

Poetry Series

**Katherine pure**  
**- poems -**

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## Love Me Not.

Love me not, if thou shalt knowest,  
my heart roams faraway, distant from-  
my body, aching and bleeding,  
from the deepest core of it. The love  
It perceived, never was unfeigned, -  
...so now the heart roams, someplace-  
alienated.

Katherine pure

# The Mighty Sun.

The warmth of the mighty sun pains me.  
It's enticing affection burns me from my -  
crown to my soles. It bothers me deeply.  
My appreciation to it used to grow significantly,  
but now it is utterly inconvenient. So i hope, the silverish -  
flakes and the cooling peace of coldness, will greet me,  
once more.

Katherine pure