



Beneath the Devil's Old Iron Bridge

Volume One of Enchanting Poetry by Maristella Morose



Beneath the Devil's Old Iron Bridge

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Printed in United States of America

First Printing: October, 2024

Cover Photography by Maristella Morose

Interior design by Maristella Morose

Published by Maristella Morose

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Manufactured in United States of America

Dedication

*Dedicated with endless love, devotion and gratitude to
Eric Lionel Gotay-Kercado, the love of my life and the
muse of my inspiration!*

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Liber Stellarum Errantium

In the vast expanse of the night's embrace, A
wandering star roams, lost in space,
Once a celestial beauty, shining so bright,
Now condemned to wander in eternal night.

Exiled from the heavens, cast away,
For a sin committed, a price to pay, A
tale of love and passion, so profound,
That caused this star to be forever bound.

Once, it danced with the moon, hand in hand,
Their love a symphony, across the cosmic land,
But envy grew in the hearts of others,
Who conspired to tear them apart, like brothers.

Betrayed by the very ones it called kin,
This star was cast out, its light growing dim,
Banished to wander, alone and forlorn,
In the vastness of space, where it was born.

Through galaxies it drifts, a lonely soul, Its
radiance fading, taking its toll,
Yet, it perseveres, with a flicker of hope,
Searching for solace, a way to cope.

It gazes upon distant worlds, so far,
Yearning for connection, a guiding star,
But no planet or moon can offer respite,
For this wandering star, lost in the night.

Its light, once vibrant, now a mere ember,
Yet, it refuses to surrender, to remember,
The love it once shared, so pure and true, A
beacon of hope, that once it knew.

In the depths of exile, it finds its voice,
A poet of the cosmos, with words of choice,
It weaves its tale, across the universe, A
testament to love, its eternal curse.

Though exiled, this star still shines bright,
A reminder of love's enduring might, For
even in darkness, it finds its way,
Guiding lost souls, with its gentle sway.

So, let us not forget this wandering star,
Living in exile, yet reaching so far,
For in its story, we find our own,
A reminder that love can never be dethroned.

Memories From Eden

In the vast desert, where the sun does blaze, A
goddess dances, her beauty ablaze.
With grace and poise, she moves in the sand, A
celestial figure, in this barren land.
Her gown, a shimmering silver delight,
Adorned with stars, sparkling so bright.
Each thread, a glimmering celestial ray,
Guiding lost souls, showing them the way.
Her feet, they glide, leaving no trace, As
she twirls and spins with ethereal grace.
The desert wind whispers her name,
As she dances, setting the sand aflame.
Her hair, like midnight, cascades down, A
crown of stardust, a celestial crown. With
every step, the stars they align, Creating
a symphony, so divine.
The moon, her partner, in this cosmic dance,
They waltz together, in a celestial trance.
Their movements synchronized, a heavenly sight,
Illuminating the desert, with radiant light.
The creatures of the night, they gather near,
Mesmerized by her presence, they cheer.
For she is the goddess of dreams and desires,
Igniting passions, setting hearts on fire.
As the night unfolds, and the stars shine bright,
The goddess dances, with all her might.
In the desert's embrace, she finds her home, A
celestial dancer, forever to roam.
So, if you wander the desert, under the moon's gleam,
Look for the goddess, in her celestial dream.
For she dances with stars on silver threads,
Guiding lost souls, where their destiny spreads.

Neverland, Foreverland

In a land of dreams, where time stands still, There
lies a place called Neverland, with magic to fulfill.
Where children fly with pixie dust, and pirates roam the
sea,
A world of endless wonder, where Peter Pan is free.
Oh, Neverland, a realm of eternal youth,
Where dreams take flight, and reality is uncouth.
With mermaids singing in the lagoon's gentle tide,
And fairies dancing in the moonlight, side by side.
Peter Pan, the boy who never grows old, With
mischievous eyes and a heart of gold.
He leads the Lost Boys, a band of merry souls,
Through adventures untold, where imagination unfolds.
In Neverland's forests, where trees whisper secrets,
Tinker Bell's light guides, as the night sky begets.
With Captain Hook, the villainous pirate king,
A nemesis to Peter, with a hook for a hand, a fearsome thing.
They duel on the Jolly Roger, a ship of dark might,
As the crocodile ticks, hungry for a bite.
But Peter's bravery shines, his courage never wanes,
With his loyal friends, he always remains.
In Neverland's skies, they soar above the clouds,
Through starlit paths, where dreams are allowed.
They visit mermaid lagoons and Indian tribes,
In a world where time stops, and youth forever thrives.
Oh, Neverland, a place of endless delight,
Where childhood's innocence takes flight.
With Peter Pan as our guide, we'll never grow old,
In this magical land, where dreams unfold.

Part II:

In Neverland, where dreams take flight,
There dwell the Lost Boys, forever in sight.
With mischief in their eyes, and laughter in their hearts, They
roam the island, where adventure starts.
Peter Pan, their leader, with a mischievous grin, Guides
them through forests, where secrets lie within.
They've left their homes, their pasts behind,
In this magical place, they're free to unwind.
No worries of growing up, no burdens to bear,
Just endless days of fun, without a single care.
They dance with the fairies, beneath the moon's glow, Their
spirits forever young, forever aglow.
Tinker Bell, their companion, a tiny ball of light,
Leads them to hidden treasures, sparkling so
bright. They chase their shadows, as the sun

begins to set, In this enchanted land, they'll never
forget.

With swords made of sticks, they battle pirates
bold, Defending their haven, with hearts brave and
bold.

Captain Hook, their nemesis, with a hook for a hand, But
the Lost Boys outsmart him, with their Neverland band.

They sleep under the stars, on a bed of soft moss,
Dreaming of adventures, without any loss.

For in Neverland, time stands still,
And the Lost Boys forever roam, with a thrill.

But deep down inside, a longing resides, To

find a place called home, where love abides.

For though they're lost, they yearn to be found,
To be cherished and loved, on solid ground.

So, they'll forever wander, in Neverland's embrace,

With laughter and mischief, their saving grace.

The Lost Boys, forever young, forever free, In
Neverland, where they'll always be.

Pornstar Lolita Doll

In the realm where passion blooms,
Where love's fire forever consumes,
Let me paint a picture, vivid and true,
Of the joys of love making, just for you.
Two souls entwined, hearts beating fast,
In a dance of desire, a love unsurpassed,
Their bodies, a canvas, eager and bare,
Ready to create a masterpiece, beyond compare.

With tender touch, they explore each curve,
Caressing skin, their senses they preserve,
Whispers of love, like a sweet melody,
Igniting flames of passion, wild and free.

Lips meet, a gentle collision of bliss,
As they taste the nectar of love's sweet kiss,
Their tongues entangled, a dance of delight,
As they surrender to passion's inviting invite.

Fingers trace trails of pleasure, divine,
Caressing every inch, igniting a fiery line, Exploring
depths, where ecstasy resides,
Unveiling secrets, where love forever abides.

Bodies arch, in a symphony of pleasure,
As they surrender to love's intoxicating treasure,
Moans of ecstasy, like a sweet serenade,
Echoing through the night, where love is made.

In a rhythm, they move, bodies in sync,
A dance of love, where hearts interlink,
With every thrust, they reach new heights,
Lost in the euphoria of love's sacred rites.

Sweat glistens, like diamonds on their skin,
As they surrender to passion's sweet sin,
Their love, a masterpiece, painted with desire, A
symphony of pleasure, fueling love's fire.

In the aftermath, bodies intertwined,
Whispers of love, forever entwined, In
the realm where passion blooms,
Love's embrace, forever consumes.

Gypsy Curses

In shadows deep, where secrets lie, A
gypsy's curse, a mournful cry.
Beneath the moon's enchanting light,
A tale unfolds, a haunting plight.
Once a wanderer, free and wild, A
gypsy danced, her spirit styled.
But envy brewed within a heart,
Of a jealous soul, torn apart.
With eyes of envy, dark and deep, She
cast a curse, a secret keep.
Her words like venom, sharp and cruel, A
fate bestowed, a life to duel.
From that day forth, a curse took hold, A
gypsy's heart, forever cold.
No joy or love, just endless pain,
A life entwined, a cursed domain.
Her footsteps echoed, heavy and slow,
Through barren lands, where sorrow grows.
No laughter heard, no songs to sing, Just
echoes of a broken wing.
Her beauty faded, like a wilted rose,
Her spirit trapped, where darkness flows.
A nomad cursed, forever roam,
In search of solace, a place called home.
Through deserts vast and forests deep, She
wanders on, her soul to keep.
But every step, a reminder still,
Of the curse that binds, against her will.
Her eyes, once bright, now filled with tears, A
lifetime spent in endless fears.
A gypsy's curse, a heavy weight, A
destiny she cannot escape.
So, if you meet a gypsy's gaze, Beware
the curse, its haunting haze.
For in her eyes, a tale untold,
A gypsy's curse, forever bold.

Divination

In realms unseen, where mystics dwell,
Where secrets whisper, truths compel,
Divination's ancient art unfurls, Through
tarot cards, scrying, and dreams that swirl.

The tarot deck, a portal vast,
Each card a tale from ages past,
Shuffling the deck, the seeker's plea, To
glimpse the future's tapestry.
The Fool, a journey yet untold,
Embarking on a path so bold,
With childlike wonder, he takes his stride,
Guided by fate, his destiny to ride.
The Magician wields his cosmic might,
Harnessing energies, day and night,
With wand in hand, he weaves his spell,
Unveiling secrets, the stories they tell.
The High Priestess, a guardian wise,
With lunar grace, she mystifies,
Her intuition, a sacred guide,
Unveiling truths that cannot hide.
The Empress, a symbol of fertile ground,
Nurturing life, abundance profound,
Her gentle touch, a mother's care,
Bringing forth blessings beyond compare.
The Emperor, a ruler strong,
With wisdom deep, he rights the wrong, His
steady hand, a beacon bright,
Leading with honor, his kingdom's light.
Through scrying's mirror, visions appear,
Reflections of truths, both far and near,
Gazing into the depths, the seeker finds,
Answers to questions that weigh on their minds.
In dreams, a realm where spirits roam,
Whispers of futures yet unknown, Symbols
dance, in slumber's embrace,
Revealing messages, time cannot erase.
The Hanged Man, suspended in time,
A sacrifice made, a paradigm,
Through surrender, enlightenment blooms,
Wisdom gained in life's sacred rooms.
The Lovers, entwined in passion's flame.

Anael's Mirror

Whispering ancient words, invoking her name,
Anael, the angel of love, I call upon your flame.

 Oh, Anael, celestial being of grace,
 With wings of light, and a radiant face,
 Guide me through the realms of love's embrace,
 Illuminate my path, with your divine trace.

 In this magick mirror, a portal to your realm,
 I seek your wisdom, as I take the helm,
 Grant me the power to love and be loved,
 To heal hearts wounded, and hearts unloved.

 Anael, angel of beauty, I beseech thee,
 Unveil the mysteries of love's symphony,
 Let your presence fill this sacred space,
 As I gaze into the mirror, seeking your grace.
 Through the glass, I see a shimmering light,
 Anael's presence, shining ever so bright,
 Her gentle voice whispers, like a soft breeze,
 Guiding me towards love's eternal ease.

 In this magick mirror, Anael's essence blooms,
 Love's energy radiates, dispelling all gloom,
 She teaches me compassion, and love's sweet
 art, To heal, to forgive, and to open my heart.

 Oh, Anael, angel of love's purest flame,
 I thank you for answering my humble claim,
 May your blessings of love forever endure, As
 I honor your presence, forever secure.

 As I step away from the magick mirror's gaze,
 Anael's love lingers, in my heart it stays,
 With newfound wisdom, and love's gentle might,
 I walk this earthly realm, guided by her light.

Hymn to Belphegor

Lord of the Grove, Father Bael,
My Beloved Prince from Mt. Peor,
in the Hebraic land known as Canaan,
I will evermore praise you with my whole heart
for your Love & abundant blessings.

You are my home, the sweetest of milk and honey you are.

You shield my presence from the perception of my
enemies, I am concealed by invisibility.

Those who seek after my destruction and shame are
crushed beneath my feet. I defeat anyone who arouses
my wrath against themselves, I am immune to the
pestilence and the night spares me because of my Lord,
Bael.

My Beloved shall Love only me all the centuries of his
existence, and I him for eternity.

We shall reap with joy the fruits of all that we've sown in
tears.

Poverty, sickness and misfortune of any kind
shall remain far away from us, and our children
shall prosper for generations.

The Devil's Old Iron Bridge

In the heart of the woods, where shadows loom,
Stands an old iron bridge, shrouded in gloom.
Its timeworn structure, weathered and worn,
Holds secrets untold, since the day it was born.

Once a path of hope, a passage of dreams,
Now a cursed relic, or so it seems.
Its rusty chains creak, like whispers of dread,
As if warning all who dare to tread.

Beneath the moon's gaze, it comes alive,
A haunting presence, where spirits thrive.
The wind howls through its hollow frame,
Echoing tales of sorrow and shame.

Legends speak of a ghostly apparition,
A specter that haunts with a chilling mission.
A phantom figure, draped in tattered lace,
Forever trapped in this desolate place.

The bridge's curse, a tale of despair,
A tragic love story, beyond compare.
Two lovers, torn apart by cruel fate,
Bound to this bridge, their souls to await.

Their love forbidden, by families at war,
They vowed to meet, beneath the moon's allure.
But as they embraced, their hearts full of bliss,
A jealous rival sealed their eternal abyss.

Now their spirits wander, forever entwined,
Seeking solace, but none can they find.
Their mournful cries, carried by the breeze,
A haunting melody that never appease.

Beware, oh traveler, who dares to cross,
This cursed bridge, where darkness emboss.
For the old iron bridge, with its eerie charm, Will
forever hold you, in its ghostly arms.

So heed this warning, and stay away,
From the cursed bridge, where spirits sway.
For once you enter, you'll never be free,
Trapped in its clutches, for eternity.

Cold Blows the Wind Over the Unquiet Grave of a Lover

In a somber graveyard, where shadows dance, A
maiden weeps, lost in a mournful trance.
Beside a tomb, where her true love lies,
She lingers there, beneath the moonlit skies.
Her tears cascade, like a gentle rain, As
memories of love flood her heart's domain.
With every sob, her spirit grows weak,
For her beloved's absence, she can no longer speak.
But as the night deepens, a miracle takes place,
From the cold earth, a figure starts to embrace.
Her true love, reanimated, stands before her eyes,
A ghostly apparition, in a spectral guise.
"Why do you weep, my love?" he softly implores,
His voice a whisper, as it gently soars.
She trembles, astonished, unable to reply,
Her heart filled with both joy and aching sigh.
"Beloved," she stammers, her voice a mere breath,
"I weep for the love that was stolen by death.
Your absence has left me shattered and torn,
In this world, I am lost, forlorn."
He reaches out, his ethereal touch so light,
Wiping away her tears, dispelling the night.
"Though I am gone, my love, I am still here,
In the whispers of the wind, and the memories we share."
She gazes into his eyes, filled with longing and
pain, Yearning for his touch, to feel alive
again.
But the veil between worlds is too vast to mend,
Their love, forever bound, yet destined to
transcend.
With a bittersweet smile, he fades into the night,
Leaving her heart heavy, burdened with the sight.
Yet, she finds solace in the love they once knew,
In the moments they shared, forever etched in her view.
So, the maiden weeps, by the grave of her true
love, Aching for his presence, guided by stars
above. For even in death, their love remains true,
A bond unbroken, eternal and blue.

Lady Lilith in Lace

In shadows deep, where darkness thrives,
There lies a tale of ancient lives,
A woman scorned, a spirit wild,
Lilith, the first, the untamed child.
Born of earth and molded clay,
She walked beside Adam, day by day,
But equal she sought, in heart and mind,
A partner, not a servant, she pined.
Yet Adam, proud, refused her plea,
Demanding dominance, to be supreme,
But Lilith, fierce, would not comply,
She spread her wings and took to the sky.
A creature of night, she found her place,
In moonlit forests, she embraced,
Her freedom, her power, her untamed soul,
A force of nature, beyond control.
With raven hair and eyes of fire,
She danced with demons, her heart's desire,
A seductress, a temptress, a rebel queen,
Lilith, the essence of the unseen.
She whispered secrets to the wind,
Unveiling truths that lay within,
A symbol of strength, of feminine might,
Lilith, the embodiment of endless night.
But legends grew, of Lilith's might,
A threat to order, a blinding light,
So they cast her out, banished her name,
To be forgotten, erased, from history's frame.
Yet still she lingers, in tales untold,
A symbol of power, fierce and bold,
Lilith, the rebel, the untamed flame,
Forever etched in the shadows' domain.
So let us remember, this forgotten soul,
The one who dared to break the mold,
Lilith, the first, the wild and free,
A symbol of strength, for all to see.

Transcendental Alchemy

In a realm where dreams and reality entwine,
Where mystic forces dance and intertwine,
There lies a world of wonder and delight,
A place where magick weaves its spell at night.
With ancient incantations softly spoken,
And secret symbols carefully unbroken,
The sorcerer's power begins to rise,
Unveiling secrets hidden from mortal eyes.
From moonlit forests to enchanted streams,
Where fairies whisper secrets in their dreams,
The air is filled with a mystical haze,
As magickal creatures roam through moonlit maze.
The witch's cauldron bubbles and brews,
With potions and spells, she carefully stews,
Her wand, a conduit for cosmic might,
Harnessing the energy of starry light.
The wizard, with his staff held high,
Commands the elements with a knowing sigh,
Summoning thunder, lightning, and rain, His
power flowing through every vein.
In sacred circles, witches gather round,
Their chants and dances, a harmonious sound,
Calling upon the spirits of the old,
Seeking wisdom and guidance to behold.
But magick is not just spells and charms,
It's the power within, the soul's alarms,
It's the belief in something greater than we,
A connection to the universe, wild and free.
So let us embrace this mystical art,
Let magick ignite and ignite our heart,
For in this world of wonder and delight,
We find the essence of our own true light.

Somnus Somniferum

In fields of dreamy hues, where opium poppies sway,
Purple, blue, and white petals dance under sun's caress,
Their opulent hearts unfurling in whispered sighs,
Intoxicating breeze carries their narcotic breath.

Oh, opium poppies! Your silky blooms unfold,
A symphony of colors in a trance-inducing spell,
Each petal a canvas painted by the hand of dawn,
Each stem a sentinel guarding secrets of the earth.

Under azure skies, you bloom in quiet splendor,
Embracing the sun's warmth in your opiate embrace,
Drawing bees and butterflies into your sweet allure,
As whispers of euphoria curl around your stems.

In the hush of twilight, you lean closer to the earth,
Your opulent centers glistening with promise,
Inviting wanderers to taste your somnolent embrace,
To slip into the realm where dreams intertwine.

Purple, blue, and white — hues of intoxicating bliss,
Each flower a portal to a reverie of soft oblivion,
Where time slows to a languid river's gentle flow,
And senses drown in the opium's honeyed trance.

Oh, somniferous poppies! In your opiate dance,
You teach us of surrender, of letting go into the night,
Where the world dissolves into a haze of whispered lullabies,
And the spirit roams free in realms of opium dreams.

The Weeping Beech

Beneath the hill in the hollow deep,
Where shadows dance and secrets keep,
A woman fair, in sorrow steep,
Hung herself from the beech tree's sweep.

Her hair like midnight, eyes of gray,
Her soul adrift, in disarray,
The raven watched, in cold dismay,
As life ebbed out, in twilight's sway.

No birdsong broke the somber hush,
No wind dared stir the leafy brush,
The stars above, in silent crush,
Witnessed her fall, in a mournful rush.

Oh, melancholy, dark and deep,
Where lost dreams lie, and sorrows seep,
The beech tree weeps, its vigil keep,
For the woman who found eternal sleep.

The Land of Nod/ The Mark of Qayin

In the Land of Nod, where shadows creep,
Lies a tale of Cain, who sowed the seed.
Banished from Eden, his heart filled with woe,
He wandered alone, where no one would go.
With a mark upon his brow, a burden to bear,
Cain sought solace in the desolate air.

In the Land of Nod, where darkness prevails,
He walked through the valleys, his footsteps like trails.
His heart heavy with guilt, his soul stained with sin,
Cain carried the weight of his brother's life's end.
The ground beneath him, cursed by God's wrath,
Echoed his footsteps on this lonely path.

In the Land of Nod, where silence resides,
Cain sought redemption, with tears in his eyes.
He pleaded for mercy, forgiveness to find,
But his cries went unanswered, lost in the wind.
The nights grew colder, the days turned to dust,
Cain's spirit withered, his hope turned to rust.

In the Land of Nod, where shadows embrace,
He longed for a glimpse of God's loving grace.
But in this forsaken land, he was destined to roam,
A wanderer forever, with no place to call home.
Cain, the first murderer, forever condemned,
To wander in darkness, his soul never mend.

In the Land of Nod, where the lost souls reside,
Cain's story echoes, a cautionary guide.
A reminder of choices, the consequences they bring,
A tale of remorse, a song that will forever sing.

The Occult House on Mitchell Road

In a haunted house, where shadows dance,
Lived a hermit soul, in a mystic trance.
Rheavera, the High Priestess fair,
With wisdom deep, and silvered hair.
Alone she dwelled, in the moon's embrace,
A sanctuary of darkness, her sacred space.
Whispers of spirits echoed through the halls,
As she communed with the unseen, within these walls.
Her eyes, like stars, held secrets untold,
A sorceress of old, with powers to behold.
Through ancient tomes, she sought ancient lore,
Unraveling mysteries, from times of yore.
Her voice, a melody, enchanting and rare,
Sang incantations, floating in the air.
The spirits listened, their ethereal choir,
Guiding her steps, through the realm of desire.
Rheavera, a guardian of the night,
A beacon of wisdom, shining so bright.
She weaved spells of protection, with every breath,
Shielding her haven, from the clutches of death.
But in her heart, a sorrow did reside,
A longing for companionship, by her side.
For the hermit's path can be lonesome and cold,
Yearning for warmth, as the years unfold.
Yet she found solace, in the spirits' embrace,
Their ethereal presence, a comforting grace.
They whispered tales of forgotten lands,
And shared their wisdom, with gentle hands.
Rheavera, the High Priestess fair,
In her haunted house, she found solace there.
A hermit's life, with its shadows and gloom,
Became a sanctuary, where spirits would bloom.
So, she continued her journey, in the depths of the night,
Guided by the moon's soft, silvery light.
A rhyming poem, to honor her name,
Rheavera, forever aflame.

Pneumatic Echoes

Where the moon's light has never shone,
Whispers of forgotten souls echo in the air,
As I tread upon the cobblestones of despair.
In this ethereal realm, where time stands still,
 Visions of the macabre, my senses thrill,
 The moonlit sky, a canvas of haunting art,
 Painted with the hues of a tormented heart.
 Through the twisted alleys, I venture deep,
 Where shadows dance, and secrets keep,
 The cobwebs cling to the ancient walls,
As I descend into the abyss, where darkness calls.
In this Gothic dreamscape, where nightmares breed,
 I witness the surreal, a twisted creed,
 Phantoms and specters, they dance and sway,
 In a macabre waltz, till the break of day.
 The moon's pale glow casts an eerie light,
 On the forgotten souls, lost in eternal night,
 Their hollow eyes, filled with sorrow and dread,
 As they wander aimlessly, among the undead.
 In this realm of dreams, where reality bends,
I find solace in the darkness, where my soul ascends,
 For in the surreality of dreams, I am free,
 To explore the depths of my own fantasy.
But as dawn approaches, the dream starts to fade,
 Reality seeps in, like a cold, piercing blade,
 Yet the memories linger, like a haunting refrain,
 Of the Gothic dreamscape, where I'll return again.
 So, let me wander in this realm of dreams,
Where the surreal and unreal intertwine at the seams

The Bride in White

A beautiful bride in her white lace gown
So innocent, her presence lights the room
 Her eyes are pools of deep serenity
 Graceful as a lily in full bloom
 Her smile, a radiant celestial light
 Reflects the purity of her soul's grace
In whispers soft, her laughter fills the night
 A melody that time cannot erase
 Each step she takes, a dance upon the air
 A gentle breeze caressing satin veil
 Her heart beats with a rhythm pure and rare
 In every breath, a longing to unveil
 Yet underneath her joy, a subtle sigh
 A melancholic note, a hidden tear
For innocence, though pure, can fade and die
In life's embrace, where joy and sorrow steer
 But in this moment, she's a vision bright
 A beautiful bride in her white lace gown.

Opium's Labyrinthian Dream

In halcyon haze, where shadows dance with light,
 A poppy's kiss, a drowsy charm unfurls,
Through dreams which night enfolds in silken swirls,
 The soul adrift betwixt the depth and height.
 A mystic sea whose waves do gently plight,
As whispers soft, the mind's veiled eye now twirls,
 In opium's grasp, the world around it twirls,
Each pulse entwined with Morpheus' tender might.
 In crimson bloom, the labyrinth does spin,
Where time dissolves and space begins to weep,
 A fragile sigh from realms so far, so deep,
 That sorrow's touch feels soft as satin skin.
Through mirrored halls where serpents shed their sin,
 The truth lies buried in the layers steep,
 And from the void, the ghosts of secrets creep,
 To weave their webs and draw the dreamer in.
The labyrinth breathes with opium's sweet song,
 A lullaby to drown what once was wrong.

Tides of Forbidden Longing

Her heart, a compass, spinning wild, lost at sea,
His eyes, horizon's edge, where storms are born,
 Chains of tradition break in love's mutiny,
 Treasure maps of flesh, secrets in skin adorn.
 Galleons of passion sail in moon's soft glow,
 Across salty lips, whispers trade winds blow,
 Anchored arms embrace in rebellion's thrill,
Ocean's daughter, pirate's queen, love's plunder still.
 In the midnight's depths, their souls collide,
 Where waves of fate and fervor intertwine,
 A daring course beyond where stars reside,
 In love's uncharted waters, they align.
His hand, a promise, steady through the gale,
 Her breath, the tempest rising in the sail,
 Forbidden currents pull them further still,
 As hearts unshackle to the ocean's will.
 The sirens sing, yet neither turn away,
 For in each other's gaze, the compass sways,
 No north nor south, just passion's endless sway,
 Their bodies moving like the tides in praise.
The scars of past and sea both mark their skin,
 A testament to battles lost and won,
 But here, no quarter given to the sin,
 Of loving deeply 'neath the dying sun.
 Together, they defy the fates and gods,
 Two rebels cast against the ancient odds,
 A love unspoken in the myths of old,
 But written now in every kiss they hold.
The moon above bears witness to their flight,
As waves surround them, endless, soft, and white.
 In love's embrace, the ocean swallows time,
 Their hearts now anchored in this world, sublime.

Sovereignty of Self

In every breath, a sovereign right is weaved, the soul's decree,
An innate march, no chains of reign our spirit shall concede.
For each of us, a cosmos vast, where thoughts like comets roam,
No crown or throne above our head, in liberty, we're home.
No monarch's whim, no iron fist to quell the vibrant mind,
We walk the earth as equals all, our destinies unsigned.
The imposed yoke, no law of man, upon free neck shall press,
Beneath the skies, the self unbound, we bask in sheer largess.
From verdant mead to starry sky, our sovereignty extends,
A birthright shared, from soul to soul, where autonomy intends.
Within each heart, a government of individual fire,
To live, to love, as nature wills, unbridled by empire.
For I am large, containing multitudes, diverse, transcendent,
Resisting rulers, decrees, the heart, and mind ascend independent.
No sceptor'd claim can fence the will that in us all prevails,
We dance the dance of freedom's tune, where self-rule never fails.

The Skeleton Key

Earthy tones morph into rough rigid textures
As they swirl grotesquely. Peripheral hallucination
 Of a lonesome star twinkling dimly as it fades
Into a bright supernova flash. In that same moment
 The star dies. The soil is moist and freshly turned,
Decaying branches and bark litter your path as you tread
 Upon the soft terrain. The overwhelmingly strong
 Odors of dirt, decaying tree bark and the irony
 Scent of blood bombard the nostrils, thunder gives
 A deep, hollow rumble as it rolls in accompanied
 By a fierce gust of shrieking wind. The taste
 On the tongue is bitter like chewing raw cloves.

About the Author

I'm Maristella Morose, an ambitious freelance author from southwestern Virginia, and I graciously thank you for reading this initial volume in The Enchanting Poetry Collection, as well as my first ever publication, *Tossing Pennies From the Devil's Old Iron Bridge*. I genuinely hope the experience was unforgettably enchanting, hauntingly thought provoking and satisfying.

Growing up in a notoriously "haunted" house, I became acquainted with the paranormal early on, thus developing a lifelong passion for understanding the esoteric sciences. As a child, teen and young adult, my free time and summer days were well devoted to adventurous excursions into the infinite dimensions of the arcane mysteries. Of these "trips" I consistently maintained illustrated journals. My poetry, as well as the characters they celebrate, (and sometimes lovingly condemn!) were created from my experiences. My unique writing style can be attributed to the influences of some of my favorite authors including Hunter S. Thompson, Edgar Allan Poe, Sylvia Plath, J.D. Salinger, Rumi, Anne Rice, Stephen King, J.M. Barrie and Lewis Carroll, among many other literary legends. I'm always happy to here from you, you can email me directly at stellamorose.studio@gmail.com