**Algid Dawn of Love**

*June 20, 2014*

Do You Really Want To Wake To Find.

Your Very Self So Entwined.

With Such New Temptation Of The Evening In The Morning.

Will You Only Face.

Dawn Of More Alone.

Night May Hold Desire.

Passion. Mirage Of Love.

Then With No Warning.

Day Breaks Soft Touch. One Longs For Solitude.

Sanctuary Of Your Own.

Temple. Spirit. Soul Lair.

Precious Home. Twin Sirens Of Fresh Amour.

Endless Love. So Often Sing At Midnight.

Bloom With Fervent Stirring Of Heart.

Rare Raw Desire.

Yet Alas Flame Grows Cold At Morning Light.

As Thee Lye Abed Midst Grey Ashes Of Loves Fire.

Will Rose What's Precious Scent.

Lush Pink Petals Of Erotic Troth.

Avec. Pledge. Assurance. Concupiscence.

Prurience Portent.

Call For Thy Pollen With Ardor.

Winsome Lass Who Vows.

Paroles. Holds.

Such Rare Union.

Of Spirit Mind Flesh.

With Entreaty Of Taste.

Of Honied Fruit What Lyes Within Her Mystic Velvet Parlor.

In Truth Grant Love.

As Thee Meld Bodies Eyes Tongues Breath.

Seek Elusive Grail Of Passion.

Peak. Crest Of Sensual Death.

Or Perchance Thee But Another Moth What Flys In Search Of Solace.

Round Candle Of True Love So Squandered.

With Myopic Lust Of Youth In Days Gone By.

To Embrace Heat False Hope Phantom Carnal Promise Of The Moment.

Once More Wilt In Gelid Remorse.

Regret. As Cock Crows.

Hot Blood Of Must.

Blind Eager Need.

No Longer Flows.

As Wheel Turns.

Life Slips By.

One Must More Know.

The I Of I. Aura Gives Way.

Birth Of New Day.

The Magic Fades.

The Waltz Is Done.

The Ball Is Over.

The Music Dies.

Once More Succumbed.

Once More Comes.

The Question Of Thy Being.

Why?