

Sweet Serenade

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Sweet serenade of my heart Like heated lips on the skin of my thigh Those brassy tones all soft and mellow Tender music of my lost soul Reaching out from the past To touch me on the morrow. Sweet notes that cascade and fall, And tumble Across my dreaming flesh like A soft caress That fills the void inside of That loving heart of yesterday. How my spirit aches in the present Longing for that tremor of sound That sigh That soft, slow breath Emptied into the universe And heard as a flutter of silken wings Against the sky And seen in the flash of sunlight Through that single, lonely rain drop. That silent symphony of sound Known, always known But unheard That sad music of longing and want Of need... Of forgotten wishes that have long been whispered And set free to roam the earth. Would that Karma had an ear for such sad music Would that she understood and took That softer line... But fate is a bitch With a magnifying glass Cruel and distant and deaf To the sweet serenade Of my heart...