

Paragon Of Beauty "About Glum Naiades And Idle Gods"

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Ethereal calm was sown by naiades
Vague delight
Dead wood's paleness, bygone...

O weightless thought
Microscopic darwins.
Particles of a cruel hour-glass
That's filled with empty seed.
Raining down a poet's grave

Earily thy sad wind roars
Blows and weaves on torrid shores
Careworn mermaids flicker grey
Elderly thy morn-boughs sway

When the oddest foe entwines me and ballads die
away
When the witty moons pass by like habits

I'll starve in bleak dismay

Chasms whisper:
"Joy is numb...a fatal chalice...no escape"

Thou hath waltzed o'er pastures of frailty
With cygnets wrapped in moss
Murky day-dreams plague thee. O nadir
Thy energy disdained by sourness

Make thy loom of wisdom
Into a sprouting remedy
Be aware that thou shall mind
Thy timid orphaned naiades

A swarm of white owlets
To clear my lovesick heart

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