

"Caress Nights Passion" By Robin B Lipinski

Children, dreams frighten, tales told in bright flame, forgotten now, night shadows fasten to their small, high-pitched screams.

Castles foreboding, with their high stone parapets setting the time past, back when strength ruled all dreams.

Kings once mighty, cowered this night, hiding behind the children's screams.

Knights of nobility were now rotting futile, fallow field, poisoned stream.

All is lost, now, not from battle, but from what cannot daily be seen.

Banners were still, hanging limp, blood spattered, overlooking the field, once a proud dream.

Nights past passion was full of light from the round moon beam, showing the action of

Vilkolakis or to be more Germanic, Werewolf, hound of hell supreme.

Moon shining bright, covering this sight, exposing the figure howling, showing his desire,

His search for the passion over a bloody scene.

Howling high, facing the dark sky, what does this all mean?

Past night, this knight did dwell in passion in another castle in another crusade of time.

Falling with passion, desire he found in a girl changed by time.

Her body changed to change his passion, to howl now, for all time.

He searched the world, as he searches for a girl who is but himself, of another kind.

It continues

The End