

Poetry Series

**DWP Praymore**  
**- poems -**

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# DWP Praymore(28.08.1948)

# Dying Embers

Fear forces sweat-drops meandering  
from brow into myopic eyes  
of my poor head-sockets  
to understate the obvious answer  
required by the obvious question:  
'So, old codger, you let her slip away, eh? '

Ah, but I did, I did, indeed I did,  
yet is she not quite gone;  
are those the silent steps of soft approach  
her feet of deep desire avail?  
Can love harness insatiable lust  
only satiation would adjust?

Sighs and moans describe her skin  
that like a sheen of negligee light  
drapes forms of almond flesh  
too near to ignore, too far to touch:  
snow-petals of frail perfection  
belie the cascading shroud of oblivious  
self-destruction snugly hidden  
and securely wrapped in dream-cloth  
embroidered with pearls of vulnerability.

Death by birth in excruciating pleasure,  
directional signboard to God  
with spaces of temporary relief  
mocking my forlorn hope,  
I let her go.

Mentally I scatter her addictive ashes  
longing to burn with her beauty;  
close by her soul not too far,  
sharing butter slices of nourishment  
from her joyous voice that dances  
on gusts of wind from heaven-sent  
angels blowing breezes of grace.

Alone in the company of lovers

I cannot but flee her reality  
to cover my suicidal obsession  
exposed to the world,  
as trees clap their hands  
and mountain ranges embrace God  
in a crescendo of tidal-wave exultation.

What could assaulting Cupid  
and breaking his bow accomplish?  
Nature awoke from sweet slumber  
in gasping gurgles of disbelief:  
I let fall my mask  
onto a pillow of nightmares  
that fade not with the light of dawn  
or the budding of black roses.

Mead of motherhood flowed  
in rivers of ecstasy from bridal breasts,  
but I cared not a whit,  
quaffed to my heart's content  
and waltzed on to another bout.

As were crime a game of chance,  
alas, I scorned romance  
thinking to be strong and brave;  
I watched my love slide to her grave:  
Father Time collected rent.

Can you ever forgive me?  
I let you slip away to disdain,  
the flames of our passion I let  
burn out and reduce to weak glowing  
coals that aged into dying embers...

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