

Heaven's Prelude

James RandallFly

(On My Quiet Temple)

As i ponder, thinking thinly (in)
Amorphous ambiguity
Alone in strictest anonymity
Adrift are my thoughts, with no proclivity
Admonished I sift thru latent promiscuity
Alas — aloft, let loose, and lost
Anxiously tossed in pale obscurity

Tempered at last in vanquishing vitriol
This sweetly succulent sentience of mine
Seeps softly into those imminent thoughts
Tempting the earth with the scents of thyme
Tempting, darling masses, this residue of rhyme

Death calls me tenderly, again and once more
She visits in wisps of fertile decay
My ebbing soul beckons me to "Ignore!"
As Opiated Excitement swirls in the fray

"HEAVEN'S PRELUDE" is this final etude
Beautiful intensity of a rhythmic beatitude
Awash in effervescence that strips minds nude
Bountiful immensity doth hunger preclude

Maroon is the lust of some beautiful swimming moon
Those fleeting soft kisses, they whisper this tune
The whet lips of April sing sweetly in June
Blue is the gloom of winter's wither doom!

Tender is the rest that sleeps in its nest
Plush is the brush of Vanessa's sweet breast
I wish dry that trying mournful tear
Upon the cracked façade of some distant, cold year
Dead is the mountain-beast, wrecked and forlorn
Wrinkled and wrought, The wicked, The torn!

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Dusk loves the cold host who quietly quivers
Dawn's healthy ghost always delivers
Those ridiculous, effortless, unmentionable shivers
Frozen is the ocean that once fed our rivers

Through the unseasonably drifty, warm and wet landing strips
That she so refreshingly refers to as her purring lips

Death calls me tenderly in this final etude...
That thin veneer doth tempt thy tongue!
Death calls me tenderly in this final etude... on my quiet Temple
And then your openness retreats

(all is not; all soonly will be; all that beckons the morrow)