

The Bazaar

The Tea Party

silence swimming in a pool of dreams
beneath its depths the forgotten streams
above, the city of the evening star
behind its walls, the grand bazaar
as she walks through its endless maze
cursing those who mistrust her ways
please my friend no matter what she sees
tell my lover come back to me

doorways spilling out their sombre light
casting shadows that will raid the night
along the alleys of her ruling fears
walk the visions that will cause her tears
lying still as she wills her glance
through the eyes of a charmers trance
please my friend no matter what she sees
tell my lover come back to me

and on the walls
shadows play
twilight souls
anguished ways
lost adrift
severed seas
i await you
come to me