

I am with you.

A Scandinavian tale, she heard sublime
 her haunch lined the lavender stretch,
 Proxify her beauty even the inquisit failed,
 serene though senile, sarsaparilla sumptuous.
 Eke to her cheery, navinders flew passe,
 Not a sexagenarian was she, ancient
 though modernic.

Her eyes, deep and blue, rustle a satchel
 full of dreams within.

Primer, in the helicon proxified her
 life - odeon of serenity, men said.

Keepsake her truisms - elinor for an age
 lo, her probity - the prayer for a life.
 ochre knead with blossoms, mild,
 Whiffle her blend, lush in green.

Spheroid her face, kissed by the gentle
 air, lay as a sun-picture - the
 beginning of a Neolithic age.

The hoarfrost embraced, gelid she spoke
 consoled men, in the spine chill mow.

Danced to her feet like geish in kimono,
 though protective as a wound, in life.

Lanterns of hope, a nation's aspire
 incise the pall of darkness, success.

Malingering, she never act, nudged never
 in the heaps & humba of rattle snakes.

Sanguinary nights dark and deep
 the sarcophagus ruined and torn,
 Semaphore stood bright and might
 she nopt, soniferous but none could hear.

"conserve me" terra wept in tocsin
"Protect me" she pleaded deep.

The pole axe cut deep the whetstone,
bleeding no blood but the care for a life.
(The valour of a woman's steamed pass,
through the ill
Passim, never heard any.
Midden, soaked in tears that rolled; warm
kissed the men, as Lucifer's proceps.

Reclusion, is what men aspire, to mould
a sensonum from a dollop of morals.

Teeny boppers at an age they swing
with all its slate and stultition to act.
Newer men saw solipsism as a way
nor effort editors in the deeds; dense.

The mandoline strings of her life bault,
harp ~~at~~ ~~moving up~~; solitude, moving up.
"Hark" she wept deep within
her faced lined in misery and sardonic
she felt.

Satiety is what is pres
Satiety is the presence in men's deeds
the very tinge of our life's ~~be~~ made line.
"Copy cats" the picaroon guy used to call
Newer it's a fault, men are like that.

Squashed like a pitcher, in pain she cried
succumbed the efl-, the dying serenity still.
Bifurcate, let the world enjoy
Still; she coued to her children her tale.
Pulsate, her's - elysium in mowen.
The "tower of silence" eager for its prey.

Waggle her vocals, withers her hope -
at the very next end, celebrating the
era born.

Melancholy of a soul pass through
the cottage ^{with} walks
circled the bank, scavenging cruel
Terra soaked in grief, a posse soul
to her hoary laps.

Ravinders bleak and pale,
"a life long care, meeting its end?"
it seemed.

Rattle the wind, rubble of mess
Terra; like a spaniel ~~and~~ rushed
around, her eyes in fire, she gripped in haste

"Protect the earth" social proclaims
least involved in what they text.
"End is the beginning" posified none.
Ends will always remain ~~ends~~ the same.

The gondola moving abreast, rustic;
reuse the prayers from pagoda near
"There, could same" - men might have felt.

lean and lanky each day pass
sublime the sorrow of Terra lay; cold.

A ray of hope none could pass,
all are social workers not men.

"Salad days" the most beautiful" - said
daddy.

Bella raised her eyes, ~~from~~ ~~beneath~~
listened to the cry deep from; beneath

"Daddy, could you hear someone, called"
"Leave it off" replied in haste and moved.

Reek to the mother of all in the world
none could reply for her cries ~~for~~
longing help.

The eft from the ventilation peeped
out to know, surprised was it with
the scenario it moved viewed.

"Action speaks less, for the care you
stream
The love for a mother is what I long"
"words lay hard when you feel sad"
mumbled the earth, her vocals still weak.

Reconciled, in sudden, as men know less
of a mother's care, a world that
promotes "mercy killing" - she raised.

Valours of a woman, a world yet
to learn, her eyes swoggy but cheeks
dried.

Soon, the pulse dropped
the altar raised in prayers,
as the time pass, dig the grave of men.
Men too the picaroon guy
proclaimed, besides the meadow
"Gera pleading, do respond any"

~~As the tages pass~~

As the phases of season's faces switches
a soul lay in hope for her life,
rejuvenating to her severity is she hoped
a time, when any speaks in reconcile
to her

"I am with you"

neoterically;

"I am with you".