Elementum Amorum

Matthew Harper
I: Cayenne

Tongue-spit burning sparks climb a smoky spire, dancing fevers. Defy gravitation in her incense for length of candle’s fire – too brief. Lips yearn for a conflagration of the mind. Every purse and pout is wrought with danger’s taste, candy-coated napalm kisses blister skin. Blood boils magma hot, melts inhibitions charred beyond all balm or salve. Writhe delicious in Hell’s grasp, brush of her incendiary device baking world into ashen drought. My rasping throat cries out. No water will suffice. A word to those who carry passion’s torch – The flaming red of lover’s lips can scorch.

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II: Aquamarine

Glinting hints of sparkle-shining daughter floating over lily-white. Cream soft line past her aquatic undertones. Water falling splish-splash into honey-sweet brine, loving each drink and drop of salty thirst. Tidal thrall, bound serf to depths Piscean – alone, adrift, like he Poseidon cursed, wind-tossed, capsized by waves cerulean pools of deepest light have made beneath me. Gave stars for sea, sailing circles, no sextant or compass for steering. Here there be dragons, the siren’s reef holds many wrecks. Beauty has a strength like Triton’s stallions – Deep blue eyes a might like fleets of galleons.
III: Sandstone

Carving, hollowing, deepening the worth of crystalline geode dreams. Sinking fault lines spitting thunder from the splitting earth, a long soft moan aroused from cold basalt. Caressing diamond sundering stalagmite, break into iron blood. Subdermal tectonic thrusts give rise to granite crag and deep ravines. Gushing vents of thermal steam cleave mountains until cornerstone breaks. Boulders crack, bounce rumbly-bumbly slide, shatter on valley floor. She softly quakes and gently rocks, my Demeter beside. Your flinty pride to lover's touch must yield, or with stone heart into the dirt be sealed.

IV: Gossamer

Celestial whisper on which I send a silent songbird blessing. Watch down-draft midnight cyclone shards drift into the wind-swept ethereal cloud-dance. Vapors waft off shining soul-wings, silken slipstream skin and smile. Around pale curling halo whirling Sylphic sprites conspire, now and again, to make golden lightning tickle cheeks. Girl and storm made one in dreams of secret sky-born freedom. Glide on spiral currents, stare at small beneath, forget ground with me, fly beyond spheres, angel and her Prince of Air. Break out of earthbound chains, take soaring flights and let soft Zephyr end your lonely nights.

V: Phantasm

Silver light dream, heaven's dew-drop here. It wills to wisp her past mirrored curtain, all eternal bliss. Static snow-mist spirit slinking out, over, tearing birthing caul away. Her screams of joy awaken souls, set prisms sparking newfound pneumatic sprays. Glowing mind's eyes, shining spectrum coals, quintessential idiosyncratic illuminations of highest glory. Bound in velvet chains, smoothly tight. A shade still unaware, caught in allegory of the cavern her purest essence made. While lips, and eyes, and touch, and hair I love, your inner beauty shines like God above.