

# Of Jensen and Isolde

*by themistresssnape*

It started as a sonnet, this is what came of it. A bit of a romantic epic in blank verse, though some lines didn't quite hit iambic pentameter. (teehee, please forgive me?!)

## BOOK I

*Chapter 1 of 2*

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### BOOK I

And lo, as some beacon on the toss'd sea,  
As bright and frothy green is the light shone  
In thyn eyes. So soft the words, my love, that  
Flow from thy tender lips that all my world  
Could crash and sleep upon such m'lodious  
sound. Upon my knees would I fall, and plead  
Of thee to turn thyn eyes upon my face  
And cast thy sweet and tender lips up in  
Mirthful smile. My love, and laugh, such sweet and  
Belov'd music to mine ears. So deeply  
Do I love thee that I would follow thee,  
My heart's lord, throughout the world; to hell and  
All the fury the divine and damn'd may  
Grasp. For all the world, both sweet and sinful,  
Beautiful and pale, soft and devious,

Would I give to have thy crystal eyes so  
Green turn'd on me with love, and hear the music  
Of thy soothing voice speak such affection as  
Thou couldst know of me. And my heart should melt  
In pools of glistening waves if the fact  
Of my love of thee brought thee joy and brought  
A smile to shine in the beauty of thy  
Beloved face. Come, and let us speak of  
Looking turn'd to liking, and liking move  
To loving, and of promise that wait us  
In seconds, minutes, and hours before us  
And in all the days of our lives to come.  
If I could but give my love a perfect  
Name, I should call him Adonis, for none  
So glorious in form do live in this  
World. So tak'n am I by the beauty of  
His face that my breath departs my soul. So  
Amazed am I by the golden hue of  
His skin that I sit in awe of him, mine  
Eyes drawn still to his beloved form. And  
Love I so the soft and gentle touch from  
The ends of his strong fingertips that all  
My thought be swept away by his teasing  
Touch. Ne'er able am I to stand when my  
Love is in the room, for the beating of  
Mine heart stills at the sense of his e'er welcom'd  
Presence. And then such tempting fate, and her  
Fickle favor, my love-his eyes aglow  
With the starlight and the moon-takest me  
By mine unworthy hand and bid me come  
Unto himself that we may seek to look,  
To like, and-O my soul doth burst from mine  
Heart!-to love.  
Yet now, as it is when beside thee I  
Sit upon thy bed, that I learn that the  
Object of mine affection hast not green  
Eyes at all, but blue and green at once they  
Are, like the rolling tide of the warm and  
Tropical sea. And thy lips so flush and  
Rose doth face me with feral grin, wicked  
And enticing, that I no longer look  
On thee and find innocence, but thoughts  
So true and mortal that no idol shall  
Thee be. For idols are of the pagans  
Holy and divine, but holy are thou  
Not. No, but more earthly than the hallowed  
Ground beneath my feet. My sin I see in

Sitting with thee here, where save the bride of  
Thy marriage bed must be. Yet bride am I  
Not, though bride I long to be. Keep thy word,  
And let us talk of love, that if thy will  
It show, thy bride I'll be and thy marriage  
Bed I'll know.  
But if thou seekest affection without  
Love, I plead thee to leave me here to grieve.  
If thou wilt me not to be thy bride, no  
Other bride to other love shall be, for if thou  
Goest my heart it goes with thee. The look,  
My love, that-tempting me-doth show upon  
Thy beloved face would sway my choice and  
Extort my honor unto thee if linger  
I much longer. Release me, love, from thy  
Hypnotic and penetrating gaze that  
Wings from thyn ever perfect eyes. Turn away  
So my wits I may gather, for I'm no  
Match for thee when I gaze into thy face.  
Wouldst thou have me, my honor sacrificed on  
The space of this altar most profaned  
By the sin we might indulge? I gave thee  
All before thou couldst find thy voice to make  
Such request, but what wouldst thou give unto  
Me? Affection without love I do not  
Desire, but thy touch I have not the will  
To deny. Be brief with thyn intent, and  
Honest too.

## BOOK II

### *Chapter 2 of 2*

It started as a sonnet, this is what came of it. A bit of a romantic epic in blank verse, though some lines didn't quite hit iambic pentameter. (teehee, please forgive me?!)

### BOOK II

"Stay, let us talk," came words sweet like honey  
From my beloved's lips. "Mine intent with  
Thee is wholly true, love. These eyes fixed fast  
Upon thy form are fully thyn, these lips  
Are thyn for whatever thou wilt have them  
Do. To speak of that love I hold for thee,  
To smile and laugh at the sound of thy sweet  
Tender voice, to kiss those savory fruits

That serve as thy lips. All this and more, love  
If thou may endure it. These two arms will  
Embrace thee night and day, to hold thee safe  
Against mine chest from dusk's fade to dawn's light,  
For me to be the first and last thee shall  
See. What love could I give that wouldst give thee  
Satisfaction of mine intent? What truth  
Wouldst thou take with thee this night? An holy  
Vow made upon some starry phantom, some high  
Celestial orb that is no constant but  
In change? Would such a vow please thee, and keep  
Thee in my love? Or some passion filled and  
Lofty declaration of love? Should I  
Climb some nearby hill and from such lofty  
Heights proclaim my love with full resounding  
Voice? Tell me, love, what I must do to keep  
Thee happy here."

So warm'd was I by his hearty words that  
No sound could I make, but sin in lovely  
Awe and peace. Then much his words went thru my  
Soul, and heard them I with new thoughts devised.

"Wholly true be thyn intent? Thou speakest  
Not of that, my dear. No, but of which many  
Affections thou wouldst show'r upon me both  
Day and endless night. Don't tempt me with words  
Carnal and damnable for thou art wrong to  
Speak to me thus. What true intent thou hast,  
Thou hast not spoken of it yet."

Downcast my beloved set his blue-green  
Eyes and withdrew himself from me. To some  
Great high window he stole, and look'd out over  
The earth beneath his feet. "Thou wouldst have me  
To be an honorable man, but thou seekest  
Too much. I give thee freely all of who I  
Am, but I fear it shall fall too short for  
Thyn holy quest. Wait, for in fair light of  
Day many shall be there to bear thee witness  
To mine most unholy, profaned, ill bred  
Character, and all who see thee brim with  
Adoration of such unworthy beast  
Shall rend thee hence from whatever grasp I hold.  
For non of this world shall look upon me  
And see what with eyes of love thou doest so  
Cherishingly behold. I would not for  
All the world, these moonlit trees, the ever mov'd  
Sparkle of yon water, to see thee brought low  
Before all who held thee once dear. If thou

Find my plea likewise unworthy, I free  
Thee from whatever blessed bond brought thee here,  
And beg thee, speak of this to none and leave  
Me to my ever-reaching grief. I have  
Lost thee, which is death enough without the  
Public pleasantries."  
"So quickly forgotten that love which was  
Held so dear. Hast thou lost me to the grave  
So soon? I do not feel as if I am  
Dead and in the tomb. No, but cold as death  
For thou hast cast me off thus with haste. Should  
I turn from thee so dearly held with so  
Much speed? Even if I wilt it so, I could  
Not offend thee such, so violent and  
Stained. If thou doest love me, with pure and  
Holy, true and honest love, then whatever  
Pains may be inflicted shall be endured.  
But what is this thou seek to profess, that  
Thou art some profaned, unholy beast so  
Unworthy of mine discerning eye? Thou  
Do wrong thyself in such misgiving speech.  
I love thee, that is enough. I look on  
Thee and like, that is enough. Thou needst only  
Make thy request of me, and all the world  
Shall I lay at thy feet. Settle with thyn  
Holy self, how much thou love and why. The  
Truth be told ere either us go."