

Grace Unbecoming

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Romantic longing of a tortured mind.

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She is my lovely apparition. My nameless wraith which haunts me still. I would tear the night from the very sky, should its promised darkness not bring her to me. And lo I lay here in silent prayer, that she make me suffer with her memory. Trace my flesh, make it burn and quiver. That she may take me, my very being into her embrace. I see her now as I saw her then. In pallets of grey, a shadow, something glimpsed, lost, lamented. She, a silhouette carved into my soul. She and only she can end me. My reaper in a black dress. Eros and Thanatos, the erotic and the abyss. I saw her but only once, and in a dream she loved me. So let the darkness come in the quiet hours. May the night steal me, to where passion lives in feverish dreams. Grant me this mercy, that I shall never wake.