

The Sculpture

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By : AemmaBella

The poetry of a man adoring his lover.



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The curves on that Sculpture,

Those tendrils engraved.

Smile, my darling, brighter than the stars,

Warm yourself with your modest blush.

The mirror- you see the mirror- the Sculpture

Inside, watching you watch, naked and such.

Do not look away from such a masterpiece!

Your Sculpture made of Gold-embraced by loving Diamonds!

Smile!- my darling, brighter than the sun stilled,

Now adorn your Sculpture in fiery velvet, the beauteous seed.

The curves on that Sculpture... those tendrils engraved,

Veiled in fiery velvet voluminous on that bright beautiful Gold.

Priceless Gold... Priceless Beauty...Priceless Art,

Unbreakable is that Sculpture, no mortal dare act.

So smile, my love, the Sculpture is fine,

Stand high with me and model your guile.

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