

God Grant She Lies Still

Black Countess

"God grant she lies still"
These are the words on a gravestone
Wind, rain and snow kiss her memory
As I kissed her to the rustle of falling leaves

Come back to me my autumn love
In the hour when silence cries!

Sometimes I smell the odour of her perfume
And see the play of shades showing her shape on the wall
I hear the trees outside whispering her name
And I feel a warm waft rushing past me

Then her clear laughter rings in my head
Devoured by a sarcastic echo
And her presence is taken to nowhere
Dissolving in the secret whisper of the night

But I revere these moments...

I recall our erotic dances
To the wail of autumn wind
Her peerless body in the light of the fireplace
Her teasing provocative look

Then her sexy moans ring in my head
Devoured by a sarcastic echo
And her last kiss is taken to nowhere
Dissolving in the secret whisper of the night

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These are the words on a gravestone...