



Poinsettia Moon

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Intoxication with perfumery in a chapel of webs memories like a dark poinsettia moon and whispers at twilight

Before the edge of dawn as your breath awakes me with the snow of pollen and a ghostly kiss

Intoxicated with perfumery as the willows bend low in an arabesque of our love in a chapel of webs memories

Like a dark poinsettia moon on a quiet pond of loons echoing the past coming in from the dark

