

Farwell Barbaroi

Betwixt the fall and rise
sable became ash with time
and through dust sparked blaze to revive
Ann it refined
Silver twas borne to the eye
yet only to shrug it's coif rather coy
and its brocade soon followed in joy
Then shyly shone the deep blue skin as it swings
As slowsome it allured forth tha drooling cavalcade of tomorrow
In the spectrums full arrange all flagrant ann all hidden away

Among these hours
there lied awake a man in e field of yet open flowers
It had rained nd he had stayed
He claimed tobe one uf they
That just akin
he had not yet unveiled his bliss

The meadow had no qualm with him
Nor did the forest it wast stored in
Thus he watched unmoving and unasleep
The sky was his to peek
N with lustful gawk did he
Remembering forms through that colorful exchange
Till the sun alast came
n grew he full of scorn ast o single tint n tune took hold
Light azure arrived to dominate
The billows had fled away
nd those other colors went to the other side of the world to escape

He laid there alone with day
Glass above n all too brilliant for his gaze
His own eyes appeared in tha sky judging this layabout and it raked
Spread like an itch gaining o'er him and then his own eyes twitched
Shame came and sweat wet and furthermore his orbs wept
Next got up tha man and ran
ran aflame ashamed n in a ludicrous rave disappeared
losing the grove he claimed

But then the florets lifted n sprang
A zephyr spied and whorled down upon their face
tickling the blossoms in a way
They soon giggled n became red-faced
Then alast revealed what their skirts concealed
and the sun rays appealed

Day rolled and night unscrolled
All sans the man it moved without escrow
and alone as the spectrum whims to show