

O, Beauty Mine

Eyes lost at sea.

Words from your red hills-

Nebulas held in each syllable.

Where your vessels begin and your ribs end, I don't know.

Where my love ends and infatuation begins, I don't know.

While treading your wishes, with teeth sunken into your sweet flesh, I hold mine own and thank my father's God for you.

Sirens tie each other up as your ship approaches,

seagulls feed off your beauty,

and I fear they'll leave you bare.

You smile.

You hand me your heartstrings.

I weep.

And day breaks again