

We found mercy in the heart,
pity on the face.
The form was love
and peace surrounded.
A vision of divinity
were these virtues of delight.

But we fed on the mystery.

And tasted the fruit of deceit.
And I thought,
if only all were as happy as we...

And so I lured him.

I sunned him with smiles from the poison tree,
hidden and dangerous
though they seemed sweet.
And he knew that it was mine...

His dark, secret love.

It came in the night
in the howling storm.
It was something invisible
and beautiful at once...

We were lambs that day...

And he wanted to know who made me.
He wanted to know how I came to be
everything I was.

And so he pondered me.

As though a work of art.
As though seeking a reflection.
Wondering of the flames in my eyes.

And it was then my heart began to beat.

It said:
DARE
SEIZE
THE
FIRE.