

# **Bipolar Moods Chapbook Complete Collection: The Rays in the Storm**

By  
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## **Foreword**

Valkyrie Kerry, bipolar survivor and Horrotica author, offers a selection of poetry that brings to life the range of extreme emotions that are endured by those experiencing mood disorders. Her writing conveys the spectrum of emotions that exist between the poles of depression and elation; Thanatos and Eros. Her words enable the reader to empathize with the condition through colorful and DEEP (Dark, Erotic, Emotional and Pleasurable) sentiment.

## **Bipolar Moods Chapbook 1: Pole to Pole**

### **Rollercoaster**

The endless struggle to reach the front creates anticipation,  
Fearfully watching as other riders are hurled into ecstasy;  
Bodies forever shuffling slowly forward to their destiny.  
Waiting eagerly for excitement through the monotony,  
The din and hum of screams lashing through the stifling air.  
Finally, after an eternity of confinement getting a seat.

Through the gates they trudge and seat themselves  
uncomfortably.

The giant, black, overhead belts, almost as dark as the train  
itself,  
Lower tightly, squashing an exasperated breath from  
polluted lungs.  
A jolly student in a gaudy yellow suit checks everyone's  
security,  
And signals along the grim station to the hidden, secret  
control booth.  
A warning comes telling passengers how to behave, all  
goes silent.

Flashing from the bright scarlet alarm intimates dispatch of  
the cars.  
Slowly the giant snake lurches forward carrying humanity  
to its fate,  
Tracks click into motion and a slight drop is felt trepidation  
washes over;  
Time almost stops as the monster heaves ever upward  
towards its peak.  
Below people move about the bright fair like ants trapped  
by illusions of rest,  
Disappearing into the tiny recess that is Earth, as the  
dragon aims for heaven.

The summit turns into an inclined twist, Lego towns appear  
in the distance,  
Sprawling red tracks contrast eerily with the colorless,  
cruel, coaches.  
Loud clicking ceases and the momentary void is rapidly  
replaced by roaring,  
In an instant the beast plunges over a steep ravine,  
stomachs feel pained spikes,  
Adrenaline beats through the travelers forcing out  
involuntary screams!  
Momentum forces the vehicle to rise up like a Phoenix  
destroyed by fire.

The depressive climb forgotten as the predator flies  
mercilessly upwards,  
Racing enjoyment, a lust for life's experiences, a need for  
childish delights,  
Immediately dropping again, filling the thrill seekers with a  
tickling fear.  
This time the dragon whizzes through the decorative pine  
trees, round and round,  
Over a man-made bed of life-giving water, the experients  
lashed by the fountain,  
The world is seen in a new light as the train circles a giant  
loop, suspending riders.

The never-ending queue gazes enviously upwards,  
desperate to escape real life.  
One final spin leads up to a terrifying, elevated dead end  
with only one exit!  
There is nowhere to go, no way out, no way off, the beast's  
nose touches the barrier,  
And with a nail biting whoosh all riders are catapulted  
backwards on a switched rail!  
The adventurers are thrown back to the real world below to  
become ants once again,  
Backwards through the loop, the highs and lows, back to  
the monotonous point of origin.

### **The Island**

Air rushes past my face as the iron bird disappears, visual  
panorama,  
Of sapphire, emerald and gold the dream of a life we once  
did behold.

My hand clutches the cord. Fear forces my grip,  
As the world rushes beneath me.

Memories do mar and excruciatingly strip.

Last year we did here meet, across the vast azure sea,  
And under the shade of the imported palm trees.

We did lie on the sand and bathe in the deep,  
Warm sea breezes and the children at our feet.  
And as I look down, I fancy I see,  
Glittering shadows of how our life could now be.

The oceanic roar, or a flood of hard rushing air,  
My wits distracted by the kayaks rolling on the cerulean  
glare.

Deliberations and dreams they now incarcerate me,  
I remember feeling blissful, a sensation I cannot foresee.

My sight darkens to visions and all I can perceive,  
Are the crabs dancing in moonlight and the floodlit pools,  
The waiters there serving a feast for all.

We were a family then, but you say that cannot be,  
And now I only have a tropical land mass memory.  
Of Mynahs and tigers, toucans and sharks,  
Swirling great rivers and eroded arcs,  
Bustling coral and feeding fish,  
If I could go back to that it would fulfill my only wish.

But if my life is only in contented memories drenched,  
And each day a field of forlorn toil my recompense;  
Then tear the skin from my flesh, and sear the flesh from  
the bones,  
For it must be less painful than this,  
I have tried to forget the homeliness.

And now as the breeze beats hard on my face,

My one final joy is to others disgrace,  
For there is one way to retain those days of joy,  
And it will take simple courage and a loose grip to employ.

### **The Hearth**

Energy starts with a glowing spark kindling with balsa sticks,  
Spreading steadily into a warming, wavering orange flame.  
A mountain of crisscrossed, muddy turf beckons the glow;  
Responding to the call the fire grows rapidly, reaching upward,  
Caressing the crumbling, dark blocks with excited vigor,  
Illuminating the shiny marble base with its elegant dance.  
The bright imps cheekily running across the fuel, leaping high,  
Contrasted by the arched ebony surround and dense, teak mantelpiece.  
Two logs sit uneasily on the mound, roasting, spitting in protest!  
Eyes cannot help but focus on the stinging, mesmerizing exhibition,  
Knowing the home will be warm all night, leaving only sleepy embers in the morning.

### **In Darkness**

In an impoverished cruel world, she walks,  
Forcing a moonshine smile that hides stifled searing tears.  
Choking back, she integrates with a soulless community,  
Altruism is a myth and disappointment reigns supreme.

In silent moments behind closed doors she lets blood,  
Beating the walls to release the pain burning inside,  
Fighting the two persons struggling in her clouded mind,  
Both alone even without each other screaming to belong.

To love, to live, to be loved and escape the desolation,  
Which stings more each long thunderous day.  
Like a poisoned dog she prays the inexplicable pain would  
stop,  
As times rolls on so too does her sad swim into despair.

Her cries lost in the darkness until one grim night,  
The numbness sets in; zombified the blood flows  
And an endless sleep consumes....

Now stands an ironic memorial in her name,  
It reads 'Beloved wife and daughter,'  
Yet lays covered with rotting weeds,  
Engulfed by the stale stench of neglect!

### **The Ocean's Embrace**

The engine's motherly humming ceases, the protective  
anchor is dropped,  
Home is a grey silhouette jutting into the distant sea.  
His bright yellow coat cuddles him warmly,  
A calm, warm day provides a slight breeze to kiss his  
cheeks.

Serene, watchful blue skies answer the hue of the  
compassionate, gentle waves,  
His innocently white, wooden boat rocking him soothingly,  
like a crib.  
He is embraced by adoring silence,  
The rod reaches into the depths, its hook gazes longingly at  
the lively world beneath.

Occasionally he spies affectionate dolphins dancing on the  
waves,  
A smile twitches, like a successful rod.

He is fully alive in the stillness, relishing every kind moment.

A tug jolts softly, he has a catch, useful fodder,  
Not essential for the experience.

### **The Shore**

Acrid air lies abandoned against the beach,  
Boats cunningly crash beneath the clouds.  
Crumbling crustaceans form colorful curves,  
Disused dens sit dilapidated in the distance.

Frosty foam forms edges on the gravel's glow,  
Humidity hangs heavy on the harsh horizon.  
Isolated ivory and incandescent contrasted skies,  
Licked by lacerating lightening illuminating,  
Murk on the molten, mildew, misused mud.

Puddles and peddles permeate the petrified pier,  
Ragged and rotten remnants soaked on the shore,  
Spattered with strew shrimps and spiked shells as,  
Tides whizz white water over the forsaken shingle.

### **Wild River**

At the mountainous peak a hawk swoops to observe a  
sharp-needled Juniper bush nestling on barren land,  
Nearby pure, jaded waters trickle from elevated Earthly  
stones born of the ground and recycled in the formidable  
smoky sky.

Rams feed from the fountain sheltered by pinnate Ash  
leaves which flap in the nectar breeze sprayed from Golden  
Luburnham flowers.

Meanwhile the spring erodes with subtle strength and steers  
a downward course passing the hanging spruce by.....

At lower lands shining leathery reflections of the stream  
echo in the festive crimson Holly,  
The delicate descent drags sediment laden fluid and  
drenches the living woodland turf.  
The Catkin of the pale leaved Hornbeam thrive,  
Heather and Lilac, Lemongrass and Rose flourish,  
The pebbles are dragged with clanking sound and  
Dragonfly soaked banks are formed beneath protective  
Copper Oaks and giant Sequoia.  
The enslaved minerals bleed sustenance into the land where  
purple Damson, Greengage and Wild Cherry flourish.  
The tributary drives on dampening the flat home of the  
Poplars,  
Hydrating the dense Creeping Willow and giving life to the  
Lime's sunshine flowers,  
The unchartered world surrounding it thrives like Eden  
waiting to be explored...

Yet, should drought, heat and hardship suffocate the cool  
ripples,  
Should stresses dry the pool then the green leaves wither,  
the vegetation and cattle shrivel;  
A desolate, hopeless desert is all that remains!  
But when several streams converge and rains are plentiful,  
And waterfalls pour on a turquoise lagoon overseen by  
emerald, ruby and sapphire big-billed birds,  
When tiny springs are nurtured by ancient lakes or  
Mangrove rich bays and the river joins at estuaries;  
Then the springs potential is realized through the  
abundance of the ocean and later its plankton is shared with  
smaller seas,  
Overseen like a newborn child, by the wise guidance of the  
aged moon.....

**Mare Gravem**

The world is just colorful visions, soundless.  
Unbearable pain sears through my skull, drilling,  
You're there my sibling then you're gone,  
The catalyst that ends all security.  
When you leave a piece of me dies daily,  
Alienated in a hostile world I cannot comprehend.

Timeless silence melts down with pure rage,  
Kin structure collapses. I am alone,  
Floating restlessly in an abundant sea.  
Moving on, sucked amongst disguised sharks,  
Looking for what I wished I had,  
Feeling the pain of other's cruelty cutting.  
Directionless, suspended in a watery grave.

For a time, I find a false hope, fighting fate,  
Love of kinds embalmed with jealousy;  
Thwarted by conflict, bereavement and grief,  
Destined to implode. Draining life's essence,  
Triggered by the unwelcome touch of another,  
Rebounded into thunderous purgatory,  
Escaping into a boiling dysfunctional cauldron,  
Burning for eons, all feelings cease.

And every emotional escape frozen in Hell,  
And there in the eve lies an offer of serenity;  
To sleep peacefully in the oceanic shelter!  
The Psirens silhouetted in the beckoning moonlight,  
Sing to draw me in; A perfect, dulcet lullaby,  
Offering the ecstasy of cool, dark emptiness.  
Mesmerized by the howling, angry tide below,  
The footing is lost, the jagged rocks fall away.  
I submit! The plummet over the ravine is swift,  
The tranquility of my aqueous Mausoleum,  
Eternal...

## **Sanguine Fervor**

You're welcome in! I've seen you...  
In my dreams, as in life, echoing the velvet onyx abyss of  
your soulless heart,  
And sweetly enshrouded with the eternal stench of history's  
charm.  
The doors, portcullis to my chamber, lay stark wide,  
permitting pure precipitation to flood the ivory gateway,  
In readiness for your empowering presence.  
I recline as the embers cool...

The oak clock clangs breaking the deftly silence of my  
creamy satin nest.  
The sound ceases filling my body with fear and  
anticipation,  
Momentary ambivalence, A desperate urge to fight the  
mesmeric stupor,  
To shut you out!

But my desire enforces paralysis and there with aching  
trepidation I lay.  
Nubile and motionless the emerald flecks of my eyes meet  
your black stare,  
Your gaze pierces me as you materialize from nothingness;  
Tall, foreboding, pale with a mane of Earthly hair.

As you approach your cognitive grip tightens,  
Our psyches coalesce!  
I see your depravities; Death displaces desire,  
And torture is thrust upon idolaters.  
Still, I want you, that is your power.

I surrender my life to you even as your deathly, ice lips  
caress mine,

Unable to overcome the sense of depravity triggered by that  
loathsome longing,  
I hesitate, in an acknowledgement of reticence your eyes,  
Your stunning, seductive eyes stare into mine.

In deep swoon I am willed to relax, to fall into a waking  
reverie,  
Filled with a sense of peace, beset by your refuge.  
Then, in a climactic instant your canines penetrate my  
chastity,  
Draining my life's fluid and my world sinks into an obscure  
dusk...

Sweet sleep excludes the brilliant sun,  
My only stirrings emanate from our minds merging;  
Locked behind the bars of your malevolence I see victims  
cruelly slain,  
Solely for knowing you and you watch me gazing in.

An eternal parasite cursed; Darkness, solitude and  
damnation,  
An emptiness crying out for pity, the demon within judged  
for its deeds,  
Fueling its anger and passions,  
Driving a desire that may never be sated.  
My soul builds a resistance to the disease and I implore you  
for a reprieve,  
With no compassion my sanctuary is denied and once again  
you appear.

With a Tiger's strength I draw myself from that lust filled  
place of rest,  
Stumbling dazed and weak my feet tread stone villa floors.  
Even in my escape I am drawn to you,  
Your whispers tremor through me as I desert on my steel  
stead.

Your imploring tones willing my return, fighting with  
memories of the beloved you stole,  
Now just us alone in a crowded universe.  
Hastily I travel through the mountain pass, mere shapes  
silhouetted in the dark.

My mind in turmoil and my body hungering for yours,  
The cool night breeze pierces my skin, I lose control!  
In a flash of metal and light my mortal flesh is broken like  
porcelain,  
My skin ripped, my spirit weary bidding me to sleep  
through the trauma.  
I feel you holding me like the lover you can never be,  
moving me, time passes...

You tend me with a callous cherishing,  
Healing your prey to make it fit once again for the hunt,  
And with gruesome degradation you feed me from your  
own veins,  
And with grotesque wantonness I submit to your offering,  
Overawed by the eroticism, aphrodisia and sensuality.  
Your silent, false promise that you will shield me forever.  
In that moment of bliss, I give myself to you,  
You make the pain stop,  
You satisfy your own thirst!

Frozen air sneaks through the derelict boards,  
I wake in an abode that has haunted my dreams, slumped  
coldly on chilled steps.  
The crimson warmth of days passed replaced by damp rot  
and somber shade,  
Solitude perforates my empyrean blood,  
Loss of my kin has broken my fire.

A life once so learned, travelled and communal destroyed;

You are all I have, my vengeance quelled by an unnatural  
proclivity,  
To be yours eternally,  
To be loved and subjugated equally, but your heart does not  
beat!

I am here at your will, forced to choose as you wish,  
Punished with desolation and debility,  
Infected by your fluids, which dominate my clay.

Timorously I call your name and there aloof at the window  
crevice,  
You materialize as if there you had always been.  
I beg for release from your enchantment,  
To forget this agonizing cry from the depths of my being,  
Your numb stare repudiates my appeal.

My choices are narrowed; annihilation or eternal perdition,  
Everlasting surrender to your sovereignty,  
Lacerated through your necessary infidelity.  
An assassin afflicted with immortality's curse,  
And yet with these apprehensions you still captivate me.  
Unable to bear being abandoned in this weakened state I  
come to you,  
I rise as you wish,  
I stroke your dreadful shell succumbing to your carnality.

Your claws clasp my soft curls and the kiss you offer  
blazes.  
Gnarled nails trail my throat, easing the silken slip strings  
from my shoulders;  
Ivory points encircle my lips, cheeks, hair and throat.

The puncture stings, libidinous relief ebbing with each  
gulp,

My senses heighten, I energize and in a moment of clarity I  
draw from you,  
Night escapes leaving the scarlet sun dawning slowly.  
Before the last trickle of humanity evades me, I break  
away,  
Away from eons of emotional emptiness,  
I throw myself at the mercy of the burning sun.

Exquisite fire relieves me of mortality and immortality,  
You howl, you love, we should have been one.  
With regret for what could have been I return to dust...

### **Dreams after Film Night**

Eerie empty streets, sheltered by darkness,  
The Parish village; a cluster of Auld Shebeens.  
The clinking voices echo, unnaturally,  
My feet drag, eyes blind to the lights,  
Into the rural wilderness, no moon,  
My feet drag into the farmer's wilderness.

Old Tom's house is cobwebbed like his chin,  
Haunting, darkened windows, eyes to the soul.  
I force the derelict cottage door, expecting light;  
The jolly furnishings evolved into dreary remnants.  
No sign of Tom! Dust, webs and a hint of blood,  
His bed now an altar, his wrapped body rises undead.

The hammering of marching corpses fills my ears,  
Trapped like an arachnid's prey I run or fly.  
I am in another world, a world of melancholy!  
Pushing through the bodies I struggle to escape,  
There on the woodland lane shining lights descend.  
Azure demons emerge from the tree's shadows.

Some folk from the Parish await their demi-gods,

Capturing others for cruel sacrificial trauma.  
I am held, forced to watch the visceral mutilations,  
Only as greying daylight approaches can I escape;  
Visions of flayed men tied to Monastic ruins cling.  
The deceased now over-run by platoons of fearsome apes.

To our kins' home I run, a great white house, penetrable,  
I ask for sanctuary, but they are determined to surrender.  
I know better! To no beast will I be a mindless slave,  
I plead with them to reconsider. I am sadly ignored,  
Floating away I look back and see an ape covered home,  
And hordes of the beasts streaming down the lane.

Can this be? An elevator in the sleepy countryside?  
Reluctantly I step in, I cannot resist, but I am afraid!  
The lift rises and rises for eons until jolting still.  
As the doors part in steps an inhuman, handsome man,  
Dark of hair, possessed by foreign beings, consumed;  
He breathes out his parasite and shares it with man.

My simple life is long gone, invaded by unnatural beings,  
Feelings of fear mixed with the excited rush of adrenaline.  
This is the unknown, grim dimension. The apes build  
below,  
I step into the lift and land on an unresponsive dappled  
mare,  
Beyond the parish our familiar ocean still glows,  
beckoning.  
Finding a wooden raft on the reef filled beach I try to leave.

The waters flow softly, not with their usual ferocity,  
I drift until reaching the bedraggled, stony pier.  
The apes, furious and furrowed are laying in wait,  
Two sea dragons, intelligent, olive, almost human take me,  
I am strapped callously to a giant steeple bell and swung,  
As Buddha lies like a giant, crippling the villagers below.

## **Muted Witness**

The guilt rips the remains of my rotten soul,  
A disheveled wretch tormented, bleeding with guilt,  
Unable to look at our mother for shame.  
I am not the culprit who extinguished you, but she is kin.  
Her action has muted my tongue forever,  
Lest the matter destroy further the remnants of our home!

I beg and pray to God that this were a dream,  
And I would wake confused and disorientated but free,  
Knowing that my sibling lived warmed with the life's  
blood.  
Living in ignorance cripples the declining matriarch,  
Truth would tighten the caustic chains and never set her  
free,  
Her residual tribe would be annihilated, miscarried, and  
that can never be!

Sister sleeping in the Earth your feet trod on many hearts,  
Your sharp-tongue and blind self-indulgence hurt!  
A deficiency of empathy and objectivity was your Hubris,  
Never noticing the wrath filled army brimming with  
vexation that grew,  
Blindly acting with malice scarcely shielded by our  
devotion,  
Foolishly blundering on, your eyes obscured to your  
lineage's reactions!

The vision of our kinswoman's vengeance clouds my spirit,  
Mentally she perceived you as a vicious arachnid requiring  
poison.  
The creature, on polluting her home, was bound and  
lacerated,

Persecuted for its cruel infestation, unaware of its offensive presence.

The beast, reduced by acid and heat as if it never existed, expired in dread!

I struggle with blood-stained knowledge and loss of your flighty soul,

But for our lineage and forbearer I will suffer until the day I am dead!

### **The Spiritual Circle Collection**

In darkness first spark  
Forms nature's first light trigger  
Slow development

Heaven as cosmos  
Miracle formed of first thought  
Souls vary in form

Early life in space  
Evolution waters shape  
Housing consciousness

Interconnected  
Universally attached  
Many souls are one

The dormant plant self  
Underlying the animal self  
Eons of learning

God flows through us all  
Omnipotent, eternal  
Light forms many souls

Higher self-hidden

Shared collective unconscious  
Beams of one make all

Cells replace old cells  
Ever changing life river  
Souls are forever

Memories hidden  
Bodily inheritance  
Soul inheritance

Thoughts Imprint, reborn  
Rock, amoeba, plant, creature  
Human to spirit

Wisdom to spirit  
The collective, one being  
Then returning home

### **No One's Ghost**

Today I died,  
I am no one's ghost,  
Life sapped my energy.  
Each day I slowly ebbed away,  
Life force drained by human vampires,  
Scars of emotional pain thinned my skin.  
My heart bled in confused, monstrous, silence,  
The hole left by those forever departed can never close!  
Exhausted by the overwhelming sense of eternal, sad  
servitude,  
The need to belong replaced with forsaken desertion and  
abandonment,  
Drowning in a melancholy reservoir soaked in the frosty  
waters of pure anguish.

Unable to communicate with these strange beings of similar  
form, but mercenary souls,  
Perplexed and bewildered by the rush of complex sensation  
that crowds my fragile, tortured mind,  
Unable to understand the social convention and dogma that  
entraps accustomed people.  
Frustratingly falling into awkward situations, anger at my  
misapplication inverted,  
Lost in a world I will never comprehend, unaided, plagued  
with suspicions,  
Learning only from mortifying, life changing errors of  
judgment.  
Detaching slowly from the perplexity of sad heartbreak,  
Incapacitated by attachment's crippling needs.  
Moods and perceptions rapidly changed,  
Until no more I could endure the pain.  
The wounds became numbed,  
The animated zest drained,  
No one's ghost am I,  
Today I died.....

### **Lady Mary**

The black bearded Captain Daniels took Mary to sea,  
In the bloody, crested moonshine they floated fairly free.

The powers of the stars' lighting the diamond, white ice,  
The taste of peachy-grapes, yeast, potatoes and apple slice.

Old Paddy Morgan, the Helmsman with strange powers,  
Steers the vessel away from the raging April showers,  
And into the blue slammers the fortified ship flew!

My Fair Lady delving into paradise painted in blue,  
As a screwdriver tears at a fizzing rusty nail.

A hurricane blew up, an Earthquake like gale,  
Flying through the night with no thought at all,  
She spins out of control not considering her imminent fall!

## **Mindy**

Buzzing, annoying buzzing, Mindy knew it was time to get up,  
Quickly she dressed, pulling on unattractive navy overalls,  
Scraping her once lush, greying hair into a greasy ponytail,  
She calls the children and rushes down the uncarpeted stairs.

Her two boys stir and groggily dress to the smell of bacon crisping,  
The only sound her husband's grotesque drunken snoring fills the air.

Mindy yawns whilst hastily serving up food and packing lunches,  
An extra plate is prepared, and she serves her husband as he lays in!  
The boys, brunette like their father, eat speedily and leave their plates,  
She checks their uniforms and their school bags before herding them out,  
All three bundle into the dented, purple, aging saloon. The key is turned,  
Chug, chug and silence. Cursing in her mind the haggard woman climbs out,  
The bonnet popped, leads attached and as usual the vehicle is jumped from another battery.

Clunking and spluttering the car pulls up at an overcrowded first school,

The dilapidated building complements unruly ragged  
children tearing around.  
Mindy's day has just begun, she correctly anticipates being  
stuck in urban traffic,  
There she sits, moving like a snail through the polluted,  
overgrown town's messy jams.  
Finally, she pulls into an ancient hospital, she sighs as her  
money enters the machine,  
Struggling with the notion that she has to pay for working a  
thankless job.

In the hospital she is an invisible presence pottering from  
ward to ward,  
The medical staff are blind to her as she mops floors,  
scrubs toilets and changes beds.  
The trust struggles to maintain nurses and cuts had to be  
made to cleaning staff,  
Mindy has a thankless extra workload.  
Her ankles swell, her feet ache, her eyes are bleach stung.  
For seven hours she toils knowing that the man who  
promised to cherish her rests.  
Back through traffic she poodles, returning to collect her  
babies.

The washing basket is overloaded.  
Filthy dishes and a sprawling husband meet her,  
Mindy cuts herself peeling potatoes and scalds her hand  
when washing up.  
Mop, bucket, duster, spray, more bleach.  
She moves from room to room fatigued.  
Clothes are hung on the airer and another bundle shoved in.  
Her husband sleeps,  
Only waking when handed his roast, he eats and complains  
about hard carrots.

The boys need help with their homework.

They need a bath.  
They need a drink.  
Her husband demands money, his mates are in the pub. A  
release from nagging wives!  
She sighs, the bills are mounting.  
He holds his fat, soft hand out and she fills it sadly.  
The boiler is broken, has been for some time.  
She builds a fire from litter in the hearth,  
Plastic melts on her stinging hand.  
The boys run in and out soiling tiles with dirty prints,  
The mopping begins again.  
Mindy is tired, not just sleepy, tired of living.  
The boys argue.

None of her friends come around now, she is too ashamed  
of her home,  
Ashamed of a home she slaves to keep.  
Ashamed of a bullish husband, depressed by apathy.

There is no light ahead for Mindy.  
She cries in the bathroom alone whilst wiping the sink,  
Or pulling hair from the scum laced shower plug, in the  
next room her sons bounce.

A slat snaps and she rushes in dutifully to fix it, over the  
years becoming adept at caretaking.  
The bedtime story is ignored, music booms and the lads  
bicker even though bed-time has passed.  
Midnight, she cleans again, the children are silent.  
She hates waking up to mess,  
She dozes until woken by the front door banging at two in  
the morning.  
Mindy lays still.  
It doesn't matter, the oaf still wants congress.  
He tries and falls asleep moody and frustrated.

Buzzing, annoying buzzing, Mindy knew it was time to get up, again and again!  
One dark, foggy morning she takes her husband's abandoned hunting gun,  
The trigger is pulled, but first she cleans.  
Every woman in the street knows why!

### **Declan's Dilemma**

'You mistook gout for a slipped disc,' the good Doctor cried,  
'No more rich meats or seafood may be put in your fry,'  
'I'm in bad form but my diet is healthy...'  
As for seafood and meat I'm just not that wealthy!  
'Dehydration could be the underlying cause,'  
To which I had to reply with barely a pause  
'My thirst is well sated my tankard is full.  
I can drink to the depths beyond a great waterfall,'

'And,' continued the Doctor with his eyebrow raised high  
'Therein does the grass root of this problem lie! '

### **Recluse**

Brown, bricks of turf lie,  
Stacked up against the grey wall.  
The flourishing, jade moss subtly hidden!  
The farming cottage's ivory walls beckon repainting,  
Overshadowed by the derelict, crumbling, home house next door.

A rusty barely red gate splits,  
Cutting the wall down the middle,  
Elegantly highlighting a paved garden path,  
Leading to the clear, glass porch with sliding, grubby windows.

A few, flaking, bronzing trees litter the grassy overgrowth  
to the front.

Cars rarely pass through,  
The Parish, remote, peaceful,  
The small cottage provides enough room.  
One aging man and his faithful, lively sheepdog!  
Occasionally he emerges in his peaked cap to collect fuel.

Once a week he leaves,  
Driving to the Parish Tavern,  
Smiling cheerfully as he opts to sit alone;  
A knowledgeable man, well aware of all local news,  
Isolated by his own weakness, his own fear of outsiders.

### **Exotic Express**

Big, blue, Buddha rests under the misty nebula of the  
Hawaiian rain,  
Kali's black magic swirls in a silver vortex hazing the  
island crystal.

The smell of blueberry brings hope to Cinderella's platinum  
ghost,  
As champagne violates the Northern lights of the endless  
velvet sky.

The sandstorm leaves echoes of mango, blueberry, and  
grapefruit,  
As the White Widow and Ice Lady lead the souring, Hindu  
skunk.

Amnesia sets in freeing Shiva from his lemon-silver super  
nova,  
To join his peers in the velvet, pearl tropicana of the sun's  
dreams,

Where the thai kush grows and pineapples form the  
sublime expressway...

### **Grandfather Clock**

Tick, tick, tick, a large Grandfather clock breaks the  
peaceful silence,  
Tick, tick, tick, deafening in the confines of the floral  
papered walls.  
Tick, tick, tick, a white Victorian dado separates brink from  
ceiling,  
Tick, tick, tick, the elderly lady with curled grey hair  
snoozes gently.

Tick, tick, tick, her scarlet knitting ball pierced with  
needles in her lap,  
Tick, tick, tick, she reclines in a high, cushioned, green  
patterned armchair.  
Tick, tick, tick, a large emerald mat covers the color  
streaked fading carpet,  
Tick, tick, tick, her leather clad, black Bible rests,  
bookmarked on a table.

Tick, tick, tick, the tables leaves are dropped, and a crochet  
ivory cloth covers,  
Tick, tick, tick, Behind the lady sits a Formica, glass  
cabinet full of nostalgia;  
Tick, tick, tick, photos of children and grandchildren adorn  
the sweet trolley.  
Tick, tick, tick, the serenity is reflected in a huge hanging  
blue tinted mirror.

Tick, tick, tick, Beautiful roses decorate the frumpy sofa  
lazing below,  
Tick, tick, tick, a ceramic clown looks out of the single  
glazed bay windows.

Tick, tick, tick, the curtains neatly opened, providing a  
view of the quiet street,  
Tick, tick, tick, Sunday afternoon after morning worship  
and a lovely roast dinner.  
Tick, tick, tick, please clock turn back, undo the loss and  
grief, all is now memory,  
Tick, tick, tick, let me not rush, busy with my own life,  
forgetting what is important,  
Tick, tick, tick, let me waste an afternoon with my Nan.

## **Cage**

The Cage!

Cold and dark with gaudy green paint;  
A nude cell with a stone bed and flat mattress.

Buzzing light breaking the silence,  
A rough blanket slung carelessly, no pillow.

The toilet a shameful hole in the floor,  
A small, barred window too high to grab daylight,  
*How did I get here?*

‘Mania,’ the Doctor said, ‘Foolish behavior,’  
A night of drink and drag racing with a sirened car!

Urgency and uncontrollable excitement,  
A night of spinning with the handbrake and rallying;  
My silver Accord became a toy to vent.  
A dangerous weapon,  
I chastise my own insanity,  
Will I suffer another episode?  
Will I always be enslaved by my own mind?

**Do not cry**

Do not cry for my body, it was nothing but a shell,  
Never constant, ever changing and renewed,  
So how can it be me?

Do not cry for my beliefs, the human mind errs,  
Crippled by chemical instinct and emotions,  
So how can they be me?

Do not cry for my learning, societal manipulation,  
Culturally bias to control the sub structures,  
So how can it be me?

Do not cry for my failings, losses and troubles,  
They are fleeting moments lost in time,  
So how can they be me?

Rejoice instead that I thought, loved and lived,  
Do not mourn for what you think was me,  
Rejoice for my soul's freedom,  
As I now live eternally!

### **Remember me**

I need to cry but I can't,  
The tears just don't come anymore.  
I need to cry but I can't,  
Heartache and hurt has just become the norm.

I need to cry but I can't,  
So many people around me and yet I feel so very alone.  
I need to cry but I can't,  
Sometimes I want to sleep for so long that I never wake  
again...

I need to cry but I can't,

If I did, I know that like a powerful waterfall the pain  
would engulf, and tears never cease.

I need to cry but I can't,  
I am wholly unable to express how I feel after years of guilt  
laden suppression of the burning pain.

I need to cry but I can't,  
If someone reads my words someday when I have left this  
mortal coil, think of me, remember me and empathize,  
Because I need to cry, but I can't!

Valkyrie Kerry  
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## **Bipolar Moods Chapbook 2: Epidemonology**

### **Cholera**

Oyster rich, drink poor  
Oozing gut, dehydration  
Rice rehydration

### **Smallpox**

Prevention from cows  
Deadly speckled pox disease  
Lost to history

### **Yellow Fever**

Aching body, fever

Reprieve, yellow eyed jaundice  
Organs fade, the pain

### **Tuberculosis**

Stabbing chest, blood cough  
Spreading through developed worlds  
Splattered into air

### **Influenza**

Burning hot, so cold  
Muscles sear, throat spikes sore blades  
Hacking cough, wet nose

### **Pertussis**

Persistent rough cough  
Torn throat scratching suffocates  
Puking fits smother

### **Ebola**

Cells explode, bleeding  
Scarlet flow inside and out  
Rash, sickness, red eyes

### **Avian Flu H5N1**

Organ system shutdown  
Anaerobic failure  
Heart suffers, death masks

### **Tetanus**

Jaw locked, muscles twitch

Erupting into spams  
Breathing fails, dark

### **Meningitis**

Light burns, rash erupts  
Thunder and backfire flare  
Amputations blast

### **Syphilis**

Ulceration blind  
No room for food, weight plummets  
Enlarged nodes, organs

### **Swine Flu**

Frozen heat sweats out  
Pneumonia mutated  
Tired, worn, fatigued

### **Bubonic Plague**

Fleas spread puss-filled buboes  
Masked bills nursing priests frighten  
Now bring out your dead

### **Leprosy**

Unfeeling limbs, thin skin  
Weakness paired with sore lumps, bumps  
Disfiguring marks

### **Hepatitis**

Liver attacking

Nauseating, languid, limp  
Enervated, sick

### **Malaria**

Vector, stung in blood  
Shaking with bile, fever  
Worn, preventable

### **Measles**

Enshrouded in rash  
Conjunctivitis, spiked flush  
Speckled stinging throat

### **Mumps**

Puffed cheeks, swollen face  
Every muscle ruptures ache  
Starving in slumber

### **Trypanosomiasis**

Tsetse fly bites sore  
Personality departs  
Swollen, sleep, throb, death

### **HIV**

Mutation cheats jabs  
Immunity's sting fails  
Protection, stigma

### **Vaccinations**

Controversial

Wiping disease clear away  
Necessary, live

### **Developing World**

Donate to save lives  
Pharmaceutical kings share  
Give a fighting chance

Valkyrie Kerry  
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## **Bipolar Moods Chapbook 3: Meditations**

### **Meditation**

Eyes drooping,  
The candle flickers shadows on the walls,  
Heavier they become,  
Contrasting light and darkness; a new forum.  
Counting backwards,  
From the tenth step as clouds fill the space.  
  
Deeper, retreating,  
As the room disappears in the hue of smog.

Each muscle tenses,  
Relaxing as the tension seeps from the core.  
Passing thoughts escape,  
Dust in the smoke, for true awareness comes.

Feeling soft strands of grass,  
Opening the mind's eye to the majesty of nature,  
And seeing for the first time.  
Clear waters swirl across smooth pebbles,  
A tree overhangs.  
The waterfall provides a gateway for stepping beyond.

Warm moisture grasps,  
Each sensation so vivid in the collective trance,  
Stepping furtively.  
Climbing, as the waterfall parts like a curtain of sight.  
Envisaging the beyond.  
Noting every image, seeking true meaning in paradise.

## **Spark**

Darkness is only darkness in contrast to the light,

Bleakness erupted with one small spark.

Cascades of water drip from the fountain,

Rivers starting from a stream, drop of rain.

One tiny point, the lit match, illuminating the way,

An explosive spot from which the cosmos spews,

Taking time to spread and mutate, in empty space.

Minute matter swallowed in the night.

Unaware of time or space, waiting to evolve,

Particles taking form, invisible energy driving.

The waters part and merge, react and interact,

Solidifying hauled into motion, into state.

Clashing clouds, heating and cooling, giant spheres.

Nebulae, smashing, moulding and shaping.

Fires ignite and blaze, rocks fall into orbit,  
Worshipping the source of their tiny systems.

### **From the Waters**

So far from its neighbours, the molten orb chills,  
Reflecting the waters of the first day.

So far from its neighbours, a cell divides,  
Floating wantonly in nature's hippocampus,  
Sucking in the ovum,  
Born of coal.

So far from its neighbours, the cells divide,  
Floating in the dawn's crimson delights.

So far from its neighbours, forming allies,  
Deliciously basking in the sun's glimmer,  
Sucking in the emptiness,  
Born of light.

So far from its neighbours, sea creatures form,  
Reflecting creation, sharing association.  
So far from its neighbours, forms change,  
Embracing differences, creating webs,  
Sucking in interdependency,  
Born of change.

So far from its neighbours, the waters subside,  
Floating from the oceans, climbing on land.  
So far from its neighbours, thought in flora,  
Deliciously absorbing the brilliant shine.  
Sucking in air,  
Born of love.

## **Becoming**

I was nothing, a glimmer in the void.  
I became emptiness, space between electrons,  
Water in vastness.

I was nothing, stardust floating in the cosmos.

I became bound to this world, a single unit,

Dust in oceans.

I was nothing, particles in the lake.

I became a shape, a form, emerald fungi,

Sand in deserts.

I was nothing, a plant flowing in the current.

I became a life-giver, producer, leaves,

Chloroplast in forests.

I was nothing, slithering in rivers.

I became a creature, departed from others,

Shrimp in seas.

I was nothing, climbing from the moisture.

I became a beast, roaming the land,

Ant in dunes.

I was nothing, an ape in a woodland clan.

I became upright, lighting fires,

Atom in Universes.

## **Soul**

Drifting seamlessly in another dimension,

An abstract with many experiences,

Photons of thought.

Another, once upon a time, or a space,

Hurtled through the secret crevice,

Light of being.

Partially extracted, partially presented,

Ready for knowledge of suffering,

Fear of change.

Isolated among others enduring isolation,  
Unaware of solidarity, futile struggles,  
Segment of consciousness.

Preoccupied with materialism and reputation,  
Enlightenment notably absent,  
Darkness of solitude.

Lifting of the veil as the vehicles demise,  
Spark returns, awareness, merging,  
Photons of thought.

## **Emptiness**

Circling, the balls spin, flying about the pitch,  
Hurtled by an invisible force and strapped into orbit,  
Nothing between except empty space.

Circling, the planets rotate, flying about the star,  
Hurtled by an invisible force and strapped into orbit,  
Nothing between except empty space.

Circling, the electrons round, flying about the nucleus,  
Hurtled by an invisible force and strapped into orbit,  
Nothing between except empty space.

Circling, man runs around, flying through life blindly,  
Hurtled by greed and avarice and strapped into sin,  
Nothing between except love and empty space.

## **Rose**

Observe the petals unfolding, peach of her lips,  
Scarlet blood scented with Eden's fragrance,  
An occasional fleck of lost amber,  
Contribution to perfection.

Notice the smooth velvet, touch of her flesh,  
Soothing the fingers with climactic satin,  
An occasional fold of curves,  
Delightful to behold.

Focus on the layers, lovers wrapped in silk,  
Surrounding one another's lust, decadent,  
An occasional glimpse of the core,  
Luscious to inhale.

Perceive the harshness of the stem, contrast,  
Stinging to the touch, penetrating thorns,  
Protecting the sweet bud's innocence,  
Enticingly harsh.

### **Parasol**

Underneath the parasol lies a world of colour,  
Unnoticed in its beauty, overcrowded.

A colony of woodlice, grey and tan,  
Rolling in balls, clinging to fallen branches.

Pinchers of the jet-black beetle grasp at bark,  
As spotted ladybirds model their red coats.  
A flutter of the wings; quick, determined,  
Unlike the emperor butterfly's purple exhibition.

Multitudes of copper legs scurry and hurry as one,  
The centipede races through the muddy city.  
Overtakes the sulky woodlice, twisting,  
Treads on the odd black ant out on reconnaissance.

A worm rears its plump head, the soil is damp,  
He quickly winds it in as the beetle steps.  
As dusk falls an owl hoots to warn,  
Mice scatter through surrounding fields, games begin.

**Molten**

An ogre forced from the mantle,  
Ridges overlap, driven to the sky.

Giant beast, roaring with anger,  
Mouth a cavern to the fire inside.

Pressure builds up alongside wrath,  
His head fuming with demonic fury.

Wondrous to behold, conical god,  
Screaming as heat burns inside.

Quaking for all to hear, dark ire,  
Aeons to form, hidden secrets.

Rising though the conduit, steaming,  
Erupting magnificently from inside.

Out spews the red fluid, Earth's hot blood,  
Seeping down, rushing, a landslide of death.

## **Dusk**

Thick sand dunes dampen on the beach,  
Spread high like hills in the country.  
Amber sheen soars for the moon.

Huge glowing orb hangs beyond the cliffs,  
Jutting, headstrong peaks, reaching over.  
Dropping steeply, tempests below.

Soft grasses spread across the fields behind,  
Trickles of water run across the dunes,  
Across the cliffs beyond, waterfalls.

Furious tides belt cruelly at the rocks below,  
Froth rises and drenches coral extremities,

Clouds dance, avoiding the moon's stare.

Light rays stretch across the sea's soft skin,  
Red claws spread through darkening skies,  
The sea grasps higher, grabbing.

The ancient bulb glimmers and glows,  
Trickling sparkles on the water,  
Silence fills the dusk air.

## **Folds**

Creases meet in time,  
Segments, bends twisting,  
Tears and cracks appear.  
Rarely an entity creeps unintentionally through.

Tesseracts, rooms in time,  
Preserving moments, locations,

An unknown dimension.

Rarely a moment imprints, held forever in space.

Recapturing the moment,

Mentally imprisoned, held.

Moving forward, accepting change.

Rarely an occurrence repeats, accepting the truth.

Dreams of another time,

Revisiting the moment,

Boiling emotions, trapped, scarred.

Rarely overcoming without letting go, advancing.

Linear understanding of cause and effect,

Unresolved, etched in rock,

Images of the past.

Rarely.

**Metamorphosis**

Blackened hair, limp, rough skin,  
Stutters nervously at every thought,  
Trapped in misery, negativity oozes.

Dark eyes, hollow from insomnia,  
Ears clogged with the sound of ticking,  
Deafening roars of detriment.

Cocooned in a meaningless existence,  
Straps tightened, curled up,  
Drained.

Morning light burns, melts the jelly,  
She is released.

Amber hair, long and luscious,  
A voice that causes the angels to weep,  
Liberated, confident, determined and keen.

She trusts in herself, she is beautiful,  
Instigating change, reading, observing,  
Accepting her inner strength and glamour.

The itch in her back unfolds, soft curves grow,  
Wings of great colour; azure, magenta, jade and gold,  
Ready to fly, diminishing the old.

## **Happiness**

Swimming through seas of fish,  
Gliding through clear skies,  
Speeding across the waves,  
Or through woods on a motorbike.

Painting a landscape scene,  
Decorating the house to a home,  
Photographing boats on the pier,

Or listening to the rain pelt the window.

Playing music with a crescendo,

Kayaking in warm, still seas,

Laying in my lover's firm arms

Or socialising with cheer, fun and glee.

Walking in nature's glory,

Flying in a rollercoaster's embrace,

Drawing with words my heart's darkest dreams

Or beholding a child's happy face.

## **Mantra**

Forgive others,

But never forget,

Love every day,

But with care take every step.

Live life to the full,  
Take time to rest,  
Fulfil a dream,  
And do it with heart-filled zest.

Remember your dreams,  
Derive some meaning,  
Make up short stories,  
Keep on top of the cleaning.

Sing and dance for fun,  
Take chances, try new sports,  
Surround yourself with loved ones,  
Watch those who point out all of your faults.

### **Angels**

Close your eyes sweet cherub,  
Call out to the beyond,

For there is more.

When dark fears overwhelm,  
Gently reach out in dreams,  
For they come.

Guardians sent from beyond,  
Magnificent beings of glory,  
Swords ablaze, armoured.

Tales of two factions fighting,  
The dark demons uprising,  
There in heaven's war.

Overcrowded were the skies,  
Celestial spheres in battle,  
Planets fighting.

Through the stars did a star fall,

Mornings grew light once again,  
And as each soul drifted from above,  
An angel was assigned to guard, guide and love.

### **Sun Disk**

Grotesque in shape, hidden in the wings,  
Waiting for his day in the sun.

In private he studied, locked in solitude,  
Waiting for the day his reign would come.

Breaking away from Pagan heresy, enlightened,  
Terrifying priests with a new age prophecy.

Awakened by the life of the sun, travelling,  
Relocating the capital to worship the new entity.

Open aired temples, enforcing a new law,

Waiting for the beautiful one to join him.

Riled were the Priests in Thebes, army abandoned,  
Defying their power, admonishing their sin.

Years of the one true god past with great speed,  
Until their rule came sadly to an end.

Successors attempted to hide the mystical king,  
One god, Akhenaten claimed, one light.  
Moses of Egypt, destroyed in death,  
But whispers of him arose in the night.

## **Garden**

From the small churning mill does a soft river run,  
Dropping and flowing through rocks,  
Surrounded by hyacinths climbing above,  
Pouring through a trellis, trickling into the pond.

A tiny wooden bridge does cross the stream,  
Carefully carved, either side pink roses rest,  
A rockery slumps lazily, encompassing bushes,  
Sunflowers lean about wooden posts.

Beyond stands a shrubbery shading a tortoise,  
One of stone that blends into the low-cut grass.  
An aviary chirps, full of brightly coloured birds;  
Budgies, finches and colourful parrots.

Crazy pathways give the garden a rustic feel,  
Running alongside the whooshing stream,  
Dropping alongside miniature waterfalls,  
Garden for some, for others a dream.

### **Aroma**

Rosemary, thyme, sage

Eucalyptus grows between

Fresh smell of cool mint

Patchouli, lemongrass

Sandalwood in almond base

Zest of orange peel strong

Delicate fragrance

Soft pink flavour, rose water

Burning incense sticks

Floating, hot water

Essences ripe, flooding touch

Thunderstorms echo beyond

## **Love**

Inexplicable, the emotion of such joy,

Fraught with green eyes and lust,

Adoring, enraptured, enlivening,  
Pierced through the heart by mistrust.

Tones of pastels spray the heavens,  
Holding each other tightly, as one,  
Forgetting for a moment life outside,  
Souls merging become whole in the sun.

Clinging triggers animosity, cruel,  
Obsessing the other is the key to all,  
Deep yearning spawns wild lust,  
Love spirals so hard into a nasty fall.

Love, an art of compassion well trained,  
Carefully nurtured to overcome suffering,  
Alleviating illusions through careful refrain,  
Performing the task of altruistic buffering.

**Pick Me Up**

Pick me up from the gutter when I fall,  
Pick me up when my heart cries,  
Pick me up on my worst days,  
And when a loved one dies.

Pick me up when I am sad and moody,  
Pick me up if I curl in a ball,  
Pick me up if I wrong you,  
And when I badly fall.

Pick me up when I am hungry or thirsty,  
Pick me up when everyone goes,  
Pick me up when I hurt  
And I fight my foes.

Pick me up whoever you are,  
Pick me up for no reason at all,  
Pick me up when I try, but then fail,

I will be there for you when you need to call.

### **Final Moment**

She lowered her lashes as the curtain pulled around,  
A lifetime extraordinary,  
Love so profound.

Now she takes her final rest, greying hair tied back,  
Grandchildren weeping sadly and softly,  
The pillows raising her back.

A moment of reflection, married so very young,  
Nursing was her beloved vocation,  
Even when the children come.

Wistfully remembering summers at the coast,  
Dances on the weekends with friends,  
Spanish autumns, a sherry toast.

The stress of arguments seem so pointless, wasted,  
Regrets fleet over her thoughts,  
Laying still, emaciated.

There at the foot of her bed the ivory women rise,  
Hands reach to show her the light,  
Body sinks into demise.

She looks down on the abandoned vessel,  
The carriage that carried her soul,  
Departing from all.

Beyond in the shadows she sees her soul mate,  
They will reconcile with the family again,  
Through the wormhole their lights abate,  
Escaping from the world of men.

**Separated**

The twins, like particles, were separated,  
Born of the same lioness,  
Taken to opposite ends of the globe,  
Forgetting the other.

Randolph the King of San Diego zoo,  
Peter taken on safari,  
When one was hungry, the other hollow,  
Pains shared from afar.

In middle age Randolph was moved,  
Peter crushed with uncertainty,  
When Peter was injured from a rocky fall,  
Randolph's leg ached.

Peter felt unexpectedly elated, happiness awash,  
As Randolph found park freedom,  
Randolph's heart pounded in his tick, furry chest,

When Peter met his perfect lioness.

And in old age, on his death bed, Randolph cried,

Fancying he had a missing part,

Peter fell asleep that night,

As one they depart.

## **Surreal**

Psychiatrists tried; Lou never answered.

She stared blankly, spoke to a pretend family.

Lou's ghosts always whispered during homework times.

Glass shards crippled her flesh, splinters raw.

Blood smudged, flowed in streaks.

Hair clumped.

Remnants of the mirror she climbed through.

Divinely enshrouded in black, with an unseen, dark force  
he raises her soul from a nubile, placid form. Abandoned  
on the forest floor. Mute.

## **Resolutions**

Travelling so far into the future,  
That she landed in the past.  
Living in the present, she let the past rest.

The world froze at the altar,  
As he signed away his soul.  
Overjoyed as he married for love

Spin the mirror and watch the reflection wither,  
Age is the sign of a life well-lived!

Jealousy bit hard,  
Drove him insane,  
Forcing her to stray.

Forgiveness.

## **Reflections**

Night sky beating ice

Shattering Earth battering

Another bed day

Metal wheels on ice

Staring down a fair chasm

Lifeless form stares back

One with the warm sea

Tropical hot paradise

Cold fish stings callous

Too busy watching

Others that he trips blindly

Look at your own log

Saving working slave

Passing after retiring

Live now, for today

Collecting nest straw

Feeding crying young kindly

Squawking too early

## **Majesty**

Creator for creation, seen clearly,

Majesty of the sea, hidden world,

Bejewelled creatures teeming;

Flowing through wafting weeds.

Clinging to rocks, alive, bright,

Pulsating a secret undercurrent.

Echo of the mountain's great peak,

Overlooking lower magnificent hills,  
Texture of rocks knighted with ice.  
Glaciers form dangerously, sheer cliffs,  
Chasms of old minerals plunged as one,  
Rapid snow fall avalanches with might.

Intricate systems with the jungle's foliage,  
Beasts of might; tigers, wolves, set apart.  
Snakes hanging gloriously through branches,  
Glowing reptiles, sharp-eyed panthers,  
Fighting for territory, surviving majestically.  
Creator for creation, seen clearly.

### **Lining**

In every sadness, there is a silver lining,  
For what is today's sorrow may cause tomorrow's joy,  
And today's joy manifests in tomorrow's sorrow,  
For this is the cycle.

In every success, there is failure,  
But today's failure works to be tomorrow's success,  
And today's success causes complacency,  
For this is the cycle.

In every life, there is death,  
For today's life is tomorrow's bereavement,  
And from life comes life,  
For this is the cycle.

In every loss there is a gain,  
For a new pathway lightens when one is lost,  
The direction is unknown,  
For this is the cycle.

In every hurt there is hurt,  
Every kindness gives kindness,  
Give to receive,

For this is the cycle.

## **Foamy Wrath**

Ancient cliffs embrace the crushing sea's foamy wrath.  
Under the misty panes of ebbing tide green weeds glide;

Hovering magnificently above the sands, wedged in rock.  
Majestically darting fish colour the canvas, weaving.  
Spiked sweets hide in nooks; crimson and orange.  
Purple stripes on transparent jellies palpate; the sea's  
ballerina.

Ancient cliffs embrace the crushing sea's foamy wrath.  
Under the misty panes of ebbing tide clear bags glide,

Hovering magnificently above the tin cans, wedged in rope.  
Majestically darting driftwood colours the canvas, soaking.  
Spiked metal sinks and racks of abandoned nails rust.  
Black stripes on unpleasant oils palpate; entrapping the  
sea's screaming gulls.

Valkyrie Kerry

Horrotica © 2019

## **Bipolar Moods Chapbook 4: Dark Matter**

### **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 lol

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 dispatched,  
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,  
Wedge 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, and purple  
encompasses his feet.

Desperately pulling himself forward, tears in eyes,

Nothing, no movement, no birds swoop in the vile air.

Not his world nor the world he hoped to go to but  
somewhere in- between,

Excruciation crept up his legs; drilling and 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,  
Wedge between ice after ice.

### **L'Amour de la Mer**

I catch my breath, sinking in the deep garden,  
Caressed 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 fearsome 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 and 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 dose.

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.

A house that I can call 'home.'

## **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.

Torn 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 a 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 thrusts 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, irons 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.

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, and 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 his shattered heart 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 xxxx

## **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 observes 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, and 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.

**Dream House**

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, 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 nor 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, and 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.  
Tears and make-up stain her beautiful face,  
She shakes, shocked and ashamed.  
To the oracle she ambles, blood crust soiling her thighs,  
Hoping for salvation, dreading confession.

The Oracle listens intensely, says nothing, and 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!'

### **Ballyhoffman in Falun**

She should have married on All Hallows Eve,  
On the beaches of Ballyhoffman in Falun.  
But the roaring ocean carried her handsome man away,  
On the beaches of Ballyhoffman in Falun.

Every anniversary in bridal dress she kneels by the sea,  
On the beaches of Ballyhoffman in Falun.

She waits patiently for her Groom to return,  
On the beaches of Ballyhoffman in Falun.

Living as a recluse only leaving her home to walk,  
On the beaches of Ballyhoffman in Falun.

Withering over time, staring at her wizened reflection,  
On the beaches of Ballyhoffman in Falun.

Until one dark night the masterful sea spews his body,  
On the beaches of Ballyhoffman in Falun.

He rises shaking in his matrimonial suit, pasted with coral,  
On the beaches of Ballyhoffman in Falun.

Holding hands in cool silence they step into the sea  
whispering vows,

On the beaches of Ballyhoffman in Falun,

Two seaweed-soaked corpses tread the sands on All  
Hallows Eve,

On the beaches of Ballyhoffman in Falun.

## **Gargoyle**

Do you laugh at us Gargoyle?

Your demonic face etched in the stone wall,

Grimacing over the ruined manor.

Centuries of gloating at misfortune.

Do you laugh at us Gargoyle?

Evil spirit blighting potato crop,

Sad, starved farmers evicted in the night,

Envyng the Landlord's glutton and warmth,

As shoeless children submit to the ice.

Do you laugh at us Gargoyle?

Haunting our emotions with bitterness,

Possessing the clergy, turning their backs,

Slamming doors shut on your helpless victims.

Metamorphosing, taking true form,

Influencing mischief in sinful souls,

Destroying the innocent, cruel whispers.

Do you laugh at us Gargoyle?

Overlooking green pastures with green eyes,

Driving high tides to drown scared fisherman,

Plundering boats as you rain down thunder.

Trashing worker's small homes with violent floods,

Smashing lobster pots and reels with true glee,

Persuading politicians: Act of God,

No subsidy is given to the poor!

Do you laugh at us Gargoyle?

When the landlord steals the tenant's new bride?

When conflict grows across social strata?

When violent abuses go unpunished?

When the rich thrive at the poor man's expense?

When the masses despair and take up arms?

When young men are sacrificed for country?

When freedom fighters are executed?

When charities judge the needy worthless?

Do you laugh at us Gargoyle?

We need no monsters, we are your monsters,

With your sinful shadow corrupting our souls!

### **Pain of Fatigue**

Creeping tendrils spewing up my spine,

Aching, pressure, crucifying tired bones.

Bent over with crippling apathetic stings,

Zombified, paralyzed agony spreading.

Heavy, loafing, swollen, puffy thighs,

My shins must belong to someone else;

Numb ankles barely joined to tingly feet,

Reddened worn out knees, clicking loudly.

Dry flaky skin, chapped, shredded lips,

Blackened, dark hollows replacing eyes.  
Enlarged, blocked nose, spot covered,  
Limp hair, arid as the sun-drenched desert.

Blurring mind confused by every word!  
Irritable, unable to comprehend stimuli,  
Desperate to lay, desperate to sleep,  
Drifting, floating, and falling!  
Waking Anew!

### **Mark's Ants**

Flying ants crack their whips,  
Encircling soldiers and workers.  
Flying ants crack their whips,  
Starving and killing all shirkers.

Queen ants labour their hands,  
Ignoring the soldier's poor plight.

Queen ants labour their hands,  
Never needing to fight for a right.

Black and red ants starve by the hive,  
Absorbing the wise words of the dead.  
Black and red ants starve by the hive,  
Ready to storm for the chance to be fed.

The red ants are flying ants now,  
Poor black ants driven far and wide.  
The red ants are flying ants now,  
For non-supporters there's nowhere to hide.

Red ants are workers, soldiers and officers,  
That is the underlying premise of equality.  
Red ants are workers, soldiers and officers,  
The way it has always been it always shall be!

**Occasionally**

And now once again I'm alone,  
Can feel the pain from many times before.  
Lost hopelessly melting in my own home,  
Disregarded and treated like a whore.

My feelings matter to no one,  
Just a convenience for all that I see.  
Heart shattered, burden of a ton,  
Wishing I could disintegrate, fail to be.

Dark days have plagued me constantly,  
False accusations, abuses, maltreatment and more.  
I smile, hiding tears and act nonchalantly,  
Concealing a soul so old, worn and painfully sore.

There's a coldness in here freezing my eyes,  
Choking on the foulness of solitary confinement,  
Smothered with malicious tales told by spies,

Sad, awash with fatigue, displaying refinement.

Nothing can warm this broken-down shell,

My words are emotions bleeding on the page.

The terrifying truth is I'm trapped in hell,

Given occasional comfort by promises of the sage.

Shut the door when you happen by me,

Pull the drapes to lock me away.

I am an island lost in a swarming sea,

Let my agony disappear and suffering not display.

### **Dear Departed**

You have not gone,

You are still here,

Hidden behind a fine veneer.

Hot kettle's moisture,

A gentle mist fair,  
Changing your form into warm risen air.

Having merged with light,  
Eternally laughing at life,  
Spirit's learning completed having overcome strife.

And when we mourn, we cannot see,  
Your glowing heavenly soul now travelling free...

Valkyrie Kerry  
Horrotica © 2019

## **Bipolar Moods Chapbook 5: World Meditations**

### **Ghosts of Maya**

She treads lightly on ancient stones;  
A child playing on history's platform.  
Beneath the foundations lie ancient bones,

Trees blowing in the monsoon storm.

She treads lightly on ancient stones,  
As the sacrificed ghosts pass her by;  
Humming to the gods in deftly tones,  
On the wind she hears their voices sigh.

She treads lightly on ancient stones,  
Hopping down the pyramid's ridges,  
Remains of the temple emitting groans,  
Heaving hot air swells with evening midges.

She treads lightly on ancient stones,  
Climbs on temple walls,  
Climbs on the stepped pyramids,  
Climbs on history's sacrifice,  
Climbs on her father's back,  
Leaving the ghosts behind.

## **Rico Rainforests**

Serrated, waxy;

Glowing lush, ripe,

Deep olive Viridian glare

Foaming, gushing falls;

Spraying rock faces, flowing.

Deep, turquoise lagoon.

Clumps of huddling trees;

Rolling woods, giant's mountain.

Dangling branches.

Jade, cerise parrots,

Bubble-mouthed frogs, mauve fungi.

Dense, enshrouding fog

Fanning foliage;

Webs of intertwined branches,  
Lush serpent filled.

Curved, smooth, beige, slim bark.  
Boulders clambering to pools;  
Rainbows of plant life.

### **Overlooking Belize**

Exotic, dreamy oceanic vision. Fallen Angelic tear drop,  
Graceful creamy sands.

Hidden gem!

Intense entangled mangroves, swarming glittering fish.

Emerald reaching palm trees,

Fulgent sun's glare.

Guarded by reef,

Huts shelter;

Indigo angelfish, yellow, charcoal butterfly fish, flush  
starfish.

Ebony urchins menace, groupers.

Flying gurnard, stingrays

Graysby, lobster, eels,

Hermit, coral crabs.

Impressive palms, shallow clear waters, exploratory kayaks.

### **Paradise Island**

Pelted by salty water as the boat speeds out to sea.

Ascending gentle waves, dropping with a bounce;

Roaring engine slows as the Island approaches.

Away from the world, an island of camel sand. Diving gear waits in the small wooden huts,

In thick dunes of sand preparations are made.

Sea seduces the swimmers, drawing them to the deep;

Enticed away from the burning sands, another world.

Illuminated by sweltering sun rays, sparkling, Submerged below colourful creatures swarm by,

Life teeming, bustling, blobbing but serene.

Aquatic paradise shaded with hues of coral and weed.

Nestling beasts cuddle on the soft, sandy seabed,

Dropping over an underwater ravine, plunging into deeper  
Nirvana.

## **The Squall**

Squall,

Belting winds.

Rocking, thrashing, destroying.

Beastly, beauty beyond belief

Storm

Honduras: A mist laden bulge in the rough sea;

Beaten by gusts and gales flowing quite free

Squall;

Terrifying typhoon.

Undulating, unfathomable, unfettered,  
Viciously veering, volatile, Valiant Gale.

### **I Wish I Could Stay Forever**

And the sign said, 'I wish I could stay forever.' Overlooking  
plush oatmeal delicate sand,

Surrounded by flowery, blossoming land, Ceramic pots  
circumvent filled with pink heather.

Birds of the Bahamas sing an operatic endeavour,

Thunderous clouds gather above the strand,

Elegant waves kiss burning grains of sand,

A fearsome barracuda hunts his prey, clever.

The storm passes and the sun reigns down heat;

Blue skies, blue seas, emerald and rose plants. Silver finned  
swimmers dart in groups and dance,

Beryl stalks of weed climb from their deep seat.

Behind tropical tress an azure fountain does flow,

Relishing each moment, seizing the day, never wanting to go!

## **Turtles**

Beaches stretch out for miles,  
In front of a bustling tourist street,  
Calm waters flow along the shore,  
Hordes of turtles swarm and meet.

The grand hotels with marble courtyards, Sunken,  
specialised, sparkling pool,

Home to tanned, mosaic shelled turtles, Resting,  
swimming, playing in the cool.

A marble statue of Venus stands elegantly, Ivory, polished  
and complementing the terrace,

Classical patio overlooking modern water-sports,  
They come for the turtles at the hotel Solaris.

## **Virgin**

I fell in love with the island!

St Thomas's lush, hilly land.

Dragged to the peak in a cable car,

Epic view of port, beach, stunning sea.

White villas scattered across the hills,

Giant ships, squealing gulls with big bills. Away from the town hides a coastal Eden,

Precious paradise, cove brimming, reef, freedom.

Aquarium raised, honours the marine life;

Sea lions, dolphins, rays, deserting life's strife. Locals braid hair at the bar, coconut milk,

Lying in the blazing sun, sand soft as silk.

Resting in warm, gentle tides,

Floating on lilos, stress hides.

My perfect paradise, my beloved island,

My perfect paradise, my beloved island!

## **Gatorade**

Miami left, venturing to the Glades, Crafts wait.

Alligators' menacing eyes.

The thrill, flying through grasslands as fog fades.

Still water; dark, murky waters, black flies, Hiding, the great leather beasts lay in wait.

Deafening, the boat roars as snakes pass by.

Surreal, thick emerald grasses do merge,

They stare; huge, sharp teeth ready to pierce prey.

Osprey flies, soaring over Deltoid Spurge,

They scuttle; rats and rabbits out to play,

Dense marshes, a wonderful bright landscape. Branches filled; butterflies, salamanders.

It slows, the alligators wait to meet, Disembark, hoping to hold the fierce young. Birds watch; egret, ibis, jay and kite greet. He rises, eyes ascend with fangs and tongue. Resting, the baby gator held with care,

Emerging, the demon crawls into air.

## **Adrenaline**

At the peak of the wet slide,  
Flowing, flume, flying inside,  
Racing in the wet,  
Sprayed by the strong jet,  
Zooming down to the huge tide.

In the water tube spinning,  
Soaked hands to the sides clinging.  
Whirling through the dark,  
Love the water park;  
Rushing, spiralling, singing.

The bar goes down, belt is on; a second, the train is gone,  
Darting high, drops, loops; tearing through dark hoops,  
Adrenaline dissection.

Chair dragged down, elastic,  
Shot in the sky fantastic, Stomach sinks deeply,  
Hands tremble weakly,  
The ride's launch, fairly drastic!

## **Boating and Bongs**

Technical diving

Underwater

Rafts

Kayaking

Extreme

Yachts

Taking pedaloes

Unicycling

Rowing

Kite boating

Exotic

Yoga

Turkish bath

Ultimate

Riding

Karting

Escape

Yellow tail snapper

## **Sahara**

Mounting, holding the camel's long reign,

Rising up, tipping clumsily, and tripping. Sandstorms blow,  
dust hurtles around the train

Guides lead, huge desert dragons, guests gripping.

Stumbling, as gritty dunes rise and fall,

Sun blazes, sweltering heat sweat dripping.

Dismounting, horse and cart waiting for all. Oasis waits,  
fruit laden trees stretch high, Rocky desert surrounds the  
turquoise pool.

Bursting trees, exploding leaves and blue sky, Bronzing  
rocks, scattered plants bloom in the sand.

Burrowing jerboa in soils lie

Threatening, threatening scorpions land; Creeping out of  
the desert rocks, and sand.

## **Luxor**

In Egypt Tutankhamen returned to Thebes where columns  
adorned temples tall.

The Priests ruled heftily hating his heretic father  
monotheism; Aten and all!

Hatshepsut's temple with evenly spaced columns, tiered  
with a lengthy ramp,

Overshadowed by stony natural desert walls, built when  
flame was the only lamp.

Bold Ramesses stands tall immortalised in stone,

Relics derelict in his hall.

Beyond, deep below the surface the stifling

Tombs where kings were entombed call. Tutankhamen's  
short reign bled treasures held captive in his tomb after his  
fall,

The clean priests held power on the other side of the Nile,  
Temple paint damp.

In Egypt.

Paintings of ritual, myths of the gods,  
Hieroglyphs embellish tales on the wall,

Giant figures of great Pharaohs and leaders,  
Sphinx avenues and obelisks draw and pull.

Careful architecture directs sunlight through slits,

Explorers left on columns their stamp,

Rowing and fishing on the river in the past.

Relaxing on a steamboat; tourists now cramp,

Visions of ancient workers merge with modern poor society  
washing in dirty water sprawl.

In Egypt.

## **Flying Over Napa**

Harness joins silk chute.

Breeze picks up as boat speeds up,

Released into sky.

Serene, peaceful, floating high.

Azure water shimmers teal

Wet bikes whizz below;

Dots speckled on azure rug!

Foam shoots fair satin.

Strangely, perfectly silent,

Floating free, blissful warm air.

Golden sand contrasts Jade grass and trees' colour!

Perfect picture plants;

So still, serene, sun-drenched view.

Vision of falling deep, wet

Truly living life.

The taste of salt, seaweed smells,

Fish shadows below.

Postcard images engraved, never to be forgotten!

## **Holy City**

Jesus prayed in the divine, exotic garden of Gethsemane.

Each quarter telling a different tale!

Robed Muslims stream through alleyways as Rabbis write  
to the wall.

Under their hair the women wipe the slab in Golgotha;

Steam mists with incense swing from priests' arms.

Ancient ruins lovingly preserved, orthodox ornaments.

Lying in the valley splattered with emerald bushes;

Evidence of devotion point skywards from holy buildings.

Many small homes steeped in sandy hills surround the Holy  
City.

## **Ancient**

Classical Colosseum,  
Regal Vatican and art;  
Two worlds meet here.

Classical artworks adorn.  
Profound stadium,  
Where Christians were destroyed.

Seating fifty-five thousand;  
Gladiators brawl.  
Arches of the great forum.

Churches lie everywhere,  
Poor souls pray and beg.  
Phenomenal tall archway.

Round Castle St. Angelo,

Ageing aqueducts,

St. Peter's Basilica.

Sistine chapel craft ceiling,

Roman baths, arches,

Columns, gardens, Piazzas.

### **Anncy**

The great lake stretches in the valley like a small, blue sea.

Terracotta houses rise from the water deep,

Boats smoothly move across the pond, beyond lies  
Chamonix.

Mountains shade the background; the lake holds a keep.

Cafes overlook the lagoon's ornamental bridges neat.

The great lake stretches in the valley like a small, blue sea,

Snow-capped mountains sigh in the distance with sleep.

Dark beaches entice punts moored close to the street.

Boats smoothly move across the pond, beyond lies  
Chamonix.

Canals and waterways spread through the town, bikes  
creep.

Muttering diners overlook the streams from nearby seats.

The great lake stretches in the valley like a small, blue sea,

Spires rise from rooftops, lush green foliage spreads and  
seeps.

Clustered in bouquets of flora on the mountainous sheet.

Boats smoothly move across the pond, beyond lies  
Chamonix.

Outside of Annecy log houses drape over the hills near the  
deep,

Annecy air smells so fresh, crisp and sweet.

The great lake stretches in the valley like a small, blue sea.

Boats smoothly move across the pond, beyond lies  
Chamonix!

**Reef**

Contrasting landscapes;  
Central volcanic moon rock,  
Scarce desert plant shoots

Mount Teide bursting high,  
Jagged rocks thrown wistfully.  
Cable car ascends.

Imported gold sands;  
Bustling southern beaches,  
Crystal clear waters.

Black sediment,  
North Aquatic Park, fish and birds;  
Array of colour.

Astonishing loved;  
Sea lions, cute whiskered face.  
Perishing penguins.

## **Kranska Gora**

Applying sun cream in the snow,  
Adorning darkened glasses.

Basking in sunlit ice,  
Big lined suit hugging close.

Carrying poles and pass,  
Clambering onto the lift.

Detaching, snow ploughing,  
Drifting from side to side.

Easily slipping on ice,  
Everyone gliding and dropping.

Fluffy snow settling on sheets,

Falling occasionally.

Grasping the poles for balance,

Gritty, slushing runs.

Handing the skis over,

Holding the handlebars.

Inflamed with excitement,

Ideal extreme sport.

Jet black bike on skis,

Jolting forward rapidly.

Kites fly high in the sky,

Kick starts up slippery hills.

Leaping from a small peak,

Living dangerously.

## **Mayo**

I found my beloved home in Mayo;

Rolling hills overlooking the ocean.

Seals and dolphins meet by the head, Scrutinised by puffs  
of sheep.

Boat laden piers in coastal parishes,

Wrecks emerging from Davy Jones' locker. Mountainous  
cliffs, rushing rivers,

Pouring into the sea's waiting mouth.

Rocks emanate from the waves, housing fish. Sandy  
beaches spread for miles!

Stunning turquoise coves curve,

Caves gaze at lively rock pools.

Old monasteries and manor ruins,

Spread between farmlands and fields.

Taverns ring folk music as the sunsets.

The catch of the day makes it to the fryer.

Valkyrie Kerry

Horrotica © 2019

## **Bipolar Moods Chapbook 6: Dark-Light**

### **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 lock.

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!

### **Raising the Bar**

Raising

The

Bar

Initially a heavy snow laden yomp,

Ever upwards with hope!

Air thins,

Life below disappears beneath stinging, wintry clouds.

Wind rushes silence away,

Climbing, chapped hands and lips, stabbing the rocks.

Heaving ever upwards;

The risk of failing or falling!

Hope driving forwards.

Fatigue, icy pain pushing back,

The summit is reached,

Beyond lies a taller mountain, beckoning.

### **Nothing**

I love you,

You use me,

I adore you,

I let you use me.

I caress you,

You abuse me,  
I miss you,  
I let you abuse me.

I am a possession,  
You instruct me,  
I am your obsession,  
I let you instruct me.  
I am a human illusion,  
You dominate me,  
I am a bleeding contusion,  
I let you dominate me.

I feel alone,  
You manipulate me,  
I feel scared to phone,  
I let you manipulate me.  
I feel lost, hurt and undone,  
You mistreat me,  
I feel like my soul has succumb,  
I let you mistreat me.

I need to suffer true love,  
You neglect me,  
I need the calm of a dove,  
I let you neglect me.  
I need urgent help from above,  
You show no compassion,  
I need the protection of a glove,  
I let you show no compassion.

I want to disappear,  
You will not miss me,  
I am nothing to you, have no fear,  
I will not let you miss me.  
I feel there is one way to stop the sear,  
You would not care,  
I need to come before your shots and beer.  
When I sleep peacefully for you, I will not suffer or bare,  
For in that state I will no longer be able to feel, need or care...

### **Mary Jane**

My baby,  
Angels carried away,  
Robbed of a life.

You will not be forgotten,  
Just as long as I live,  
And immortalized like a glorious star.

Never was it fair; young spirit stolen!  
Each gust of wind carries your sleeping soul.  
Life, precious, snipped short for six hours we spent  
together,  
A night of despair as I saw only beauty in you.

Nested in the tiniest white box, too many tears poured  
painfully, pitifully,  
Dark day for the world, but a glorious day at Heaven's  
golden gate.....

## IN LOVING MEMORY OF MARY JANE LAND

### **Stone wall**

Stuck, encased in the monastery, a ghost of years gone by,  
Contemplative life of silence, by choice.

Prayer inside stone walls,  
Arches leading to flourishing vegetable gardens,  
Toiling daily.  
Early morning chanting,  
Simple meals,  
Itchy sack cloth.

Riders came for King and country, came stole and  
destroyed,  
Holy, charitable men impaled on bloodied swords.

Relics stolen, books burnt,  
Fire stole our rooms and roof,  
Greedily licking up wooden remnants,  
In spirit the heat still burns.

I look through the archway, the same deteriorating stones,  
The garden is now a bull field.  
Derelict monasteries attract the occasional tourist.

I see no other souls,  
Perhaps my lack of faith was my undoing,  
I cannot leave through the archway,

I am not free.

## **The Seasonal Collection**

Lonely, silent moon  
Surrounded by stellar mass  
Glaring at dragons

Spitting embers glow  
Smoke lifting through the night sky  
Dogs curled on the rug

Bare trees hold robins  
The harvest lazily ploughed  
Winter prepared for

Night fires rattle  
Humidity from the sky  
Firework explosions

Red berried holly  
Innocent icy flakes glide  
Shelled tortoises sleep

Sparrows nest, new life  
Joyful, sandy rabbits race  
Chickens lay fresh eggs

Wind beaten moored boats  
Rocky, rural parish pier  
With gossiping gulls

Red urchins, green weed  
Clustered shells, living rock pools  
Waves scaling the rocks

The midnight clock strikes  
Fizzing glasses lifted high  
The sun rejoices

Crimson hearts on cards  
Eloquent rosy bouquets  
Make up for the bad

**Pain**

Freezing

Stabbing

Aching

Sensitive

Sore

Suffering

Throbbing

Pulsing

Painful

Icy

Stinging

Crippling

Damaging

Spikes

Needles

Debilitating

Nauseating

Agonizing  
Teeth!  
Ears!

### **Golden Circle**

Impossible! No one can do it with a young child!  
I proved them wrong, six years of toil,  
A medic in a time where women were defiled,  
And now in the mists of celebratory turmoil.

I sit struggling to recall what seems like eons gone,  
Working around the world in the summertime,  
Through the crisp, frosty winters living on a song,  
Until the news of a parasite hit my ears so sublime.

Shattered in the night, reading past the twelve chime,  
Wondering how I would cope, trying to soothe my fears.  
I never gave up knowing that one day you would be mine,  
Dissecting, testing, diagnosing, fighting and stifling tears.

Then you came repeating life's eternal, golden circle,  
Giving me a confidence unknown to any man.  
I continued each day as if it were our last grateful,  
That you now formed part of my life's overall plan.

Guilt consumed my soul working part time,  
On a journey together my sacrifice gave you so much,  
You had your Nan just as I had mine.  
She was my guiding hand and I was your crutch.

Each day flew by so fast I wish they had not, photos I do  
not mourn,  
School meetings replaced with college interviews,  
Church on Sunday, holidays, Christmas the lot,  
And finally, your future you and I had to choose.

Now looking back at your life,  
I rejoice every day for your life has been so full.  
You gave me hope and I am not so forlorn,  
For in my life's work you were the best thing of all...

### **Flanders Fields**

Field of poppies where filthy soldiers once trod; hungry,  
cold, afraid.  
Fighting wars for fat politicians directing from afar,  
Existing in dirt holes, rats, the foul stench of death and fear  
of a raid.

Field of poppies where filthy soldiers once trod; hungry,  
cold, afraid.  
Freezing winters, malnourished, wishing at home they had  
stayed,  
Entering the war as heroes, sleeping under a lonely star.

Field of poppies where filthy soldiers once trod; hungry,  
cold, afraid.  
Feeling numb, cheated, wishing for their families from afar.

### **Choice Friends**

Auspicious

Brilliant  
Compassionate  
Delightful  
Excellent  
Flourishing  
Glorious  
Humane  
Important  
Joyous  
Kindly  
Lavish  
Magnanimous  
Noble  
Obliging  
Philanthropic  
Quaint  
Resplendent  
Splendid  
Tolerant  
Understanding  
Valued  
Warm  
Xenial  
Youthful  
Zestful

### **Beloved Island**

Beloved Island,  
Caribbean's secret gem,  
Awash with mangroves.

Beloved Island,  
Lively sea coral, fish swamped.  
Warm waters, soft flow,  
Plant clad offshore rock isles.  
Kayaking, viewing, and drifting.

Beloved Island,  
Turtles indigenous here!  
Rays rest on seabed.

Beloved Island,  
Rainbow fish beneath the tide,  
Rainforests in your heart,  
Wild rivers escape mountains,  
Jungles grow exotic plants!

My  
Island  
Jungle, sea  
Beloved Island  
Let me live beneath your waters always!

### **Little Acorn**

Moon beams resonate,  
In the shadows she rocks softly on an ancient pine chair.  
Little acorn bundled in her lap,  
Apricot skin peeks out of bonnet lace.

Cuddled by a white fleece blanket the seedling noisily  
feeds,  
Nurtured by the adoring oak,  
Nestled into her branches.

A maternal stroke caresses ruffles of cheek.  
Inspired the little one pulls away,  
Drops the curve of her chin as creases appear;  
Tiny wrinkles etch into her milky button nose.

Big baby blue eyes widen,  
And then her lips spread like roots,  
As the sapling meets her shrub's cherishing gaze,  
Requiting love with a perfect first smile.

### **Disappearing**

I shrunk a little bit more today,  
My opinions mattered a little bit less,  
A little bit more than yesterday,  
Perhaps it's for the best!

I shrunk a little bit more today,  
No one noticed the agonizing pain,  
A little bit more than yesterday,  
I think I've gone insane!

I shrunk a little bit more today,  
The people I love no longer see me,  
A little bit more than yesterday,  
The future will not be!

I shrunk a little bit more today,  
You said thoughtless, cruel words,  
A little bit more than yesterday,  
My silence seems absurd!

I shrunk a little bit more today,  
Encaged alone in this grim place,  
A little bit more than yesterday,  
The mouth sealed on my face!

I shrunk a little bit more today,  
Deafened by my sad, screaming soul,  
A little bit more than yesterday,  
Fighting your heart of coal!

I shrunk a little bit more today,  
My opinions mattered a little bit less,  
A little bit more than yesterday,  
My necrosis is for the best!

### **Zen Garden**

Moonlight becomes lodged in cascading waterfall,  
Soft, life giving water surrounded by hard lifeless rock.  
Opposites: Male and female, Yin and Yang, lovers,  
Gentle trickling and rushing forces water passed willow,  
Gracious willow, maternal parasol for the pond below.

Water flows east from home of the crimson Dragon,  
Towards the West, home of the ferocious, Bengal tiger.

Enveloping shiny pond, connected, like all beings,  
By a small, eloquent, wooden bridge for tiny feet,  
Placed perfectly by Buddha's natural explanations.

Three islands rise from glowing pond, home to immortals.  
Light, white sand built and compacted makes cloudy island,  
Another eruption;  
Jagged and fearsome, tall rock points to Heaven.  
The final mass of gravel surges upwards as clouds in sky,  
Balls of wave imitating Azaleas encompass ethereal pond.

Pine trees, ancient in shape form perfect shadows across  
stream,  
Fine sands caress riverbanks with spiritual serenity.  
Trios of moss-covered rock carelessly litter waters' edges;  
Large rock of heaven, small rock of Earth and medium rock  
humanity.  
Innocent, pure stream winds like a serpent adventuring on  
land.

Wooden pagoda and stone lantern meet beyond bridge and  
pond.  
Each carefully formed of five parts; Base touching the  
Earth, *Chi*,  
Support like life's loved water, *Sui*,  
Encasing, stifling fire, *Ka*,  
The summit, sky pointing duo, air for breath, *Fu* and spirit  
of life, *Ku*.  
Camellia, Maple and Cherry trees, shaped perfectly around  
Pagoda.

Garden is protected by Cypress, Cedar and Pine, Trimmed  
to shape,  
Ancient trees overseeing many lives, watching centuries of  
ancestors,  
Washing hands in stone basins, using wooden ladles to  
pour pure water.  
Tranquil, timeless trees watching humanity watch watery  
nature, mindful.  
Moonlight becomes lodged in cascading waterfall.

### **True Love**

True love: The divine gift of giving one's innermost soul to  
another,  
Letting it flow like the sea between the shores of your  
hearts.  
Ebbing, ever changing, ever growing as the atoms' bonds'  
strengthen,  
The glowing exchange of mutual respect and unconditional  
acceptance.

True love: A sharing of spirits, compassion, hearth,  
thoughts and dreams,  
Letting the never-ending journey of discovering one  
another begin.  
Ebbing emotions, tidal waves, tsunamis and eddies marking  
the first step,  
The ardent passion for daily exploration whirling lovers  
into tomorrow.

True love: One flame lit from thousands as two minds and  
bodies entwine,  
Letting spouses embrace the joy of growth and splendor of  
action.  
Ebbing memories of the past replaced with the glory of a  
powerful present,  
The future but a vision of hope where today well lived  
makes a better yesterday.

True love: Two spirits, two souls, two bodies and two  
minds become one flame,  
Forcing the burst of a powerful spark, the advent of a new  
universe,  
Igniting a hoard of red-hot stars burning brightly to radiate  
brilliant new worlds.  
Worlds within a universe, universes within atoms, atoms  
within bodies.  
True love: A gift that makes the two halves one whole.

### **Love is an Evil Enemy**

Love is an evil enemy, flustering in the heart.  
Hormones rage with wanton desire and lust,  
Clouds cover the lovers' eyes at the start,  
On the verge of tears, building up trust.

Love is an evil enemy, hiding truthful traits.  
Needing another's arms unbearably,  
Blinded to their faults and hates!  
Crying when alone tearfully.

Love is an evil enemy, in time one starts to see,  
Annoying habits, selfishness, taunts,  
Aware of the sins they try to flee.  
Wreckage follows and haunts.

Love is an evil enemy, stuck in a loathsome rut,  
Love is an evil enemy, but death causes a deeper cut.

### **Man of pride**

Your self-perception is misguided and wit below par,  
Often overly self-important and too arrogant by far.  
Under these pretensions you presume to confront me,  
Really believing you hide the many flaws I clearly see!  
Each lass who has succumbed to the pretense that is you,  
Approaches with virtuousness and fails to observe as I do.  
But to me you're a nonentity unable to meet expectations,  
Assuming I'm sincere, enraptured by your own desolation.  
So out of touch, twisting every syllable as if I even care,  
Thoughts of ways to mar you electrify me perpetually  
ensnare,  
And scrutinizing your cognitive failings stimulate eternally,  
Remember my skilled deceit, accept the wager or  
alternatively  
**DO ONE!**

### **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.

### **The Artist**

Brushes dip in and out of red paint, amorous.  
Applied to easel held paper, embossed,  
Stroked delicately, sensually,  
Creatively designing.

The artist imagines a great scene, Dante's Inferno;

Each detail etched into the inquisitive mind.  
His work a true, accurate, reflection,  
Hell fire, fallen angels.

His studio now so miniscule, enclosed, locked, padded,  
His work overseen for safety, too restricted.  
Genius in mind, thought and ability,  
A brain unacceptable to society.

### **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...

Valkyrie Kerry  
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