

Enslaved by Desire

A bride bequeathed by sinning
All she had by grinning upon the son –
A vast and lurid whaling sum of money!

And within her grasp a harpoon, a netting,
Of enslaved young children by begetting
One or two to neglect, and her pride was beside her;

For, the grandest sum had won, and upon her grave
She stood over her son, quietly groaning and bemoaning the sum, then.
Let there be light! Said he then! And into that lurid bee's hive stung –
The grandest sum of moneys,
Which would then be abandoned on a rooftop high atop the son's rays!

But oh, wouldn't you know, the netting was too strong,
For, when young boys and girls with greedy hands too strong grasp at its webbing, even today,
The curse of old Leopold ages the children by 10 or 13 fold long years, and not by begetting.

And by such, the holy rites of a boy to frighten them with outlandish toys, was bequeathed to
him by her.

And cursed be them by too, too much money,
Those whom arch their backs to the son attempting to suckle upon His thumbs and taste his holy
honey.

Yet, clever be some whom with illusion have run the course to its highest throne upon the
rooftops, beneath the son's vivid rays!
But, turned have they into withered young men and women by ages greater than thou,
And entangled have become their hearts and entangled upon this art become thumbs of money!

So, them with there enlightened thrones scream like banshees with knees knurled and with glees
ensnarled upon them, with righteousness to begat them in moneys!
And thus, their demise South has grown ill to them,
And all their velvet vests have grown tired of them,
And all the money in this whole wide world could not detour the wrath of men and women with
hunger upon them.

For, enslaved are they by wealth and fame and every vice known to tame a handsome
youngster's hand from thou's money!

And rage is deep, deep, down within their marrow,
And faint are their tomorrows,
And velvet is their heroes' vests for having gone South!

So, dimly, dimly now I write to these sojourners of aged flesh and bone of anger deep within.

For, once upon a midnight dull and dreary came earthen fears and a query of fiery light,

And with it "His" name of, Desire.

And abandonment was their games.

And into His flames they have disappeared