

Dark Matter: A Brief Chapbook of Poetry

by

Kerry Valkyrie Baldock Kelly

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Thank you to my beloved husband Declan Kelly who gave me confidence and strength that I never knew I had, who is my carer, my lover and my best friend. Thank you for making me laugh with your quick wit, dry sense of humour and amusing anecdotes.

About the Author

Kerry Valkyrie Baldock Kelly was born in Kent, England. She was diagnosed with severe ENT problems which included deafness. She had several operations and although she can hear now she continues to suffer from asthma and allergic rhinitis. Kerry struggled through life with extreme shifts in mood until diagnosed in 2008 with Bipolar, OCD and epilepsy.

She was aware from an early age that she was different and used the OCD to her advantage completing training in over 100 qualifications, 20 of which are from higher education. In addition she has numerous sporting and language awards. Kerry also took her five children to 30 countries around the world and encouraged them to take part in a wide range of activities.

Throughout this time she directed her emotions into words, poems and short stories to define how she felt and reflect her thoughts and observations.

In May 2015 Kerry completed a 24 hour poetry publishing 100 poems in 15 styles and 6 languages in a 24 hour period. Within 2 months of completing the marathon a range of Kerry's writing was accepted for publication by the journals *Short Fiction Break* and *Entropy*. Her chapbook *Pole to Pole* was published by Voices Ireland and some of her poems published by *Lover of Darkness* and *Peeking Cat*.

Kerry wrote the poems to manage personal struggles and feelings, but on reflecting on her writing she was able to identify her Bipolar tendencies as providing the foundation of thought stimulating her creative work. Here she shares a collection of poetry and stories which allow the reader to develop an understanding of the thought processes behind the Bipolar mind. This insight will prove useful to both professionals working with mental illness and survivors and their friends and family.

In 2015 Kerry's books 'Tackling the Bear: Ravings of a Bipolar Survivor' and 'Artist or Madman?' were published. Both contained poetry that allowed the reader to understand and empathise with the emotions stemming from a mental health condition. 'Dark Matter' is a chapbook containing Kerry's newest poems.

The Cyber Bully

Jemma should live in a kennel like all dogs

#slagsdonthavefriends

Did u c wot she woz wearin today? Charity shop much

Ahhhh all alone at lunch saddo... puke it up girl.

Woof woof that's all I hear!

Y don't u fuck off and die?

Fuckin weirdo tried to cut her wrists #epicfail

Sympathy, sympathy I have no friends boo fuckin hoo!

Nerd alert..

Great day @skl chewing gum in hair, smackin that bitch tomoro!

Cry baby can't keep her legs shut!

Tellin tales makes u a loser n a grass.

Go home whinge to mummy!

Skank with a capital skank.

Trippin the biatch up all lunch, fuckin earthquake fat tub of lard

Omg did u smell her today dam

**Rip Jemma, a lovely girl wish I could change the past, so sorry we never
knew.....**

Sinister

Bugs swarm the skirting boards,
Ripped curtains ghost in the wind,
Eyes sneak above the bed sheets,
Shadows storm moonlit walls,
Owls hoot.

Ghastly figures float across the ceiling,
Pressure bears down on the bed,
Icy hands touch with monstrous tenderness,
Shivers echo with pleading prayers,
Bats fly.

Corner chair wrecks and rocks, scraping,
Branches claw angrily against rain stained panes,
Door flies shut, the iron lock slams down,
Shadows moan for release from purgatory,
Blade stabs.

Esther's Compassion

Prodigal child Cain returns from the rock,
Hearing his tribe's falsehoods about resurrected Abel,
Risen from lonely purgatory to construct a family home,
Challenged like Job by a violent ungodly clan.

For eighteen moons Abel suffered unholy abuse,
Survivor of wrong speech, wrong action caused by no occupation,
Sweet, manly Abel toiling to provide manna and honey,
Humbly ignoring plaguing chariots of the wicked tribe.

Under God's glare the heathens fought for Abel's demise,
His obedient wife Esther wisely sought Malchezidek's counsel,
The wise priest recognised the injustices and advised,
Summoned a scribe to present the case to the Elders.

Ancients gathered in secret for many nights reflecting,
To protect Angelic Abel a delegation was despatched,
Erupting the volcano of sin and torment toward Abel,
Like Sodom and Gomorrah the fallen sunk deeper in the abyss.

Abel and Esther bore every indignity with humility,
Waiting for divine moral law to save them,
Reigning hell fire on the tribe turning it to ash,
Trusting in heavenly justice but the cruel summoned Cain.

Pure ignorance of God's law protecting the binds of family,
Cain once again turned against Abel walking with Satan,
Hellish words, the Devil's forked tongue wagged enviously,
Fires of wrath directed to Abel and Esther's loving compassion.

Esther's arms comforted Abel as the days grew dark,
Their own tribe protecting them with Michael's sword,
A throng of cherubim amassed against the grim legion,
Through faith, with hope, given charity Abel became Samson.

The amber sun rose fiercely on a new righteous era,
Prophets made the truth known around the Euphrates,
Elders returned with the scribes' dense scrolls,
All is revealed, all is told of the devilment of Cain's tribe.

To exile the sinful tribe depart, losing all to the desert,
All is known; violence, covetousness, ire and Devil's lies,
The Elders punish Cain's tribe according to God's law,
Brimstone beats down as Abel's halo glows.

Esther's love and humility in the moonlight save Abel,
Adoration of the right and clinging onto light,
Allowing the just to oversee the process of justice,
Abel's tribe thrive, Cain's condemned to eternal shame.

Let those who have ears hear
Love thy neighbour is true of all creeds....
Break the cycle of hate, destructive circles have no end!

Purgatory

Stuck all alone at sea,
Terrifying cold needles penetrating his skin,
Unseen, agonising needles,
Perishing below the surface of the water,
Wedged between ice after ice.

Nothing in sight
Not even boat wreckage, no evidence of his origins,
Purgatory, searing pain, stuck unable to reach the shore,
Destined to freeze on the shore,
Paralyzed, his arms flail, his toes die, purple encompasses his feet.

Desperately pulling himself forward, tears in eyes,
Nothing, no movement, no birds swooped in the vile air,
Not his world or the world he hoped to go to but somewhere in-between,
Excruciation crept up his legs; drilling, boring holes through his thighs
Dying, joining his wasted feet, bobbing as if ripped in half by a hungry shark.

A torso with no hope, trapped terrifyingly between life and death, time prolonged
Mountainous snow gleaming from afar, burning his eyes, he pleads for redemption,
Morphing hills become monstrous waves holding fast in the sky, menacingly
waiting,
Murder weighs down his conscious, his crimes, the waves tumble, crashing hard,
slow motion, torturing....

Stuck all alone at sea,
Terrifying cold needles penetrating his skin,
Unseen, agonising needles,
Perishing below the surface of the water,
Wedged between ice after ice.

L'amour de la mer

I catch my breath, sinking in the deep garden,
Cared by tepid, salty water and stroked by weed,
Swamped with the sounds of my gasping breath,
Opened to the delights of the living Eden sea.

Rocky, circular, cream funnels of swirling coral,
Decorated with juicy, emerald plants and mauve wisps,
Pulsating, burgundy spikes of nature cling to fossil,
Glowing fish, golden and turquoise zebras swim directionless.

Sandy intervals carpeted with amber starfish and grey rays,
Marine silver streaks dart around rapidly,
Elegant painted jellies blob freely dangling purple tentacles,
Herds of sapphire pointy fins roll, like a cloud, into view.

Cautiously a spiked tooth barracuda infiltrates the family,
Hunting sneakily with a fierce some expression,
Reluctantly I rise viewing two shapely dolphins dancing,
Silhouettes on paradise's horizon, I take a longing last glance.

Pure euphoria drowns my spirit, engulfs it with hope,
Golden rays penetrate the surface feeding the land below,
I sink, finally at peace, to sleep forever in perfection,
The gold evolves, white light stuns drawing me to a new paradise.

Mind Games

My house is not my own,
A destructive relationship I have outgrown,
Plummeting fists, a kick, nastiness I used to receive,
In desperation I ended it, packed his stuff and asked him to leave!

My house is not my own,
A court order I need to remove my vile abuser,
His savage rapes in our town are domestic, I am the loser,
Bank accounts arid as the money he stole,
Paid for drink, betting and a woman riding a pole.

My house is not my own,
I begged the sheriff to make him leave me alone,
Through puffy blackened eyes my tears fell heavily,
Muttering painfully as torn lips and chipped teeth shredded me.

My house is not my own,
My body is not my own,
My money is not my own,
My dignity is not my own,
My freedom is not my own,
My life is not my own!

My house is now my own,
I wait in it safe, but all alone,
For the impending day when my pain free eyes close,
When the needle is prepped for my final, eternal doze,
Punishment I have had before,
For not finishing a household chore,
But for what he has done to his loving wife,
His punishment came at the end of a knife,
I will be in God's house forever more.

China Doll

Lost by the roadside, ignored,
Unwanted girl, tears poured,
Rickshaws crowd the streets,
Garbage to their callous eyes,
Iced skin, breathless heart beats,
Itching, scarlet rash smothers her thighs.

Tore from her ditch by unloving hands,
Wrapped in itchy rough sackcloth bands,
Banished to a filthy crib the howling baby,
Doused with cool waters, surrounded by screams,
In an wicked place, hope from a childless couple maybe,
A loving warm home, adoring parents, fills too many dreams.

Once Upon an Eyeball

Sadistic torture
Syringe steadily moving
Expecting stinging
Agonising pain
Penetrating the iris
Lids ripped away
Dry biting the lens
Needle twisting viciously
Torn out abruptly
Drowned by her own screams
Tied hands furiously clench
Scalpel glints menacing
Sharp cuts throb tears fall
Crimson droplets hit her cheek
Salt thrashes the wounds
Searing pain thrust in
Dark fluid pours profusely
Eye gouged slowly
Released tormented
Once upon a lost eyeball
Torture lamented

Bless me.....

Bless me father for I have sinned,
It has been six months since my last confession,
My sin is one of the flesh,
My body has been the temple of the Bishop,
The Bible teaches that homosexuality is wrong,
That partaking in sodomy is a sin to be smited,
Though I had little choice my sin still exists,
Forgive me father...

*God bless you my son,
Remember the seal of confession is sacred,
God forgives those who do not break the seal,
Go my son and take silence as your penance,
For God is almighty and just!*

Stockholm

Groggily awoken by pressure on the wrist,
Tightening Iron rubbing tender flesh,
She whimpers at unfamiliar surroundings,
Crackling hearth, stone walls and vast velvet master bed.

He enters, a giant shadow looming on teak boards,
Swaying jet hair, an awesome gait,
Refusing hot broth she rises his fury,
The firm fling of his hand mellows her spirit.

Gentle gusts flow through barred windows,
Curtains dance in the ember's glow,
Warming her in satin sheets,
His sturdy hand menaces and protects.

Shuddering she whispers pleas for release,
But he has gazed at her from afar, waiting,
Tears streak paling cheeks like melting ice,
Nakedly exposed to the cruel stranger

The weight lifts as the chains fall,
Dawn rays soak her stinging eyes,
Crimson fluid seeps once the pressure releases,
Imprisoned in the barred citadel.

Punished with each hysterical outburst,
Growing weary as the days shorten,
Flinching less at his caresses,
Her old life disappears into a vague dream.

He reads the classics, she listens resigned,
Etiquette expected at each romantic meal,
An orchestra fills her as does her captor,
As she relents his wrath gives way.

The New year begins in the harshest frost,
Curled in a plush scarlet sofa she reaches,
Takes his hand tenderly and cherishingly,
Pulling his firm form into her, offering her loving surrender.

Tiptoe

Treading daintily on glass,
She tries not to wake him,
Frightened of his wrath,
Her sight sore with black eyes dim.

Timorously preparing lunch,
Removing every glint of dust,
Shaking deep inside her prison,
Quaking at the prospect of his evil lust.

Wearing glass shoes daily,
Praying for strength to escape,
Knowing her violent death is imminent,
One foot wrong and the glass splinters cracked by the ape.

Broken Balcony

As they sat on the balcony sheep mosed below,
chewing grass on the moist, emerald blades,
Far beyond across the green an ancient tree stood motionless.

With pale skin and sunken oak eyes his dry lips parted,
'I want my freedom, I have my life, through chemo it has now been granted.'
A sullen hand reached shakily up and scratched his hair free head.

Her sapphire eyes glistened with heartfelt tears,
She had visited the hospital every day,
And now he had his life back through the all clear, his aim was to throw her away.

Both sipped their dark blackcurrant and looked on ahead,
At the wise, emotionless tree that had lived for so long,
And he listened with a new awoken joy to the bluebirds whistling a song.

But something inside him was stirring, an anger he could not deny,
Hidden from his beloved, disrupted and broken inside,
An awkwardness grew and before he could stop the words spilled out.

'There is someone else, I do not want you, I have found somebody, somebody new,
Now go through the doors and leave me alone,
Give me a chance to bring my true love back home.'

In sadness and rage she fled from the scene,
Confused by his words after all that had been,
He stared with some longing after her, but he was disjointed not mean.

A short time passed, her car drove down the hill,
Forever lost now he could break his hardened seal,
The tears started coming and they just would not cease.

From under the pitcher he recovered his medical notes,
A terminal patient for whom there is no hope,
But in truth he had done his best,
Better heart-broken now than watch him laid to rest.

*With Love always, to my Dear Brother David Mark Baldock. I promise you will
never be forgotten xxx*

Forgotten

Christmas,
Warm lights,
Candles on table,
Family laughing, eating, sharing,
Fire crackles rampantly in hearth,
Snow cascades spraying Georgian windows,
Red double decker buses occasionally pass,
Carol singers wander door to door collecting,
An old, cold fragile woman peers in longingly,
Regretting not having her own family or ideal career,
Shivering in the perishing ice she swigs a stolen whiskey,
Remembering old London when the bombs fell, hiding beneath terrace stairs,
Sadness at being taken from her Mummy on the train up North,
Elation, playing on the farm, muddied boots, cows calving, dogs and cats running,
Returning an orphan to an unwelcoming aunt and drinking the years away sadly
alone,
How times had changed, how many possibilities had passed by lost in the bottom
of bottles.

Sun,
Rising slowly,
Glinting on snow,
Stockings are torn open,
Sales money ready to spend,
Someone has left a raggy pile,
Families trip not stopping to see, rushing,
Stumble, clatter, fall! The Police are rapidly called,
There she lies wearing all her belongings heartlessly frozen,
There she lies forgotten, another homeless, madman, recluse or drunk,
NO! Another let down life killed by neglect with a story to tell, a story forever lost,
A wounded soul forgotten!

The Seasonal Affect

The evenings get darker
Darkness sets in
The snow gets thicker
Sadness overwhelms me

The nights grow longer
Long moods plague
The sky clouds over
Mind is clouded

The air is heavy
Body weighs down
The rain beats harshly
Tears fall readily

Mist drifts at dawn
Fog engulfs brain
Ice coats cool roads
Heart coolly breaks

DreamHouse

Dreams have no beginning or end, Mobius continuums of the mind!
Repeating an idea, haunting the host,
Visions of a house, reflections of the mind,
Tudor in architecture, Georgian windows, a mansion.

Plush ground floor, awe-inspiring heavy wooden doors,
Clock chiming before the stairs, diverging at the apex,
wooden floors, wooden doors, wooden chairs in the dining suite,
Velvet lounge, banqueting suite, kitchens and staff area.

Bedroom after bedroom adorned with mirrors and Victorian furnishings,
My room, interconnected to two others, completely crimson,
Queen bed, chaise-longue, red like my cottage outside,
Two rear cases lead to the top floor, bedrooms with dormer windows.

Less exquisite, more scruffy, less tidy, something lies beyond,
A rear case to a hidden attic shrouded in heavy darkness, forbidding,
One room after another, boxes of old belongings, trashed, stashed, ghostly,
Terrifying! Desperate to leave, hypnotically drawn in to face spirits of the past.

Claustrophobia

Arms wedged painfully across her chest,
The air is thin,
She puffs for every aching breath,
Struggling from head to shin.

Frighteningly entombed in a wooden cage,
The air is damp,
She claws and scratches until nails shed and bleed,
Intervened by cramp.

No room to punch, she screams herself hoarse,
The air is stifling,
She sobs fearing being buried alive,
Through her pockets rifling.

Not her choice of clothes, no phone or bag,
The air is mournful,
Does eternity mean laying here,
For a life lived so scornful?

Blame

Beating music slowed to a dull thrum,
Her mind swam distorted, inebriated,
Bodies moved closely in the distance,
Sofas amassed with writhing forms,
Overcome with fatigue, needing sleep,
Stumbling from raucous room to room.

Finally succumbing alone to disorientation,
Lids drooping heavily over worn vessels,
Breathing slowed, heartbeat filling ears,
Tunes becoming distant, voices muffled,
Nothing!

Suddenly she wakes, she hurts, she is smothered,
A blurred form has forced his way in,
She cannot move, fear or drink,
She cannot move!

Staggering helplessly through the empty streets,
Torn dress, ripped tights, shoes absent,
Tear and make-up stain her beautiful face,
She shakes, shocked and ashamed,
To the oracle she ambles, blood crust staining her thighs,
Hoping for salvation, dreading confession.

The Oracle listens intensely, says nothing, advises her to clean,
She washes the evidence away and freshens herself,
Climbs into a waiting taxi ready to carry on with life,
Each day her mind suffers in turmoil, the memories relived,
Friends and work fall away, no one helps.

She is invited to a party and addresses the Oracle,
The foolish Oracle advises,
'That's how **you** got yourself in trouble before!'

Cruel Embrace

Rose from deep sleep by the sounds of a crackling log fire,
Captive in a medieval castle lodged between lonely, forested, mountains,
Sunset and dusk streaming through the high window.
A prisoner tenderly kept, washed and dressed in soft pearl linens,
Oak posts surround the gargantuan bed draped with thick, pure nets.

Echoes of nightmarish wolves shrieking in the distance terrify my ears,
A crimson mat lays on the heavy wooden floor, candles glint over the hearth.
Shadows stretch above me and disappear, fading into the night,
I am fatigued, unable to move, held by a lustful hypnotic spell,
Fear flows through my filial veins, you must smell the blood.

Resounding ringing of footsteps roar outside the door, bold, menacing,
The key turns with a vociferous clang and casually the door swings open.
I am stupefied by your chilling stature, tall, black clad, ivory skin and ebony hair,
Attracted by beauty, repelled by the demon inside, wanting you, wary of you,
Gradually you approach, a lion frightened of alarming the deer, gradually.

Struggling against the power of your ancient, wise mind I implore myself to leave,
Will myself to run, urge myself to fight, I am tempted to touch you.
Want you to touch me, you sit lightly besides me, fingernails stroke my face,
Caress my golden locks, rub my face, fondling my limp arms, our eyes locked,
You lean in, I know that your kiss means death or eternal purgatory, I resist.

Again you embrace me, tenderly petting me adoringly, lovingly, passionately,
Our lips meet, your spirit promises ardent devotion, devotion in exchange for my
soul,
Angry, affectionate rage fills you, your eyes darken, and fear and sensuality
enshroud me.
My hair is combed by your talons from my neck, tears leak in anticipation,
Your wolf like teeth plunge into my throat, the pain burns, you will it away, the
fear burns,
I am yours forever!

Patsy Sands

Patsy Sands is a dangerous man,
He fought our decent soldiers hand to hand,
He claimed this land was not ours to steal,
But we accumulated it through signing a fair deal.

Bombs he dropped on law abiding men,
We tried to make peace with him there and then,
Agreeing with us not to cause trouble,
Enlisting others his number did double.

And then to the streets with banners so high,
Calling for one country a unified flag he did fly,
So for the peace we made several arrests,
Doing for our country only what was best.

But in prison more trouble he caused,
Claiming prisoners' rights with barely a pause,
Refusing food he chose to die,
So others could name him a martyr on high!

Patsy Sands is an honorable man!
He fought for our right to a unified land,
Not forgetting the famine and landlord's crimes,
For him we will write many a rhyme.

On the streets he did brawl with intimidating men,
Abusing those whose creed was unpalatable to them,
Random shootings over the years,
Filling our women and children with fear.

Patsy stood tall and refused to back down,
He only wanted a united, friendly town,
His kin ostracized for their beliefs,
Treated in prison like a common thief.

Deserving the right of a prisoner of war,
Beaten, hated, isolated and more,
The antagonists forgetting centuries of strife,
Or the fact that they took the poor peasant's wife.

So remember poor Patsy and let that flag fly,
To celebrate the martyr on high!

Yasmin

No one remembers Yasmin, she only exists as dust on the wind,
When she was born her parents mourned, her gender was wrong,
Imprisoned with her black clad mother in the darkness of purdah,
She watched through sad eyes as her brothers played and learnt.

Her birthdays were not celebrated, she cleaned, prepared meals,
But was fed little on the floor set apart from father and her brothers,
Her eyes filled with tears when she heard the cattle's awful shrieking,
Bled coldly in the fields, suffering as much as any man in anguish.

In the solace of her room she prayed knowing God was compassionate,
Sensing his sadness at the misery of war and callous degradation,
Begging to be released from her lonely, dungeon and father's scorn,
Saddened when banned from worship due to her filthy monthly blood.

As her early womanhood developed she was enshrouded by the veil,
Shielded from nature's glorious life giving sun by her bedraggled crypt,
In the company of her family she was permitted to remove the sack,
Wearing dazzling colors she noticed her eldest sibling's evil glare.

The sandstorm's lifted with eerie howling on a particularly grim night,
Her restless sleep disturbed by the silence of her father's marked absence,
Creeping, sinful drunken pacing echoed and the rusty door handle creaked,
There in the shadows her kin person entered both the room and the girl.

Aching and bleeding she sobbed, betrayed by her brother's ungodly lust,
Her cries summoned her mother and there in the gloom she confided,
Such confession, realized her parents, would bring shame on their family,
God could forgive the son, but not the daughter's shameless adultery.

Her fornication would not be discussed, but washed into the swampy gutter,
The news forgotten as he went away, pride and joy in their hearts, to college,
But not for her as her belly swelled with the wickedness of her immorality,
And local mouths moved against her upright, upstanding, respectable clan.

Moved by night to a filth laden wing the disgraceful prodigy ripped her apart,
Returned by morning, bleeding like the cattle, she was shunned and slighted,
The deafening silence forewarned community displeasure at her reappearance,
Scandal, they said, should be buried like her paperless, unwelcome birth.

The father, known as a man predisposed to faithful, flawless, faultless action,
Tore her from her convalescence with insensitive, wrathful hands by her soft hair,
She was dragged, screaming into the dusty yard filled with the stench of manure,
And there dowsed with a spirit that masked the scent and an excruciating flame lit.

Treated with less compassion than the herd she melted to her origin; Earth and ash,
No record of her sad existence exists, no one investigated her disappearance,
Her name is not Yasmin, never was, her life was an atom flicking briefly,
One of many Yasmims plagued in life, afflicted in death, open your blind eyes and never forget!

Should She?

The burden heavy in her womb,
A devastated walking tomb,
She did not consent as a wife,
But should she take away young life?

She did not know her aggressor,
As explained to her confessor,
To her throat he held a sharp knife,
But should she take away young life?

A sin it is the people say,
But a greater sin was in play,
No woman should suffer such strife,
But should she take away young life?

Could she love a product of hate?
And support life without a mate?
Who will take her now as a wife?
But should she take away young life?

Oasis

Trapped helplessly in the Arabian Oasis menaced by the ensuing sandstorms,
Held captive, isolated in the Sheikh's luxurious crimson and gold marquee,
I rest tightly manacled surrounded with light cedar furnishings from antiquity.

Struggling strong at heart, dominated by the hung bejeweled scimitar's blades,
Guarded by the taupe camels baying at the awning, captivated by your conceit,
I feel I have been here too long initially exasperated by your pretentious insolence,
Infuriating your failed attempts at manipulation I wait self-satisfied, electrified.

You sit clad in jet black robes high on your ancient imperial scarlet ottoman,
Your ego daring to penetrate my soul through dense shisha-hookah smoke.
My mind eternally confused between wanting you and despising your disdain,
Magnetized in mutual torment, as the tempest builds rousing the jade palm leaves,
I know you well; expert in subjugating others frustrated with burning insanity.

Desiring above all to demoralize me exasperated by my ability to mystify you,
Heat rises from the terrain, my attempts to allure you into releasing me are futile,
Desperately wanting to flee, yet the enchantment of your conceit seduces me,
Drawn inexorably together the choice of your company has always been providence.
Each tapestry elegantly draping the cloth walls gazes intently on our isolation,
You have been addicted to pain for so long that your spirit is ice, scarred and dark.

I cannot trust your words, but I desperately want your pitiless vengeance's intrigue,
Perhaps it's my hubris and abhorrence of your defiance that instigates these longings,
The velvet drapes drop, protecting from the dusty blizzard, the amber candles dim.
I feel your intrigue as you try to comprehend me, I recognize that same ambivalence,
From our mutual uncertainty arises a sinister air of a tormented unsuitable lust.

In time your sturdy hand rests cautiously on my soft skin and I sense sandalwood,
Tantalizing every pore in my body with one touch I lose control and hate you more.
My fingertips run mesmerized along your arm permitting me to virginally suffer you,
Lightly chastising each of your hard shoulders with a vehemence dormant for so long.

And caressing the throat tense from the loneliness you disguise so convincingly,
With sensuality you stroke my cherry lips desiring to escape the lust perpetually denied.
Slipping your garments reveals your bare, sturdy chest, engulfed with my sensual kisses.

You stroke my flaxen hair with an unspoken ardor as the power surge between us burns,
With sudden aggression you grip my hair and force my descent lowering my kisses.
With a raw sensuality and under your coercion I take you into my mouth,
Tasting your freshness with passionate strokes, uncontrolled ecstasy tenses through you.

The drugged smog engulfs and desire inspires your aggressive ripping of silk,
Exposing my creamy décolleté, feeling the rush of exhilaration you pull me away.
Needing to stay in control of your release, using your insolent mouth on my body,
Persecuting me with spiteful passion evilly formed of infatuation for my indifference,
Intermittently biting my flesh with pure resentment, teeth tearing suppressed retribution.

Anguished heat burns my being chastity lost I succumb to the prophesized entrapment,
Unable or unwilling to escape the shackles I submit to your powerful embrace,
Sprawling gratuitously across the russet satin the flambeau reignites,
Firing ablaze, your unclothed tissue smothers me,
And with forceful ferocity you infiltrate!

Your angry hands clasp my hair and neck crushing and pulling coexist with drive,
Our mouths meet with furious intensity totally enraptured,
Exquisitely held in the moment.

Stinging sensations pulse through me, my curvy legs wrap tightly about your waist,
Through changing breath I sense growing craving for anticipated liberation.
Consumed with hunger you force me over suffocating me,
In the leather hassock.

Your strides harder than before with mounting dynamics you lean on my tethered arms,
One hand strokes every arc as your rough pace increases and your sighs deepen,
With anguish you release yourself fully into my being,
Holding fast until the pulsating subsides.

As you turn away your body and palace crumble to silt,
Leaving me alone relishing the pain of the cold desert night.

Good Owl's Court

Poor bunny!

Led into the dark room by weasels,

Forced into a box.

Facing the ghastly owl and twelve of his disinterested peers,

Rats in suits,

Turmoil in her belly as she faces the smart fox.

Poor bunny!

A year she had suffered knowing fox was free,

After forcing her into a carnal deed.

She shivers and pulls her fur tight,

Covering a scrawny form,

Emaciated.

Poor bunny!

Python speaks for the fox addressing the rats,

'Is this how she looked on the night concerned?

No, she was fluffy, cute and for her he yearned!

She hopped to fast and flapped her whiskers enticingly,

Leading hard working, gentle, good fox by winking encouragingly.'

Poor bunny!

Her furs are exhibited for all to see alongside a brief personal history,

Shamed, she looks to the floor, remembering the career she once adored,

Her peers sent her to the burrow, penniless,

Protecting fox from the adulteress!

Humiliated she confesses to sipping some drinks,

And tells of the horrific following events!

Poor bunny!

Her buck abandoned her, irritated by her grief, embittered by her sin,

Pride hurt as he failed to protect! Pride hurt by her exhibitionism.

Promised support by the weasels she fought her case,

Their assistance driven by promotion not care.

Humiliated medically,

Interrogated cruelly,

Scared,

Alone.

Poor bunny!

Poor Fox!

What a scandal that rabbit caused,

She led him astray.

Flirting, forthright friendliness,

What could he do?

Her allegations may have damaged his vocation,

'Lust,' says python, 'was her troublesome preoccupation!'

The wise old owl nods his head,

'But for the rabbit he would not have been led,

With no case to answer for a moment amiss,

I urge the jury to, in this case, dismiss....'

Six months beyond poor kitten is called,

Claiming that good fox had her well mauled....

Message in a bottle

My name is Eve I am ten years old.

I live in a big house with lots of people and my Mum.

I used to live in a nice house with Mum and Dad.

Dad left because he didn't like Mum's new friend Jonah.

Jonah made us move in with him and his friends.

He told me that God spoke to him and gave him rules.

No one lives near us.

We have a big, big garden and a big, big gate.

The gate is always locked.

Jonah says people outside are bad.

I don't think that's true, I used to have nice friends.

I can't tell Jonah it's not true as I am punished.

Jonah says God told him women are bad and must obey.

Mum listens to Jonah, I wish she didn't.

I remember playing hopscotch at school.

Jonah says school brain washes us, so I don't go anymore.

I miss my friends, I miss skipping, singing and watching TV.

We pray now, but not to the God I used to know.

Jonah says we can only drink water and cleaning purifies us.

I don't know what he means, but Mum says he is right.

I get up very early so I can pray to my God and I ask to go home.
God listens and someday someone nice will come for me.
We don't talk at meal times, some days I have to stay in my room.

I have no toys, I have a bed and a cupboard.
Jonah says we have to listen to his lectures every evening.
He visits my room at bedtime to fulfil his 'sacrament.'
Mum says that's what God wants, but it hurts so much.

I lay there and think about home, I miss Daddy.
Jonah says soon we will be going on a journey
And leaving our bodies behind.
I don't want to go, God wouldn't like this.
I know God will come, I feel it, and I will go home.

Please do look for the full anthology 'Artist or Madman.'

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