

I

„I met a man like 6 feet tall,
with hair of golden shimmering strand
and a face as beautiful as sunlights reputation
could ever reach a painters hand,
as sweet as thousand drops of morning dew,
he raised his loving voice - an angel, out of nowhere -
i did not had a choice, but endless kiss him,
keep him mine, endless giving in
to divine calls of syrens, gods and kings, all dancing roundelay my
wide awake and half naked soul, it could not be any better,
my no longer thoughtful mind whispered in its squashy stroll,
until his eyes of gleaming blue, sceptically dug into
mine,
seized by the bitter taste of suspects captious wine, he asked me
Is this true?
Oh lover, lover, wake up to me! Did you forget your vow? not only lover
vow to me, but paradises bloomingly edged gates, with a heavingly embrace
like Gustav used to paint thy
don't you remember now?
But he just nodded odd into the void, like he lost something shiny bright,
he kept it empty mesmerized and went off into the night.
Desperately,
i was, trying to suspend, the piceous kind of magic which landed on his head.
Oh cupido, where are you now, i dont want my lover dead
inside, like the shell of a man,
I must have made some seriously mistake, like the Orpheo child,
when he tenous turned around in his fearful stride,
and looked into her face of calculous tain.
to be continued

II

Dusk turned to dawn and as I sat
in chairs of wits compelling spawn, drawn
to unnecessarily picking sate

I must have turned around, too late
went down the river in my quest, revival splits its cunning chest and opens up a baleful
mouth,

the lyrics, without saying, of mischievous stout:

„I know what this is about! Oh i know thy my fare-ful child, i know what calls you in to
night's oblivious and yet chunky arms, your lover's undivided charms, at least i saw him
passing by, another girl just caught his eye. They went down there,“, he pointed straight,
„They seemed so happily engaged.“

the wood sprite's greenly greedy eyes whiff winds of bogus steamy lies looking at my try-to-
hide upset, his ligneous stature rolls his head and puffs into my fairlec gaze another
unconscionable phrase:

„But as you know, it's never done, you and your match can be as one, if you just open up that
hand, let me hand you handy blend of herbs and meshes spiderspine, dunks in ashes of divine
serpent spares, which by the way, taste good, a breeze of manta, a taste of wood, some
fishtales, for the better slip, a spouses tress, a bite of grip, so that the floury paste may tare,
and then i tell you no despair is ever needed...well...do you keep it?“

and even before a slightest doubt, which troubled him in his hideout drouth, could ever step
into the light, i took that shit and justified the idle hex of languid ghosts

„I'll drink it!“,

that's the way it goes!

But as this liquors leadoff drop barely touched my shivering lips, i saw the wood sprits
seamed face's slid, as a beam of moonlights shine exposed him to the pine.

Look what a stinging trout i fell for in my doubt,

my widely open eyes must have talked these lines, but as they did, it was too late, watching
my body become a Snake.

Oh lover may you recognize, your lovers nature through the eyes, that's the latest wish i made,
and went further down the lake.

to be continued

III

The way seemed gloomy heavy wave,
as darkness was the landlords grave, when
little snake sneaked through holy grounds,
looking forward to the sound, of the familiar lover bounds.

But even deeper she went in,
the boundaries that crossed her skin,
just weren't the one's she knew they were black and bitter blue.

What to do?

As she asked herself like what and why a man appeared with golden eyes
he was just as her, searching for ways through the woody bitty space,
they couldn't see each other right, but what they saw were gloomy eyes
made them fit each others slice and smiling for a deeper price.

„Who is it?“ she asked as sweet as glue, and he just answered

„I am you!“

suddenly she felt like flashed, her whole body shaken and dashed,
what happened to a snake like her, and this stranger frightened her, she was likely to go back
„hold on my dear, now don't loose track!“

he seemed as smart as never seen, so careful she returned to him,
bit by bit and step by step just opened up to close the gap
between the two, who now and then, have seen each other from a far
but as he came close, she was about to f*** jar.

He sweetly laughed and took her hand, as friendly as the man of golden strand
and then she knew, who she just met, her lovers essence all covered in
black. Like a doctor, medicine man, like woody sounds surrounded him, she found him
exciting, magically, striving, lips of honey, eyes like stars, she felt like dying from a look
she took, as melodies were saying and woody animals laying down their
cloaks, a whole Orchestra was playing, she never ever in her life, had seen a beauty of this
size,

and as the wood turned into firework, into flowery bloom, it bursted out its sweet perfume, the
lights went on and like on stage they were covered all in green
and she looked into his face
and all the rest is seen.

Wow.