

Ah, Dark Poetry

By PoeticallyTwistedlyInsane

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Poems dedicated to darkness, thought, and solemnity. The Darkness of Thy Heart.

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1 - Dead Black Rose

Dead black rose inside my heart,

From years of mortal sin,

This rose in place of sunlight, dark,

In place of water, blood,

At first a deadly thing you'd think,

However, I learned another thought,

This rose so poisoned petrifies,

Thoughts of lonely apathy,

Yet, solace comes in cold intelligence,

Holding regard to all that pass,

This some would call conceit,

However, it's not a value of one's self,

Merely, a secret for those who hold and know,

Tears of blood and reigns of abyss,

This some would as yet despise, though I myself see no reason why,

This the final words depart,

Within the dead black rose inside my heart.

2 - Forbidden Tree (Ties for my FAVE)

If one heart to break,
Would rejoice the sorrow of my longing,
I would never see, nor seek reprieve,
If wasted years could become tears,
I'd never stop them falling,
What could find these truths unspoken,
When all the hearts by word are broken,
There is no indemnity to be found,
For what loss bequeaths upon the ground,
Mortals seek, and cannot find,
Immortals gain, and never labor,
If world by word,
Can be undone,
If by a fallow face,
All fall under ethereal grace,
Who is to say what justice brings,
When law is not made to assist,
What hath been wrought,
When knaves, and crooks are our companions,
To weave a place into a crowd,
By way of immorality,

If born of such a world,
Could you become more than it never was,
Or less, than ever it had been,
The desecration of a sacred memory,
Ending by light all twas dark,
It was by meaning,
As is to be,
This is the root,
Of the Forbidden Tree.