

## **Dies**

# **"Does This Inspire You?"**

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You are a garden, arching back and yawning trees  
And I have come to stand outside the gates of she who  
loves me  
And cleaving to the soul of you, my dark and mystic  
bride  
I step into your garden now with nothing left to hide

No air, no shame, no breath, no pain  
Your skin, your hips, your eyes your lips  
Your back, your hands your thighs your grip

No dark, no walls, no grief, no crawl  
Your sweat, your face, your mouth, your taste  
Your voice, your bones, your blood will race

Your skin is pale just like your name  
I watch the blood traverse your veins  
Your garden is a sacred place, my bride  
Your fruit is sweet to taste  
Crafted in the image of an everlasting blaze  
I am your groom your only one, unyielding as the grave

Your spine, it shifts and cracks in place  
Your eyes, they sift across my face  
Your teeth, they bare and gleam like this  
The moisture tucked within your kiss  
Your heart, it palpitates and spins  
Your organs dance and sing within  
Your ribs, they spread like ivory towers  
My bride, my love, this night is ours.  
Trembling now beneath my touch  
Your smell your taste your heart your trust  
My life my soul my heart for you  
Your passion and your body too

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