

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