

Melting Your Mascara

By Adagio

Published on Stories Space on 09 Oct 2019

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/-melting-your-mascara-.aspx>

With a breath of blue touched in dreams, as I held a thought in the silence of bliss, from Carmine red lips that brought fires, now melting your mascara.

As your pulse recedes from the photograph hung, on my mind's window, and the cloth that we wed, a better bride I could not desire, simply said, now a widower in my bed.

In shadows, a far horizon whispering your name, of Shangri-La and ivy of lovers strange, where angels fly like butterflies, in Autumn's umbra of falling leaves.

With lords of the fields on vellum, as the ink dries, of tears in my eyes every magic you brought to me, now I am lost wanting you in dreams I sleep, simply said, now a widower in my bed.

In the condensation of the dew, oils kindling embers, with a breath of blue touched in memories of you, on my mind's window and the cloth that we wed, now melting mascara.

Of our games, of Pachisi and spirits of the Ouija board, la petite mort, cannot keep us away until time expires, we kiss with the falling rain of sins we made, as the gods roll dice on which cloud we land on.

Stroking the dragon of my phallus imagination, in my cups of gin for dummies, feeding my poetic yummys, a poet of past matrimony, in detox.

Making love on a little cloud that sighed, where angels at twilight are free to roam, lost in the wanderlust of night's phantasm, now melting your mascara.