

My Sword

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Another poem by yours truly, about the same girl, of course. Once again, the identity shall remain hidden. It's nun ya business!

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1 - My Sword

My Sword

The haunting call of autumn
is nothing to your eyes
I see a fire deep inside
burning, burning, burning for someone
but is it for me?
No! The fires burn in orbs of ice
which casts an evil eye unto me.
I call myself a knight
You call yourself a queen
I offer you my sword
You flash me your hair of embers
you show me your neck of ivory
and I retire with a sigh.
Why won't you tell me
why, oh why you hate me?
Why do you care for
no one, even yourself?
I don't claim to be perfect,
nor charming or rich

All I can say is that I'm a knight

I can offer you my hand and sword

for they are all I have to give.