

Poem: Black Mask

Dark black hair and smiling face that twinkles with bronze eyes,
Song of pursuit and accent of the call declares the winds,
What have you done! What have you done to sharpen your ways like knives?
Pale with children's innocence and free of blemish that binds.

Favoring of the call like an eagle to persuade does that stuns the byline.
Something arouses in the distance where lips fair and fine kisses.
Honor and power staggers with each movement from your body before I say mine,
The sound of a song calls within I to come closer and feel the miss.

Perfect version and dreams sour my magic of taste.
Be free of what is meant to be and deliver me from the breeze,
One must make the patience to see your smile with haste.
A small caress and touch lures me to freeze.

Oh love beget me to not a guest but a new,
Oh love, begets me to be a beau.

By: Dea Divi