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.