

white lillies and a cold touch

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my poems are very different from eachother don't ya think?

full title:

black lilly in-bitween white under the beautifull sky with a cold touch.

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Chapter 1 - black inbitween white

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1 - black inbetween white

Beautiful stars,
shine in the night.
I feel so alive,
between white lilies.
Staring at a full moon,
silver perfection.
Far off in the sky,
in-between twinkling stars.
Beautiful and bright.
Night so tender,
beautiful blue skies.
Filled with stars,
a bright silver moon.
Field of flowers,
white and pure.
So beautiful,
but so untouchable.
So far off,
so far away.
From the civilisation,
from the human world.
Strong hands caress my skin,
leaving a cold trail with every touch.
Cold lips in my neck,
dark eyes watch me hungrily.
Wishing to be a white lily,
so pure but so fragile.
Not to touch,
but only to see.
My mouth opens,
but there comes no sound.
I feel mute,
my voice frozen in my throat.
A little sound,
comes thru the ice:
"stop"
nothing happens,
the hands are still.
Footsteps lead away,
they're mine.
I now like a lily,

am untouchable.

But I'm not white as snow,
not pure but tainted.

A black lily,
in the middle of all the white.

Different,
but so much the same.

Only tainted...

what a shame.