Venus in Waiting
Joseph Ostapiuk

These otherwise phantom eyes,
they do soothe it
and deep are you,
burrowed within me,
through and through.
But still I find you
deeper than the depths
of the ocean
hidden in crevices and caverns unknown
plunging through darkness without refrain
Preserved as fine gem,
under the blacktop soil
where no sun lies its head
and Venus, waiting
lies in bed
Lying under these stars in tumultuous delight
with you, being the most heavenly sight
among the emptiness between planets
and the openness of the night
Where planets and angels abode
both so scarcely shown
to the onlookers of the night,
so is you, my Aglaea
my diamonds, my pearls
the Venus of my eyes.
But even the magnificence
of these planets looming
and these stars aimlessly shooting
wincses to the color of the pale moonlight
in light of you,
my most heavenly sight.

And so,
as from reverie
my sullen wing'd seraphim
with crowned flowers and ethereal embrace
so did illuminate this darkened place
where the shutters have dimmed
and the blinds slowly fade
to seal my eyes
upon this dreamlike face
so forever,
whatever dreams I forebear,
will caress thine eyes
in angelic air

Now,
from these towers of azure,
these otherwise angelic eyes
I still do search for
And there so,
her ebony eyes are finding
these looming shadows
that still wander and wade through my soul
For in thy child eyes I do confound
Most wonderest mysteries
But in that darkness that forebodes us both
I would willingly embrace as one
And catacomb in thine earth