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.

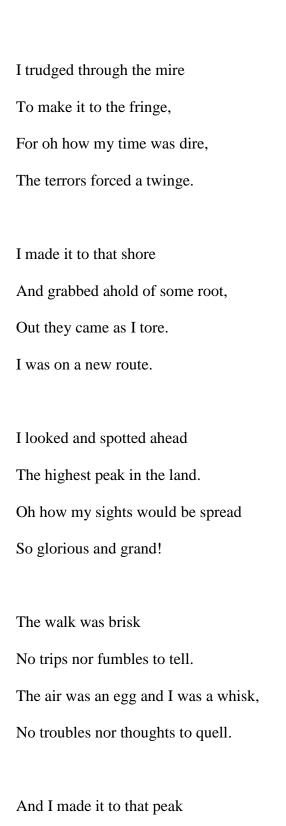
Raped, Wrecked, Ravaged

Was her spirit and soul.

The trumpets blared,

Her majesty was dead.

The View



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 push, One flutter
•
One flutter
One flutter Is all it would take
One flutter Is all it would take
One flutter Is all it would take To be my demise.
One flutter Is all it would take To be my demise. Until then,
One flutter Is all it would take To be my demise. Until then, I will remain

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:
As the glint in your eye: A pernicious garland.

A vibrant intruder