

A million Soft, Gray Curtains.

Gently flowing in and out, the breeze blows the silky curtain against my outreached hand.

Eyes closed, a soft smile dancing on my face, I pull the curtain back and fall, blindly into its depths.

Blindly, but not without sense, for I hear a murmur, and smell a scent, and even feel its breeze, and all lead me to know, into what, and to whom, I fall.

And, I do not fall, but drift languidly down, around, and then up again. In weightlessness I am brought here.

Blissfully I stand, eyes still closed, enjoying the enrichment of my senses to the comfort of this place.

Already I know where this is, for it is all my creation, and therefore non-existent even as it exists. Already I know who is waiting here for me, more real through imagery because here, he lacks form and reality.

Slowly, I open my eyes, to the grey unsettled mist that blows in and out like a million soft, gray curtains. The in-concreteness of this place is insignificant; it isn't in the way it looks that brings the safety, but in substance, what it means.

All my walls of defense go down, and I am, with delicious security, utterly vulnerable. I am the child inside of me here, because only here is there no fear...and...here, I know he lies in wait for me, waiting for me to call out in my, not lost, but constantly guarded, and wounded, innocence.

Guarded, wounded...but not here, and not with him, so here I really call out in restored innocence. One name, and then he comes. I feel him before I see him; he stands so close behind me, and wraps one arm around me. And I close my eyes once more, and fall back, into his open chest.

What passes is mine alone, a place of complete happiness, a place where time, fear, doubt, jealousy, anger, sadness and loss do not exist. A place I've set aside, the only place I can let go and be the vulnerable child I really am, and always will be.

In time, or without time, either way it does not matter, I walk to a curtain, and replacing my layers of defenses, I walk back into my world. Where I am a woman, fearless, sophisticated, and without the need of any one's help, and more importantly, without the need of any man's help. Yet on my hard, confident face, a sweet smile still remains, for I know I can always go back and visit.

The Beast Within the Mold

Sleep entombs my soul,
while nightmares screech through my mind;
“Essence is! Vanity is not! Ego was!”
Fragmented shadowy whispers take their toll,
and electric demons dance in whirls around a shrine.

What is it? That shrine...?

Who is it? That Beast within its mold...?
Demon’s laughter bring shards of lighting,
Illuminating briefly the dream-dark scenery.

A flash here! A flash there!
The prancing light, on an already surreal setting,
does nothing to assuage my trembling curiosity.

What is it?? That shrine...??

Who is it?? That beast within its mold...??
I strain to see closer, I fight to understand clearer,
Struggling through the thickness of unconscious thought,
the frozen hallucinations of sub-conscious dreams;
and slowly my mind’s stage grows at once sharper and colder,
bringing to my senses what I mistakenly sought.

I see it...that shrine...

I know it...that beast within its mold.

At the center of my ethereal being,
Where dreams and memories flow all around,

Where the demons were dancing their crafty dance.

The truth struck through my heart like a lance...

It's my body...that shrine...

It's my mind...that beast within its mold.

Graveyard Mother

The mist wisps in willows around my head;

dancing a song of macabre flight.

My senses reel in this graveyard bed,

the question of dream or reality now out of sight.

I simply *am* and this simply *is*;

this morbid swirl of dark illusion.

I have mated to the night, sealed it with my bridal kiss.

Death, and bones and nightmares flock,

all around me in succession;

awaiting the orders of their new boneyard mother.

The fetid graveyard air rolls and thunders,

as all the dark and evil, sad and twisted delights of our nightmare world pay homage to the night.

For now, darkness, illusion, nightmares and death shall rise up and take their rightful place!

As the new Mother of the Dark, I will use my sordid powers to replace lies with truth, the light with us!

Let the dark illusion descend, and set you free!

Pain's Release

Standing still on Earth's glassy sea,
watching as the moon beams fall over me.
Encircled about by reflected light,
enchancing memories play in mind's sight.

In the soft and distilled moonlit streams,
falling on a sea of dreams,
memories from my past of dark,
come out to make their final mark.

In noon-days brackish glaring rays,
biting memories lingered far too many days.
In the recess of the mind's hidden lots,
each memory latched on to a different spot.

Afraid to shed light on memories of pain,
my soul hid them, 'til they made their stains;
slowly poisoning both mind and soul,
until at last my body took the toll.

Now trapped within my temple's storm,
the gremlins of my past took form,
reveling in my anguished shell;
I experienced, both mind and body, unforgiving hell.

In this dark and dreary prison,
the white flag of surrender almost risen,
a light burst through, helping me to resist,
my soul had remembered a reason to exist!

With hopes strength singing in my veins,
the battle raged against these memories morbid reign.
With gruesome resolve I stood my ground,
until the meaning of my life was found.

To my surprise, in each bitter memory there lay,
the answer to the question, what is the better way?
And in each dark and somber cloud there stood,
a true silver lining proclaiming life *is* good.

The shining virtue that pulled me through,
the pains of hell and then a few,
was the glorious light of truth and love,
which descended in silent softness like a dove.

So here I stand in forgiving moonlight;
where my scars aren't such a horrid sight.
A new hope swells within my chest.
At dawn, wreathed in sunlight, I'll gain my eternal rest.

An Ancient Age

In an ancient age there lies within,
both love and hate,
and it seems as the earth grows more ancient,
with every passing year,
that a creeping vine of hate prevails,
and chokes the truths of love.
But fear not, for this is just an illusion;
love will always conquer and outweigh,
the lies of hate.