**A Tragic No**

*July 11, 2014*

Pray Wilt Thy Offer Up Thy Grace.

To Such A Knave As Me.

A Soft Eros Caress.

Thy Gift Of Yes.

Sweet Taste.

Of Perfect Ecstasy.

Heed My Entreaty.

Hear My Heart.

What Only Beats For thee,

Grant Wealth.

Rare Golden Fleece. Grail. Fruit Of Thy Perfect Lovers Art.

That We Meld. Twine. Mingle. Ne’er To Part.

Merge With Sensual Harmony.

For All Ancient Precious Love Of All Maidens. Swains Of Yore.

Of Whom Love Bards Do Sing. Write. Tell.

Such Riches. Pearls. Treasures. Unmatched Heights Of Amour.

Next Ours Er’er Mere Serve To Pale.

Perchance Thee Welcome I Entry To Thy Velvet Door.

Our Rapture So Eclipse.

Such Peak. Climax Of Souls. Bodies. Minds.

Unmatached.

Unparalleled.

But Pray. Say. Perhaps. Thee Spurn My love.

Say Ne’er To Be So.

Alas I Die A Thousand Deaths.

Struck Down With Mortal Blow.

Shot Through With Thy Cold Missive Of Rejection.

As I Await Thy Soft Assent. Thy Eager Qui.

With bated Breath.

Thee Murmer. Fatal Whisper.

Never. Ever. Not To Be.

Mirage Of Aphrodite.

Thee Ruinate.

With Thy Love Mors.

Susurrus. Sibilance. Suspiration.

Thy Tragic Love Wanion Of No.