

My Muse

Girl, get over here,
I call each morning with a cup of coffee in hand,
I open my blank page to you, spill
the blood of your insides out—
I'll catch it in my pen
with ink.
My medieval magic: the alchemy
of inspiration. Then we write in harmony,
my muse and I, bleeding
across the page.

Adoration of the Lovers

Look how lovely you are, my own!
Look how lovely your eyes flutter, behind those red locks
Your lips
a pleasure bowl
Your mouth: pomegranate sweet
Your cheeks behind those red locks, red too.

You'd ravish me already, had you, my lost love, always been near.

Ravished by a glance, a smirk, a wink,
how lovely your loving, my flesh, my one,
you make loving fun.

Your laugh lovelier than rain showers in April
Sir! your lip drips honey, my sweetheart you are
Your tongue-- sweet nectar
Pomegranate paradise

Brandish the key to our Secret Garden.
Gardener, breathe easy!
Flowers, seethe and steep
drink me up like tea
that flower serum
Lover, come eat.

Your secret garden blooms and blooms
Into your garden, come, she swoons.

Haunted

For a spell I was into the crucible
I'd write Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe
crying over their abortion in my fanfiction.

These days his words of whispering witches,
those familiar spirits, haunt my copy of the book that bears his name

Holding it in my hand a surge travels through my body
and back in time when women like me riven from their way
thrown in the water to drown like Woolf
turned to water benders centuries later
for we saw how the source that feeds us threatens us too.

When I write my plays as Miller did
I honor the witch, her cloaked craft forged a future
where I am free to be loud.

That Western Sadness

In a small room
without sunlight or breeze
on a couch
with a box of tissues beside me
I divulge the horrors of my inner world
to a companion
paid to listen.
It is here
I talk of Hamlet
To be or not to be
That has always been the question
This human capacity for consciousness
thought

to be a virtuous character
is nothing but a thief
An insidious demon
And it is so simple
I know it well
So to dispel it
Should come with ease
Yet things are not as they ought to be
For when the moon passes
Between the sun and the earth
it blocks the light
and for a moment
we cannot see