**Purloin of Amour**

*February 15, 2015*

With Silent Stealth Sly Burglar Doth Invade. My Home.

Gain. Ill Gotten Spoils.

Say Though I Suffer Such Wealth Loss.

Angst Pain. Forfeit. Fruits Of Work. Toil.

As So Robber Yields Gun. Club. Knife. Captures

My Worldly Goods.

At Very Threat Of Body. Life.

With Dark Visage Masked Hood.

As I Be About Amongst The Crowd.

With Fingers Gentle Unnoticed Quick.

Master Of The Pocket.

With Practiced Pick.

So Softly My Purse Lifts.

Say Artist Of Speech Fountain Pen.

May Swindle All My Gold.

Care Not I For Such Wounds Of Treachery.

For Wealth Be Regained. Earned. Bought. Sold.

Such Slings Arrows Of Betrayal Of Fellow Man.

Touch Not My Essence. Nor Enfold.

My Atman In Remorse Reget Of Eternal Endured Psychic Blows.

Suffering. Woe. But Not So.

With Thee. Alas. It Come To Pass.

With Thy Eros Wiles.

Mirage Of Thy Hollow Venus Art.

Beguiling Form Scent Thoughts Eyes Smile.

Thee Have Torn My Very World Askance.

So Rend My Quintessence Shorn.

Apart. Purloined. My Very. Spirit. Mind.

Most Fragile. Heart.

So All I Now May Contemplate.

May Note. Feel. Behold.

Is Agony. Of My Poor Wretched Fate.

Of Thy Plunder Of Nous Of Me.

As Thee. Promised Love.

Gained Entry. To My Love Citadel.

Alas With Poignant Irony. Breeched My Guarded.

Amour. Portcullis. Gate. Sacked. Ravaged. Looted.

As Those Huns. Siren Wraiths Of Old.

Left Me In Devastation.

Beyond. All Comfort. Console. Cold.

Hopeless. Alone.

Thee Stole. Alas.

With False Promise Of Love.

My Very Self. Being. Soul.