Chiaroscuro

There was a time when shades of gray were brightest,
When our lives were the lights,
And I couldn’t help but wish for brighter.

Yet the whites are perhaps the snow most coldest,
Falling down like skydivers boldest;
Still, I knew that black could be colder

Sometimes, I think that the gray shades are warmest,
Not as stifling as the fires hottest;
Yes, I could not have want for warmer.

My Rose Desire

Fangs glisten, gleaming
My white Rose, red
A snowy haired prince
My Rose Desire, bled

Silky white hands
Chill me to the bone
My Rose has withered
And left me all alone

Winter white hair
And blackened dark eyes
Sweet trusting smiles
That cover up our lies

Memory of that night
And everything he said
Now melt away, because
My Rose Desire’s dead