Arcane Sun, Longing For Edens Rain (And Winte

Beneath the very skies that I had, for so long, sought in vain.
An arcane sun hid behind clouds who were to be my salvation.
'Nectar of the gods; you once said, now it was their tears I craved,
to wash me of this all enveloping and soul destroying aura.
'And Love Itself Seeks Our Nectar?' I asked.
'Only you can answer that' he said.
'Why then do I feel as though I am standing before
the court and telling them I have kissed Eternity.
When clearly by my withered face, I have not?'.
Still I stand desolate, the path of tears distinguished on my face
and it has not rained in so long. Does this winter have an end?
'It is not really so I have told myself,
but to a man whose own reflection is threatening,
such rational words fall forever on deaf ears.
And yes, you hold Eden and your golden aura that
I have held in my hands will take me to other
worlds where the fruits of Eden are life itself.'
And as love itself seeks our nectar,
to read your next chapter is all I have wished for,
but a blank page will enlighten no man.