

5-1-1994

Nulli Secundus

Louise Ankers
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag

Recommended Citation

Ankers, Louise (1994) "Nulli Secundus," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 1 , Article 50.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol1/iss1/50

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

Nulli Secundus

Louise Ankers

At the beginning of the school year, the senior class was privileged to enjoy the company of Louise Ankers, an exchange student from Shrewsbury, England. Her contribution to our school is greatly appreciated.

Loveliest of women
You delighted my senses
Never before have I seen
A rose in perpetual bloom
Until today.

Eyes, oh what eyes!
No jewels could produce that sparkle
That dazzling glow which the stars envy.

Her mouth, beautiful.
An innocent mouth with lips so enchanting
To touch those lips...
But I cannot, ever
I hurt
With the unbearable pain of impossibility
I desire
To touch those sacred lips
But I cannot, ever.

More beautiful than the sight of

The sun shining on Troy's high walls in the morning
Her face
Nothing can ever be perfection again
I yearn
I need never to take my eyes off her face
A creamy, soft, radiant face
A face to die for,
Encapsulated in a majesty of sublime tresses
Like soft mellow wine overflowing from the wine
cup.

She is like a good wine
Both make me feel faint in a warm flush of
excitement
Both intoxicating
Inviting me to indulge further.

She moves
And her delicate scent strokes my cheeks
But see her move
My emotions ascend and fall
My heart like the storm-tossed seas.

As her flowing stola creates a dreamlike movement
She is not a mortal
It is not possible
She is a goddess, a feline goddess
She stops but my heart is still beating
To the rhythm of her footsteps
And my eyes can still see
Her sculpted limbs coordinating a seductive

movement
Beneath her silken robes.

I will never be impressed by the grace
Of a swan or a peacock again
They have not the enchanting curvaceous form
She is, indeed, a paragon
Of all that is beautiful, sensual and delicate
The mightiest gladiator
Would fall at her feet
In a yearning and desiring heap.

Her beauty has no boundaries

Victim of Aphrodite
You make my senses tingle
You whom no peri or houri can compare to
Please stay
I am selfish
But I must always indulge in you
My vision of heaven
My dream.

But in a moment she moves away
And as she goes I see the last lily petal
Creamy and scented with perfumes of heaven
Fall from the stalk to the pond's surface.
The petal slowly floats out of sight
And I know she was a dream.