

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