The Storyteller

Storyteller

I have loved you a thousand times,
cared not a whit you were not mine.
The wise men say I dove too deep,
but fools can swim and breathe in sleep.Under the blue, under the air,
Magicians we can conjure where
the slightest sigh above the floor
is like a scream we do bear more
interest to cease
desire within split seconds of a pause so thin.This shooting breathes like molten glass
and so we blow it is our task,
to tender well the shyest need
the silent prayer as thought were deed.

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