

The Knife Thrower

Mirah

When you find the one you want
You summon them in, you blush, you flaunt
Such consummate lips betray your thoughts
To so gaily inspire a lark

You say this is a game so take your place
Then you set the mask upon your face
My silhouette in the air you trace
And the dagger performs with a start

This is the way we represent
Desire displays impermanence
Discover you now the inference
Of the lesson i wish to impart

And when the nimbus groans with thunder
Think of the clothes all cast assunder
Fragrant, the rose is filled with wonder
All that is left of my heart

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