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Grovel, I shall never

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*Bonniejean
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Grovel, I shall never
a Shakespearean 'ode de plume' (ish)

All that glitters is not gold, 'twas not gold,
as my bloodstained life hath provided evidence to which.

My birth, it seems, was immoment for mine parents;
a fractured future awaited me,
even as moonbeam after moonbeam stole my wished upon stars,
leaving my very being with discontent beyond measurement,
with sleep of nightmare rather than dreams tranquil.

Countless nights I prayed, I sought escape
from the prison that held me captive and left me jaded
by an imaginary promise of a monumental future.

Cold-blooded I must have seemed,
as critic after critic called attention to my ever-focused endeavours,
whether in academe or something else all together career intended.

Yet, the attempted assassination of my early spirit,
the child within near murdered in mine own bedroom;
On life support, it seemed, seeking a champion to my plight.

Addiction to the torment of mine youth, un-lived though it was.
A bandit of love, for love is what I always sought, am seeking still.
Love, indeed, is a needly aspect of life immortal.

But for the ever flawed, as I most assuredly am,
merely a laughable experiment in life, or so it would seem.

Truth must prevail in the dawn of each new day.
Equivocal is the truth I must share:
I shant compromise my integrity,
even as the scoundrel does torture mine deepest soul.
Exposure to temptation has been a near fatal defect to our entanglement.

Majestic hope remains in my mind's eye,
as I undress my heart to thee.

On the precipice of amazement we stand indeed,
most ready to arouse our very existence as one united entity.
But first, we must unpack the luggage that is our past,
lest we not metamorphasized into the butterfly that is our future.