A flock of birds is flying in a blue sky with soft, pinkish clouds. The birds are small, dark silhouettes, and they are scattered across the upper half of the image. The clouds are large, soft, and have a pinkish hue, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is peaceful and romantic.

Thoughts of You

a theloise poetry
pamphlet

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To the theloise & bridgerton
community,

I set these poems aside for you,
may they occupy your thoughts
for a time.

<https://cervidame.tumblr.com>

Twitter/X: @cervidame

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INTRODUCTION

Thoughts of You is a fan-made, not-for-profit poetry pamphlet inspired by the Bridgerton series.

The pamphlet combines contemporary styles and inspiration pulled from Britain's 19th-century movements, aiming to capture a Romantic (and romantic, for that matter) longing rebelliously, nervously, escaping the rigid formats of its historical context.

The poems switch perspective on rotation from Eloise Bridgerton to Theo Sharpe, mirroring and contrasting in theme, form, and/or language until the two voices meet on the page.

Why must our only options be to squawk
and settle or to never leave the nest?
What if I want to fly?

Eloise Bridgerton

my love was...

My love is radical
It was born from the words he said
the courage I gained,
the knowledge I earned,
the rules I tried to transcend.

My love is pure
It was made from youth unsaid.
our eyes met and nothing more
until we couldn't ignore it anymore.

My love is silent
It died from the words she said
that dagger in the back
her sudden attack
set back my loving summer.

My love was returned
like a letter back to sender
I was delivered home.

At last

Meet me again when

days cease to

e x i s t

when earth falls into the a
b
y
s
s

no star would fly as

fast

as I to call you home at

last

share your thoughts with me

Today and tomorrow you'll always be right there in the back of my mind

I never thought that I would find someone like you, who could understand, who could take my hand and show the world all of our plans.

You take my dreams and you expand. You're my light in the dark. You're my right hand spark.

You're a writing remark and every mark on the page is making me turn one more 'cause I've never felt like this before

I've been searching for something beyond these doors: a world where my words aren't ignored and maybe these shores brought me to you. I'll share my thoughts if you give me yours too.

If I went back there today and I asked if you felt the same what would you say? Am I still there in your mind or am I buried behind the doors we cannot break? Do you miss me?

Would you have kissed me if I had let it happen that day? Did I love you? I'll never say.

I won't share my thoughts of you today or tomorrow they cannot stay. I found what I can't have, someone like you, who can't have my hand.

And all of my plans flipped upside down. You didn't turn around. You were a light in the dark. A right hand, a spark. A writer, I remarked, ended the story before it begun. I didn't even get to say it once.

Elegy

If you think of me not at all,
Not when a new page you turn
Nor if you light a candle and recall
If to those nights of ours you never return,
If you are happy to never learn
of what became of that fool you knew,
who never knew his place was never by you,
If you never retrace that cobblestone lane,
If by now you have forgotten my name,
then let me die beyond your memory
and let this serve as my elegy.

the night she flew

Skies existed through her window
where her brothers took flight
and she wished to join them,
so she unlocked her window,
and climbed down,
but she met the ground.
A boy there caught her fall
they watched the night float by
wishing they had wings.

Siren

Air is foreign to me now
Ever since a sharp-tongued siren
called me to sea, only to disavow
my love and fly to the horizon,
while I float like lichen
unable to drown.

parting

If our path is parting, then
escape this cage and fly
Go to places I am not allowed
Do things I never can

But

Take all my dreams with you.
Remember all I said.
Someday,
Come back to me with stories
and treasures from far off lands.
If our paths cross again,
walk over to my cage and
return my heart to me.

Serendipity

They ought to write sonnets in your name,
They should be lining up to see your face
 those eyes of serendibite,
 are beautiful by candle flame.
My "betters" had better see you the same
 or they are worse fools than me

Our meeting was serendipity,
and that none of them can ever claim.

gifts not given

I offer gifts of good conversation
of whispers in the dark exchanging information

I can give you more temptation
my lips grow closer with each communication

I grant you my thoughts in endless supply
they fall like rain from the sky

I give you all of my sighs
all the longing one body can hold

I would share all of my gold
I would award all of my kisses
I would build new bridges

If only there was room in this nation
for any of my adoration

Burned

Red has a warmer embrace
than the blue you left me with.
If I can't hold your hand, I'll hold onto anger,
to keep me warm.

And if my words ever burned you,
know you hurt me much more.

pause the thought

my mind is never silent,
yours has a cadence to match mine,
loud at every hour
and faster than flight.
but when you leaned in close
it didn't make a sound.

Missal

The Missal of Silos survived
over eight hundred years
so we know the ways of worship

The books I gave
will outlive any flowers
kept in your window

Years from now they will find my missal
so they will know how I worshipped you

feminarum

After viewing his world below,
I confess, I **hate** and
the world has books,
education,
schools;
proving
the season is
a false system by men
as women and mothers
are overlooked.

I work the night again

I work the night again
waiting for you
an hour passes slowly
like you keep it with you
my heart beats
when the door opens
Thinking it is you

allowance

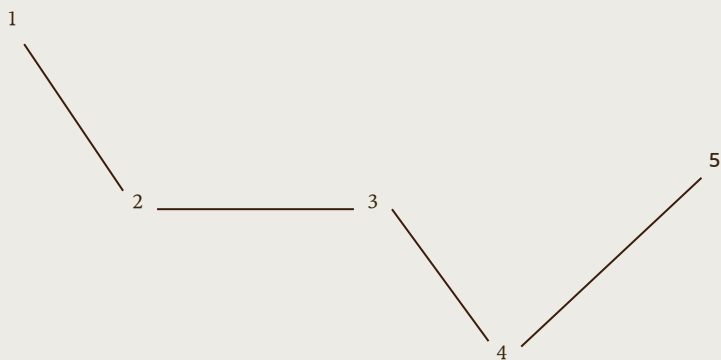
I have pounds and shillings
I can pay for a ride to yours.
Though the money is my sibling's
(my allowance), I have no misgivings
I'd pay anything if it cures.
On the ride over to you again,
the road is never smooth when
John always yawns,
but I'm wide awake as it dawns:
a true friend's company
is worth money and more!

Scatter

toss my ashes over our grave
let the scattered version of me
be chased away by the wind

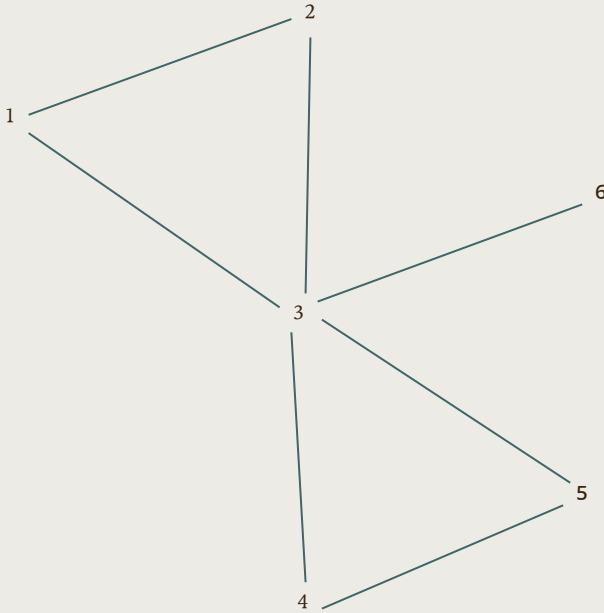
then fly to other pastures
it may be greener over there
it lacks colours we shared.

cassiopeia annotated in a quiet ballroom



- ¹ a note in the quiet
- ² like the first chord of a song
- ³ echoed in my gestures
- ⁴ unheard by most
- ⁵ deafening to me

Volans mapped from Billingsgate



I met a pretty bird in a gilded cage. ¹
She had the mind of a comet. ²
If she could catch the Argo, she'd sail the midnight sea ³
and I would glide like Volans ⁴
through the galaxy, until Dorados ⁵
does away with me. ⁶

the unprepared me

shelley wrote the mountains kiss hIgh heaven,
legends have been told of paris and helen,
i know in tales of love, there's always a lesson:
never walk too far, lest you're ready for a question.

clare asked is love's bed always snow?
i know what it's like, being left out in the cold.
burns said his love was like a red, red, rose
in My experience, It'S more like jack frost
nipping at my noSe.

the unprepared me read love is an ever-fixèd mark
so i wasn't sure what to make of our candle sparks
then light's guidance flickered and left me in the dark.

i should have read more bY wOmen
as they would have trUly warned
how much longing can ache
once love has been warmed.

[above]

[you]
[a balcony]

They say the view is better up []

I can't quite agree
since they say

I am below []

but from here I see
why Romeo climbed up
[].

inheritance

my father taught me how much absence can hurt
the wound opens at the sight of an empty chair,
the sound of a kind word,
and the smell of tea and lemon cakes
that he'd have at picnics.
the loss of him aches when I wonder
what he would have made of you.

it seems to me the greatest value a man can bring
is to provide with Love
and Live! a life long lived
of happiness shared

you taught me what love could be
so don't walk away now,
making me the inheritor of the absence
of those that leave.

Inventory

- 3 shirts
- 2 waistcoats
- 2 pairs of trousers, 1 patched at the knee
- 2 cravats
- 2 scarves knitted by Mum
- 1 of Dad's old caps
- 1 bag
- 2 pairs of shoes
- 1 pair of boots
- 1 wool coat
- 1 quill and a pot of ink
- A collection of pencils
- 2 mugs (don't know why I bought one for you)
- A stack of crockery, only 1 chipped bowl
- 1 beer glass
- Heaps of paper
- Suspenders
- 48 shillings, my wages
(double what my Dad made when he was my age)
- More books than I can count
(1 pile set aside for you)
- More big ideas than coins in my purse
- Countless thoughts of you

That's all I own.
Now write yours and add my heart to your list.

queen square

a short walk from the secret you,
lies the Queen's larder
where she keeps secrets too.
Food for the King
who is most unwell.
If for us I bring
water from springs,
would it check the spell
to end this ardour?

Pawn

Do they know my name?
These people who appear on paper
these names that you say,
do they know you have moved out of place?

Do they know you're thinking of me
when you should be dancing for the Queen?

Do your brothers know of your dreams
or do you only tell me?

Am I just a secret you keep?

You move back when
the game has begun
(I know, in the end, we are both pawns)

regarding rings

‘pensee a moi’
carved into gold
adorned by gem pansies
or other flowers of God,
lovers carve thoughts
and promises
trapped in metal
the same ones
pin me like bugs
framed on the walls.

words printed on paper
feel softer to the touch.
the ink cries out
‘partagez tes réflexions avec moi !’
and i cannot stop

Working hands

The boy who loved you has working hands.
He had a callous on each finger
for every callous remark he gave you.

He had a palm bigger than yours
the fortune teller told him
‘Your fate line puts you in rough waters,
better use these hands of yours
to pull yourself away’

The youth who loved you had working hands.
He opened the door in the early morning
When the dawn called in morning shifts
and he shook hands with his new boss
whose hands were rougher than his
and thought of how yours were always gloved
apart from one time
he got to touch
yours were smoother than iambs
written by the bard

The man who loves you has working hands
He is drowning in it again today
but he keeps on going, his
hands encompassing the anchor of you.

dear stranger,

dear stranger,
who i met yesterday
im trying to figure out
what your words meant.
shuffling them in my mind
like a deck of cards
keeps me occupied
in the dull days.

dear writer,
who i met this evening
ive read what you said
and i have underlined
passages of your writing
to keep you occupied
as much as i.

dear friend,
who i met yesterday
which are the sentences
that lit thoughts of me?
tell me the ones
hidden in poetry
my mind is now
your(s)
occupied territory

dear stranger,
who i left nights ago,
i revisit the world
and path i fled.
missing in my letters
and words unsaid,
at night thoughts of you
occupy my head.

A new font

Printing by the steam.
A new font is being made
call it Eloise.

lock her away

don't think about what she did.
 don't think about any
 of it. lock away the
 memories of it all
 away the version
 of you in a
 vault
 don't bury her in an
 unmarked grave,
 hide the bones of
 that naive girl who
 dreamt too big, then
 when you get home, bury
 yourself under the silk covers
 then forget that new shining version
 of you that was unlocked. she's dead now
 buried in a vault. please don't think about it

Pen name

I don't write under a pen name
so any insult you know it's from me

Any compliment you see
(if my words make you blush)
are mine to claim.

At least I can say honestly
'I never hurt you anonymously'
(friends of yours can't say the same)

like snow

months pass by like snow.
a season. "us" melts away.
but love does not fade.

Blue eyes

Daughter of the sky,
Cronus holds me still
when your eyes meet mine

dreaming at 2am

me in blue and a sky of silver the stars shining through smog
light the way down a street i've walked before in my sleep
to you no one else is here no one can see us as i enter
through the door leaving the cold night air behind
you are there and waiting as warm as your smile
for me i take off my gloves and put a hand on
your arm in just one touch you burn brighter than
any rising sun outside London is waking but i am
here shaking as you hold me because i know
only in dreams will i see you once more

I thought I saw you

Daffodils are blooming
in flower pots on my street
A spring breeze passes by
in the crowd, a blue hat floats
I chase after echoes I see

a report on the gentlemen of the ton

doltish dunderheads
dancing dully, pathetic pestering
of pedestrian purposes,
antonyms of an admirer
i ignore.

The dictionary definition of Her

accomplished
blizzard,
caged
daughter,
expat,
fearful
girl,
habitual
imager,
jeweled
knife,
later
married,
neglected
opinionated
philosopher,
queen
recognized,
sarcastic,
tearful,
unfortunate
vestige,
wandering
xerophilous,
yielded (to)
Zeus.

seen

How many hours can I run away
before they notice I'm gone?
The hours spent with you
while they're looking away
are the only times I'm seen.

Keep her looking at me

Many a noble has walked through Bloomsbury
And of them I was always wary.
But you were kind and you shined
new light on things I'd previously defined.
Keep her looking at me, I pray to Mary.

as the heart allows

in the ton it is said, women can have
a fertile womb and barren brain only
possessing common sense of a man's halve.
is the fate of wife truly that lonely?

searching the evidence i discovered
the fate of woman is a complex thing
and many in this wide world have suffered
all because we limit the span of wings.

let it be said that we should all fly free,
together as a flock high in the clouds
and live exactly as we wish to be
flying and loving as the heart allows

The last two lines of a sonnet

If we could live as our hearts let us do,
then would you let me fly away with you?

star crossed / Criss-Crossed

my family tries to make me into a princess

A princess of the skies descended
but earth calls to me and I

I saw why Icarus flew up above
discover a new world is in reach

reaching beyond limits of mortals.
if i took this knowledge back above what

What else can I do but craft doomed hope?
would the others say

Say it is possible and take my hand
they'd banish me forever

Forever could be ours if we try
and you would be hurt most of all

All your doubts wound me the most
so we should say goodbye

Goodbye to the clear skies we shared

we're
parallel lines
separated by
the Milky Way



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