

The Lovely Phantasms

Lonely and fragmented, a silhouette
Of a limelight statue, vivisected
By two lamps on a darkened courtyard,
Dances a shadow-play of clockwise romance.
Dying in the faintly glow of mornings,
Every night she's left to aimless wallow,
Until a stone-cast miracle had shattered
The scalpel-bladed light which kept them halved.

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