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Portrait of a Lady

She was sitting in a small reception room
hands clasped resting on her lap

She was a lovely painting he thought
hair black and lustrous
Waist so thin he could probably
wrap his hands around it

He could lift her from that chair like she was a parcel
in black and white wrappings
She was probably just as light he thought
as her frail frame gave evidence to

Her bosoms high and heaving with
heavy breaths
Her lovely cheeks tinted
with a rosy glow

And those eyes those beautiful
cornflower blue eyes
They held all the power in the world
to mesmerize him to pull him under

She had come to pay him a visit
as he had requested
For he much desired to have her
she was a conundrum he thought

A puzzle which he needed to solve
she looked at him with big bewildered eyes
To her he was a legend a myth
the one they called the beast

With a trembling heart he reached out
his hand to her
And with a trembling hand
she took him in

This was the moment time stood still

eons of time and forgotten memories
came crashing in on them
as they had finally reached their home

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