i went a wandering in the blue

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finding words for love

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I went a wandering on the blue
 I left my shoes in the car. I wanted to feel the earth on my soul. The stones at my feet were both sharp and bitter sweet.
 On on this night I had strayed, a migrating wolf nothing more, pacing the circle finding no center only the eye of the bluest moon. "Oh, Sandra,"I wisped "what dose the moon smell like your hair or your sweat?"
 I took nothing on by path but my muse, a star named Sandra, the richest dark chocolate and fuel for my quest. Nothing to lose but all to gain, for you see the source of yellow is my pleasure and ultimately my pain.
 As the rhythm of my unquiet mind rummaged my engorged hart and no other could I find. I sang a song of summoning a ditty for pity and closing the imp apocalypse into the dust.
 Rust! My fear, flay into me no more for you see I have come to slay you dragon and have my way with the madden the whore, that in cruelty you chain you see the source of yellow is my joy and ultimately my pain.
 So easily did that demo gorgon fall, thus is the power of my muse, a stone both sharp and bittersweet.
The night coiled around me and my lust, the wolf, mounted into the clever moon. You may ask was it spring or fall? No, it was the bitter winter in which I found my frozen tears they to are sharp and bittersweet
Pausing on a snow fitted hill I gathered a unique indomitable hyacinths and ate my darkest chocolate, it was warm and friendly. Sitting on a bolder I felt a tap on my left shoulder. "So it is you Sandra have you come to lay or untie you bow? Is it time for touching even fucking?" No was her smile. I have come to say; "I am your stone and even in your poem you can not lift my silk." Oh it is true you source of yellow are both my hope and ultimately my pain.
 With a wink and in a blink my yellow faded and once more the moon was turned blue. After the longest time my frozen tear fell a wondering to the earth and I saw a footprint in the dust.
Joy! This was joy. Humbled I gathered the snow on the hill, retrieved my frozen tear, scoped the dirt and put them in my pocket. I had an hour glass to fill so I bay at the moonlight until I fell asleep to dream a poem I still call the source of yellow. The center of my rainbow and ultimately my pain she is.

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