee be Mine.

May Thy Star once more grace my Poor Dark Sad Bare Deserted Sky.

I know kiss of Thy lips.

Warm brush in slumber of Thy soft hip.

Fragrant Perfume of Thy Essence.

Perchance your pure Voice to I may whisper Welcome.

Enter. Qui. Yes.

I may once more rest within your private room.

Taste Thy nectar honey of Thy

Flower Bud and Velvet Bloom.

Stroll with Loves Ernest Caress and Step through Silken Gate to Garden of your Thighs. Pray Wilt Thy Fly to One Who loves Thee.

Pray Wilt Thy Fly to One as I.

Pray come to me.

Bless Me with Thy Presence.

Radiance of Thy Souls Aura.

Rays of Thy Bright Warm Self Healing Secret Sun.

Pray Come. Pray Come.

So Soon. So Soon. Seldovia Point.