**Thy Brush Off**

*August 20, 2013*

Thy Brush Off. Away. Of I.

Death Veil to Timid Lovers Plea.

Entreaty of Must. Ward Away.

Off. All Caress. Touch.

Thy Distance.

Gelid Whisper of Thyself to I Abed.

Rare Treasures of La Mour. Past.

No Mas. Ne're to To Ere again Arise. Last.

No More. Finis. Dead.

At Evenings Dusk. Dawns Break of Day.

Thy Whisper of Never. Nea.

Thy so Distant. Afar. Turned Away.

Thy very Body Lips Eyes.

Limbs. Bosum. Breasts.

Thy very Breath.

Hair Arms Form so Icy.

Cold. Beneath Thy Bell Jar.

Awake or in Slumber and Repose.

Of I so Cast Off. Brushed Off. Asunder. Aside.

By Thy Spurned Lovers Shell and Mournful Spell.

Thy very Being now Spins.

To My Heart Scribes.

Scrims. Tells. Paints.

So quietly Kills. Pen. Brush. Quill.

Thy Fateful No.

Our Cup of Love Now so Empty as Dark Void of Deepest Space.

Blackest Night. Died.

So Lost Love Starcrossed.

So bound in Cupids Bonds Chains Disgrace.

By that Tumult Turmoil Storm of Over struck and tossed.

As Ones Heart and Soul Spirit Self are so Love Marked in Darkest Woe.

For all of Time and Space.

So of Hope so Barren.

Rend Asunder. So Torn.

As Morte as Aphrodite’s Sad Dying Smile .

Fall from Grace. Ore Demise.

Final Waltz.

Dying Dance.

Of the Last Unicorn.