

# Her Portrait

By Piquet

Published on Stories Space on 27 May 2011

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Inspired by the work of Lucinda Lyons with a nod to Swinburne.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/her-portrait.aspx>

In a chamber suffused with emotion  
By the light of innumerable dawns,  
In a house betwixt forests and  
ocean, Where the briar rose  
bristles with thorns; There hangs  
her portrait in splendour, In  
mystic silence, forsaken,  
unknown, In lines both violent  
and tender And colours of  
thunderous tone. Her eyes  
bespeak wisdom and knowing,  
Her face; enigmatic and ever  
serene With tresses luxuriant,  
flowing To realms of delight  
yet unseen. She is lissome of  
line, at times seeming To  
move with the heart of the  
storm. In turn, she seems  
tranquilly dreaming; Creating  
visions of exquisite form. Her  
goddess soul demands adoration,  
She is a daughter of tempest  
and night, Of desire - the last  
incarnation, A creature of  
ethereal light. Ceaseless and  
boundless her passion; Kindler  
of unquenchable fire, Nude  
in the fearless old fashion,  
Wellspring of lust and desire!