

## Mirah

# "The Knife Thrower"

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When you find the one you want  
You summon them in, you blush, you flaunt  
Such consummate lips betray your thoughts  
To so gaily inspire a lark

You say this is a game so take your place  
Then you set the mask upon your face  
My silhouette in the air you trace  
And the dagger performs with a start

This is the way we represent  
Desire displays impermanence  
Discover you now the inference  
Of the lesson i wish to impart

And when the nimbus groans with thunder  
Think of the clothes all cast assunder  
Fragrant, the rose is filled with wonder  
All that is left of my heart

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