

Shades of Hemlock

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Best Place

Sun comes in,
It warms as birds sing -
Here is peace made of timber
With a felt covered roof,
Where I can breathe and sigh
As again I can fly,
My thoughts singing clear
As the birds I have heard,
My ideas stretch to flight
On wings made of words.

Depth

Mirror shines, reflecting sun
Bare tree branches sway, awaiting leaves
Spring is young -
It took its first breath
On this day as golden sun
Broke through and the sky
Looked as if it had been cleaned;
Leaving no grimy scrapes of greyest cloud,
Just small white ones in between
A sea of blue that reaches on,
Going further, into beyond.
How deep it is can not be told -
Perhaps it is as the depth of the soul
And as deep as eternal love,
So maybe its secret is known to my heart
And shared by the angels above.

In Place

Part misted over, time does not retract
From the mirror chipped and broken,
Although distorted, cracked
It reflects truth and reverses life
Another world yet whole,
Still the eyes looking back
Show windows to the soul.
If I dipped my hand into the glass
And found it pooled like liquid,
If I passed through to another side,
What truth would surely hit me?
Would I find this world reversed,
Where everything was right?
Would all things that clash
In this misplace make sense,
Day through to night?
Would I find the missing pieces
Waiting there for me?
Would I find my destiny
In a world reversed?
Would I see a place for me
In another universe?

Spaces

Little gaps of blue
Shining through
Mostly cloud,

It's allowed
Above my house,
Has to be
A scrape of grey
Now, tomorrow,
Like Yesterday
Never really coming through,
Glimpse of sun,
Glimpse of blue
Just to get me
Through the rain
And then the clouds
Come back again.
Streaks of sun
Breathe in to me
But ever waiting
On the breeze
Back they come
To swallow sun
And summon rain;
Life throws a cover over me
And clouds me up again.

Potion

If I could drink it
I would.
No matter the taste,
Be it sweet or bitter,
Full of honey
Or full of the venom
Of freshly squeezed snakes.

I would take the spiders eyes,
Frogs cold skins
And worms insides
And drink it,
I would down the lot
With a cocktail umbrella
Stuck on the top -
I'd sip it through a straw
Right down to the bottom
To be sure
I'd had the lot,
I would drink
Of the poison potion,
I'd drink without regret.
I would drink anything
That really worked
If it helped me to forget.

Love

Glowing lights of mirror shine
Made of nirvana, herein lies:
The air of a trace of the divine,
Soft as satin colours that shift
Their touch on skin to gently drift,
Glowing cinnamon bright -
Floats like a firefly
Sparks in the night.
A colour-sliding starlight story,
Shades of hell and shades of glory,
Then lifting light
Over the wing of bird in flight,

Magic - animated in the heart's wish -
Love is all that comprises this.

Shadow Woman

Death has laid his hand on me
And then let go again
It marks me out as different
I carry black shadow pain
The world moves on
As it did before
And no one sees it in me
Or understands the score.
There is a shade I carry
That no one else can see
Invisible drape
Of darkened lace
That covers over my skin;
Transparent to the naked eye
But blink you see it again.
Sun can shine and flowers grow
But through my eyes I see and know -
It's switched my mind to a different frame,
I see under the surface and it remains
Me before and after, two
States of existence through
Which I live,
Life was that, now it is this:
Two states of being -
One of flesh and one of mist.
I am the woman in white
Who took the vampire kiss,

I'm the traveller on the fork in the road,
Going left instead of right
And so I met with this.
No matter the warmth that glows
From life I shall always know
Underneath, behind me the cloak
Of shade once draped me
Sapping life and will;
But when the darkness rises up,
The shadows that shade
Have left, sun's warmed me up and made
Me living I've become
As one of the flowers
Face turned to sun,
Yet still I carry the shade
Of knowing the other place:
I have lived through his heavy hand,
Felt death's touch, I know his face.

The Stillness of Solidity

The weight of me has settled firm,
Vision sharp where once was blurred
I see straight and clear,
On waking I draw near
To more of the familiar,
As inches of particular identity
Hands me back pieces of me:
Feeling solid and awake,
Being able to walk straight
And hands of mine that do not shake.
The world has caught up with me

Or I with it, I know I see
And feel in unison again -
Stillness and weight have replaced pain,
Thoughts that lay deeply alone
Inside the well of my mind condones
This as heaviness restored;
Once more, at last, I own my bones.

Escape

Hell is temporary.
I have seen
Inside it
And the shell
Is hollow as me
I know well
The shades of pain;
Gradual colours remain
Shading down to grey
Today, yesterday,
Tomorrow remains
A blank page,
White as nothing
Yet between
The sheets are scribbled,
Wording means
The night is black as sin
But catch the rip
Inside the sky
And the light comes shining in.
Colours reach
And awareness creeps

Back to flesh and bone,
Calling on me in clear times,
To show I'm not alone.
Catch the colours falling,
Before they disappear,
I let them in and moments
That used to disappear
Come back
And I snatch
At them like the door
Is opened again
Before I miss the moment
I slide within,
Hollow fills with flesh and bone,
Life slips back once more.

Finding Ground

In my own way
I have set down roots,
Not solid, but shoots
Sprung all the same,
Though the roots became
Loose - not enough
For this tree to die
But enough for the sigh
Of the breeze
To shift and shake
When Life's breeze
Lift my leaves
And fruits fall,

New seeds to bear
Yet ever shifting,
I subside
As land slides
No lightening yet
To split my trunk,
No storm to sway me
Like a drunk,
And still life's weathers
Keep me sunk
Yet ever shifting around;
Some day my roots will hit deep earth,
Settle to solid ground.

Spring Day

Lantern still white
Hangs on the right,
No candle inside.
Wind chimes blow -
Last summer's echo
As life stirs
With nature's word
Come to pass
That spring days are here at last.
Grass growing better than before,
Will be a green floor
Come summer, as
Shoots push through the earth;
Spring is life coming round again,
A return more than a rebirth.

March 15th

Deepest blue
No shadows cloud,
Sun shines through.
Heaven has allowed
Me a new day;
Drifting in its way,
Yet warm as life itself.
Peace follows peace
And stillness completes
This circle about me,
Soft as sleep.
Here is close to Heaven,
It could be nowhere else
But within a day that eases me,
Resurrects and raises me,
Bringing life, and nothing else.

Pain Maker

Bondage pins stuck in my heart:
I was the voodoo doll,
And I loved to play the part.
Shower me with insults,
Cover me with a cloak
Of your domination,
Deeply lustfully soaked
With all the things that you regret,

Making love yet making pain -
Now I can't forget
And even though you are gone
I long for another to carry it on,
A shade of love
Being gripped by steel
Within a velvet glove.
Thinking on these things
I miss a maker of love and pain,
This voodoo doll is missing her pins
And squealing *again, again.*

Own Me

This dog
Has never known stability or real love
But has been lied to and does not trust
Very easily -
This dog
Has felt as if the whole of her life
Has amounted to some sort of cage,
Even now at the age
Of almost thirty eight,
I long for things I've missed,
Talks, walks, I have not been kissed
As much as I would like or held
And loved or given a hug,
I have not lived out all I have yearned,
I have not been put in my place to serve
As I look above
And see the eyes of the one I love.
The years passing just seem to go faster,

And still I wait like a dog,
Waiting for a Master.

Awakening

Morning sun climbs in the blue
Shimmering indigo hues
Lift the sunrise, raised
By hands invisible,
Clouds that dragged by
Mist away and sigh
Into nothing, blank
As smoke that vanishes high
From the top of firelight.
As her eyes
Open to greet me in the sky
Day dawns bright -
Earth mother smiles.

Present

Its there
In my eyes
Your words
The sky
Moon and sun
It flies
Like a bird
Brushing cloud

Wings touching
Heaven, allowed
To take a piece
Of Nirvana -
Heaven cloud,
This time
A moment
Shining divine
In my eyes
Your words
Life's river
Running true
Paths crossing,
Intertwined:
I love you.

Verse to a New day

The sun that makes the cotton clouds
Glow around the edges
Paints the world in colours new,
As flowers, trees and hedges
Come to life so warmed and bright -
Nothing can steal this clarity,
Nor distort the picture
Of its pure tranquillity.

Even in the darkest night -
A place where no stars shine -
Mornings like this will dash away
The skyline's heavy-shaded grey
And nothing else will matter

As life and love and warmth,
Spring's gifts that come to shatter
All that winters touch has chilled
Shall chase it all away
With life and brightness shining gold,
To grace us on this day.

Written By

Catching thoughts that fly
Between pockets of air,
No one there
To see why they trace
Thoughts and memories -
Time and place
Long since deserted,
And like a ghost I knock
Upon a dusty door
That time has locked.
I rattle the chain,
No key remains
But through the broken window I
Climb and breathe a dusty sigh.
As colour fills the faded room
Walking in, it shifts
Memories banish shades of gloom
Clock spins back to this;
The weight of the air
The heat of sun
The world before it was this one,
I am there invisible
Carried by thoughts empty,

In a void-snatched moment I see
It's in thoughts that fly:
I catch them quick
They flow to ink,
And so these words
Are written by.

Hemlock

Inside a part remains
Like a ghostly bloody stain
That never really fades away,
Seeped in my varnish,
Colours my veins.
I'm like the haunted stair
The place where no one's there,
But pass me and my breath
Can freeze the silent air.
It turns in me spectral,
A wisp a twist
Invisible
But it's there,
And this turn
Will whisper
Fading out insisting
In the glass I see me,
Yet the other aspect
Of reality
Changes me transparent,
In your mirror do you see?
The real, the living me,
Or do I turn

A white ghost shock,
As I raise the glass
And drink hemlock?
Does red blood run through my veins
Or is it ever tainted stained?
Memories, nightmares,
I am touched by shade,
Will I ever remain
As part ghost
Haunted by past,
Will the toxic spectre inside
Fade so I can solidify -
Shall I ever be divided as this -
Do you see the maiden fair,
Or a poison ivy kiss?

Enchanted

Frozen lips, blue
From lack of breath,
From chill and poison made,
Cursed or enchanted, death
Sending ice through my breath,
Like a winter in a vice,
Or sealed up in a coffin of ice.
The spell upon me
Sent me cold,
No fairytale here to unfold,
No pretending the witch is dead
No sight of a happy ending instead.
Life is like that,
Things can shatter

But all that really matters
Is that there is hope
And poison has an antidote,
Winter cannot freeze forever
In the evil snow queen's frozen weather,
Snow melts as the spring rides in,
Like the summoning of a prince
To banish all of this,
To free me from the prison,
To seek out the cursed princess
And wake her with a kiss.

Cherry

I want a cherry on the top.
Is it really such a lot
To ask for?
I have crawled
Through life
Trawled through
In all that I do,
Hands in the dirt
And even worse
In times that's passed
I have sometimes felt as if
I have been wading
Through shit
And broken glass.
So now's the time
To get me some,
To open the shades
And let in the sun,

I want a life
Where I can remain
Without sharp edges
And little pain.
I don't want the earth
Just nothing that's worse
Than I have had,
I want to be glad
And have something nice
No gateau or cheesecake
Smaller than that
A cherry bake well
Would be nice
That would be
The sort of life
That no one can slice
With a sharpened knife.
And on the top
I must have a cherry,
It's not a lot
To ask for,
Just a little red one,
Light, the kind I can eat
With a single bite,
That's enough -
That would be nice.
I want my cherry -
It is my right.

Sunlight

Breathe into me

Warm me alive,
Let me see
I can be
And remember
How to thrive.
Let me live
And survive
Like flowers
Returning from snow;
Shine on me
Give me heat
Remind me
I used to know
All I needed to survive -
Use your heat to remind me
It is better to be alive.

Ache

Yes it does, every day
I can not make it go away
I try and ease it but it just
Gets worse and aches so much.
Sometimes it's a touch
Of fantasy all mixed with lust
And other times it's deeper,
Sometimes it's in my head.
But when all is said and done,
It's my heart that's bleeding red.

Shifting Skies

No grey
Forget today
I think of blue instead,
The skies clear, like
Your eyes.
The sun bright
And the light
Shining through
My bedroom
In a place that's new,
Soft pillows, sheets
White, a complete
Dream made solid,
Sheets creased,
Resting on your hips,
I run my hands down
The curve of you,
Touch your skin
And imagining
This and your kiss
Makes me touch bliss,
Dreams made true;
Takes me out
Of the darkness
Every time I see
Me and You.

Origins

Not here as a symbol that I
Was martyred to suffer
Screaming on my back
Taking this as a sign
That I was owned,
Not here either to signify
That the status
Ups my world
Or shades my skies.
Not here for the fact
That I once loved him,
Nor to take a tiny part
And make flesh of the name
He scratched in my heart;
She is here for a reason
Far, far better than any other -
Here because I finally loved myself
Enough to become a mother.

