

With unease have I slept these past months.
Her stride burning bright the confines of my dreams, the sleigh
t of hand unleashing this perfection.
To such heights she will grow.
Horrors deriven, ye who stand atop wondrous pyres.
You breathe eternal that no darkness shall withhold.
In favored fascination do I covet thee so.
And I have thirsted to bathe beneath such radiance, among the d
ancing of your flickering robe.
No encumbrance embracing your swell, for no barrier could conta
in.
Only in morbid imaginings have I dreamt of this cremation, the
joining of my ash to your unending tenure.
I who have awoken such madness ask only this pittance of appeas
ement; to burn eternally in your loving arms.
And to the dismay of my every thought does she look down upon m
e in faces of aversion; her breath, her grasp cauterizing the t
ears I have shed.
Such multitudes of sorrow I would welcome if it meant only your
loving embrace,
Yet these woes I shall know eternal for I still breathe alone.
And the sea of flames, folding in on itself, swallowed whole th
e entirety.
How the roar of that which remains untamed brings me the only j
oy I this world have ever known.