

Ah, Sorrowful Love Poetry

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Love, the thorny irony, the bittersweet thorn and petal. Poetry of the darker, and more poetic side of love.

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1 - Crying Without Tears

I sit beside your grave,
I mourn you without tears I'am no longer able,
I've cried every tear I could more so then thereon,
Yet in my heart I cry at your loss of life,
Bleeding drops of red and discontented sighs,
Each breath I take is like a terrible, piercing, knife,
I almost draw a huge breath,
To take a final blow,
Yet the tears inside my heart,
They still cascade swiftly,
So still I mourn your passing,
As I sit beside your grave,
In this cold, cruel, cemetary,
That is my newly home,
Yonder seen afar as my gaze falls steadily,
I stay by your side in my state of malicious spite,
Bitter at the loneliness that stays welling up inside,
As I stay close to you yet so very far,
I miss you all the more as I sit crying without tears.

2 - If I Had

If for every tear I've cried I had one dream,

It would be that you would be mine again,

If I had but one thought,

It would be to forget you,

If I had one hope,

I would hope for love,

If I had one wish it would be,

That you would always love me,

If I had one sorrow,

It would be the loss of life of those I hold dear,

If I had one breath,

I would give it to you,

If I had one heart,

I would warm you with it,

If I had one soul, I would cleanse you with it,

If I had these things, I would set your world aflame,

Alas, I have noone, no-thing,

Thus, I must depart without fare,

However of what I have, that thing be love,

My love to you, I truly give.

3 - Tryst

Under a tempest moon,
Shining so bright,
Yet creating the darkest night,
Love that entertwines,
With souls of pure design,
Stars all a'glimmer,
Lighting souls that shimmer,
Yet secrets find their way,
Leading them astray,
So for now let them be,
Under that tempest moon,
When dawn finally arrives,
Then let them meet their doom.

4 - A Rose Upon A Grave

A single rose,
For all my love,
For all you do impart,
A single rose to light the way,
When all elsewhere is dark,
You hold me in your arms at night,
Speaking softly when I cry,
You look at me with such a depth,
I fear that I should die,
You share a likeness to a rose,
In ever many ways,
Your beauty is the physical,
Your perfection is the heart,
Your softness is the petals,
That ever do decieve,
Your nature is the thorns,
That belie your gentle voice,
So akin then to a rose,
When like a rose you wilt,
It is this irony that I now impart,
A single a rose upon your grave.

