

# The Score

By Min\_Farrjones

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Aria 1: Rejoice Scarred spirits converge Burning whirlpool of molten lust Affecting, a comforting surge  
Mound on mound, feels so just Scars heal, lets love emerge Mental orgasms blow away rust  
Tenderness and rejoice to the verge Leaping, lifting and flying we must Swirling and twirling in urge  
Subconscious peaks, a hint of distrust Feelings and secrets scourge Thumbling back towards earth's  
crust Aria 2: Remorse Fearfull free fall, what will be lost Lustfull lady stripped, illusion bare Lamenting  
lord begging to accost Clawing up in full dispair Hitting ground, crashed and tossed On his back,  
shaking head to focus stare High up she is, his star in frost Whispers about, he'll no longer care  
Crawling on knees, feelings glossed Numb in remorse, his maiden so fair Head bent low, with his  
hands embossed Again his soul solely wanders life's fair Aria 3: Recluse Lord turns poet to vent on  
his own Pondering and wondering, what if Impressions weaving, poems sewn Birds feather  
scratching glyph Writing in blood, wailful and alone Back bend and broken, taking the biff Her rays of  
compassion, his moan Writing and scribbling all in a whiff In his recluse, sitting on his throne Ruling  
land disappeared off cliff Wanting her lust but that is gone Her love remains, pure spiff Aria 4:  
Redemption Confiding again, resisting searing sun Angel pushes, her words evangelic Braking down  
mental prison Whispers about, secrets made public People consoling, no longer forlorn Discovering  
friends, no longer exilic Heart starting to heal, no longer torn Communal acceptance, no longer  
diabolic His star still shines, feeling reborn Their love no longer melancholic Their love eternal, for  
ever sworn Redemption turned sexual lust archaic Aria 5: Release Poet arises, peering about Hearts  
desire, burning still Release required, black out Lust full rage without any skill Angel divine, helps with  
doubt Union made in all good will Release facilitated, so devout Sexual tension again can spill  
Revering his star to not bale out Their love platonic and still Release in truth can now branch out His  
heart no longer crushed by the mill