Poetry Series

Lucifera Santez

- 36 poems -

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Lucifera Santez (4th feb)

well not too much to tell, i love reading and writing.
and i am more of a closet poet......
my best friend pushed me to write and she is pretty scary if she puts her
mind on something.
recently someone told me i need to elaborate more about me.
there is nothing special to elaborate that's all.
i have two brothers, a younger sister.
i started reading novels when i was 11.
my first one was Jules Verne.

i am 18 and way more mature than i was at 17. i love watching movies, i love rain. i have not been at my place of birth, Belize ever. i would like to go someday. you could say i am black sheep of my family... my dad's engineer, mama is a teacher(teaches chemistry) brother's a doctor. my granddad was one too. grandma is high school drop out. i guess this much is worth knowing. and at last note... i hate my ex friend Natalie, lying cheating ******. and my best friends are the tyrants who push me towards excellence. my brother appreciates whatever i write, even when most of the time he just gets time enough to spare a glance. :)

A Face To Remember

Smile with me, Don't shed a tear, My pain is enough, Your agony, I can't bear. It is I, who is going away, Dying isn't fascinating, With you by my side, I can say. Please, please let me die alone, So that I can at least Shriek with pain and moan. When you sit by my side, I forget my pain, I just hang in dark abyss Of moss green eyes, your eyes. To look at you is unbearable, 'Cause it's I who is deserting you. I am not doing it by will It's my fate's turn, they say You go to church to avert it And in there you cry and Pray, pray, pray. The world says I am leaving you a legacy, What they don't see Is you suffer, Suffer at the thought that I am dying I want to tell you, Don't fret I will always need you Whether I live or die. I will be watching, I will be waiting, Just to see you are all right, I promise you this, Either in life or in death....

Ancient

Ancient it is, The run down chapel, Surrounded by sturdy old trees, The emptiness lurking from behind its walls, And its loneliness, A shard of echo inside it. The roof leaks, The benches are broken, The blind old vicar, Prays to god, But god doesn't pay the bills. The cemetery beside it, Is old too, With graves that aren't Young anymore, Their headstones Withered with age, A layer of grim covering them, Nobody comes to visit. Even the corpses in their graves, Don't rise They too have weary bones. Everything here belongs To a different era, An age that died, But didn't die somehow, Alive it is In this bower, Safely tucked away From prying eyes of time, Panting to keep up, Taking broken breaths Just breathing, Just surviving Just living somehow.

Angels

A last look, a last word The parting smile And unshed tears, You are giving these to him As your final remembrance, Before you bid adieu for forever. His son you are, Fallen from grace That angelic glow Dimmed on your face. You wince in pain As they shear your wings, And inside him grief wells. Known for his word Truth and might, God in him is cursed By the fathers wrenching sight. He is stoned On the Dais of his throne, As the guardians lead you away, On the gates of purgatory, On the gates of hell. His face is away You can't see him But he cries For the loss he suffers For the pangs he holds inside. You take a final look at your home The greatest epitome heaven. Cerulean of your eyes shine bright, Gold of your locks glows And he runs to take a concluding look Of his son he will cherish forever... But you plunge in depths of dark Deep and lost to him, Your loss is raw, The grief tender And his golden eyes blaze in full fervor His children watch petrified As he rains, Angels on earth.

Anticipation

The moon had tarnished again, The stars seemed so dull, For the first time I was afraid, So afraid..... I had shoved her out From my life, yet I sought Her again and only her..... Yes it terrified me, Loving her did...... Scared me to bone The feeling left the ache in my heart...... I had hurt her, It was there in her face Heavens yes I wanted that she could fly I didn't wanted to bear the burden Of being the first to take her innocence She was everything I wasn't Lively, lovely and open to life Like the merry ray of sunlight I was dark and dangerous Her heart brimmed with love Whereas mine was calcified I knew it would devastate her When I would break away from her, She thought she loved me, I knew she was delusioning herself Now that she is long gone I miss her beyond my limit, Remembering her is painful But still her face gives me hope Hope for miracles My long frozen heart has started to feel The feelings that I thought were long gone There is raw energy inside me As I drive towards Kansas city Yeah I am going to see her..... I am going to apologize And say something I have never said to anyone It doesn't matters if she would forgive me or not Because I am following a thread of hope That someone very special had told me long time ago Love heals.....

Beast

Her hair long, blonde and red, Fanning across the velvet white, Satin sheets draping her body, Moon creating a halo of light.

She is an angel, One with a broken heart, I don't know why, But my soul cries for her.

In the vast cold castle, Sleeping alone she is, A beautiful princess, A maiden of twenty.

Perhaps waiting for her prince, For her true loves kiss, It has been millennia's, And yet she sleeps, Waiting, Waiting.....

I have watched her, For nights, for days, Her small frame, Moving in breathing rhythm.

Sometimes she cries, In her sleep, Her body, Wrecked by dreadful sobs.

I soothe her, Sometimes I sit, With her head in my lap, With her in my arms.

So small she is, With perfect face. I look at her, keep looking, And an ache fills my heart.

Someday when her prince comes, She will go away, And I would be left, Starved for her look, Starved of her sweet innocence.

But for her I am no one, A scepter banished, In the well Of darkness... A beast, Ugly and wild, A man, Bound to love a woman- child.

As she lays in her deep sleep, I sit watching her, Sometimes I take her, Outside from her prison.

To see sun, Playing on her face, Encased she is, In pure virginal lace.

The temptation always rears its ugly head, In my mind and heart, Loving her is easy, Staying away from her isn't easily done than said.

Just a kiss,
Only a kiss it would take,
To wake her up,
But I restrain for her sake......

Where would she be?
How would she feel?
If I kiss her,
I beast of a man,
Unworthy of her sight,
Cursed to be alone......

She has slept for her prince, Not for the devil, Not for the villain, In her fairytale......

I dream, How beautiful, She would be, When she opens her eyes?

Which color would grace? The contours, Of those innocent orbs?

I ponder.....

As I carry her,
Through the labyrinths of her cell,
Her soft body pressed in mine,
I suffer the agony in carnal hell......

The love for her,
That had blossomed pure in my heart,
Now is stained,
With a beating pulse of lust......

And lost in my thoughts I stumble, My lips touch hers as I fall, Clinging like meeting of sun rays, And wilted foxglove.

Her eyes fluidly open, Dreamy and faraway, we kiss and kiss, I notice her eyes are green, And I am in sheer heaven.

"My prince" she breathes,
Her fingers on my face,
And in horror, in fear of rejection,
I back away......

She pleads me to come back, But how can I?? I am a beast, she is a beauty, My princess......

I leave her sitting, As moonlight pools at her feet, Tears glistening in her eyes, My conscience hard and harsh as concrete...

Her strangled moans reach me, And yet I walk, My feet dragging, As I ignore my breaking heart...

Walking the palace corridors, I pass a mirror, The velvet covering it has slid down, And moon is reflected in it......

After such long time, I look myself, In that expanse, Of silver.....

A strange man, Looks back at me, One with handsome features, And a perfect face.....

His eyes are gold, Skin dusky, Hair a tousled blonde, Lips, a bit sulky.....

A hush laugh escapes my mouth, She my princess healed me, To my former perfection, To my perfect glory.

I run back to take her in my arms, To kiss her, To tell her how much I desire, How much I love her.....

She is lying,
My sweet maiden,
In loch of silver,
As I call her name,
Kiss her brows,
Her lips, her throat.

She is cold,
So cold, so deathly cold,
I shake her,
A strangled cry breaks from me......

As I take her in my arms,
A lone tear escapes my eye,
Falls on her cheek,
I cry, I cry,
Willing her to life,
But her death,
Is a certainty.....

Black Roses

Color of darkness,
Hue of sorrow,
Shade of pain,
Embodied in that bloom,
One that he has
Created from his tears,
From his blood,
For her,
Only for her,
In remembrance of their
Broken promises,
Blooming in his garden,
The flowers of dead love,
Adorned with the scars
Of a shattered heart,
Flourish those black roses.

Breath Of Life

Gone was his breathing, Gone were heart beats, The silent pulses, Screamed of his decease. Lying there like Silent wax doll, I shouted and begged, He didn't utter 'mama' Didn't answer my call. Fighting my tears, Trying to be brave, I kneeled down to kiss him, But he still was dead. Soon he will go in ground, And I will deal the grief alone His brief existence a joyful sorrow, For I have lost the hope in tomorrow's. His small body curved in my arms, One last time, A last time I see, Sweep of frail black lashes, On those pale cheeks. And I lay him in his coffin, Remembering, How a child looks, With his breath of life extinguished.....

Broken Heart

Castigation it was A grave offendous sin To be wanted, to be loved, To have a soul that felt And heart which beat Its tethering terrifying thump Banished I was, An outlaw, a rebel Fallen, a sinner Because I loved, I cared A burden I carry They call it love It burns, it soothes And leaves my heart broken again Can't dissuadé it, Can't accept it, I just have to live with it What a couple they are A battered body and broken heart

Bunch Of Roses

I walk along his grave, the same obsidian headstone gleaming in sun his name carved in archaic letters and the dates of his death and birth. I bend down a necessity rather than revere I lay down the roses on his non recent grave years long habit rather than respect and then, i walk away......

Cherished Hope

I walk the steps, The spring blooms River swishes Over the horizon Moon looms.

I sit down Remembering this town Tears flow down No one's here to ease my frown.

I'm so alone
It's so sad
I've no one for me
Good or bad.

I'm getting old Need something to rely on So I search for you For your love song.

Did we love here? In this place, Was it eons ago When we made the mess?

I look at sky Diamonds shine Against velvety black In a beautiful line.

It's a silent plea Please come back to me I am getting old Need you with me.

Please be home Honey come to me Kiss my pain away Oh please love me.......

Dark Lady

There she stands On the marble dais Long limbs, smooth hands Head bent, Gazing perhaps Towards unseen shadows. A perfect perfection Of an artist's sight, In lean fingers, Flat abdomen, entwined legs. Epitome of lust, Or perhaps too fiery passion she is A woman not identified by history. The sheen of bronze With deep luster of age, Skin flawless and smooth Polished by lovers' homage. In that cathedral of art, She has a corner, A quiet one, a light one With glass windows clashing on every edge. When sun comes up And when it goes down A single ray falls on it, Like a tribute, an entreaty It graces and glows on the lady. Nothing she wears Except for her bronze skin, In the form of love At its eternal sin. A face oval, slant eyes And the lips that are parted On the verge of a sigh Of a deserted lovers touch, Or a sensual dream Which imprints much on heart. The tendrils hanging on her face Are too a shade of bronze ringlet And the sun sparks in it a life This comes after such wrenching Lonesome night. Immortalized by a lovers touch, Even if he suffered such heart ache and death, They say But he carved his paramour away. On piece of metal, Lifeless and dark Epitome of grace Of love of life She stands there Someone's daughter, A lover, a wife.

Watching her gives a pleasure heady, Like making love, Tempting Satan Or loving a sin, She returns the eerie Restless echo, The mistress, the temptress A lover's dark lady.

Dark Soul

A stone cold heartless body, Decorated by running scars, The lifeless eyes which stare, Far ahead, in the anticipation f dark.

What were you thinking? While you created me Of ugliness and absurdity, The world hasn't seen

If you think I have beauty hidden inside, You are so wrong, 'Cause this repulsive exterior hides The true devil beside, Devil wicked and strong.

Yeah I am hollow, Inside me there is a huge hole Only filled with Twisted dark soul.

Fallen

No tears,

No words
Nothing at all
There is just silence
When the angel falls.....

Fantasy

With you I forget my worries in the world, With you I forget its damn hell cold, With you I never shed a tear, With you I ditch my every fear, Why is it like this? Why the hell I do this? I chase after you, Chase after the perfection, Which I have started to need, Don't know when it all changed, From wanting you to needing you, You are my mirage, The perfect one, But it was I, who created you, Made you, perfected you, To give me love and support, Which I was always denied, They say mirages don't hurt, They are figments of mind's eye, I don't know what to believe, 'Cause you hurt me, Slice my heart, Shatter my soul, It's unbearable, The pain, the agony, the despair, I perfectly know you aren't real, But somewhere between times, You have crossed my threshold of fantasy, To the edge of reality, I am stuck, Somewhere between the two lands, Not quite fitting in any of them, Just wishing from the core of my heart For someone, Who could make them same.

Fantom Lover

The raven locks, trailing on silk, Long lashes adorning his closed eyes, His beautiful full lips sigh, Part in love, part in sleep, On crimson velvet my angel lies. A face, Of chiseled bones and fine pale skin, Of cerulean eyes and weariness within, Tired, broken he murmurs in sleep, I watch him transfixed and mesmerized. How great once he was, And how has he fallen, In the ruins of his conscience, With ache which burns, From the depths Of his broken heart, In soirees of his weary soul. Is this justice unfathomable and blind? That punishes him, Again and again with one of his kind, The beauty is ruse, To hide pain and his scars, But I can see them, And how badly he is marked, Is this his sin? Slipping in throes of passion, If it is, Then how does it clarifies, The welts on his alabaster skin, And burning, punishing tears in his eyes, I sit there, Till sun is up in sky, Till flowers bloom, And birds fly, Our fingers entwined, Souls joined, I sit there, Until sun baths, His perfect scarred body with life, In these final moments, Of a day with him, I keep my eyes fixated on his face, Until a ray, Shines blinding my eyes, Like a shadowy corner, Like an evasive mist, I melt, I disappear, In the darkest recess of his mind, He wakes up, Banishing me in dark, The day goes on, And so does he,

Waiting for the night,
This brings for us,
The pleasures of eternity.....

Forlorn Echo

Come here, come to me, How afraid I am can't you see, You have always been there, Always taking care of me. But now I am all by myself, And hell yeah I am scared stiff, Come back to me, Love come back It has been an eon, And my sun hasn't shone. Its darkness all around, There is not even a cold shudder, Not even a sound. Come back please, come back I miss you, Miss you Jack. When the stars are falling down, And nobody's in town, When coyote sings, And happen all other wonderful things, I will wait for you till then, Come back to me, Come back home again.....

Geek

Do you think about me? I see you and think, Whom am I kidding? I can't even get near you, You are elite, I am a geek.

Yours is a different world than mine, You do wild parties, While I simply stay back in line, I don't even have graduation date, Whereas you have limitless supply.

You are elite, I am a geek.

Is it a crime to like you?
To think about you, to adore you?
To world you may show your party face,
But I sense the loneliness inside.

Is it that difficult to let go? Try it, will you? I brush aside these thoughts, Because I don't think so.

I try to tell you, When you are alone, I would always be here, But you don't need me, Do you?

I am just another faceless person, Studying with you, You don't know me, But I know you, Know you very well.

Is it because you are an elite, And I am a geek?

Glass Wish

My days were lonely, The nights so cold, And my soul had Already been sold.

An empty shell, Was that which lay, On her marriage bed, Without her heart But with her head.

Was it this?
For which lovers died,
This strange thing love,
Which took them?
To their lovers side.

Was it this why? Romeo met? With that lovely Maiden Juliet?

Brave they were, They died for their paramours, But here am I, A coward, a lie

Chained in the shackles
Of my destiny,
I have abandoned my man
My lovesome,
Coming here instead
As a newlywed,
As a decorative piece
Of my husband's home.

Inhibition

In all my days I thought I knew you But when you went away I still miss you With all your lies All your dreamy promises You still wreck my heart Even when you are dead..... Was it all a lie? Your enchanting words and loving smiles Was everything a deception? To humiliate me to feed your own perfection I was a fool from the start And honey you being you Broke my heart And I was left to repent All the sins you did All the promises you broke And I kept worshiping you as my sun Now you have been gone And it has been so long Yet my heart breaks For all I ever gave you And the feelings you didn't reciprocate And I have to live with it all I guess my love set me up for this treacherous fall.

Insight

They say there is pain when your heart breaks, Shattering over remnants of your soul, Burning withering in confines of your ribs, Engulfed by the grief Sharp and cold.

But do they know how sharp it hurts To love someone, then to let go, Perhaps not, Perchance they don't care, Don't wish to hear the shouts, Of lost souls from the shadows.........

Irony

Why are you going away? Is it because of something I did? Or a mistake I made. Daddy don't go, Please don't leave me alone, What will mama say? When she would see you like this? Drunk, beaten, accepting For something you didn't do? Oh daddy, please don't go, I'll be good; I will never bother you, And if you wish, I would do all chores too..... But even when I plea this much, Hurt I am inside me, My small eyes awash with tears, Ones you don't wipe away, My small heart is terrified, Oh daddy! Why did you lie? Let me paint those rosy forever's, Of you and me, When you knew Someday they would break, In millions of tiny pieces, Of my cherished dream, Oh daddy, I would forget, I once loved you, I would castrate my heart For beating for your affection, I guess it's all then Before your dreams, My love never stood a chance, Its goodbye dad, Look I am not crying, I am not even mad, It's all just sad, So sad, When my heart breaks, "Goodbye kiddo" you say, And without watching back, You walk away.

Four years have passed away
A Bugati stops at the door of orphanage,
A man walks out,
With rich, successful gait,
Walks inside,
Asks for something
He had lost so long ago,
They take him to a place,
A city of crosses,
Where people remain buried inside,

Below the cross, Beneath the snow, The man kneels, He breaks down, He can't even cry, Can't even try, And a voice rings, Inside his head, A deep buried poison sings, "Hello daddy, we meet again, Look here how it's all changed, It's all the destinies we made, So you are alive, And pardon me, I am dead", The man sits there all day, Gazing at the headstone And evening comes, The Bugati races far away.....

Lad Of Ten

I was a lad of ten And I was in love with a girl of six, She lived beyond the farms and ponds Beyond meadows and heather fields. Her eyes were the sparkling bluebells In her golden tresses She wore ribbons of green She was sweet, blessed and kind I was stringy and mean Every day I went to pond To see her there alone Sometimes her father caught the fishes And she would wrinkle her dainty nose. I was a lad of ten And I was in love with a girl of six I tried to tell her this In any way there could be One day rain and thunder came They swept on our beautiful land I couldn't go to my special place And nothing was ever the same When the drops stopped to fall And when the thunder died I rushed out of the house To be on her side But when I neared my secret place Tears blurred my vision It seemed rain had taken away The only thing of my obsession The news came later that day When I was sitting idle My sister pulled me aside And told me the girl was dead I was a lad of ten In love with a girl of six And she died in that rain It was a problem that couldn't be fixed.

Let Go

There is nothing left to live, there is something to die for, so don't cling at my shadow, free it, release it, let it go.

Mermaid

Gleaming pond of maiden tears,
Adorned by wildflowers on its banks,
As butterflies rush on blooms,
She watches them from shining pond,
Her hair trailing her beside in cold,
A weaved piece of dark fairy gold,
Her eyes feel,
Face softens and nothing is said,
And far from shadows,
He watches his mermaid......

Moment

Night Bliss

A tumble on the crimson sheets, With feral hunger lips meet, A swig of whiskey, A sip of wine, After they do things, Those aren't in line.

A cheap motel, A one night stand, Voluptuous brunette or curvy red head, After you pay them They are great in bed.

A substitute is what you desire, To throw off your unjustified ire, In the shadows of dark night, You do things, that you can't do in light.

A vicious animal, Hungry male you are, Taking chunks of Heady prostitutes art.

Every night in these rooms, You betray your wives, Laugh at marriage vows, The coming together of your lives.

But again the morning comes, You cloak yourselves, In the civilized garbs Of sincere human animals......

Night Ride

I see you down the old club
You wear short skirt
And look like slug.
Red hair, lips and fingernails,
Really darling
You look like a jezebel.
But you will do all right
For a one night stand,
I think when I take your hand
And lead you to my car,
You look at me seductively
And point at the bar.
Hey baby I will pay you as you like
Can be in cash
Or either in kind.
Let's just carry the rituals of night
Profane craving of flesh
Let's be out of sight.

Phoenix

And from the ashes, never rose a phoenix as before its eyes, not there to haunt me in my fall, nevermore

Retribution

Just as the day ends And begins the night And as moon comes up Sun loses the fight To light every corner of dark To ignite every small spark Like the sun I go down In the night When I lose The remaining shreds of humanity The binding grate of mortality I embrace the dark As it races to meet me And together we fall In the heaven of sins In vestiges of brutality Through the night Amid in sin What we do I don't dare to tell you I can't begin To describe the hell And its murky ways The sweet smell of blood The stench of decay and death Sun starts to climb the horizon The edges of limitless blue I cloak myself in my human garb And start my journey to home Where at front door My wife is standing With a bloodied bundle in her hand Shaking I peer inside Seeing the mangled body of my small man Torn flesh and distorted skin Blood dried and bones jarring beneath I turn to her and want to know What happened to our firstborn? She hiccups and tells me "A monster ate away our baby".

Reverie

Hands outstretched, Barefoot, She runs towards him, In sweetest of greeting. After a long weary day, She is his self, his anchor, Brunette tresses bouncing to and fro. Soft lips stretched in laughter, She is all he never wanted, She is all he wished to have..... Small face trusting As he lifts her up, His princess, His perfection, Who puts every nerve of his In splendid elation... "Dad" she chimes And bends to kiss his cheek, Before her lips touch his skin, Before he is enveloped in her sweet scent, A curtain drops, He wakes Pining for things That could never be Longing for her But she never exists Outside his dream.....

Saga

Don't leave me Oh please don't Mother please don't leave me alone I am still a baby Why are you doing this? Because I was a mistake Or was it because you never loved daddy He is gone too you know Now you will leave me too Where will I go? Who will cherish and love me Despite my plea in my baby cries You pack your overnight case and go Leaving me on that hospital bed alone I am so terrified Will they send me else away? Among strangers and strangers Who won't know who am i? And why did you leave me? In these thoughts These heinous scraps of my bruised core Drifts my mind Occupied I am That's why I don't hear The sound of oncoming feet Someone peers at me Someone who looks like angel With wavy blonde hair and grey eyes Someone with so lovely smile He picks me up Smiles..... Tears run down his eyes He is a boy of thirteen He hugs me Swamping me from love of his heart I feel this in me Perhaps from the blood we share The blood Which runs in his veins like mine? He is my brother My brother I savor the word For he will love me For all his days and mine Unlike you..... He is my world My whole being I am rather too young to understand this But I know his love comes From deep niche in his soul

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Too many years have gone by

I am graduating today And he is here My brother Mý Demetri He is here today Because it's important to me He is busy In acquiring companies Giving interviews Flirting with ladies Proud I am of his accomplishments Proud when papers run his success story But yet he comes Do you know why? Because he is proud of me Because unlike you He loves me It isn't debt to him Or something which forces him to do this It's simple as caring for me As simple as loving me Surprised aren't you Wherever you are Mother of mine That I don't need you Not now not ever Because I have him For my limited mortality......

Sleep Of Divinity

His eyes were deepest of deep blues Like darkness of night ebbing away from blue sky But those eyes were closed now Long black lashes framing his face He wasn't dead but he just slept on Not as a mortal but as a god The golden curls spilling on his face Halo shining in that angels hair The pale alabaster kin of his was marked With cuts bruises and battle scars But then too they didn't lessen the beauty 'Cause he was the angel the mortals feared The quartz altar on which he slept on Every inch as god but also as man The divinity luminous on his full lips Wind fanning him till the dawn He slept as an angel falling from heaven He slept s the god before creating the life The slant rays of sun bathing him Illuminating him in that rose gold light His sword lain by his side It promised strength and valor of its kind He had to wake but he just slept on I waited on and waited nights The god slept on tiered from his fights The angel slept on With closed black lashes of those fathomless blue eyes His full lips curved in an all knowing smile

Someday

Someday when we meet again, will you recognize me? someday when you see me, will you realize, you were in love with me? someday when you remember me, what would you feel then? someday when you cry for me, if you ever do, will the moon see your tears again?

Song Of Thornbird

She flies from her nest, In search of a thorn tree, She can't rest Until she has found one finally.

For she is a thorn bird, With voice so mellow As no one has heard, But even her song has a value.

When the desire to sing is horrendous, She impales herself On the sharpest and longest thorn, The flows the sting in her veins And among those savage branches She sings her song.

Amid in that agony of hell, She drives herself, To outshine the nightingale.

She sings for love, She sings of fear, She sings for them, Who aren't there.

She sings about days, And lonely nights, About the gruesome ways, And fading lights.

She sings of life, She sings of death, She sings for 'morrow, For unraveled faith.

She sings for sun, She sings for moon, She sings for stars, And for that thankless noon.

At her dirge, Time itself beholds, Everything is stagnant, And world listens her cry.

A kiss of summer,

A lick of spring, She sings of joy For water of stream.

She fills the valley, The cistern of universe, She sings the song, She is never gonna rehearse.

She ices the fire, Fires the ice, And he who sits in his heaven, Looks down and smiles.

She only sings once in a while, More sweetly than anything, In a million mile, One superlative song, Existence is the price main, For the best is only bought, At the cost of great pain.

Storm Within

We stand at the steps, His hand is round my waist, In gesture of ease, love And feelings supple.

They see his outer polished self, Not the gloomy feelings inside, They smile and call him suppliant, Not knowing the heinous psychopath he is.

We move in these high social circles, For he is an important man, World calls him my husband, He does things to me, I am indignant.

My expensive makeup hides, The blows and punches on my face, The Armani wraps the whiplash marks, Carved and fresh on my flesh.

I do everything he asks meekly, Fearful that he might hit me, For a mistake I don't know, A mistake, he can prove I have done So and so and so.

He says, Sometimes I am not smart enough, Sometimes I am not savvy, When I put a sassy mood, He grills I am disgracing his prestige.

Layer by layer he has scraped, My confidence and esteem, I can't pull it all back, For he has made sure, I have chipped courage.

He treats me like some pet, Giving me prizes when I please him, Sometimes its diamond necklace, Sometimes its trip to Quanzhim.

And welts on my skin, When I upset him.

I am tightly bound, In the spidery net he has Weaved from glamor and wealth.

Was I so naive to trust this man? I thought him my prince when we first met,

Thinking he had come to sweep me off from my world, To take me to his fairy land.

I judged him on his face, By those handsome trustful eyes, That bohemian look of him, After long time now I realize, It wasn't love, Only attraction was the case.

World thinks our marriage is ideal, They call us lovebirds of century, They don't know what they are talking about, They don't know my misery.

The truth would shock them, They would think it all lame, But I only dream about it? Can't put it in action, can I?

I can't break the shackles, That binds me to him, Telling me to go to law is easy, But my husband has huge influence.

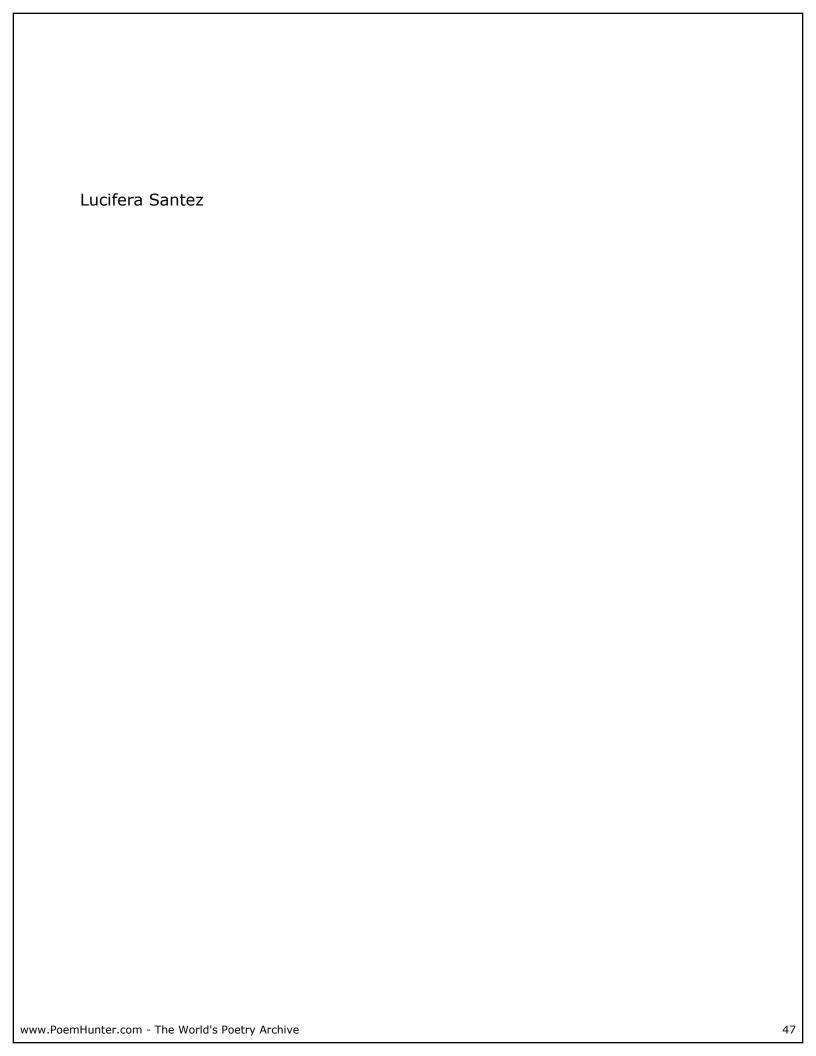
I look at sky, It's turning dark and inky As it turns after every dusk, After sometime dawn will approach, Chasing the darkness away.

Sun will shine, it will scorch, You would be out to enjoy, I would be crying in any room, Depending on his changing mood.

Night will prevail in my world, No hint of sun to burn my fears, No wind will whisk away my worries, No rain would wash my tears.

It would just be darkness around,
I would bleed from pieces of my own dreams,
Wanting someone near me,
To comfort me, to cheer me,
To clear away my pain.

I wouldn't dream,
I wouldn't sleep,
I would chase my demons,
In dark every nights.



You

Running hastily in the gardens How I fell and scraped my knees Amid those roses and hyacinths And I used to cry When it hurt too badly You would hear it and rush out Kissing my hurts and drying my tears Giving me pink cool aids I loved so dearly You used to carry me in the house And then you would play With me for hours and hours When night came You would tuck me in my bed With my bears, birds and mermaids And you used to tell me stories Of fairies, sorcerers, centaurs And lone wolfs Then I used to slip away in dreams Thanking god That he gave me you