

Glorianna

The eyes of Glorianna
Look deep into my soul
To research my intentions
She finds that I only intend to love her

Glorianna the beautiful
She was born of the beautiful
And I was blessed to be in the presence of her beauty

My arms were her cradle
My heart was her lullaby
As she lie there
Lost in my blackness
We met in silent battle
With equally inquisitive stares of wonder

In this we could not fail
To succumb to one another
And there was no wound more fatal than our goodbye
But I have lived on
Thrived on the memory of holding Glorianna in my arms

-- Carlos "Sundiata Ibn Islam" Brown