

# 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 na~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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