

*Joan of Arc's Battlefield*

She stood sturdy and still as a rock.

Faced her foes seeing fear in their eyes.

Then, Joan of Arc jousted and joined the fight.

She swiped, swung and swatted her sword,

With scraped, scarred and scorched arms.

She cleanly cleaved limbs and clobbered her victims.

Red blood rushed like the Rhone River.

The heroine of war had hope

That freedom for France would begin.

The wrath has risen and revolt is clear.

And Joan will justly and jarringly win.

### *An Arsonist's Song*

"I found love in the flame of fire,  
and burning objects nourishes my lust,  
and nothing else could ever fill that desire.

Just as I discovered you were a liar,  
and thought I could never regain one's trust,  
I found love in the flame of fire.

I enjoy watching the flame grow higher,  
as it turns your possessions into dust,  
and nothing else could ever fill that desire.

I release my passion in something dire  
Because I feel only pain and distrust.  
I found love in the flame of fire.

I remember the days when I would admire  
Your selflessness and your wanderlust,  
And nothing else could ever fill that desire.

But now I just ask myself, 'Why her?'  
And think you are cruel and unjust.  
I found love in the flame of fire.

And as I throw the match on your pyre,  
I feel a thrill just watching you combust.  
I found love in the flame of fire,  
and nothing else could ever fill that desire."

*The Spring Woman*

When the first storm of winter arrives,  
You wander alone into an icy cave,  
To shield yourself from the hollow winds.

The death of nature throws you into hibernation.  
Your joy of living disappears with the last leaf  
Falling from its thin grasp on a strong branch.

But once I bring my rains down,  
Those waters will seep into your soil,  
Quenching your parched gardens.

I will wash away your frost,  
And I will allow the sun to shine  
So the ice can melt off your skin.

I will bring warmth to you,  
And you will start to feel optimistic  
At the sight of budding roses.

*The Little Coincidences That Brought Us Together*

I hate the way the patrons  
look at my body.  
They follow my hand  
as I place their coffee on the table  
bringing their gaze up  
to look at my hips my waist my breasts.  
I have always hated my body  
and I hate the way these men desire it.

When I arrive at your table  
I expect to see the same  
disgusting desire deep in your eyes.  
But when you look up at me  
you give me a small  
but warm smile.

I look down at your table  
*Anna Karenina*  
(my favorite novel)  
sits there.  
You ask for a cognac  
(my favorite drink).  
I walk behind the bar and stare as  
you read silently.  
I hear Beethoven playing on the radio  
(my favorite symphony).  
All these little coincidences  
make me feel that this moment  
is weighted with fate.

When I walk towards you  
with your cognac  
you look up at me with the same  
warm gaze.  
I wonder if you can see into my soul.  
“Es muss sein.”

It must be so.

*One Summer Morning*

The early morning rays of light shine through  
The window curtain, beaming bright on  
My sleeping figure, but I rise because  
The heat has made the room thick with hot air  
That's hard to breathe through when I want to sleep.  
A droplet of sweat rolls down my temple,  
Straight down to the edge of my jaw. The bead  
Falls slowly down my neck before I wipe  
All the sweat from my forehead and my neck  
With the back of my hand. The heat devours  
The room, and I feel dizzy looking down  
At the quilt on my bed. I swing my legs  
Off the side, feeling the cold tiles beneath  
My feet. The muscles in my knees work hard  
To make my legs stand straight and help walk me  
Out of this muggy room to bring me up  
The stairs to find a whirring fan that blows  
The cool air onto my hot face. These days –  
These summer days have been the hottest days.  
The heat is heavy, pushing my eyelids  
Down to close shut. Too weak to even blink.