

Tryst

**A rosy sunset tryst. Strange silence too sweet for words
Wavers as winsome eyes full of dreams -
Secret stores of steadfast joy - and unshed tears
Spill from deep, azure, glassy, springs.**

**She sings subtle, sad music for mercy.
Oh, to be enraptured by persistent beauty.
And delicious sighs of surrender
Echo from a voice full of unseen splendour.**

**Breezes blow powdered pieces of paradise
As her soul glitters liling, silver laughter,
Steeped inside with scandalous, untamed love
For the invisible One who has called her His dove.**

**She sings subtle music of sovereignty.
Oh, to be enraptured by persistent beauty.
And delicious sighs of surrender
Echo from a voice full of unseen splendour.**

**In fields of asphodel under wind-winnowed skies,
With wrinkled brow and unchaste panting cries
Broken words of her own delight
For a glimpse, a taste, a consuming whisper at twilight.**

**She sings misty music of majesty.
Oh, to be enraptured by persistent beauty.
And delicious sighs of surrender
Echo from a voice full of unseen splendour.**