

Transgressions Upon the Soul

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This poem, I rather like. I like how it worked out. The rhyming all worked out well, and I like my use of vocabulary. ^_^ Yay. I'm proud of it.

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1. Transgressions Upon the Soul

Sad, the girl's soft and haunted cry
That lingers in the breeze and drifts on high
Catching the ear and drawing the eye
Towards the stars, towards the sky.

Deep, the girl's bright and heavy tears
Drowning in her fragile, vivid fears
Waiting for a future that's not quite clear
Prophecies that she doesn't want to hear.

Faint, the girl's dream and wistful sighs
With a sadness that, heavy, lies
So close to the surface, no matter how hard she tries
No matter how much she does long to fly.

Vague, the girl's ethereal and pretty dreams,
Closer to the reality she wants than it seems
Tangled like yarn on so many skeins
Ephemeral, lost on morning's light, like so many other things.

Soft, the girl's sweet and gentle caress
Filled with delicate, willowy strength and finesse
Creamy and smooth like the silk of a dress
Washing away any and all remaining distress

Strong, the girl's last and meaning clue
Saying words that are only true
Smiling as away, among the clouds she flew
Turning once more to face only you.

Sweet, the girl's radiant and gentle smile
Not meant to confuse nor to beguile
Ready and eager, facing the trial
Held stead in place for the whole while.

Pure, the girl's delighted and flighty dance
Urging on the rosy budding romance
Ready to try, ready to take that chance
Drawing the eye into a well-wanted trance.