

## **Her Majesty**

Her palm grasped my finger tightly  
As if it were a leash,  
I was the tamer  
And she was the roaring lion.

She could not be stopped.  
Running, rolling, roaming  
Through pirate ships  
And castles.

That is until the day he came  
And blew out my candle,  
Closing the curtain  
To take what was now his.

I held until my fingers turned blue,  
Until my begging pleads ran out,  
Until I nearly stopped caring.  
I'm still holding on, don't worry.

On his scythe, he held her out  
Like a waiter serving a steak.  
His hand extended  
Expecting a handsome tip.

Raped, Wrecked, Ravaged  
Was her spirit and soul.

The trumpets blared,  
Her majesty was dead.

## **The View**

I trudged through the mire  
To make it to the fringe,  
For oh how my time was dire,  
The terrors forced a twinge.

I made it to that shore  
And grabbed ahold of some root,  
Out they came as I tore.  
I was on a new route.

I looked and spotted ahead  
The highest peak in the land.  
Oh how my sights would be spread  
So glorious and grand!

The walk was brisk  
No trips nor fumbles to tell.  
The air was an egg and I was a whisk,  
No troubles nor thoughts to quell.

And I made it to that peak

The air was fresh and new.

Toilsome fishing down by the creek:

A task no more, not from this view!

Quickly the air

Became light and thin.

I took to god through prayer,

“Oh for how have I sinned?”

No response from above,

Not even a tweet or a croon,

Only the whip of wind’s love;

Across my visage it was hewn.

I’m now chained to this rock

With only an eagle as my friend.

I simply stare at the clock,

Waiting for my time to end.

And I ask those down beneath

Who wish to follow my path,

Do you not see my ascetic wreath,

Do you not see its eternal wrath?

## **The Unjust Fate of Honeydew Melon**

Honeydew is a racial quota.

Toiling among

The Marvelous strawberries

And the Succulent pineapple

As it was handpicked for its recherché beauty.

The painter had already placed the obvious

Splashes of glorious reds and sublime tangerines.

The manufacturer finished his work with a humble bowl

For his gems to live in and never rot.

The palette returned from his stage

From where the audience booed and hissed.

In a rage to desperately please, he pulled out

His jackhammers and cranes once more

And slashed on specks of swampy green.

He despised the putrid honeydew,

Its only purpose to appease

The audience, so that the he may

Shovel the applause into his hog like hard cash.

The honeydew didn't feel it deserved to be art,

It wanted to earn its place on the canvas

With its talent and beauty. But pride does not

Pay the bills, so it accepts the painter's

Greedy grace, head hung in indignity.

**Dear Gaea,**

My golden collar

Unfurls.

Arms grasping,

Praising the sky.

Yet, my mane

Will regress

Exposing my frailty

And my finality.

One push,

One flutter

Is all it would take

To be my demise.

Until then,

I will remain

A weed,

Firmly rooted.

A vibrant intruder

Patterned in your garden.

Too alluring

To detain.

I will remain

Until

Your Gifts

May no longer flourish.

But at least

I will remain

As the glint in your eye:

A pernicious garland.