**Privateer of Amour**

*June 7, 2014*

Why Did You Take A Hatchet To My Poor Aching Anguished Heart.

Run Your Cruel Indifferent Dagger.

Deep Into My Very Soul.

My World Of Hope. Love. Trust. Asunder.

Cleaved. Torn Clean Apart.

With Your Swift Grim Pitiless Thrust.

Unfeeling Algid Blow.

Of Over. Never. No.

Was It Perchance Because.

I Bared My Naked Breast.

Granted Open Entree To My Very Core.

Hungered. Pleaded.

For Your Grace Of Yes.

Cast My Pearls Before Your Feet.

Implored Thee Grant Unfettered Sensual Passage.

Cross Your Private Velvet Door.

Perhaps The Siren Call Of Unrequited Love.

Fell To Thy Yearning Ears.

For Earnest Bird In Hand.

Pales To Haunting Desire For.

Sophomoric Quarry.

What Frolics In The Bush.

Mirage Of What Is Not.

Seems So More Precious. Dear.

Gift Of Ones Self.

Eclipsed By Heat Of Must.

Want. Illusive Wish.

Flame Of Fickle Lust.

Alas I Lye Aground. Marooned.

My Ship Of Faithful Love.

Wrecked On Your Gelid Reefs.

Cold Distant Rocky Shore.

While Thee Sail Away.

Before Fickle Breeze Of Phantom Love.

Pursue A Wraith Like Thee.

A Fellow Privateer Of Lost Amour.