

# Halloween Tea and Jasmine Incense

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*It is the wont of a greater dream.*

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## 2 - Dreaming Shades of song

Ron Koppelberger

Dreaming Shades of Song

The dominion of stone, the ageless sin in vagabond distinctions of manifest tempest and whispers that hold back the scarlet waters of oblivion supposed a kind of love for Lewis James. He found a desolate pantomime as he chanted in shadow, dissolving and reappearing in gestures of wardship and thunder. "Quiet garlands of atoning freedom, quiet savannahs of beautiful rescue and delighted dawns of bidden knowledge, a quiet beggar thrilled and milled by escape and calm, accept my humble alm!" He hummed and grew confident with the chant.

The existence of Lewis James was defined by need, the need to gain the upper hand in summoned magic and bound tempos. He craved a smokey mistress, a vast array of rolling sun and amber medicines, the mistress of sovereign deluge. "Sweet wandering gypsy slave give yer hand to the wont of my passion and possession in belief and marriage!" He ordered, he commanded to the spirits, to the souls of an ancient affair, the lords of loves and heed, doves and harvest bloom. He chanted and waved his hands at the silhouette of a dream, the expectation of ways and means, infusion and gentle touches of sublime relief.

He churned and burned, he rationed and chanted for the mistress of embroidered elemental bearing and facades of color. In veils of transformation advanced by the depths of a sleepy dream and conscious syrupy overtures of wanton intimacy. "The embers of euphoria, the cinders and ash of agreed bliss address my need and like, balance my brow with the seams of an ancient furrow and wise alliance, right the slumber of my desire with your sweet assurance oh mistress of sacred yield!" He gasped and a tiny trail of saliva rolled from between his parched lips to the oaken table before him.

Lewis waited, soon the unreality overwhelmed him as the veil shook and daydream sunrise swallowed him unto the gift of prophecy, portent; he convulsed and he saw a sapphire in the midst of pearls, a gentle blossom, amabilis in hues of fire and azure ice. "AMABILIS, he gasped near the edge of flame and scorched earth. "Damn the chaff and bless the embers of a sated sedition, give me your hand sweet amabilis!" He convulsed and died in silent awe, tempered and stricken by her beauty and countenance. The blossom unfolded and gateways swung both open and closed, pearls for the intimate passage of time and love.