

ENSPELLING

Her face is as sculptured as an object of art.

Her eyes shine the intrigue of twinkling jewels.
Limerence is enspelling.

Her body is a video game holding interest, reality fantasized.
Lust spells poetry.

Though her skin is less than ivory of grand piano keys, tanned no blemish,
I crave to love this spell —

LOVE AS LOVE, BEAUTY AS SHE : SONNET

So much could dictate she as beautiful, or mandate love !
Given her nature could deem her fair like Madonna grace of height,
Or, a body of bodies massaging love like beautiful faces' beflight
Imbuing artists creative upon the page, bidding poets ideal fame
When and where she may be meek, or, sassy as spicy candy's dove .
And, love as love is always formulated as most suspect it would be
Where her persona sparkles like glamorous eyes twinkling a star, I see:
Beauty, where the beautiful see you and are reluctant to polish your name
and love is not lust, or, limerence - but, beautiful and lettered to attest
The bleeding hearts' coloring of sympathies the shades of living life;
Of true beauty, or, love as I shall experience and know it — no less
a vast treasure of treasures to measure top-measure no strife !
In comfort, motif's KISSSSS — allowing poets to delineate their best
Is love, maybe I love you and pray your beauty undergoes no knife —