

Maudlin Of The Well **"Blight Of River-Systems"**

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Snow, and drugs
That make every visage angelic!
Then came my secret dream of the girl
My warrior with a foot like a doe
Walking for inspiration,
I learned which of you is the One.
Kissing, but not moving
Loving, unmoving
But this is said in a coquettish trance
Dampens my book, thoughts come quick
I almost love you,
But I kiss you the way I kiss Maria
And she, with a foot like a doe!
I was swept away
When the choirs in your shiny eyes cast
Little drops of water on everything
O, Slayer of trickery!
My shoulders hold more than a swarm of devils!.
Whence came the Blight of the churning rivers?
You spoke like a dragon
My queen, my angel
Scion of anguish, I cherish your anguish
This is a promise and you are a dove
I quit this grief with obsequies
Snowfall beautifies humanity
But charm is lost with enhanced design
Bind my lips with the purest vine!

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