

Sweet Suzette

(the tortured lover)

I met her in the dim moonlight that sang delightful in her hair,
Suzette was so beautiful, so haunting, both devilish and fair.

I remember, the moment I first saw her angelic face,
and the tender warmth of my sweet Suzette's embrace.

I loved her beyond anything, under Gods golden sun,
But the soft and sweet kisses, sadly were all in fun.

She tugged and twisted so, at my taunt heart strings,
just a tortured lover, victim of her spurious romantic flings.

"I love you so, I love you! I need you sleeping by my side,
Sweet Suzette will you marry me and be my lawful bride."

"I cannot marry you! You poor and pompous man,
Ask my dear father, to win my sought after hand!

But he will not approve you! Whatever can I say,
If you were a rich man--then perhaps someday."

Oh the wounding power, of the words of my Suzette!
Filled me to the bitter brim with soul crushing regret.

Shattered like the sparkling glass, against the jagged stone,
I had to live my life of tears, crying, lamenting and alone.

She taunted and she flaunted, her wanton wiles for me,
Played me for a ruddy fool, but I was to blind to see.

Time went on--and sweet Suzette was to another to be wed,
Her swan-like throat I strangled, now sweet Suzette is dead.