

Deceitful Symphony

By Annabelle Iverson

My love was once unbeaten; My heart sang a song of crimson kisses
and lovely Irish grass.

With the sky at my back and fire in my veins, I loved him.

Him, who, despite my feelings, I didn't really know.

I loved the way he hummed to me, his hands a magnetic field. The
field that drew me in, since the very start.

That irresistible one that led to the breaking of my heart.

We met one summer's day, and thinking back it was ironic, how
perfect the sun did shine, and how the birds sang, how hypnotic.

The flowers swayed in flawless rows, adorning our lovely field.

The one in which we ate, a lovely summer's meal.

The one he kindly invited me to, back when I was naive.

Back when I thought he was so cute, so kind, so unlikely to leave.

We laughed amongst each other, charmed by gentle smiles. And
talked about the lives we lived, and for whom we'd walk for miles.

I shared with him a special secret, which led to my demise.

One I hadn't told a soul, but he spelled me with his eyes.

"I keep a precious thing, one I know I shouldn't" The words were
nothing then, but no one said I couldn't.

The thing that I'd obtained, the value I'd had no clue.

"What is this simple thing?" He'd asked the question, even though he
knew.

I never thought it was an act, because for him I did attract.

The field inside his magnetic hands didn't draw me in alone.
His grin, his hair, his coloured eyes; I really should have known.
Known the lies that danced among, his honey covered words.
“I have the key.” I chuckled then, devoid of needed concerns.
“The very one that leads to power, the one for which many yearn.”
He knew before, and I hadn't hidden my place inside this world.
My place beside the wealthy king, my father, whose power made
alliances twirl.

The risk I took just being there, made my stomach whirl.
A risk I really shouldn't have taken for the result was anything but
good.

A risk I took that day, simply because I could.
As we laughed among the flowers, his smile like twinkling lights.
A set of hands lifted me up, for freedom I did fight.
I kicked and screamed until my mind couldn't take it any longer.
I was blind and mute, betrayal burned, the hands only grew stronger.
It was at this time, the hurt sank in, a hole inside my chest.
My man, so kind, so cute, so nice, a deceiver in the flesh.
Had given me away to men, so his power, he could refresh.
A simple bounty would likely do, but they could do even less.
For they knew the simple secret I held, the one I shouldn't confess.

The one that got me caught, in this mighty mess.
They demanded the key, my senses restored, and advised that I do
tell. The place I hid it from prying eyes, or receive punishment fit for hell.
I like to think, a king's daughter ought to be fairly strong, so I sat in
silence, humming quietly, a very special song.

Through all the pain he caused that day, both mental and on my skin,

I hummed the song that poured from my heart, again and again.
Was it really his fault? The thought seeped in, or am I as much to blame,
for what was eventually said and what eventually became?
The thoughts turned to words when he walked in the room with tears in his
eyes, to announce my doom.
And during the moments I knew were my last, I hummed our song.
Our song of crimson kisses and lovely Irish grass.