

The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk

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ok... um one night, i was awake at midnight and then this poem just.. came to me!!! oh well hope you all like!!!!

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Chapter 1 - The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk

2

1 - The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk

The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk.

I lie awake at midnight,

Staring out over placid seas,

I can feel his eyes upon me,

I can see his turbulent dreams.

.

His yellowed eyes look through my window,

Filling me with ominous thoughts,

His eyes are empty and mournful,

And at the same time full of mirth.

.

Pictures waltz inside my room,

Demons beam down at me from above,

And still his eyes bore into me

Through the mist in a frosted heart.

.

The night is frozen with silence,

He still waits outside for me,

He waits for me to feed him hope,

He still waits for me to see.

.

He will not spread his wings and fly,

He will not leave me be,

And in the darkness of the hour,

My eyes see only he.

.

When I look at him he looks away,

His eyes a cruel jury,

His mouth is carved of anger pure,

His legs, a mockery of fury.

.

I reach out to him, and he pulls away,

Scars deeper than a surgeon's knife,

Yes, he always knows what you're thinking,

In his twisted, manacled life.

.

He always knew how to feel free,

He always had cocky talk,

Yes, he always knows what you're thinking,

The Black-Night's Frosted Hawk.

.

He always knows what I'm thinking,

My Black Night's Frosted Hawk.