

Celestia

"A Dying Out Ecstasy"

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She has the beauty of unraped statues.
Her body is frail but her presence is queen.
I had so invocated her that letters of her name become
For me divinities to worship.

Black will be the color of our eternal engagement.
The fascinating instart of of her state without glimmer
Possessed me wholly.

She had made up her pale cheek-bones of purple
powder and
Lacqued her lips of thick blood.
Her hair swings in the rhythms of her light touches as a
Snake round it's prey.

The dark cloth of her dress falls on her body without
Shapes.
And her skinny hands are adored with long nails like
Threatening claws.
The silent melting of our bodies shoots painfully.
Shroud me will in your morbid body which stinks so
nice!

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