

The Bliss of Love's Desires

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A short poem using fire as the metaphor.



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The Bliss of Love's Desires

The hot bliss of desires retreat
In a whole so deep you forget its elite
Never to be entered by the ones so weak
They are chased away to land so bleak
Aloud only to breathe in its own reek.
The stench of bliss growing solemn
If not so fake it chokes your mate
Leaving you alone an utter blank
To wallow alone in your desperate Hell
Along with the ones naÃve enough to dwell.
The hot bliss of desires retreat!
There are none that wish for such heinous treats.
Though it be more trickery than treat you meet
Its loving betrayal is but all so desired
By souls so weak it's no wonder she is so admired.
The single touch of a lover's hand run up the spine
And down the leg leaving the faint tingle of a love tine
Sending sweet shivers down the line
Imprinting with the lovers vine.
You've taken sip of this wonderous wine.
The hot bliss of desires rest
Beneath the sheets of love,
Kissing the tellers, unmuting their tongues
No longer disturbing the unkind dove.

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Bequeathing the burning aches she confessed

Leaving the fire to burn in its nest

Out it goes in Hell's ancient cone

To remind the demons of what love had once shone.

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