

Oh, pigment? Will you bless my lustful eyes?
So long, my irides have craved your taste.
Your umbra covers all: pure love's demise—
Does beauty's end imply its mem'ries waste?

Myself, your sweet Sgraffito now forsakes:
Shall life henceforth except your lovesome spree?
My lips are sewn by very cause of ache:
To tones and pitch escaping me you're free.

But hush burns cold; it's lack of song that sears:
Your colors' serenade me nevermore.
Again, I contemplate your frame-turned-bier:
No paint will ever fill that void of yours.

I wish so grave: to tears my eyes would chase,
So blur would drape around your empty space.