

Ten Son

Never was literature more composed
Than in my mind, yet sounds are different. Those
Polysyllabic colloquies digress.
They're remote and vague as my eyes express

The sentiments which my lips are lacking.
This eternal power you hold tight in
A cardinal crypt. The key belongs to
A deity unknown who I aspire to

Be. If predestination can possess
Me the power of this favoured mistress
Of hearts, I shall be elated with the
Felicity of love. Please discern me.

Yet see me not through my chaotic tongue,
As I can only speak through my...ten son.