

## Guishe

We should all be prince-like made within ourselves  
though by thy sword shall our two hearts be blizzard.  
And ghosts as flakes slumber thy flower's insights,  
unmask scornful love of ours foul as mistake.

Thought I raised castles, can thou barely pretend?  
Mine's the mile of the scope so short yet so dear.  
Many times in rumble I doubt thou with fear,  
yet many more binded in thy moist amends.

Be the matter of war who stands at an end,  
let me chant my silence for you to remain  
forever old eyes, rider blown by the wind,

maiden of soundless stories told by the King.  
Sour words do not spell laughter, abide my name,  
now thy loyal subject, my Queen, mine the same.