

Sorceress

Oh wicked, wicked, sinister foe!
How closer to the marrow than my own bones,
How deeper in the chest than my own heart
Your wretched magic is!
How firmly your soft hands lock around my throat!

And yet how tightly, tightly
I hold them there;
For yours is the spell of beguiling:
Your soft-spoken words
And the flush in your cheeks
Only mask the trail of a thousand broken hearts
And a hundred kingdoms riven!

A helpless fool am I in the presence of your charms,
Against which years of erudition
And a well-trained mind have no power!
Lost and forsaken am I
To a Sorceress for whom I would surrender all
Just to be entranced for one more dark
And vulgar night.

I am enslaved to your every whim,
And when under my breath I curse you,
You are gone in an instant,
Leaving me to stare at this accursed empty chair!

But hurry back to me, my wicked love,
For without you, there *is* no time;
The sun rises not;
And my bitter heart beats only
With each slow and sickening thought.

With a tip o' the hat to Mr. Shakespeare.