

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.”