

The Golden Birds

In hues fervent as a blush kissed face,
Drape I, in a silk and feathered pink embrace,
Of the dress, faintly forged in the loom of grace,
In the cobalt ribbon of infinity's trace,
Unseen hands scribing the embroidery of space.

Golden birds orbit, a hypnotic dance,
In a cosmic whirl of sundrenched circumstance,
Soaring beneath the cobalts' expanse,
Flame-bodied and palpitating with chance,
Woven from the divine golden gossamer of romance.

Butterflies of gold beat their wings in flight,
Within this celestial sketch, casting shadows,
dancing light.
The vivid hues of apocalyptic sunset yet contrite,
Seem insignificant compared to her solitary sight.

Petals poised pink and white,
Laughter of nature in falling delight,
Whirl in the breeze of this endless night,
In the wilderness of cobalt blue, they ignite.

Sorcery sprouts, in green magic apples,
Tales twisted as the gnarled chapel's chapels,
Whosoever takes a bite, nature ensnarls,
In woody veins and petrified battles,
Become they, one with the silent heart of the apples.

Green apples, seeped in magic's forbidden might,
Dangerous, drenched in seductive insight,
Turn the untamed to a forest despite,
Their yearning to remain in human sight.

Silhouette in the silk and feathered dress,
Warily exists in the enchantment less,
The prickling transition she can but guess,
Yet desires the touch of wilderness.

What cosmic whim of the divine architect,
Makes us yearn for that which will deject?
Yearn she does, for the apple's effect,
Her pink silhouette against the cobalt, perfect,
Poised on the cusp of an imminent dialect.

Turn I, it whispers, let roots draw life,
Exile not from this exchange rife,
Tree-born from the star-chiseled strife,
Her pulse echoing in the heartwood's fife,
Turn I, it murmurs, into a tree's wife.

In the silk and feathered pink,
Amidst the burgeoning celestial ink,
Under the gaze of the edge's brink,
Turns she to wood from flesh and link,
Caught in an everlasting blink.

Dreaded fate, rendered sweet,
Through transformation from flesh to fleet,
In the cobalt sea, where the heavens meet,
Becomes the woman, a standing retreat.

Starlight reflected in crystallised bark,
Echoes of laughter dimmed in the dark,
Her form solidifying, under the lark,
The woman, now a timeless watermark.

Part of the universe, against such blue,
The woman-tree, her existence imbued,
No longer haunted by her solitude,
She stands, as nature's gratitude.