

# Vadril

By Jeremy A. Fonte

Another notch on the lip of a wing;  
Vehemence besought,  
With the sands fall thither.

Lest nihility embody  
Collective cognitions,  
Such wondrous phantasms  
Arisen o'er eons;  
Leave not for ever after  
But return in accord.

Lest insanity enrapture  
Sweet depths of thine thought,  
Let color and light be each to their own.  
Such juxtaposed visions  
Of similitude finite,  
Spurn life and spawn  
The incomprehense.

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From naught was born  
Such wondrous visions:  
Majestic flares 'pon a lense of the voice;  
Permeating waves of conscious persuasion.

Of flesh and of steel,  
Woven ever tight,  
Rose the crests further on  
To the utmost degree.

Historics spreads the divisions obscene;  
Thus the present, our remnant,  
Henceforth relayed.

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She lay down her foot on the tile thither:  
Such ignorant bliss, those first few steps.  
The fresh cool stone, fluid as thought;  
Unknown as of yet.

Blackness unfurled its tapestry of light.  
So rich in its hue,  
A deepness of build;  
Naught to be null evermore.

Such ignorant bliss, those first perfect steps:  
Effortless and free in rapturous guise.  
Now the path lain before much akin to the death  
Of beauty and grace,  
For tokens unsought.

Effortless complexity encompassing her cringe,  
The memories recalled spoke of times beyond this;  
Yet the beauty therein was to thereafter wane,  
For the intricate paintings of worlds had unwound.

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Vadril, a fair daemon  
Of symmetry divine:  
The crowns of her wings aligned just so  
As to frame picturesque  
Her glimmering eyes.

The muse quintessential,  
Of sensuous perfection;  
Her soft glowing skin of fair silken silver,  
With flowing hair dark as the deepest of night.

Her eyes, ever radiant of the purest dove's hue,  
Cast whimsical inquiries through the boundless beyond.  
Such playful demeanor befitting the young,  
Whilst her guileless heart led not a one  
To part with the song her presence sung.

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As a window cracks open, so her thought was lit;  
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On a pond of her liking she traversed one day,  
The glistening curvaceous harmonies imbued;  
Through ragweed and sage she kissed the waters,  
So crisp and pure in resonant quiesce:  
Thus angular natures crooked in voracity  
Parted at last whither they arose.

Triunes of plume  
Lain soft on the lip  
Of the lake's gently lapping  
Soothsayer tip;

A radiance beshone of genial manner,  
From feathers of down fallen just so;  
Thrice came the oar to the face of the lake,  
Whilst avian remnants of static incline  
Parted with tears from a nexus of stems,  
Ever further on  
To the edge of the shore.

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One day imbued with dawn's introspects,  
Past's ponderance pondered  
For many a ray,  
Her lips parted thus:

'Now dark in my own  
Lay quandaries untold  
Of rays in time  
And the blackened divine.

Pines bristle thus  
On the flesh of my own:  
Ever scrapes the crawl of a motive I've known,  
Enriched and obscured in furor of thought.  
A petulant play on the surfaces tread,  
Naught unwrought but will and stay  
Of constancy coursing through tribunal lay.

In solitude grand such geometry lain  
That ciphers and paints of every degree  
Coalesce and thus procure a truth  
Of origin beyond the constituents prior,  
A land of global dissociative stuffs.'

Her speech so spoke passed out from her own,  
Through the airs fore her,  
To soon wrap about  
And thus greet her ears as thought realized,  
Her consciousness meshed with autonomic dream.

Now lulled ever more  
By enchantments thus spun  
Dragged ever deeper to introspection  
Vadril continued with a passion of pursuit,  
Marked with inquiry to a prior cognition.

‘Thus,  
Is a life spent well  
Truly spent?’

Such a glorious visage bestows the sight  
Of the grandest raptures lain ‘pon the planes;

The profundity of knowledge from sages of old  
Casts circles of cognition round dreams of the mind;

How the deep-laden eyes of a friend over time  
Are slowly unearthed o’er temporal passing;

For who is to judge just what is to gain  
From devices of living discord and pain;

Yet euphoria sought is hardly denied  
By the eyes and the minds of the people about.

Thus what life is spent?  
It is that life which,  
Neither gives of beauty, thought, nor love,  
Nor bestows ‘pon itself  
The primacies thence.’