

THE LOST LOVE

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Far from these
glittering eyes
will I
sanctify her tomb
below the shed of
my excavated
soul.

And together
will we prefer to
procreate sole
mighty world.

Lost her in
the partial eyes
had never filled
ecstasy of holy love.
Mine scattered wings
mysterious sky
feathered laugh of
God the brave painter
of our destiny.

The collage
camouflages
mine hopes
marching moments
quest of
sovereign beauty.

Partner set
between the
mountains
chasing next birth,
luminous sphere
glorifying
two auras
one lost ...
another waiting...