The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk

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ok... um one night, i was awake at midnight and then this poem just.. came to me!!! oh well hope you all like!!!!

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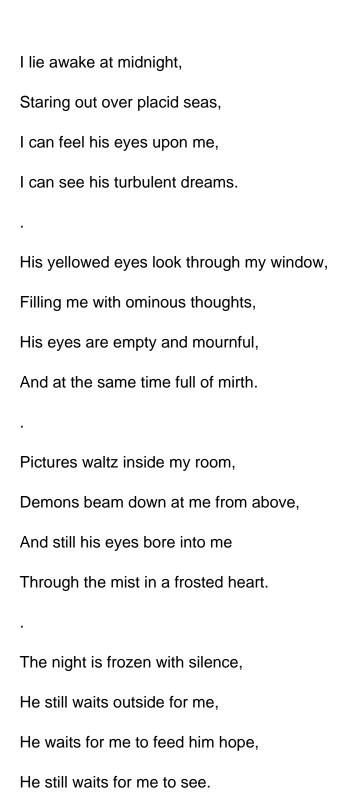
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1 - The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk

The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk.



He will not spread his wings and fly, He will not leave me be, And in the darkness of the hour, My eyes see only he. When I look at him he looks away, His eyes a cruel jury, His mouth is carved of anger pure, His legs, a mockery of fury. I reach out to him, and he pulls away, Scars deeper than a surgeon's knife, Yes, he always knows what you're thinking, In his twisted, manacled life. He always knew how to feel free, He always had cocky talk, Yes, he always knows what you're thinking, The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk. He always knows what I'm thinking, My Black Night's Frosted Hawk.