

# Wind and Rain

By Ron111

Submitted: February 27, 2012

Updated: February 27, 2012

*Seasons in change*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Ron111/59454/Wind-and-Rain>

**Chapter 1 - Wind and Rain**

**2**

# 1 - Wind and Rain

[br]

Ron Koppelberger[br]

Ron Koppelberger[br]

## **Garden Blossoms and the Quest[br]**

The tangibility of calendars and seasons in branded sunshine and established breaths of life lay like winsome reflections of beautiful bounty across the horizon. An expression of glowing serenity and relinquished wreaths of perfection cast in aged layers of dust gave him substance in way of quest. [br] The ridge lay in the distance, beyond the yellow-gold of fluttering wheat and veiled care. The traveler prepared and rested in the fresh damp soil, the tilled rows of saffron revelation. He conversed in daydream essence and misty native dialogue with the spirits of spring. Warm, flowing and full of blossoming promise, what invested the echoing accident of divinity, the savannahs of wheat and the fertile garden blossoms. He noted the scent of fresh beginnings and the tales that would tell the horizons of both past and future, berths and births. Spring seasons of dreamy castaway love and peaceable completion.[br]

The ridge the ascending slope, sylvan and complacently willing beckoned new adventure and the possible band of sinless quest. He prayed and an angel sang praises for the garden and the mans quest. [br]

Moving toward the imagined glories and hoped for prophecy the man trifled the path and [br]

[br]

captivating spring harvest for the welcoming magic of sylvan foothills. A result of entrance and[br]

[br]

absolutes beneath his bosom, his heart beat in rhythm with the journey and spirits of ascension,[br]

[br]

springtime ascension.[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

Ron Koppelberger[br]

## **Tempted Beauty[br]**

The tended garden, resolved by the dreams of a perfect passion. In lofty highs of fond affection and awareness, given the sustenance of a beauty borne by degrees of approaching heaven and realms of overwhelming masquerade, dressed in dandelions, tempted by the light in newborn flames and ancient eyes, the bidden allure of a tempting beauty in paradise, in gilded possessors of soul, spirit and romance. A tempted beauty waiting, eager in wild trusts of ecstasy and calm shameless evanescence. The tempted beauty with thorn and sundry petals aflame by the pretence of a thought for the need of passing fancy and a frayed wandering omen of perfection and fury, by tempted beauty, by the lines of a

forgotten age and the youth of a quiet acquiescent whisper in shadow and summer rain, A tempted beauty in seasons gone unto the pass of an ancient drama and a bidden rose in the afterglow of a dreamy mist, the wont of a smokey baptism in velveteen shadow and the calm distance between what lays in wait for the poor allay of suitors and fathers in enchanted realms of beauty. A tempted beauty, by the sweet song of a tempted beauty and the rapture of a candent halo in secret eyes and quiet desires of triumph, we find the tempted beauty in sober wines and pregnant passions of asylum with solace in the dark shadow of an ethereal tumult in the heart of midnight seconds and torches lighting the path to Eden, in tempted beauty, in the sweet glory of a beauty defying the boundaries of a frayed existence and an alluring horizon in twilight shades of night, the tempted beauty, the tempted beauty in a single moment of sadness and the passing exhalations of an eternal decree, forsworn by the tempting beauty of an expectant touch, the tempting beauty of what one brings forth by the promise of angels and pearls, the tempted beauty in love, the tempted beauty in life and companion spirit, by the tender kiss of a tempted beauty. [br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

Ron Koppelberger[br]

### **The Mistress of Dreams**[br]

The spirit of sanctity and sure sated dreams, a confined absolute for the sweet mistress of bliss and regal majesty. She gave the birth of smoke and misty ecstasy, and in wanting she found creation and centers of divinity. A taste of character and the savor of spells that will the shape of fate and futures in communion, she believed. She believed in the push of pretty, delicate care and evanescent ways in Champaign and wine. [br]

To the thankless solstice between day and evening-tide fires of intimate possession, she sighed and her azure eyes rolled in passionate release; another dream for the land of nod and the spoils of far and away. Another dream in graces of sugar and sap, maple tree conspicuous and pains in distant horizons. Another dream in what was and what will be, in what has hold over the domain of man and beast. She evoked the harmony of tears and fears in worn vagabond dispositions, in velvet cradles of safety. Babies and ancients in dreamy consciousness, in dreams of wont and vaunt, in last gasps and beyond. The mistress of drama and dreams, the satisfaction in fine-spun gild and wild burdens of bond, inspired by the mystery of avatars and order, by the secret of rumors and upheaval, she was the mistress of dreams and soulful forever in light. A shadow for a silhouette, a dream for a waking passion, in the tatters of what tears and love betroth. A descried allusion and the heavens in revolutions sway, the mistress of dreams, the mistress of dreams. [br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]

[br]