



RYPHNA'S NOTEBOOK

Poetic Romance

RYPHNA ST-JOHN

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Ryphna St-John

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This version was published on 2014-12-15



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Also By Ryphna St-John

The Call Of The Doll

To the friends who always believed in me
To the fans past, present and future, who always ask for
more stories

Contents

Love letters written by others

My hands are moist, my throat tight, my heart pound. To pen love letters has never been a talent of mine. The quill slips between my fingers and I find myself unable to write. To write what? No matter how much I stare at this blank page, it remains obstinately mute. My mind is empty as I wander through the apartment. At my feet, balls of paper remind me of all the words that weren't right, of all the sentences that went nowhere. I close my eyes, recalling memories of soft sighs, the ones you often try to hide from me. The ones that whisper what your heart desires but dares not demand. I know you dream of this letter, as pretty princesses dream of all kinds of romances. How I would love to write those sweet words, to reflect on paper the smile that you gift me so often, the joy that makes my heart beat and keeps alive the flame that consumes me. My steps take me to your bookcase. I explore its shelves to find the thousands of letters that I never wrote and they are all there, signed by others. Authors with the perfect words, prose legends that serenade for long lost ladies. Flowers who soon wade and fuse with she who reads the poetry left behind. I'd like to be inspired by their rhyme, but this poetry is a mystery that can not be deciphered. Their verses, despairing mazes where I only find the delicate reflection of a love that isn't mine. Careful not to make a sound, I slip quietly by, to your bedroom door. It has been left ajar and I slowly push it open, letting in a ray of light from the lamp set behind me. I find you the same as I left you, peacefully asleep with on your lips your eternal

angelic smile. Comfortably tucked under the blanket, you are sweetness, delicacy and innocence. With a few feline steps, I come closer. Do you suspect that everyday after dark I stay at your side simply to gaze upon your sleeping form? The night, my domain, hides well my games and it is beside you, my muse, that I come to look for my words. I kneel at your side, holding my breath, hoping that I will not awake you. The moon shining through the window give to your skin a blueish glow, so different from the warm colors that shine on your features by day. I slide my fingers softly through your silky hair. It is so fine and soft that I can't hold back a sigh. I get a little closer to you, the intoxicating scent of your skin floating around like singing angels. My fingers mingle through the weave of your hair, gently caressing its delicate and sensitive root. Soon sending delicious waves through your whole body that answers me with a sigh. My lips softly pick yours, shamelessly stealing a gentle kiss from the most delicious of angels. Slowly, I let my mouth wander on your cheek, on your neck, hardly daring to disturb your blankets. You turn your head and your face nestled in my hand. I smile, my fingers enjoying the soft velvet of your skin. You stretch your neck gently as my fingers slowly follow the veins down your throat. I want to set the world on fire. Bite your neck to awaken in you the desire that consumes me already. I rebuke and take a deep breath. I summon all my will, the perfect words will only be mine when I find the strength to resist your charms and collect them on your sleeping form. You stretch gently, your dreams animate the night behind your eyelids. The

blanket slips and, teasingly, reveal a little more of you. You wear satin and misty lace, thin veil on the curves you so proudly parade for your admirers. Precious jewels you offers to your lovers, those who won your heart and your eyes. Many gyrate around you in hope of your attention. Attention that you shall not give but to the bravest heart and brilliant pen. My eyes fill up with tears, why these thoughts suddenly? I retreat, a shiver goes down my spine and knot form in my stomach. Isn't my heart, like the flame of a forge, not burning brightly enough? I guess it is, it never was otherwise. But my words are weak, clumsy and frail not up to what you were seeking. Your sleeping form disappear in a mist. And in the shadow of what was your room, my madness itself leaves me ...