

S.N. 'Get thy to a Nunnery'

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By : An Other

A night of passion turns into day, a day when a finding devours a mans soul, diminishes his lust. A hopeless romanticist, Romantic Ireland is dead and gone!



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I fell in love again last night,
But no one can imagine how it felt inside,
It felt different, once again this time.
Staring warm-heatedly into her deep brown eyes...

Bronze skin and Mediterranean hair,
Softer than the finest silken wear,
Staring back at me, blankly.
Then...

I knew then this love would have to end.
Lights flickered from the window,
On to her skin the rays subtly softened,
Her curvaceous body yet muscular, slim.
If I knew now what I knew when..

Her public stature didnâ t matter,
When old friends were friends and not a haunting patter,
Of old voices, of young men, resounding forever,
I d had known more to have thought,
To think about that back then.

And with each breath my heart grew closer,
To the well guarded woman that I was supposed to,

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Run away with into the night,

What I found a spare pair of underwear, she was prepared!

Something clearly wasn't right...

Feelings of joy turned to shame,

Glory more now an affliction, a pain.

And when I saw her featurig with other men (like me),

Charming, strong and handsome,

My confidence turned to misery.

though shes only gone six hours...

I've spun emotions and felt their powers,

And having felt each one you see,

I know now its clear to me,

She can never take that vow.

If my hands moved time, would I turn them back?

In spite of all this misery,

Feelings of this and that?

Yes I would of course you see...

Id turn them back to when she was young,

To a time before she had ever begun...

Or settle at least to arrive at last night..

To arrive at that place where it all felt so right,

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There is always the wicked that know in advance,

And her love my drug, a heroin ,ecstasy in my arms.

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