

The canvas tells  
Every truth  
For older are  
Nights and days  
And everything in between  
This canvas rates  
The coming youth  
The younger one  
Hides in their ways  
Knows all the plays  
By heart

For aeons  
And nanos  
We danced  
My love  
The tru-e-st,  
Queen of night

Various  
Are the places  
Of the youth  
A little slower  
Walk  
The older cru  
In their suits  
I held you so dearly  
I held you too long  
I truly am  
Compassioned  
My queen

There are steps to wonder  
And eye-sides (ice to cover yourself in-to)  
But love holds the night-white  
Lighter key