Lily of the Valley

Ihsan Fashbir D. - 16 May 2023

Oft they leave your presence

Wander the trace of one's face

Alongside this delicate subtle silhouette

Twas, a melancholy of its nature

Twice of eyes paints a thousand lies

In the demure sea they rained—it dries

Lost in the deep sweet reverie

Yet still within its worldly fantasy

Speak of what wants to swallow

Hear of none needs to face

Mute of all shout to vow

Frail of sorrow to embrace

Half the moon turns three sun

Sweeping faces from its frown

Made lose all sense of you'd esteem

What thee could see but grey all seemed

Sung me lullaby, lent me a tale

Truth, it speaks and truth, entails

Of edge cliff thou come sure near

Blindly running mere surface clear

Triad seats under the blaze of eve

Strings of words once purely spoken

Ditto's back let vale sent breeze

Them grace, shall twain hearts er' open

Hand a verselet on the wheels

Thy steps were out all a pair

Great flame burns one euphoric thrills

Died fleetingly unto His flare

Last valentine bleed thy nose

Upon her anachronic wrangle, vex it be

Lay down pale weeping willows

Afore grief chiseled stone I kneel

Evanescent joy that placid pace

Spare a hand of whimsical zephyr

'Tis pleasant touch sanguine wave

Ebb tide and dive Interstellar

Alas, the angel borns anew

Eat naught cake of thine she'd received

Not hen's questions empathy once threw

Run it off slick end forgiven

Eta Aquariids rains down the window

Flood the chaste battlefield of notion

Amidst thy most powerful weapon and lo

Let of loudest scream graven emotion

Them smile's dormant, it remains

Care not such voices was refrained

Lay on coffin dusk till dawn

Go too far seek what to found

Spit and lick every contingency

A travesty of our cognition!

To run from one goes another

Black snow up the hill hint unbothered

I throw a proclivity at wraith

A quixotic, pearly gate step

Apathy radiates through faith

Faith thou whisper on pine carpets

Sealing mountains of confession

Seemeth to strive it open

Let it rots becomes a burden

Trough it, is worse than death's omen

It sight what can't be seen

And hold what can't be touched

Amongst the stars thou once were born

Amidst the void thou dance and mourn

Gaze amore blind enigmatic ceil

Seek answer to false questions of thee

Exaggerate such expressions to no grim

Bethink of the mooncalf thou art

Where Helios bury his legs

Thou descried an innocent esoteric posy

Tried not to fall of their thoughts

In the midst o' stormy sentiment

Whilst entwining the river you sight a dove

As the flow wears off the rocks

"I'm above!" he whispered the clouds

"We're aside!" to stellars he yells

Close the window of end of times

Live and breath and hear and feel

Sought who was one long to be

Thou shalt virtues on the fragments of Lily

Be not afraid the sands who fleet

As thou ought to walk hereafter

The crows repose upon thee

Soon skies aflame ever after

Name your fear and hear you will

"For the one thou trapped in, naught but a mere shadow thou made it to be. Let off they thou can't intervene, lest it vanish with every blinks"