

Holland

"Lure - Pallida Mors"

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Gleaming droplets douse the mead
Bringing with it's breeze the scent
Of weeping willows Babylon
Bedding down for winter's chill

Like two young lovers intertwined
In the frivolity of life
Leaned one over with gallant whisper
Betrothed domains of ceaseless time

Coaxing her to drop her veil
To shroud his cloak around her frailty
As two together become one
To ride the winds of no tomorrow

Coquette mortality enraptured
A beam of light adorned her lips
With head leaned back welcomed her captor
Inhaled the sweet October mist

Caressing gently hallowed bodies
Undulate for Dusk to see
Not yet kissed the waning siren
As Azrael waits patiently

For pendulum must swing away
From transient fear-uncertainty
Although he holds with timeless hands
The siren soul safe in his palms

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