

*Lessons From The Dark*

The King.

Did I ask for you to open your mouth?  
Did I ask for you to string this line between us,  
so you could drop your opinions into my soul?  
Do my curves,  
my hips and my hair and  
the breasts and the body and  
the voice  
that God has granted me,  
offend you?  
Am I but a silly woman,  
sitting atop a sand castle of crumbling walls to you?

Well.

When they come with fire and flower,  
salvation and sex,  
breaking down your walls of self- entitlement,  
leaving your words impaled,  
you'll know who to thank.  
That witch,  
that bitch,  
with teeth of obsidian  
and eyes of the blessed sacrament.  
With her body of knives,  
her fingers caked with tar.  
Dripping wet with holy water,  
blood running between her legs.

The Divine Woman.

Hair of snakes,  
tongue of scorn,  
an arsenal equipped with  
the poisoned looks of incredulity,  
of disbelief,  
that have been thrown her way.  
This woman who has walked the Earth,  
swam the cosmos,  
who was there at the dawning of time.

She'll Be There Watching.

Watching as your books burn,  
as your clothes are torn,  
as you're forced to your knees.  
She'll be the one to drop the anchor into your soul,  
so you may know how it is,  
to be tied down with looks and  
opinions and  
judgement  
that you  
never  
asked for.

So you may know how it is,  
to feel the barbs in your own lungs,  
restricting your responses,  
keeping your anger at a constant  
simmer.

With the crack of knuckles,  
her infectious fumes will slither  
into your senses,  
until you can't see or hear or taste or touch  
or say anything  
without her allowance.

I'll Be There.

Sitting atop a carved throne of man's skulls.  
A raised eyebrow,  
a flick of the hand,  
and my sacred,  
delicious,  
body of curves,  
of hips and hair and  
breasts and blood and  
voice  
will turn your virile frame to ash,  
and I will rejoice and dance,  
bathe and drink,  
in this turn of the tables,  
this unveiling  
of the true king:

Woman.

carry my coffin

Echos in the stairwell,  
monsoons in my bedroom.  
Pages brown and worn,  
breathing and covered in flesh.  
Given life,  
taken from me.

Can we go out driving?  
Can we go out flying?  
Jumping from the rooftops seemed like a good idea,  
the last time I was here.  
Now I'd like wings,  
so I can play the urge,  
and change my mind if I want to.  
It'll be that much more tragic  
if I don't.

Can we fade back into the pictures?  
Can we melt down into the cracks in the tiles?  
I want to crawl into other peoples houses,  
eat their cherries and cake.  
Smear my hands on their windows and fly back to my bed.

I want my walls to bleed,  
my bed to sing.  
I want my feet to be taken,  
to be dragged around town.  
I want to cry ribbons,  
to scream peridot.

Rivers of tobacco and molasses,  
bury me with my Heathcliff.  
Grow ivy in my wake,  
throw arsenic in my fountain.  
I'll watch from the clouds,  
listen from six feet under.  
Black soil has always grown in my lungs anyways.

## My Man of Millennia

Slipping on my gown,  
settling down into silent ponds.  
Breathing slowing,  
heartbeat dimming.  
Reflected starlight draining from my fingers,  
drinking infatuation from silver goblets.  
Crow feather adorning my head,  
royal morning glory melting in my mouth.  
Letting the lightning drip down my spine  
in these February midnights.  
A ritual to carve your face from quartz,  
smoothed by the currents of the Atlantic.  
Crowning you the king of my night dreams and terrors,  
blessing for you a blade of crystallized moonstone,  
a necklace and ring of encased heart.  
A cloak of wool,  
my body turned inside out to cover yours.  
Come to me,  
knight of my black skies.  
Rake your claws into my icy lungs,  
swallow my eyes into your turbulent and ever-changing mind.  
Let me sink down into your palms,  
spread your inky love onto my wrists.  
I've been waiting millennia for you,  
for you.  
Waiting,  
dying and rising,  
to walk this realm with you.

detritus

Ripping my way through his roof,  
trying to get some air.  
Hanging from the eaves,  
trying to unknot his fingers from my stomach.  
Wailing into the night,  
wishing for silence,  
an explosion in the distance.  
Fingers smeared with bile,  
eyes full of searing mirages.

Let me go.  
There's no green light,  
no final rest or pause for breath,  
simply a void of rotting bodies  
and coats that have been ripped off  
in the heat of ritual and sacrifice,  
defiance.  
Dropping and tearing yours off is harder than I thought.  
Your body is a stone,  
and I have to resort to dragging you the rest of the way.  
You never could pull your weight, could you?

Funny how the mud covering your face  
and the insects in your hair  
make you seem more clean than ever.  
More true to yourself than ever.  
Maybe I should let you sink to the bottom of the river,  
among the rocks and trash.  
Anything to seal you out,  
smoke you in.  
You, who have feasted on my insides  
and adorned your house with my outsides.

I will reclaim what is mine,  
throw you to the current and gasoline.  
You were worth nothing.  
From scum you came,  
and to scum you shall return.

it was me.

I still grasp his hands even though they're rotted,  
and his nails cut into my skin.  
Sobbing as he is dragged into the depths,  
to be chained up with my other demons,  
me begging for them to let him return.  
When he leaves,  
my mind will be gutted.  
Outlines in dust will be all that's left of our memories,  
the mattress will be nothing but a permanent indent.

If not him,  
then who else?  
If not us,  
then what else?  
I know who you were behind it all,  
and while your rule has ended,  
your reign filled with nothing but falling fire and frozen flowers,  
massacre and mutilation,  
I still weep for its passing.  
For the crater that's left on our,  
on my,  
land.  
I see the seeds you could have nurtured,  
the stars you could've guided for me,  
and I grieve for my lost gifts.

I had things stolen from me in the light of day.  
I watched what I wanted turn into sand in my hands,  
watched it all fall through my fingers.  
I told myself that I was in paradise and you were god.  
And I'm just as upset with myself as I am with you.  
I'm just as fucked up as you.  
I'm just as guilty as you;  
the yoke of fault is of equal weight upon our shoulders.

And as I grasp your rotted hands,  
feeling you slip further and further out of my hold,  
I realize that when your demon finally leaves,  
I'll be left with nothing but my own.  
We'll have to sit side-by-side,  
looking into the same mirror,  
face-to-face with the hell we've let grow.  
I'll be alone with nobody else to blame.

I was the one who let you stay,  
who stepped down and knelt,  
instead of standing tall with scepter in hand.  
I let you fester and infect,  
and through my own lies I became sick and numb and blind.  
I will be gutted,  
with nothing left but an empty room and my mistakes,  
sitting cold and clean in front of me.