

Forlornucopial the wealth of misery
And favoured haunts of sorrow hold no lure
Deep swathes of gloom
that once cocooned me in dark livery
Now clothed me in suits ill-borrowed from the pure

Alas it's true
The beast you knew
Found breath anew
In the heartstrings of love's assassin

She was a huntress
And an alabaster bride
A Venus not averse to taking sides

And in all my centuries
Bar Carmilla in cerise
Never had I fallen save for foolish pride

As we walked, our affrighted lanterns
Fed the lengthy shadows with their tallow lullabies
The fragrant night air chilled by sighted phantoms
Clouds drew cobweb threads across a sallow moonrise

Illicitus

So capricious

Superstitious to the point of philistine
The glue of secrecy grew paper thin
Her beauty so delicious
In the realm of the divine
The cross about her throat gave up to sin

In expectation
Her lips to find
The crates were blazing in my stone cold cellars

That traitor love
Once its spell ran headlong through my veins

Now I felt it roar again
Like an urge for murder
...Her kiss
The paradigm of bliss
Hot whispers on the wind
In swanlike curves I graced salvation

Amidst both world I promised her
Eternity would be beautiful

Yet on the cusp
I still not truly dared

Her eyes plied hard a burning will
Beseeching on her knees
Like Salome unfulfilled

I hung between two thieves
Guilt and spilt desire
Until that flame became a fire
All consuming

With strength renewed
I turned again
Death all lit up by my perfect victim

And she grew
The scourge of men
They hissed her name in perverted dictum

Now we walk, our cavorting auras
Feed the lengthy shadows with their sullen lullabies
The fragrant night air filled with haunting chorus
Clouds draw cobweb threads across a bloodied moonrise

Illicitus

Illicit
Us