## Enchantment, Carve Me In Sand

Such are lovers more than grace can seem The pictures of the immaculate Even their heaven bows to this earth The fairest, beautiful and withered Not even nature's own shapes can imagine Shameless and splendid with youth The winds now blow with feathers And tomorrow I wer them How the trees bow to subtlety And eden has fathered their souls Savour the nights for rain Your impetus has left me shapeless Beat the passion and carve me in sand Wondrous skills, fountains of the tomorrow A journey for dead lovers as even grief was sorry My smiles leap through the ashes (and touching with pain) I touch with pain Such a poetry I have answered desire And as ever the innocent sleep within Temptation lays to beating hands