

Poetry Series

# Irresistible Erato myMuse

## - poems -



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# The Language Of Love

The language of love was not known to me then,  
for I'd been schooled only in the hardness of men.  
Taught to bury my emotions deeply inside of me  
and never express feelings or act so lovingly.

Then, as though out of the blue you came into my life  
and showed me the way of love and sacrifice.  
My dear, what a great transformation I have known  
because of the great love that you have shown

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## 5 Erato My Muse Of Love Poetry. (Part 4)

Oh how shall man of woman born approach those heights sublime?  
He shall in death forever mourn his Muse of loving rhyme.  
For on loves battlefield once more a mortal man lays slain  
and from his eyes tears of sorrow pour, he cannot bear the pain.

There's no more colour in his world only darkness and gloom  
Love like a flower once unfurled will now no longer bloom.  
Doomed to live a life in exile, his love he cannot share  
though he's been dead a little while life drags so slowly there.

Despondent and lonely he died in his unworthiness  
his Erato to woo he had tried, loves ultimate goddess.  
Now he would never enfold her in his loving embrace  
and he could no more behold her or look upon her face.

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## \_2 Erato My Muse Of Love Poetry. (Part 1)

The poet in me has been stirred to write in poetry  
the great feelings of ecstasy when my lovely Muse I see.

His idealised womanhood portrayed as a goddess  
adorned as only a woman could festooned in loveliness.  
Wrapped with grace and grandeur her beauty everlasting  
her charming shape and splendour all Muses surpassing.

He stood there in the presence of such divinity  
seduced by her very essence of femininity.  
Mesmerised by her loveliness his soul had no defence  
He's smitten by her comeliness and her magnificence.

Her body's curvaceous design so wondrously feline  
with contours shaped so neat and fine and looking all divine.  
Confronted by beauty like this He just could not resist  
and succumbed to her world of bliss surrendering to loves kiss.

\_2 Erato My Muse Of Love Poetry. (Part 1)

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## 0.04 - I Have Surrendered To My Muse

Her body's curvaceous design so wondrously divine.  
Its contours all neat and so fine, captured this heart of mine.  
Confronted by beauty like this I just could not resist  
but succumbed to her world of bliss and surrendered to loves kiss.

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## 2.03 - Like A Goddess I Saw You Standing There

As a slender mermaid you swam with grace  
quickly taking twenty lengths in your pace.  
The contours of your body gliding through  
the shining water in the pool so blue.

When swimming, you consumed the lengths with ease  
Like a sleek dolphin in the open seas  
I could not look upon this sight of bliss  
And not want to give you a hug and kiss

I so wish that I had been present there  
when you ascended from the pool so fair.  
My slender Muse so attractive and fine  
stepped from the water wondrously divine

Like a goddess I saw you standing there  
In your swimsuit, gorgeous beyond compare  
Your curvaceous outline I could see  
My voluptuous Muse of love and poetry.

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## 4.00 - The Boudoir Of Love Poems (Narrative)

His goddess of love was unapproachable on this earthly plain, but such restrictions did not apply in his sleeping hours and the Poet could fantasise of a physical relationship with his lovely Muse.

The poems in this section beginning with the number 4 are those written after each divine coupling.

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## 3.00 - Will You Come To Me Tonight Poems (Narrative)

Such was the effect that this lovely Muse had upon the Poet that he would dream of her and awake each morning with love's poetry beating within his heart. He looked forward to each nightly encounter and would close his eyes in anticipation of her visit.

All poems beginning with 3. are those composed after each welcomed rendezvous.

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## 2.00 - Every Time I See My Muse Poems (Narrative)

Every time he saw his Muse the poetry flooded into his mind filling his heart with pleasure and delight.

This series of poems (all beginning with the number 2) , are the Poet's attempt to capture the poetry that each contact inspired.

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## 1.00 - Missing My Muse Poems (Narrative)

The Poet fell in love with his Muse and was always thinking of her beauty and loveliness. He looked out for her every day and when a day passed that he did not see her it seemed like an eternity.

This series of poems describes how much he missed seeing her.

Poems commencing with the number 1.xx endeavour to capture his disappointment when she did not appear.

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## 0.00 - First Contact Poems (Narrative)

Poems commencing with the number 0 endeavour to capture the thrill of the poets first contact and the feelings of love and admiration for his beautiful Muse.

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## 0.02 - First Contact With My Muse

It was good to see you in my in-tray  
for I was having a difficult day.  
Then out of the blue you popped into view  
transforming my mood to fond gratitude

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## 0.01 This Poet Writes Of What He Sees And Feels

You asked me if I meant what I'd written  
for I was captivated and smitten.  
This poet writes of what he sees and feels  
and here his innermost thoughts he reveals.

He records in verse and poetic rhyme  
the splendour of womanhood so sublime.  
In you wondrous grace and beauty combine  
wrapped in a stunning body so divine.

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## 4.01 - There Is This Lovely Woman That I Know

There is this lovely woman that I know  
with slender body and hair white as snow.  
Each glimpse of her gives me so much delight  
and my heart's stirred when she comes into sight.

But fruit like this I'm forbidden to take  
(at least at the times that I'm still awake!)  
But once I go into the land of sleep  
a rendezvous with my Muse I can keep

In the night she comes and to my surprise  
she floats around the room before my eyes.  
Enchanted by her beauty and elegance  
my heart is smitten with love and romance.

There we enjoy the sweet essence of love  
and the things of this earth we rise above.  
Her beauty and passion inspiring me  
she is the source of my love poetry.

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## 1.04 - I Am Singing The Blues

My heart is sad and I'm singing the blues  
for it's been a week since I've seen my Muse.  
The week's dragged on like an eternity  
and I've not seen my Muse of Poetry.

Just one look that is all that it would take  
one glimpse of you would all my sorrows slake.  
Your loveliness will lift my spirit high  
and to the land of ecstasy I'll fly.

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## 3.02 - Love Is Incarnate In This Muse Of Mine

My Muse is so beautiful and slender.  
I love to write poetry to send her  
and in cyberspace post each loving rhyme  
hoping she will read them every time.

Each night I pray that she will come to me  
and fill each dreaming hour with ecstasy.  
Then in the morning I wake up to find  
verses of poetry filling my mind.

She's my virtual mistress of desire  
the woman that I fancy and admire.  
Beauty personified and goddess divine  
Love is incarnate in this Muse of mine.

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## 0.03 - You Came To Me Robed In An Earthly Guise

You came to me robed in an earthly guise  
and we entered into loves sweet paradise.  
Then as I embraced my goddess divine  
I felt your body pressing close to mine.

Your lovely round and voluptuous breast  
pressed so seductively upon my chest  
and as I gazed into your eyes so blue  
we soared to those realms that all lover do.

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## 2.01 - Beautiful Woman

Beautiful woman, with silvery white hair.  
Beautiful woman, with your looks so fair.  
Beautiful woman, You're so adorable too.  
Beautiful woman, I really desire you.

I had to keep looking at you tonight  
letting my eyes feast on the lovely sight  
for you looked sophisticated and fair  
sitting in front of me on that nearby chair.

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## 2.04 - Seeing You Just Takes My Breath Away.

I try so hard to stop feeling this way  
but seeing you just takes my breath away.  
Thank you for visiting a mortal like me.  
my wonderful Muse of love poetry.

Beholding you is such an awesome sight  
enriching each day with fragrant delight.  
Beauty personified enshrined in flesh  
Oh how I'd love to feel your sweet caress.

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## 1.01 - Broken Bridges

My hopes were all dashed as I searched around  
but my lovely Muse was not to be found.  
I looked for her lovely face everywhere  
but the bridge had been closed and she was not there.

The way was shut for the bridge was down  
and my Muse could not get into the town.  
I missed her so much for I'd hoped to see  
My beautiful Muse of love poetry

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## \_1 My Erato (Narrative)

The Poet first became aware of Erato when researching on the internet. Soon after which to his delight she came to him in human guise in the form of a friend named Elizabeth. Since then Erato so often has been a source of poetry.

Sometimes at the sight of her, a word or line of poetry would speed through his mind, sometimes a couplet or a verse and at one time a ballad.

Even during his sleeping hours she would come in an erotic dream leaving him singing a poem as he woke.

The poet was aware that he was a mere mortal man and that Erato was a goddess and therefore was unapproachable. A physical relationship was not possible.

'Oh how shall man of woman born approach those heights sublime? '  
'He shall in death forever mourn his Muse of loving rhyme.'

All he could do was write of his love and send it into cyberspace hoping that Erato (in one of her many forms) would read it and, despite his limited ability and inadequate vocabulary, that she would understand his feelings towards her and not be angry.

But, being an earthbound man, the poems dwell upon her physical attributes and only occasionally does he look into her eyes and see her true character and beauty. A beauty not born of flesh but of the Spirit.

The poet would like to thank all of you that have voted or made comments or even reprimanded him. Given time he hopes to write poetry that will be worthy of his lovely Muse.

Sorting the poems by title will list them in sequence

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### 3.01 - Will You Come To Me Tonight?

I lay in my bed with my eyes closed tight  
wondering if you will visit me tonight  
as I entered that world of fantasy,  
that secret place of love and ecstasy.

Then you came to me as I hoped you would  
and in glowing beauty before me stood.  
The most attractive sight my eyes have seen  
such dreams as this are few and far between

Whispering words of tender loving care  
to my wonderful Muse next to me there,  
Then spending a night of passion with you  
doing all the things that young lovers do.

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## 1.02 - Love Sick Boy

It has been a while  
since I saw your smile.  
Our paths have not crossed  
and I've felt so lost.

I long for the day  
that you come my way.  
Bringing so much joy  
to this love sick boy.

Hopefully today,  
you will look my way.  
A quick glance will do  
just one look from you.

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## 0.06 - My Muse Satisfies My Wildest Dream

It was a feeling that I'll not forget  
The day our bodies touched when we first met  
and from that day I decided to choose  
you to be my lovely poetry Muse.

To write many rhymes and verses to tell  
of the woman who holds me in her spell.  
I hope that our friendship will always last  
For the verses are flowing thick and fast

Every time we meet and I see you  
The poetry just keeps on bursting through  
Even in the night time there's no release  
for the rhymes and verses just will not cease.

My pen's the instrument I use to scribe  
about my Muse who I can only describe  
as a goddess of virtue and esteem  
who satisfies this poets' wildest dream.

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## 6 Erato My Muse Of Love Poetry. (Part 5)

His heart in great anguish cried, 'Love has forsaken me'  
for love rejected and denied caused him such agony.  
His all he'd give whate'er the cost to view her loveliness  
but there's no hope for all was lost. Ahead such loneliness.

The foolish man a goddess wooed seeking to rise above  
this earthly plain and be imbued with dear Erato's love.  
So let us learn from his mistake and not aspire so high  
but from this earth a lover take lest we too err and die

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## 4 Erato My Muse Of Love Poetry. (Part 3)

But true love never does run smooth. His approach was all wrong.  
For Erato was to disapprove her vehemence so strong.  
How could this puny, mortal man woo a lovely goddess  
and dare to consider a plan to spoil her loveliness?

So she banished him from her sight and the poet lay dead  
and his ability to write had disappeared and fled.  
No more words of love were spoken her rebuke pierced him through  
unrequited love had broken his tender heart in two.

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## \_3 Erato My Muse Of Love Poetry. (Part 2)

Great passion that should have stayed dead had now just been woken  
and words that should not have been said had also been spoken.  
The door to love pushed opened wide. Dare he now enter in  
and lie close with her at his side and lovemaking begin?

Or will his passion be confined to poetry alone  
To dream of their bodies entwined and passions left unknown.  
Unrequited love's broken heart would be so hard to bear  
He'd been pierced by Erato's dart needing his love to share.

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## 2.02 - I Saw Only Her

'Though the room was full, I saw only her  
all the others gathered were just a blur.  
My Muse of love poetry was standing there  
looking beautiful beyond compare.

She was making the coffee and the tea  
and poured out a 'pint of Guinness' for me.  
Then as I supped it, I drank in the sight  
of my lovely Muse upon that Guild night.

Like Mona Lisa stood my Muse so fair  
silhouetted within the doorway there,  
Mesmerised, I began to appreciate  
her loveliness for she was looking great.

Beauty of character enshrined in grace.  
Two sparkling eyes set in a lovely face.  
Enthralled by the beauty of what I saw.  
The contours of her body filled me with awe.

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## 0.05 - Beauty Incarnate

Beauty incarnate in my Muse of poetry I see  
and each time I behold her it brings pleasure to me.  
There's a day that I will remember and never forget  
When we first embraced each other and our two bodies met.

I trembled with excitement at the softness of her breast  
as I held her tightly with my heart pounding in my chest.  
Sophisticated and slender she adorns herself well  
and it gives me great pleasure of her loveliness to tell.

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