

PENS FOR POEMS

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caveat emptor



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PENS FOR POEMS

though, byron loved miss mary ann

she did not love him back
she found him square, beyond compare
cause savoir faire, he lacked

she told him that she craved romance
her lover must have soul
unless her mate possessed this trait
she could not love him whole

he visited a carnival
and roamed the little booths
his palm lines read, his fortune said
that she had told the truth

a maze of mirrors, tilt-a-whirls
rare animals and freaks
some games of chance, a chicken's dance
and things, no sane man seeks

he noticed something set aside
a booth with no one 'round
and byron, thus, was curious
and this is what he found

a little sign said, "pens for poems"
a man sat in a chair
a bright red beard and eyes so weird
you couldn't help but stare

the sign continued, "with these pens
a poem will come with ease
the purple ink will make you think
of poems that truly please"

now, byron couldn't write a poem
but often wished he could
with poem in hand, miss mary ann
would love him as she should

he naturally was dubious
and asked for guarantee
the bearded gent knew what he meant
and said, "the first one's free"

he offered up a pen and pad

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and said to write a note
and byron sat and just like that
a lovely poem, he wrote

miss mary ann, your hair is gold
your eyes are liquid blue
but bear in mind, if color blind
i'd still be loving you

your voice is like a rhapsody
that rings out like a bell
if stricken deaf, with sounds bereft
i'd love you just as well

when byron read the words he'd penned
he could not understand
with thoughts, he willed, the lines just spilled
beneath his flowing hand

so, byron asked the man at once
for what price, he could buy
he cocked his head and slyly said
"your soul, mate, when you die"

now, byron thought an afterlife
was something quite unreal
and tempting fate, he said, "that's great
i think we have a deal"

and byron quickly left the grounds
and went home to create
the poems just flew and byron knew
each one of them was great

as much as they enchanted him
three times that, mary ann
there was no doubt, this erstwhile lout
was now a dashing man

it went like this for several weeks
a new poem every day
and mary ann was in his hands
in each and every way

he sat to write a poem one day
to ask that they be wed
the purple ink, like wine you'd drink
was now a bloody red

i thought we'd live eternally
as married man and wife

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but demons dwell and what the hell
i'd rather take my life

i think i'll cause my heart to stop
so no blood pushes through
inside a deep and dreamless sleep
beats living life with you

when byron read the ghastly poem
in spiky lines of red
he felt quite sad, he'd never had
such thoughts inside his head

he tried to write another poem
the harder that he tried
the more perverse became the verse
in terms of suicide

he thought about the carnival
and of that bearded man
and then at last, quite overcast
began to understand

and darkness gripped him like a pen
and fate wrote out his lines
he'd not resist and knowing this
gave in to their designs

he grew to hate his throbbing heart
the sound now drove him mad
to lose control of his lost soul
just didn't seem that bad

he took the pen he treasured so
and plunged it in his chest
and damned and cursed, tried one last verse
but could not write

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