

# The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk

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Submitted: November 24, 2005

Updated: November 24, 2005

*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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# 1. The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk

The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk.

I lie awake at midnight,  
Staring out over placid seas,  
I can feel his eyes upon me,  
I can see his turbulent dreams.

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His yellowed eyes look through my window,  
Filling me with ominous thoughts,  
His eyes are empty and mournful,  
And at the same time full of mirth.

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Pictures waltz inside my room,  
Demons beam down at me from above,  
And still his eyes bore into me  
Through the mist in a frosted heart.

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The night is frozen with silence,  
He still waits outside for me,  
He waits for me to feed him hope,  
He still waits for me to see.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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He always knows what I'm thinking,  
My Black Night's Frosted Hawk.