

Poetry Series

Louise Tredoux
- poems -

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Louise Tredoux()

May this day bring joy and freedom and happiness, may my hand write down the thoughts of the gods and fill the reader's mind with new ideas and wonderful new ideals!

A Flame Within Me

I have never known such a wonderful time
with Rudi's presence burning like flame
within me, never felt so warm and glowing
continuously

This place he has built for me where I am free
to sing and dance for him, to express myself
without any fear of rejection, without shame
for being a human being

I used to try and become someone else, could
not live with myself, but Rudi created a space in
which the real me fits like a glove, I need not cut
off parts of myself, suppress my feelings

Ignore my passions and follow rules, I can live
rambunctiously, run when others are walking,
shout when others are whispering, jump when
others are kneeling

Sing the joyous refrains in my heart without crying
about death and destruction like the rest of the
world, safe and free with Rudi...

Louise Tredoux

How Much I Love You

Woke up this morning without you
no morning kiss for me, no good
night kiss last night, I'm keeping
count, shall require all the kisses
I missed

Attending the funeral all alone, my
uncle heartbroken, nieces in purple
sorrow, could not breathe in church
it is all wrong because death of the
physical body is

A birth into a new form of existence
my aunt would want us to wish her
well, our questions and tears are
holding her spirit back; soon the
family will accept

How heart-wrenching to see my
uncle's tears, how wonderful to
know that he loved her so, here-
with a million kisses, reminding
you how much I love you

And always will, the way you
created a special place just
for me, I miss you more
than I can tell...

Louise Tredoux

Keep Thinking Of Me

Sighing, not enjoying my present task
preparing a curry dish for a ladies' charity
Sister Teresa actually forbid anybody to
serve in her hospital or monastery unless
they smiled and looked happy – I suppose

She would have chased me, asked me to
leave unless I could devote myself in love
to my serving task, I'm trying to visualise
the poor enjoying my curry to infuse my
heart with happy humility

But I would rather be walking on the beach
admiring the wide blue expanse of the sea
than be imprisoned here in my little kitchen
though when I remember the wonderful
times I've spent here with Rudi

I have to smile, the education he gave me
on love and expression of affection has a
lot to do with our kitchen, memories
flooding my mind, I start laughing
Rudi finds me dancing and singing

Amongst the curry dishes, asks what is
going on, I kiss him, YOU are the subject
of my thoughts, I tell him, if it makes you
this happy, he says, keep thinking of me!

Louise Tredoux

Light Of Truth And Love

Sunday night without Rudi, the day fine
without him, dreamed about my heroine,
now it's late, my visions are gone, my arms
empty, only his presence keeps me safe,
without him doubts about myself assail my
soul, I'm searching for reassuring thoughts,
want to stop fearing my ability to make a
mess when he's not around, wanted to
share my dreams with him, wanted to
give him the love I feel ...

Ah, Rudi returned, fulfilled my dreams...
How different everything is with Rudi home!
How I glow, how exciting life becomes within
the circle of his love, how beautiful passion
is, how warm being together like this, how
wonderful to escape from my fears into the
light of the truth and love he brings with him,
how delightful to take care of the one I love,
how glad I am that I missed him so much,
so that his return brings me more joy than

Anything else in life...

Louise Tredoux

Shimmering Whispers

Then my heart opened up
like a flower unto the sun
of your words, the pain of
humiliation leaving me

Rejection in shadows lifting
up, I saw beauty and grace
everywhere, heard music in
laughter, feelings of despair

Leaving my heart, this gift of
shimmering whispers the most
sumptuous delicacy, fragile like
the finest glass, more precious

Than everything cherished before,
more beautiful - every new thought
always eclipses those that existed
before, every day your words

Are a new stream of joy-creating,
life-giving energy...

Louise Tredoux

For Him Alone

Rudi dressed me, made me look sultry
I felt beautiful, seductive, enticing, Rudi
wanted me to seduce him and I did, he
loved it

But I refused to appear in public in such a
flattering dress, want to charm only him, too
shy to meet strange probing eyes, I am not
a siren

I could not accompany him in a revealing
dress, he said nobody else would notice or
care, that became my ace, why dress up to
be ignored

I glow for Rudi alone, he knows I am his only,
I'm amazed by celebrities who delight in public
admiration, showing their attributes without
embarrassment

I fear strange eyes, I hide myself in Rudi and
the refuge he made for us, sharing my being
and dreams with him only, dedicating myself
to him

Taking care of him with all my life...

Louise Tredoux

How Small We Are

Realizing we have little money, I'm
happy to stay where I am, I don't
want to visit tourist attractions to
join the culture-vultures, happy to
be a spirit free

Enjoying life with my loved one with
me; I do not want to use my beloved
like a mercenary, only create a safe
haven against all of life's storms; he
enjoyed my fantasies

He knows I don't need money, jewels
or overseas trips - only to love and to
hold, to laugh and to scold when he
forgets 'We learn too late, How small
we are -

- How little we know! '

'How Small We Are; How Little We Know'
.....Song By Earl Wilson, Jr.

We laugh, we cry,
We live, we die,
and when we're gone, the world goes on.
We love, we hate, we learn too late,
How small we are, how little we know.

We hear, we touch, we talk too much,
of things we have no knowledge of.
We see, we feel,
yet can't conceal,
How small we are, how little we know.

See how the time moves swiftly by,

We don't know how, we don't know why.
We reach so high, and fall so low,
The more we learn, the less we know.
Too soon the time to go will come,
Too late the will to carry on,
And so we leave too much undone,
How small we are how little we know.

Louise Tredoux

A Kindred Spirit - Glowing

Love the freedom of the grey sea
went diving today, ice-cold water
free from restraint, swimming and
floating, enjoying the fact of being
alive without constraint

Safe in your love protecting me from
the guilt of existence, you claim I can
delight in the fact of my birth as I bring
YOU joy, your reason for being is found
in me, we were born to set each other free

Free from a meaningless existence in
providing spiritual sustenance for a
kindred spirit; these thoughts warm
my heart, keep me glowing
wherever I go on this earth...

Louise Tredoux

Dreaming Away...

You kept your word, you promised
you would come home with liqueur
and a red rose in your mouth and
you did, now you have to bear the
brunt of my love, I can't stop kissing
you, you looked so sweet, the liqueur
and chocolates were wonderful

Though what I did under the influence
of these wonderful gifts should be a
secret for evermore, don't tell anyone,
besides, I was practicing for that won-
derful trip you promised me; we'll have
to use chocolate liqueur to fulfill
our dream; but what a prospect

While you're working today, I'm
dreaming away...

Louise Tredoux

I Expected Love

I expected love – and you came, the details
turned out differently but with Abraham I can
say the vibrational essence was the same, I
dreamed about dark, curly hair – and you are
blonde, I dreamed about dark, brooding eyes
and yours are blue

I dreamt about a deep velvet voice, and you sing
like a contrabass, more heavenly than I could ever
suspect, I dreamt about understanding – and you
see more than I knew there was – I dreamt about
love, little bits of love – and you brought more
love than I can ever understand

You are so much more, with more enchantment
more magic, more humour, more happiness, than
I was able to visualize, reality is better than any
dream, you are larger than any little hope and
small expectation I have ever cherished – it
would seem, you are an angel yourself

And I love you so much!

Louise Tredoux

, Delighted All The Time

I know I've shocked Rudi, maybe even I
know life can't be so perfect, but at least
we can try to have fun at some tourist sites

Surely just walking about and checking the
boring stuff pointed out by world-weary
guides can't bring much joy

We've all seen it pictures, we need to add the
unexpected, playing at being a tourist is NOT
my strong point, I'm a dreamer

Embroidering reality, with Rudi next to me, we
can change routine actions into something new;
at least he has something to think about

The way he acts at night, I think it is doing
him good – as for me; I'm delighted
all the time!

Louise Tredoux

Total Bliss

I was content, knowing you were
at home, waiting for me, I was
happy when you announced you
were coming here, I was thrilled
seeing your face at the airport,
I was overjoyed when I clasped
you to my heart, I was ecstatic
when we made love, it was total
bliss to lie next to you afterwards

Louise Tredoux

A New Life

The sudden light in your eyes, the sudden look
of delight, everything changed, the sun came out,
henceforth, the world is different, I am renewed,
the discovery that love is pure, unblemished in
you opened new horizons of total bliss, when
I smiled and you took me in your arms, waltzed
me outside into a new world that belonged to
you and me, I knew my faith in love and life was
redeemed, a new life began with thee...

Louise Tredoux

Explore Quantum Time Waves

Rudi was shaking his head,
couldn't believe what I had said,
he wanted to know what my short
story was all about, when I told him
he laughed, incredulous

He wanted to read my story himself,
worried – Oh Louise, do you really
think it is possible? – NO! I replied,
It is but ONE of a myriad possibilities
and I DON'T want it to happen at all,

Just wanted to create the possibility,
Rudi kissed me – And what is your
conclusion, little one? – That it would
make my heroine most unhappy, that
realizing this possibility

Would bring her too much pain and
self-recrimination - Would you like to
publish it? He asked, a twinkle in his
eyes, I laughed and deleted the text
with a happy sigh

No, my heroine would run away and
never return, my characters would
never forgive me for revealing their
secret experiments with quantum
physics - Rudi pulled me

Into his arms – But I'll remember and
if I might play the role of Brian, I'll explore
a small part of this possibility with you – I
looked at my heroine, she nodded with
a smile - YES! I would love that!

Then he proceeded to explore quantum
time waves with me...

, Happiest Person Alive

You are glowing, Louise, Juliette said,
yes you are, and why, I smiled because
the indelible memory of Rudi's return
from his marine research trip will for-
ever be with me

I never knew that natural feelings and
animal instincts bring so much joy, I
never realized that the mere fact of our
existence and desires fulfilled bring so
much ecstasy

I thought I should achieve in order to
enjoy life and feel happy, now I discover
that doing what comes naturally is the
most wonderful feeling of fulfillment and
brings me more joy

Than anything I ever achieved or accomplished
the primitive urge to simply exist in comfort and
joy fulfilled makes me the happiest person alive...

Louise Tredoux

His Reaction Was Smashing

If I show you the world, will you let
me make love to you everywhere?
No, I replied, because I'll be making
love to YOU in all kinds of wonderful
places, Rudi smirked – And shall
we visit the Eiffel Tower?

Yes, you'll have to arrange it... No
problem, only tickets needed... For
privacy, I said, I want to do it there –
Why? he asked bewildered, I sighed –
To make the place ours, afterwards,
that place will forever be mine

Don't you know anything? – What if
somebody sees us? – They'll die of
jealousy; Rudi warned – We might
get imprisoned for public indecency –
Then we'll sell our story, Two Love-
birds In Jail / Two Jailbirds in Love

The money will get us out on parole,
then we'll do it again, make head-
lines – Louise, you're having me on!
Maybe, I said – You'll have to prevent
it, I want to make love to you every site
that we visit – That might be

difficult – he sighed, with a delighted
shine in his eyes – You've given me
new reason to live; I smiled, got up
and showed him what clothing was
lacking, his reaction was smashing,
he looked dashing in the throes

Of excited passion, the time I spent
reading paid off...

My Magical Destiny

I'm lighter than air, floating
about like helium gas, buoyed
up by words and thoughts of
absolute love, the diaphanous
gauze of feelings enfolding my
life

Sinking a golden anchor of the
sweetest delight into the infinite
depths of my mind, spreading the
glow and warmth of flaming light
everywhere, enclosing my universe
in a golden halo

Assuring me that you are more true
than reality, that you are my magical
destiny...

Louise Tredoux

That One Beloved Face

Sometimes we realize how wonderful
the presence of a loved one – his tone
of voice, his understanding, even his
wrath or anger; everything is different
when it is HIM who experiences an
emotion,

We bask in the glory of their goodwill
and love and suffer under their fury, al-
ways they are exceptional, always it is
that one beloved face we wish to see,
always HE turns back to me with an
understanding

And compassion that motivates me to
try harder to fulfill my ideals and make
him proud, feeling such pride in his hard
work to create a better world, seeing a
different world through his eyes - and
when

He forgets to laugh, turning his eyes to
all the joys in life, showing him all the
beauty we can see, hoping to motivate
him to create more beauty with me...

Louise Tredoux

, Eternally Young

Talking, conversing, laughing and joking;
this is heaven, this is how I always want
it to be, you here with me, walking on the
beach, crutches and cast, you carrying
me when necessary, spending time
together like this

You confide in me, tell me your dreams,
I share my thoughts with you, in the safe
care of your hands they become jewels
while your dreams shine like a beacon
to me, leading me into the future with-
out fear, together

We are strong, we are happy, we are
eternally young!

Louise Tredoux

, Just The Way You Are

You're so sweet, looking at me
with one eye like that, protruding
between the blankets, you're so
sleepy, don't want to get up, so
I decided to leave you like that

To let you sleep till you wanted
to get up and tackle the day in
your own way, kissing you softly
good night in the morning, that's
when you woke up and I was

Not sorry, I loved the way you
started the day with me clasped
in your arms, kissing away, this
is just as I always dreamt it would
be, I want you just the way

You are, forever and a day...

Louise Tredoux

My Sweetheart Knight

What we choose to live is our
truth - I looked at Rudi with a
smile - I love the choice he
made when he chose me

I love my choice for him even
more, should he ask me again
whether he still is my sweetheart,
I would reply, yes indeed

I choose to crown you my Sweetheart
Knight, I shall be your Lady-Love for
as long as you choose to serve me
with your loving troubadour song!

Louise Tredoux

Tears Of Delight

The memory of last night is growing in
my heart, the warmth of your presence
is slowly melting all the cold loneliness
away, the beauty of being in your arms
is warming my heart

I was freezing without you, Rudi, although
I sent you my faith and trust to keep you
safe, and it worked; I did not have vital
energy left for myself, when you
returned and the world turned

Right side up, I did not have power to enjoy
your return, now as you fill me with love and
joy, your staunch presence, your love, your
lips, I'm becoming myself again – but I was
so cold beneath the façade of trust

So cold – it takes some time to warm up
again, but the warmth of your touch – I
missed you so much and had to keep a
positive face for Providence's sake,
convincing the gods that they

Could use my faith to bring you back – slowly
defrosting now, releasing the fears I had buried
beneath a trusting veneer, forgive me for crying
so much – I did not dare to shed too many tears
while you were gone

I had to be strong - the pain has to be released,
but these are tears of joy;
tears of delight!

Louise Tredoux

, Whorls My Love Into A Spiral

We radiate energy
when we expand into
a state of meditation
or experience
love profound

I looked up into
your loving eyes,
questions chasing each
other over your brow,
regarding my life

A puzzle you
cannot unravel,
yet you did not leave
me all by myself, your
hand took mine, you
helped me up

I felt a wave of love
profound washing over
me, I could see into
your heart, discerning
your soul

Seeing a heart so
brave, a soul so
beautiful, I wished to
touch, to become one
with you – you smiled
enigmatically

Radiating energy which
whirled me out of mundane
consciousness into a new
awareness - where all
is bliss

Your love fills me with

energy and whorls my
love into a spiral that
energizes you also...

Louise Tredoux

Life Is Music And Love

Listening to Cavalliera Rusticana, Rudi's
favourite, I don't know it well, male voices
like hobos and flutes, golden shine in the
brown hues, silver sopranos flashing in deep
ocean water, the music calls for conducting
moving to the music, Rudi's arms around me

I love him, love the music, vibrantly alive, a
celebration of life, rhythm and notes bring
love to me, music enclosing everything, a
framework that confers meaning, Rudi's
voice a velvet cloth in which he wraps me
safely, soft, warm, caressing my heart

Spinning a safety net, catching me when I
fall into nightmares, building a bulwarks
against fear for the future, against the pain
of being born sinful, being incomplete – he
brings completion and infinity, the most
wonderful feeling of security, music and

Harmony, I fly on your music, swaying to
the beat, life is music and love to me...

Louise Tredoux

Love In A More Intense Way

Enjoying my heart's wish today, walked
on the beach, pristine white sand forming
a far horizon, wind whipping my hair into
total disobedience, walked all the way to
the rusty skeleton of an old ship, nostalgia
in the air, a cold-knife wind cutting through
my jersey, the water burnt my feet, the pain
made me feel alive, aware, the world is re-
created once again, sat down with my note-
book to record the adventures of Ernestine
my latest heroine, create a relationship with
an intensely angry man who will be changed
by her joie de vivre

Came home, frozen, Rudi waiting for me, read
my story in fascination, wanted to know which
part I would like to experience in reality so as
to describe my heroine's life with more accu-
racy, I was delighted, what a valuable contri-
bution, I explained and he was game, now
love will never be the same for me, I have
added the dramatic adventures of an
Ernestine to my life and I love Rudi in
a new, more intense way!

Louise Tredoux

Waylaid By The Mermaids

,
when you're back, I'll sing you a song,
when you're back, I'll write you a poem,
when you're back, I'll listen to your voice,
when you're back, I' stare into your eyes -
bask in the sun of your being, dance with
delight, but first

I'll cry, for myself, for having waited so long,
for the time lost without you, cry for the joy of
having you back, then I'll smile, run and jump
and shout in delight, chase you around; terrorize
you for the sheer joy of having you back, I'll follow
you around like a little dog

Overwhelmed by the privilege of having you part of
my life, right now you are in my heart only, but when
you're back, you'll be in front of me and I'll glory in the
magnificence of your presence - when you're back -
but now I'll cry for still missing your face outside my
mind, first I'll let go of the tears

Because you aren't here - then I'll start composing a
welcoming poem for the beloved of my heart who left on
an Odyssey and has been detained by the Cyclops and
waylaid by the mermaids and who knows what else besides...

Louise Tredoux

, You Loved Me

I was delighted when I found you
where you were hiding, jumping
on crutches I couldn't chase you,
searching the flat, in a flash of
pure inspiration

Looked through the flap we had
installed for the cat, and there you
were, eyes twinkling and laughing
like mad, and the feeling opened
like a flower within me

The realization flowed through my
being like the sweetest honey and
made me glow – you loved me,
and I loved you so!

Louise Tredoux

Hold His Heart

Dancing through shops selling stationery,
buying books and cards, looking at second-
hand clothes, dressing up in Victorian finery,
playing with various personalities, but in the
end I shall just be me

Waltzing to a restaurant, lunch with Rudi, on
his way to Lüderitz, I shall wow him before he
leaves, let him remember me passionate next
to him, he will hurry home to see what I have
for him, I want to envelope his soul

Hold his heart, make him the happiest man
in this country – in the world; if he feels as
joyous as I do, there is no way of
stopping us from experiencing
ecstasy...

Louise Tredoux

,

My Heart Is Safe

Softly my beloved went away,
early in the morning, long before
the dawn, facing an emergency,
before he went, he left a kiss for
me, a promise on his lips, sweet
secrets between him and me, it
is so lovely to know he is there,
walking about, knowing my heart
is safe in his care...

Louise Tredoux

Pirates Have Been Found

The pirates have been found, Rudi's been
taken into custody with them, suspected of
collusion with these criminals since he tried
to help them – this sorely tries my patience,
though I fall back on faith alone, with the cer-
tainty of mathematics I know everything is
still the same; except

A hole has opened in my heart and is growing
bigger still, hope is wonderful, but hope alone
is not enough today, everything is difficult, now
treading my way in the treacle of reality I can't
escape the knives of pain cutting holes in my
thoughts, my trust is cold and hard, hope
like a jewel polished bright with use

But inside, I'm cold, cold, cold....

Louise Tredoux

Suicidal Attempt At Enjoying Life

Crashed a quad bike, fell so hard,
skin burning in raw abrasions, face
swollen in purple and blue, twisted
ankle, broken ribs, the quad bike
destroyed, guilt unalloyed, no
extenuating circumstances

I borrowed the bike illegally, enjoyed the
amazing speed like a fool demented, felt
I could fly, hit that tree camouflaging on
the sly, I am resigned to all the anger and
fiery tempers and threats of punish-
ment which greeted

My temerity to survive my suicidal attempt
at enjoying life, expressed in righteous indig-
nation by my well-behaved, faultless peers,
they have no need to charge around to feel
alive, they recommend I resign myself to life
as routine in servitude

Staying safe, out of danger's way, looking at
their self-satisfied holier-than-thou faces I wish
I were dead, spending a boring life amongst
them is the worst fate, what Rudi will say when
he learns the facts - I prefer not to go there...

Louise Tredoux

Darling Beloved

Your lament on my having to leave
for a short while was touching and
sweet, you know it is but a short mo-
ment in time, I will be home again to
listen to your thoughts, react to your
moods, calm your mind at the onset
of a temper, share your life, dispel
clouds of loneliness before they can
rain on your joie de vivre

Point out the flowers to you, showing
that you are the sun to me, I am the
moon revolving around you, nobody
else holds my attention like you do,
though I am not physically present,
living means Rudi to me, do not fret,
my darling beloved, I am returning to
you as soon as my duty is done, a
funeral, a birth into a new form of life

an uncle bereft, we all have to face
death some time, let us prepare by
enlarging the love in our hearts...

Louise Tredoux

Kids On Street

I'm listening to the song, "Fool, you didn't have to hurt her, fool, you only had to love her..." and I'm crying, also cried yesterday when McCartney sang "Hey Jude, don't make it bad, take a sad song and make it better..."

When I complained to Rudi about the collection request and how I got sucked in, he had no sympathy, calling me a simpleton for not resisting the attempt to suck me into Ladies Aid, I felt so hurt and rejected, he said I should learn how

To say NO in the right tone of voice, like a majestic matron, why couldn't he have masked his disdain, even false empathy would have helped, I feel doubly bad – for my being such an unsupportive collector, incompetent in the extreme

And for the orphanage kids who will be on street unless we succeed... "Fool, you didn't have to hurt her, fool, you only had to love her..."

Louise Tredoux

, Wunderleben, Faria, Faria, Ho!

And so Rudi came marching home again,
Hurrah; back from sea and wave and foam,
hurrah, hurrah! Freed from custody, fatigued
by his misadventures

A magical Odyssey, safe and hungry for justice,
when Rudi comes marching home again there
will be a feast, Werner and Juliette are here,
hurrah! We are all cheering him

Rudi ist wieder da, hurrah, nun wohlan, das
Schicksal will, dass heut allein, ich NICHT
soupieren, Ja! - Lustig ist mein
Wunderleben, faria, faria, ho!

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again", "Die Fledermaus"
Adele; and "Lustig ist das Zigeunerleben, faria, faria, ho."

"Lustig ist das Zigeunerleben, faria, faria, ho.
Brauchen dem Kaiser kein Zins zu geben, faria, faria, ho.
Lustig ist es im Grünen Wald, wo des Zigeuners Aufenthalt...
faria, faria, faria, faria, faria, faria, ho"

Louise Tredoux

Ciribiribin I Love You So Much

Hab mich lieb
Du hast mich lieb
Ciribiribin, Ich hab
dich ja so lieb Rudi
Ich hab dich lieb

Aimez-moi
vous m'aimez
Ciribiribin, je t'aime
beaucoup Rudi, je
t'aime pour toujours

Love me
you do love me
Ciribiribin, I love
you so much Rudi
and I always will!

Ciribiribin - Lyrics by Howard Johnson (1932)
Music composed by Alberto Pestalozza - 1898

Ciribiribin, with hearts so free we'll sing and dance this melody
Ciribiribin, oh what romance with loving hearts in harmony
Ciribiribin, what ecstasy to sing through life so merrily
Ciribiribin, ciribiribin, ciribiribin means love to me

Louise Tredoux

, Communing With Angels And Spirits

Rudi and his mates fell victim to a
band of pirates, if my name were
Angélique of Sergeanne Golon,
I would have been on my way to
save him, but then I'd have to sleep
with the pirate captain and a few
gallant men along the way as well,
that's how it always went under
Sergeanne's pen, it must have been
Serge who wrote in all those ravishing
scenes, Anne would never have done
that to a heroine – I sigh and get up,
day-dreaming will not solve the problem,
though I am sure Rudi's safe

After praying for him, after getting
those tea-drinking, but well-meaning
ladies of the Bible-study group to fast
and pray, I know there is a safety net
of prayer around Rudi and his mates,
the only thing that could break it is a
loveless deed by one of them; Rudi
would never do anything unloving,
he has far too much compassion with
suffering, he will probably help them
solve the problems that led to piracy
in the first place

Everyone thinks me crazy for not
worrying, I wandered in the church-
yard this morning, communing with
angels and spirits, completely serene...

Louise Tredoux

, Evolving Dream

After the event
passion spent
two souls warm
content

Two hearts unite
two eyes meet
intimate in mutual
understanding

Two lives entwined
in silent telepathy
two minds bound
in the quest

For mystery infinite
woven for each
other meeting
in a magic

Evolving dream
increasing joy
forever and
ever

And ever...

Louise Tredoux

, Fragrant With Spice

Reposed in church
letting beautiful ideas
flow over me, filled with
wonderful goodness

There need not be a God
standing around in ermine
cloak for me to believe, I only
look at wonderful people

To know that divine consciousness
burns in mankind, when I listen to
your words, dearest, sweet and kind,
filling my mind with happiness

Fragrant with spice, fresh with energetic
intent, filling my heart with shining love,
there is no need for a godly being in my
life while you are there as the god of love

Louise Tredoux

, Love And Passion

I know romantic love and passion are
temporary, passing as time goes by,
a hormonal imbalance, a fluctuating
feeling of infatuation, still I cherish
every moment with Rudi

Although the friendship and humour we
share are more important than the feelings
that come and go, it is the most wonderful
experience to bloom in his arms, to fall into
a trance when his eyes

And his voice exert their mesmerising force,
although our camaraderie will survive the
moments of love, I cherish every moment of
wild desire for him, I shall enjoy physical
life unto the very end

Making the memory of Rudi and his special
love the essence of my awareness that
will endure beyond the end of my
physical life...
 

Louise Tredoux

, A Bauble Of Love

The lattice work of beautiful words
you have woven in my heart,
enclosing my mind in a bauble of
love, diaphanous, but tough,
your words playing like the sweetest
melody in my head, forming my
smile, infusing my laugh, giving me
wings, making me fly, I'm burning
inside, I want to jump and shout, tell
everyone love is about, feelings
are bubbling in me, asking myself
who adores whom most, could you
adore me more than I adore you?
Impossible, though the love you've
shown, the way you held me while
you sang a song of love makes me
think of unfathomable depths, becomes
the most overpowering mythology –
experience too wonderful to contaminate
with the routine descriptions of reality

Louise Tredoux

, His Presence Balms My Heart

My heart so filled with love,
look at everything my beloved
does, I'm so proud of him, he is
different from other men, does
not seek his own glory, does
not blow his own bugle, makes
time to help his little wife, I realize
the way anger filled his heart

I reached my hand to him, he was
still my loving Rudi, still took care of
me even when buried by pressures
of a labour fight, though his eyes looked
away, his hands always reached for mine,
he was aware of me all the time, though
he seemed a million miles away, his
presence balms my heart

As it always does...

Louise Tredoux

, Sun Shining Upon Him

There, I'm rational again, the self-pity,
and selfishness cried out of my system,
happy for Rudi out on a boat on the
open sea, doing what he loves most,
working with all things marine, he
won't ever know about my crying so
wildly, I was caught unprepared,
now to get on with my own work,
move to my father to help him with
his research on church history,
knowing Rudi will return, he always
does, life is good and the same sun
shining upon him and the crew
is shining for me, the same wind
that ruffles his hair, is ruffling mine...

Louise Tredoux

, Treats Me Like A Prince

Panic attack, total confusion, didn't know
where I was, at least knew who I was, could
not recognize a single street, all shop-fronts
strange, I was lost, a kind lady made me sit
down, a friendly part of town

Thought of Rudi, where could he be, at work
of course, tied up in court, close my eyes,
visualize a golden light, saw a doll, rather
small, beautiful, bought the doll, fear
subsided, quiet in my mind

Hailed a taxi, happy African music, people
smiled, recognised my street, safely home
without disturbing anyone, Rudi will be
proud of my dealing with the crisis on
my own without involving him

Should he smile, I will be delighted; should
he frown, I will be heartbroken - What is
love? The best autocratic way of life, the
lovely challenge of either upsetting
or pleasing a beloved

I love anticipating Rudi's face when he
comes home, though shocked by my
tales of incompetence, he always
treats me like a prince...

Louise Tredoux

, Consideration And Self-Restraint

So disappointed in myself, thought
I had my temper under control, thought
I was turning into a compassionate person,
but no

Although the ladies prayed for Rudi, and I
am so much obliged; when they came with
irrational demands for contributions and
serving tea

At one of their functions, I got so angry, my
face started to burn, my heart nearly left my
chest, I felt like killing all of them then and
there

What a horrible, passionate person I am, how
can I learn consideration and self-restraint, I
HATE these functions so much, but there is
no need

To be furious, as soon as Rudi is back, I'll
channel all my energy into loving him and
maybe these angry spells will be less intense;
that is

If these ladies do not wish him secretly dead
after my murderous look, I can't understand
why I'm such an unteachable person, why I
have no natural love

For sweet, simple, idiotic humanity...

Louise Tredoux

, I Love Him, His Everything

Car hit me, stunned, whole universe
angry with me, a genie out of a bottle
trying to kill me?

Not serious, only shock, confessed the
incident to Rudi, he exploding

Shock making him angry, then contrite;
my heart broken, do I truly deserve
such rejection?

Rudi explaining he loves me, can't bear
the thought of death and loss

Do I forgive him? But of course, I love him,
his anger and his thoughts, his everything,
and I always will!

Louise Tredoux

, Life Really Is Beautiful

Rudi and red wine, we watched
sun going down while I told you
all about my eventful day, the fun
of confusion, you told me all about
yours, we shared the happy

Moments of our lives after a day
spent apart, taken up with our own
concerns to come home with new tales
challenge and excitement, a splendid
meal and watching TV

Before getting busy with paperwork and
reports, a nightcap, bed, unwinding,
holding each other tight, love making
us strong to face whatever comes,
life really is beautiful...

Louise Tredoux

, Marching Home Again!

I've been singing again today, simply for
the joy of making a noise - When Johnny
comes marching home again, Hurrah!
Hurrah! ... The ladies they will all turn out;
my father sourly remarked that Rudi had
better come marching back before my
singing drives him mad - but his eyes
were twinkling as he mumbled and
grumbled about the noise I made, then
I grabbed him and twirled him about re-
peating the words: And we'll all feel gay,
When Rudi comes marching home!

'When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again'
(circa 1860-1900, Patrick S. Gilmore)

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer and the boys will shout
The ladies they will all turn out
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Louise Tredoux

, The Joy You Bring

Read this morning people write
the end of their story right from
the beginning of their life and all
through the way, look what people
are doing and how they treat
others to get a hint of the end

I fell into a reverie thinking of the
beginning of you and me, how you
noticed my problems and helped me
up when I fell, how you treated other
people and how your joie die vivre
increased with the years

I feel sure there is a beautiful ending
for us, I know that your lips are more
eager to smile and kiss than ever be-
fore, your arms are stronger, your tread
more steadfast, I can tell you are writing
an enchanting tale for us

I can't get enough of the joy you bring
into my life, I jumped up and sent you
an SMS just to say I love you so much...

Louise Tredoux

, To Be Me

I wish I could change myself, become more rational and shove love out of my life, set my beloved free to a life at sea and find my goal in an administrative job, enjoy being ordinary, not plagued by fantasies and strange feelings, but since I can't change just like that, I'm waiting for Rudi's call, dreaming about him, hearing his voice, realizing I have no other choice – at this point in time- but to enjoy loving him; without him life loses all colour and taste, all meaning and beauty; to be me, I have to continue loving Rudi, wherever he be, whatever marine projects take his fancy – and I believe wholeheartedly, he will always come back to me...

Louise Tredoux

, Your Thoughts Warmed My Soul

Though I missed you
last night, your presence
still enfolded me like a cloak,
the warm velvet words you spoke
left an indelible impression in my heart,
the memory of your face makes the sun
come out, though I woke up all alone,
the memory of your thoughts
warmed my soul

Louise Tredoux

, Crystals Of Divine Light

This morning I was pondering great
concepts and wonderful ideas, such
as the magnificent human being;
we are crystals of divine light with
infinite potential, locked in-phase
with each other, expressions of a
unified field, sentient souls, lifted
by resonance, creatively altering
each other's consciousness, then
I cried, oh Rudi, if only you were
here, if only I could imagine you
near, if only I could wake up with
you beside me, my lonely thoughts
safely within your keep...

Louise Tredoux

, Do It For You

Though I can live
without you, I don't
want to

Though the sun shines
without you, I don't care,
it doesn't matter what I do

As long as I do it for you

The sea kept foaming
without you, the sky was
still blue without you - but

The world seemed all skew,
when you didn't come home,
I knew, whatever I do

I only want to do it
with YOU!

Louise Tredoux

, Burning In Me

Maybe we should not have such
wonderful times at night, it is so
difficult to focus again after ex-
periencing heaven, but as you
pointed out, we can do it again,
tonight, I'm looking forward to
being with you, feeling you
burning in me, setting the
dynamite in me alight,
an explosion that
simmers forever
afterwards

Louise Tredoux

, Heute An Bord

I've been singing all morning: Heute an Bord,
Morgen geht's fort, Schiff auf hoher See! Rings
um uns her Nur Wellen und Meer, ist alles was
ich seh'! Next time Rusi leaves I'll sing this to
him, then he'll know how happy I am for him,
my father will stop begging me to stop singing
the same song over and over for him who is
staying here, preparing a sermon while I'm
serenading him; he says he wishes Rudi had
taken me with him – and I wish the same,
besides, irritating my father has always been
the happiest game and I love him all the same!

Paul Vollrath, 1903 - Melodie - Nach einem magnarischen Liede

Heute an Bord,
Morgen geht's fort.
Schiff auf hoher See!
Rings um uns her
Nur Wellen und Meer
Ist alles was ich seh'!
Hell die Gläser klingen,
Ein frohes Lied wir singen.
Mädel schenke ein,
Es lebe Lieb und Wein!
Leb wohl auf Wiedersehn!

Louise Tredoux

, In Rudi's Lap

When I started jumping up and down,
shouting and crying, a temper tantrum
par excellence, Rudi allowed me time
to express my feelings, then made me
sit down and tell him what it was about

I explained how I hated it when I wrote
an article and red-pen toting editors
changed everything just for the hell
of it, simply because they preferred
a different vocabulary, he laughed

Said I should publish somewhere else,
a place where freedom abounds, where
I can be myself, I thought about that, the
place where I can be myself is in Rudi's
lap, so I climbed on to him and said

This is the place where I want to be, I'll
save my manuscripts for later, maybe
future generations will be able to accept
my wild vocabulary, he smiled, quite
content with the course of events...

Louise Tredoux

, Love Through Sun & Clouds

Who made me the beautiful sunset tonight,
purple clouds, golden sun shining brilliant
blue on the opposite side; who sent golden
flashes through trees, making yellow rain

It must have been Rudi, sending his thoughts
of love through sun and clouds, touching me
through feathersoft raindrops; Rudi, I got
your message, heard your voice

Felt your presence, knew your spirit entered
mine and fortified it - as you came, the world
changed again, I became a different me, a
merrier, happier, joyous me, I felt so free

I started to burn, the feelings in me flaming high,
I knew your boat must be turning round - we
could not make contact, the coast guard vainly
tried, yet I knew you were safe

Your face kept smiling at me, your arms held me
tight, whatever storms you faced; somehow the
mythological gods kept you brave, unscathed,
insisting on bringing you back to me

When Juliette called beyond herself with worry, I
was happy; she rushed over, thinking me mad,
but I'm rational and delighted, she wants me in-
carcerated because I kept singing

"Puff the Magic Dragon lived by the sea, little Louise
Tredoux loved that Rascal Puff, and frolicked in the
autumn mist in a land called Honalee! " - my father
explained I always sing when I believe

My faith will keep a loved one safe, we listened to
the radio, I watched the remnant of the sunset you
made for me, Rudi; I know you are safe, I feel your
mind; I know your lips will meet mine

In passionate love, I love you Rudi, my love is the
means that will keep you safe and alive...

Louise Tredoux

, **Our Thoughts All Day Long**

If we become what we think about
all day, you must be the world's
greatest lover, what's more, I must
be the second greatest

So as soon as you get home, let's
practice the very best way to show
what we have become; given our
thoughts all day long!

Louise Tredoux

, **Sharing My Soul**

I dream of your eyes and that look you
gave me, so long ago, of your mouth and
the words you said as we met after a long
absence, of your hands as you took mine
placing a bouquet in them, I dream of your
face in which your eyes shone with delight
and your mouth spoke big words of might,
I dream of your caress when we are alone
and you assess the wonder of life and all
its gifts – you are the wonderful gift I
received from the gods, you so big and
tall, your spirit touching infinity,
sharing my soul...

Louise Tredoux

, I Wish He Were Here

I wonder what my beloved is doing,
what line of research he is pursuing,
whether he is so immersed in his own
concerns that he forgets all about my
existence

He is not here to listen to my nonsensical
songs or strange fantasies, I hope he is safe
on his boat and comes back with the load he
went in search off, I hope he greets me with a
kiss

And misses me a little bit while he is having an
affair with the sea and its creatures, I hope he
enjoys living his dreams, but deems me worthy
to return to, I wish he were here already, telling me
all about his adventures

I wish his arms were encircling me to hold me safe
against all doubts and fears....

Louise Tredoux

, **Happy And Carefree At Sea**

Here's wishing you a wonderful day,
happy and carefree at sea, boat safe,
life is a dream, come back to me as soon
as the long voyage is done and let's have
some fun, I browsed in the flea-market and
found old Mad Magazines and laughed
myself silly, when you are back, we shall
start a collection of comedies and funny
stories – that is what heaven is, laughing
until I can't see, I laughed so much for
"A Fish Called Wanda" I couldn't get up
afterwards, "the more I laugh, the more
I'm a merrier me"!

Louise Tredoux

, Love Your Devotion To Excellence

I love it that you feel so significant and
Inspired, I love your personality divine,
I love your devotion to excellence - I
love it that you only know positive things
about yourself, I love the way you've got
your life on purpose in your own dream,
I love it that you ask nothing of anyone

I offer you my love not because you need
it, being so self-sufficient; but because I
can't help myself, you are so adorable,
though you don't depend on me, I can
see my love brings joy to your eyes,
and I love your happy laughter
more than life itself!

Louise Tredoux

, **Come Here, My Beloved**

Come here, my beloved,
let me greet you with a kiss,
let me touch you with my lips,
let me feel safe in your arms,
let your voice be the balm in
my fluctuating life, let me listen
to the words you have been
thinking all day, let me delight
in your thoughts, let me be
your confidant, the way
you are mine...

Louise Tredoux

, **Fresh Toothpaste Kiss**

A soft pastel day, even my thoughts
are faint and misty, my feelings are
ambivalent about the gift of this day,
only one thing is clear

I love your sweet sleeping face, the
warmth of your body near, I love waking
you, sharing the first morning coffee with
you, I love the way you stretch

Then jump up with a spring in your step,
excited about the forthcoming day, I love
the enthusiasm you exude, I love the way
you look forward to the challenges

At your place of work, I love the fresh tooth-
paste kiss you give me before you leave,
I love the tune you whistle as you run
down the stairs

I love you, my colourful man
in this soft pastel day...

Louise Tredoux

, **How Excellent A Lover**

It is cold outside, not even
a stray ray of sunshine to
lift the gloom, the landscape
is doomed – as is my soul
unless you send me magic
words to lift my eyes beyond
this little world

You went off to work, whistling,
ready to tackle the dolphin problem,
looking forward to study the great
white, whales and manta rays –
everything sounds so exciting
simply because your enchanting
eyes confer magic on them

Come home, my beloved, after
your work is done, come and listen
to my song, come and study the
things I have done, I'm a marine
animal also, I am your clown fish
to make you laugh forgetting all
about duty and work and

In showing me how excellent
a lover you can be!

Louise Tredoux

, **Stole My Heart Completely**

Rudi called, I sang my song to him, he
laughed - then sang right back at me:
Mädle ruck ruck ruck an meine grüne Seite,
i hab di gar so gern, i kann di leide.
Bist so lieb und gut, schön wie Milch und Blut,
du musst bei mir bleibe, mir die Zeit vertreibe...

He stole my heart completely, I knew he was
meant for me, but I never knew how happy I
would be with him always there for me, though
he lives his own life, often at sea, his love and
thoughts are always with me, he likes my quirks
that drive most other people nuts

He brings song and laughter into my life!

Text: A. Gathy (1845)

Melodie: C. Wihelm (1848)

Mädle ruck ruck ruck an meine grüne Seite,
i hab di gar so gern, i kann di leide.
Bist so lieb und gut, schön wie Milch und Blut,
du musst bei mir bleibe, mir die Zeit vertreibe.
Mädle ruck ruck ruck an meine grüne Seite,
i hab di gar so gern, i kann di leide.

Louise Tredoux

, **Your Soul Encompassing Mine**

Where did you learn to speak
like that, surely Goethe never
reached such lofty heights in
all his poems, Schiller never
touched me so, Ilse Aischinger
made me cry, but here you are,
singing songs of wonder and
love that makes knowing you
more than knowing mere man,
to discover the depths of you will
take a lifetime – to be loved by
you is the greatest wonder of
my life, to find your soul encom-
passing mine, is nothing short
of a miracle...

Louise Tredoux

, **Come Home Soon...**

It is quiet without your voice
I miss the noise when you yell
for something I might have lost
I miss your eyes looking at me
accusingly when I fib about not
doing the laundry

I miss your reaction to my excuses
for dinner being late yet again, the
way you laugh when you discover
my weakness for sentimental stories
the way you forgive me for losing
track of time

When interested in something else,
not focusing on daily chores, the
way you pull me into your world
and sweep me off my feet –
come home soon...

Louise Tredoux

, **Heaven In His Eyes**

My sweetheart is resting, I'm watching
and wondering what he is dreaming, a
smile playing on his lips, his handsome
profile reminds me of all the good times
we spent together

Softly I outline his cheekbones with my lips
press the softest kiss on his eyebrows, he
wakes up and smiles with heaven in his
eyes, pulls me against him and teaches
me what love is

Passion overwhelming, soft touch, softer
whispers of words I never dared to think
of before, making me shine, I turn into
a shining star, explode and blow
away, nothing left

Only pulsating light of
delight and love...

Louise Tredoux

, Knowing You Are There

You are sweet and kind,
you make space for the
fears in my little mind,
you understand when I
explain, you help me to
overcome the mental
blocks that freeze my
thoughts, you take my
hand and keep me safe
while traversing obstacles,
you bring sunshine into
the black fears that used
to keep me immobile,
I smile and kiss your lips
in gratefulness, singing and
jumping for joy, knowing you
are there makes all the difference!

Louise Tredoux

A Bottle Of Champagne

Bought a bottle of champagne and prepared
everything to fix a festive meal as soon as
Rudi walks in that door, negotiations are con-
tinuing, I will believe he is safe and on his way
back to me because then I can be happy and
concentrate, I refuse to consider a negative
outcome – belief carries power and brings
worlds into being, my trust and faith will form
a ring of protection around him, will infuse him
with power and strength and add to his wisdom,
champagne on ice, music and candlelight, Rudi
will be king, when he is home, I shall be queen...

Louise Tredoux

A Delicious Delight!

Then you took me diving, and I could
clearly see why we had to be on our
own, why you didn't want to dive with
the others; if you had behaved like this
in public, they would have accused us
of indecent exposure! Why did the diving
suit excite you so much? Oh, you said it
was the curves they embodied – cold
and purple, warmed in a bath; then
your hands and lips and mostly your
words – what a delicious delight!

And afterwards, caramel and cream,
well indeed; I would never have thought
it was such an important part of bodily
delight! When did you find out it should
be liberally applied – oh, I know, the
past is dark, does not concern us now;
but I'm so glad you like licking caramel
and cream, and we read of mannequins
serving as platters; I never thought I would
be one, but your satisfaction with me as
platter shows – it's a brilliant scheme!

Louise Tredoux

A Dream So Beautiful

Without words, quite overcome,
came across something so divine,
fragile and beautiful, can't speak,
can't enunciate, want to cry with
the wonder of it all, maybe music
could give relief to my feelings,
this wonderful feeling has taken
power of expression away, I need
to cry with the wonder and glory
of it all, my heart is burning, only
tears hold the promise of full relief,
this is too wonderful for general
symbols like words, I can't move,
staring at the wonder of something
I adore, feel like sobbing for a day
and night, I never knew so much
delight was possible, so much feeling
could be fighting for room in my
breast, my heart is clogging my
chest, my mind keeps screaming
impossible while my imagination
fights back with the belief that every
thought that has ever been thought
is alive somewhere, this probability
does exist and will for evermore,
I love the idea so much - I'm reduced
to helpless tears, not strong enough to
hold on to such a high fantasy without
succumbing to fears that a dream so
beautiful can never appear before me,
to assimilate it, I'll have to break it down...

Louise Tredoux

A Game Of Empty Religion

Life was made for death, life is begun
so death can come, father hates me,
hates me terribly, you don't want to
take me into a life of poverty, you want
to marry properly and set up a home,
how shall I survive until then, will you
come visit again, when, when, when?

I have nothing left to live for, without
you; serving tea, smiling vaguely, doing
embroidery, taking care of father, serving
breakfast, listening to his tirades about
sinful humanity, about me, failing a test,
one measly test and it were best a stone
were hung round my neck and I be drowned
in the sea

There is nothing for me, the earth is spitting me
out, I'm a dead volcano, a sinner lost, I must bide
my time, you say if I wait, you will come for me, all
done correctly, you won't expose me to rejection by
society, that is very noble, but I'm bleeding inside,
feeling shame and rejection, life is just a game
of empty religion...

Louise Tredoux

A Gilded Anchor Enmeshed In Sea-Weed

A beautiful wedding dress, a wonderful gown,
a lovely pattern, a magical moment in time,
the dressmaker frowned when she heard the
wedding would be on the beach, but that's
too bad, now she is shortening the hem and
taking the scallops away, but I'll still have
scallops and pearls on the bodice - and a
pearly headdress

Rudi says he'll hire a tuxedo, but he'll roll up
the legs, leave his shoes at home, the pastor
frowned also but smiled when we showed him
the makeshift structure in which we can be
married in sand; Juliette will be a happy
bridesmaid, happily gazing at Werner

I want to carry a concoction of seaweed
and other nautical things, Rudi asked
what about a little anchor in gold and
laughed, he gave me an idea, now
we'll see his surprise when I pitch up
carrying my gilded anchor enmeshed
in sea-weed

Juliette wanted to add a ship's figurehead;
adding mermaids as a theme, I sternly told
her she could do that when she marries
herself, if on the beach I will assist, other-
wise she'll have to be on her own

I can't wait to see the dressmaker today, a
wedding on beach is the second most
wonderful idea I've ever had in my life -
the first one, of course, was saying yes
when Rudi proposed...

Louise Tredoux

A God Unto Me

I shouldn't have worried, Rudi kissed
it right! I showed him my wound, he
applied ointment, softly kissed the skin
around, saying he always knew I was
dangerous around sharp knives and hot,
burning stuff, my mind was elsewhere,
I was not aware – but he did NOT scold
as I thought he might, I am so glad, going
to bed without a fight, he's aware of my
wound and so sweet about it, he insists on
putting his expensive knives away for my
safety, he laughed at my awkward mistakes
at Home Affairs, though with empathy,
insisting it was good to face reality, he would
accompany me to obtain passports for him
and me; I feel so comforted, safe and secure,
requested a poem - he read Schiller and Georg
Trakl, I asked for Walther von der Vogelweide
just to be a devil, he laughed and read Sir Gawain
And The Green Knight instead, he is the sweetest
creature on earth; I fell asleep to the resonant,
beautiful sound of his voice, he is become as
a god unto me...

Louise Tredoux

A Great Escape Orchestrated

A fate worse than death, ladies recruiting
hostesses for a local charity event, each
to preside over a table of ten - provide and
serve a full-course dinner with dessert
afterwards, table decorations, serving
while a famous singer takes centre-
stage, I was aghast

Volunteers required - can women really
choose such suffering, I was speechless
with shock when the lady asked me, but
luckily Rudi kept his cool - kindly informed
the charity lady I would not be available,
to our infinite regret, I appreciated the
white lie he added

A great escape orchestrated by Rudi, the
lady thought a pastor's daughter like me
should be obliged to acquiesce, I'd rather
die than live through such an ordeal, thanks
Rudi, for stepping in timeously, she was so
overbearing, I didn't know how to oppose
her - it would have led to a tragedy!

Louise Tredoux

A Knight In My Life

It is wonderful to have a Knight in my life,
who thinks of me first and then society and
its eternal needs, its infernal demands on the
individual, its unending requests to accept
responsibility for less privileged people

Trying to please some abstract godliness who
requires absolute obeisance to his holiness while
he plans the destruction and full-scale massacre
of Philistines and Infidels – or could that just be
human ideas – could we accept that

The Golden Rule - Thou Shalt Not Kill – applies
to ALL lives, not only to the privileged few who
claim to have heard a disembodied voice telling
them to destroy all those who displease them
under the guise of doing god's work on earth

A very particular deity, who chooses to reveal
himself only to those who are willing to kill and
maim – it seems this non-physical being has
strange taste in disciples....

Louise Tredoux

A Magnet To Attract Wonders

It is difficult to look at broken dreams, painful to look at the broken pieces buried deeply, a vision that was destroyed, never came true for the me that I am - though it could possibly be happening in a parallel universe – to look at the hopes I cherished and the sand castles I built while still believing the new avenue was open to me; only to find afterwards that reality had no room for what I had defined as my cherished dream -

I can't pick through the shattered pieces of my broken dream; the sharp, jagged edges cutting my skin and making me ache all over again; I do not contemplate the sadness of the fragile dream that shattered into dangerous fragments; I refuse to grieve over the dream I lost, but expect something better instead; keeping my eye on the new horizon I've lately discovered and construct delightful new visions, while clinging to

Every beautiful thing seen, heard or encountered, leaving reality to live in a fantasy that fills my eyes with happiness and gives me hope that the new dream falls outside the scope of danger and threat; a fabulous new theory that can't be attacked by detractors since it has not been verbalized or presented for malevolent analysis; but is only used secretly as a magnet to attract the wonders I've visualized!

Louise Tredoux

A Million Poems

It feels like heaven, new life, exhilaration, joy, clarification,
when I am acknowledged by my beloved, I love waiting to
be in his arms, dreaming about what it will be like, every
time he returns, fantasizing about how he will arrive, thinking
about what he will say, how he will whisper, how his eyes
will twinkle with joy when he sees me, how my eyes will
light up when I see him again, a blush covering my face,
almost in tears with overwhelming emotion, how he will
run to me and pick me up, scared that I might run away,
trying to comfort and reassure me after his long absence,
he will start smiling then laughing then kissing me and
whispering sweet words in-between, unable to control
himself, yet steady, holding me and gazing at me and
then going into frenzies of feeling and we shall spend
days just appreciating each other and sharing thoughts
and ideas and explore each other, mind, body and soul;
fascinated by his mind, he'll write me a million poems
and I'll write him a million more...

Louise Tredoux

A Passion Of Life

It was so wonderful
to meet on the beach
to kiss in greeting,
lingering, lingering,
a kiss in greeting

A kiss that grew,
a kiss of your lips,
your face, your eyes,
your hands, your
whole body

Touching mine, making
the world reverberate
a kiss of love
growing into
a passion of life

A kiss that became
racing pulses, my
mind befuddled,
no more thinking,
just feeling

My heart pounding
you must have heard,
you touched and cupped,
I tried to cover and expose
at the same time

I tried to touch and
withdraw all at once,
but you were firm
and wonderful, and -
you know me...

I cannot meet
people now, face
flushed, lips swollen,

the imprint of you
still marking me

I'm marked with love,
I'm blushing in
embarrassment, but
mainly in a new joy
of infinite love...

Louise Tredoux

A Pragmatic Epicurean-Stoic

Born Free – I'm quite willing to agree we are
born free, but as we are imprinted by the
opinions of family; the culture in which
we live, the civilization in which
we have our existence

Our freedom is chained, imagination is limited -
because only within limitation can we be taught
to conform to the narrow norm that enables us
to do boring stuff without caring enough
to long for more enjoyment

In fact, modern teaching is all about educating
us how to survive suffering without blowing up,
I'm a pragmatic Epicurean-Stoic; I insist my
suffering has to be enjoyable, contributing
something towards eternity

Suffering is only acceptable if it will allow me
to have fun and benefit by it, leaving the
knowledge gained for generations to
come; I can't complain too much,
suffering taught me

How to be a clown and zoom in on absurdity
as a source of innocent merriment, always
hoping things will go a little awry for more
opportunities to laugh at inflated egos -
and vain and pompous

Self-importance!

Louise Tredoux

A Private Eye Bajadere

Monday morning, washing day, clothes, linen,
towels, sneakers, socks of course - before I start
I need a shot of dreams, a fantasy to carry me
through a mundane job of cleaning things

I could be an old-fashioned galley slave working
away on a ship crossing the Caribbean, or I could
be a fairy banished from fairyland forced to toil
a human life in order to earn fairy Brownie points

Or I could be a Private Eye posing as a household
drudge in order to fool all the street thugs while I'm
watching their every move, sending information
to my spy friends through secret signs

Suddenly, while I'm still sending signs pretending
I'm washing windows, someone grabbed me from
behind, I screamed, Rudi laughed; enquired about
my funny game, I told him my Private Eye fantasy

He became a rich Mafia boss seducing this Private
Eye to tap her brain, then fell in love and took her
for himself, mmm, Rudi understands my games
so well, next I'll be his Bajadere

He'll get to be the god Siva just as he is for me,
tomorrow I'll immolate myself upon his pyre and
ascend to heaven in his arms...

(When our lecturer asked me what is a Bajadere,
I answered modestly Ein Dienstmädchen, he
smiled paternally and said we'd leave it at that)

'Der Gott und die Bajadere', a ballad with the sub-title 'Indische Legende' written
by J. W. Goethe in June 1797, and published in the Musenalmanach for 1798. It
is the story of an Indian prostitute who is visited by the god Siva, unrecognized
in human form, and is seized with true love for him. The human shape is found
lifeless in the morning, and the Bajadere immolates herself upon its pyre. She
ascends to heaven in the arms of the god.

Louise Tredoux

A Rose Of Pure Ecstasy

Lying in bed early morning, adrift in your
dreams, following cotton-wool candyfloss
paths meandering happily within the map
of your desires, embracing

Gossamer visions, drifting between thoughts
and feelings, passions awakened by the magic
of secret schemes, heart held safe within new
insights into the meaning of life

Beautiful thought-forms created by your loving
whispers forming an aura around me, lyrical lines
exhorting with rhythmical melodies, you are the
Pied Piper of Hamelin leading me

Sighs creating new dimensions - the splendours
of which are still to be revealed, each moment an
unfolding rosebud, each one prettier and more
marvellous than the one before

Until a rose of pure ecstasy is brought to perfection –
a new starting point for more dreams to come...

Louise Tredoux

A Saint Of Love

But still, we were outside, modesty dictated
we should break, so I pulled away, but you
did not let me, I was growing scared of discovery,
you whispered let them with such defiance,
but I was brought up a different way, I really
grew panicky and you laughed at me, I fought
to break free, but you were too strong, such
sweet surrender, your arms so strong, such
sweet kisses, I felt the pressure for a long,
long time afterwards, such irresistible coercion,
such conviction of your own mastery, I lost
the fight against your arms and your mouth,
my body won the fight, not my mind, but my
heart went to the other side and irrationally
I let you love me on the beach, forgetting
we were exposed for all to see, such sweet
surrender, such sweet words, I'll always
remember, always bathed in their glow,
such a glow will last forever, will always
shine in my mind, and old tant Joekie,
such a memory to treasure always, I'll
never forget, neither will tant Joekie,
who saw us and ran down to warn us
that father was home, I was embarrassed,
you were thankful, I was red while dressing,
you laughed and enjoyed my confusion,
when I was covered up you kissed me
again, undoing all my attempts to become
serious, trying to get back the religious
mien that father requires as proof of a
quest for saintliness, but I feel like a saint
inside, a saint of love, adoring you still
more and more every day...

Louise Tredoux

A Savage Embrace

Thank you for your e-mail message, oh Rudi,
do you think I love you less? When you're on
the boat, many duties, loving the creatures
of the sea you work with, so much to occupy
you, while I'm sitting here, with so much less
responsibility, dreaming of you, thinking of
you, only the voice of Juliette accompanying
my thoughts, oh Rudi, when you explained you
long for me near, I imagined our Wiedersehen,
imagined you crushing my body to yours, kissing
me so passionately, I nearly lose consciousness

I saw visions of your eyes boring into mine, con-
veying the messages you sent electronically,
I visualized so much, I felt your touch, for a few
magical moments we were united, you and I,
in a savage embrace, fuelled by a longing so
deep, we could not sustain tenderness, you
savagely ravishing me and my soul so responsive,
so happy in passion overflowing, oh Rudi, your
words are burning in me, your enunciations have
become letters cast in fire, burning my soul,
scalding my heart, a hallucination of nuclear
fission, never to be split apart again, oh Rudi...

Louise Tredoux

A Spiritual Bond Eternally

Oh, how could I ever have doubted him? Rudi accepts me totally, completely, no need for playing games or any ruse, all is plain sailing, he loves my books and ideas, a metaphysician with spiritual leanings is just what he wants

Conventional thinking bores him just like me, I confessed all my fears, fearing playing a role for the rest of my years, risking the relationship and the gamble paid off; Rudi is listening with interest, no more feeling inferior about thinking weird

No more pretences of no comment; I even told him I'm a Fortrean and Pyramidiot and he is happy with that, the fact that I believe mediums can levitate and people produce thought-forms does not threaten him, he really loves me as I am, not

Requiring me to change for him, he believes we are free and he approves of my using my freedom to grow mentally, touching is but a symbol of a spiritual bond that binds us eternally, I love you
Rudi!

Louise Tredoux

A Spray Of Water Drops

My wedding dress resembles a spray of water drops
around me, looking just like the sprays of sea water
I always kick up when I come out of the sea, and I
love it, I have my anchor and sea-weed concoction
to carry, the rough-hewn canopy is ready, Rudi has
his suit with the pants to be rolled up, the beach party
is ready all unconventional, champagne and glasses
have been organized, Rudi's colleagues allowed him to
survive his stag party, Juliette's sea-green dress turns
her into a mermaid, the pastor is paid, Rudi walks about
with a shine in his eyes, I can't sleep any more, we
have practiced the ceremony on the beach, Juliette
and Werner came over and we all drank too much in
exuberant spirits, I think modesty went overboard, all
acting lewdly like Romans of old, but some decadence
to get rid of inhibitions is recommended, Juliette's parents
will attend, a few of my old school friends, Rudi's colleagues,
I'm dreaming, floating, enjoying, delighted, an old Cadillac
will drive me to the beach, my new swimsuit is ready to
be worn underneath, it will be a dream come true –
and marvelously, my father will be there too...

Louise Tredoux

A Symbol Of Life-Giving Love

My sweetheart is here with me, lying in
the grass with Rudi next to me, my head
on his chest, his arms encircling me,
chewing young stalks while listening to
him, his voice a song in my ears, telling
of dreams – a sanctuary for marine life
and the fishes of the sea, a big, white
house next to it so he can come home
for lunch and be with me, I tell him my
dream of a post at the university, lecturing
and exciting talks, he listens to me with
delight in his eyes, his face becomes the
image of paradise, when I kiss him, earthly
love becomes a sweet allegory of the spiritual
ties between him and me, when he touches
me, the sublime becomes a quickening pulse
and the adrenaline changes us into a new
kind of being, strong in a feeling that explodes
unto heaven in a swirling vortex of creative
energy - until we regain consciousness in
a new dimension, as we put on our clothes,
we have become a divine allegory, a symbol
of life-giving love binding our souls to eternity...

Louise Tredoux

A Tapestry Of Enchanting Thoughts

Security embedded deep in my heart,
the life-giving love filling my mind, the
guidance I need, how beautiful the life
of my beloved in my eyes, how wonderful
to know he's there spinning a tapestry
of enchanting thoughts, being the unique
person he is, how privileged I am to share
a life with him, contemplating the dream
that is my life, knowing he is listening
when I speak, teaching me how to live
life without fear, teaching me about
nobility, honour and wisdom...

Louise Tredoux

A Taugenichts

My life is meaningless until I assign meaning to it
the world is meaningless too until I assign meaning
to it – today I applied for a job and didn't get it, I
assigned meaning to life in terms of my getting
a job, being good enough, and I wasn't

I don't want to show my broken heart to Rudi –
what does my life mean – I cannot bring honour
and glory to him, I can't bring anything worthwhile
home, I was meant to be a char, washing floors
and dusting houses

I'm a Taugenichts, a good- for-nothing, just fit for
consuming food and oxygen while giving
nothing back

I must practice smiling before Rudi sees me,
at least I can try to support him with positivity,
though it is too late to really serve in any
practical way; I feel so sad, sitting next
to the sea, so useless, so meaningless...

Louise Tredoux

A Time Of Gentle Love

Es Ist Der Liebe Milde Zeit

I had a nightmare last night, dreamt I
was falling as I did on that recent hike,
again felt my head bump against the
outcrop of rock, woke up screaming

Told Rudi of the scary scene and he
held me tight, read a favourite poem
to me, Verklärter Herbst by Georg Trakl,
"Gewaltig endet so das Jahr

Mit goldnem Wein and Frucht der Gärten,
Rund schweigen Wälder wunderbar...
Es ist der Liebe milde Zeit..."
(Blissful autumn, crowned with fruit and

Golden wine, wonderfully silent are the
forests, a time of gentle love) and rocked
me gently in his arms, I still wanted to
listen to his resonant voice

But I slumbered feeling safe; looking for a
special treat to offer him; he makes my
life complete, what will kindle sparks of
joy in his eyes tonight?

Echtermeyer & Von Wiese "Deutsche Gedichte"
August Bagel Verlag Düsseldorf 1973. p.595

Louise Tredoux

A Warm, Golden Cocoon

We prepared the meal together, Rudi
and I, working in an assembly line, I
peeled the veggies and he cut them
up, stuffed them all into a pot, added
meat and condiments, working in a
warm, golden cocoon of love

All the smouldering embers of last night
making our hearts flame in completing a
mundane job working together, I felt an-
gels around us, smiles in the air, angelic
thoughts filling my mind, celestial music,
Rudi stood there like a godhead of old

These warm moments of togetherness -
the basis of the passion that binds us with
golden ties of flaming desire conferring ma-
gic to life - adoring Rudi, the most beautiful
thing that ever happened to me, to be loved
by him - the most marvelous experience

Impossible to describe...

Louise Tredoux

A Wedding On The Beach

Brooding today, cannot believe what
transpired last night, thought the curse
of the latent aggression bubbling in a
warped mind would never touch me in
public; never provoked it deliberately;
I felt safe because of my trick to hide
behind a mask when father's around

Hate doing practical things affording him
the chance to belittle me - prefer doing
nothing, reading a book, living in my mind
so he cannot criticize; hiding my thoughts
and theories; then to be caught in this way,
dishonoured in front of Rudi, now he knows
how awful his father-in-law to be

Read about bad genes and marrying into a
family means the in-laws will be part of life,
thought Rudi would leave once he saw my
father acting in an insulting, humiliating way;
but Rudi laughed at my theory; said he is not
marrying my family, my father can never be
part of our life, not even for a day

I may chose a perfect wedding, I want to
marry on the beach, a dress in peach, walk
barefoot in sand, he'll have to roll up his pants,
a pastor - a makeshift canopy; a swimsuit
underneath, diving into the waves after the
ceremony, a barbecue on the beach
Rudi was surprised - then agreed

What a splendid idea, splendiferous, magnificent,
magnificent, marvelous, he loved my scheme
for a wedding on the beach...

Louise Tredoux

Abandon To Physical Sensation

And I swam and swam and dived
into the waves and rode them out
and tumbled about and became a
water sprite and rolled over and
over in the shallow water and ran
into the waves, splashing up a
wide new ball-room dress, beautiful
circles of diamond glitter in the sun,
diving into the cool water again and
changing into a dolphin, water my
natural medium, experiencing sensory
ecstasy, swimming fast and deep,
feeling the delicious fatigue, turning
over and becoming one with the foam,
bubbling with the wave crest, in total
abandon to physical sensation...

Louise Tredoux

Add More Fire To These Scenes

Rudi's return has been deferred, spent the day crying,
I hate it when Rudi's away, though Wiedersehen is so
wonderful and absence makes his presence sweeter;
I lament losing the sparkle he adds to every day

I shall cry until my bitter feelings are washed away, then
construct a romantic fantasy of a happy return, imagining
delight, visualizing joy, rehearsing words I would like to
say, though to be forgotten when he appears

Simply for the enjoyment of experiencing these scenes in
my mind repeatedly; naughty thoughts already making me
smile, such outrageous scenes of passionate love, enough
to make directors of blue movies blush

Thinking thoughts on red-hot romance that would scare timid
souls away, involving deliciously impossible moves; cringing
in embarrassment should someone else be able to read my
mind and see these wild scenes enacted there

I hope the angels are discrete and look the other way, right now,
I'm smiling and laughing and blushing something awful; oh, how
lovely to have an unbridled imagination, though such acts are
possibly too difficult to execute in real life

The enjoyment can't be taken away; wish I could record these
scenes to show Rudi when he comes – better not, he'll think
me a pervert; I laugh, thinking of him – probably not; he's
likely to add more fire to these scenes!

Louise Tredoux

Adore From Afar

Rudi furious when the new person
treated his dolphins without respect,
seldom looses his temper, but on finding
him manhandling the dolphin, he brought
him down with a blow, he faces the consequences,
a fire is burning in him, he hates injustice and misuse of power
over all forms of life, he walks about
with a his eyebrows knitted into a frown,
the new member of staff has to go, all
life is sacred is Rudi's creed - to de-
secrate life is an abominable deed,
I cannot reach him in his anger, he is
a person in need while the flames are
burning, I act rationally, do everything
quietly, something will ignite an explosion
and then he'll feel better again, until then
I can only love and adore him from afar...

Louise Tredoux

After Having One Good Cry

Oh dear, I have gained such a lot of weight,
now to learn how to make my peace with it,
then start shedding as much as possible

Won't confess to Rudi how much it bothers
me, he'll say I'm vain – and he'll be right, of
course, I only need to look good for him and

Myself, nobody else - I hate my new picture,
I'll start eating right and focus on being content
with life, apparently eating is an emotional crutch

To create a feeling of well-being artificially, I know
the postponement of the wedding and everything
that happened caused a great upset

But now's the time to become emotionally mature
and make some new year's resolutions, I will stop
feeling sorry for myself and seeking comfort

In scrumptious food, my wedding dress is so tight,
the dress-maker was quite angry, her son remarked
upon my widening girth and I felt so ashamed

Chin high, eyes bright, wide smile, I'll conquer
the dragon of overeating as soon as possible-
right after having one good cry...

Louise Tredoux

All About Hope

Cold, but not miserable,
alone, but not lonely, this
day is all about hope –
hoping you will come home
early

Hope you will have a wonderful
day, hope that the beauty and
love you showed me last night
will fill your being and keep you
safe

Hope that the feeling of delight
that bubbled in me when I heard
your voice, also bubbled in
you...

Louise Tredoux

All Messages From You

A magical weekend,
today is cold and blue, the
sudden loneliness without you
caught me unprepared, at first I
felt like crying, having grown
accustomed to your presence,
but as routine duties unfolded,
the rhythm of life swirling me
along, I forgot the separation
in the happy memories of your
laughing face accompanying
me, I kept smiling back, then I
knew your thoughts are here
with me, the little motes of swirling
dust are dancing to the tune of the
love you are sending me, the wind
softly sighs outside, all messages
from you, the scattered raindrops
are packages of love, since you
are all around me, I am happy and
content, dancing and singing as I
work, sharing this awareness
with the whole universe...

Louise Tredoux

All My Love To You

While you are happily gallivanting
in the sun, fixing Landy's and having
fun, I'm sitting here at a Ladies Meeting,
for some unfathomable reason I got
roped in to do my duty offering tea, my
soul is not here, it is hanging over your
shoulder, my spirit is probably with you
too, only my body and mind have been
cornered in this space, the rest of me is
caressing and kissing you, can you feel
it in the soft touch of the breeze, in the
hot sun warming you, taking all my love
to you?

Louise Tredoux

Always Choose Love

Bought the Zeffirelli DVD of La Traviata
with Teresa Stratas as Violetta, Italian with
English subtitles for my beloved, as soon as
he gets back from his trip on a marine research
ship, I want to give it to him, I know he likes
the opera, I cried while watching this version

Violetta was wrong in giving up Alfredo on
the flimsy evidence of the father's description
of the probable future decline of their relationship,
she was a fool not to believe in the goodness of the
universe, I would never give up my loved one, I
believe in the strength of love

To overcome all obstacles, I would create my
own life, not follow the prescriptions of the self-
righteous who force rules on others while they
know they can't find happiness following the
rules themselves; I shall always choose love –
and never give up!

Louise Tredoux

An Aphrodisiac

Kahlua liqueur – the perfect aphrodisiac, I discovered it on New Year's Day, as soon as I tasted it, I wanted to be Rudi's mistress, couldn't wait for his friends to depart, then took him to the bath, gave him a full body massage, then practiced the Kama Sutra on him – he was so well pleased, forgot his respectable wife, just loving me, the things he did – he seemed hungry – Rudi can forget about the old Louise, she has been replaced by me... The next day I couldn't get up, it was worth my while, I just needed bed-rest and got new respect for ladies who practiced a certain trade...

Louise Tredoux

An Impossible Task

Faced with an impossible task –
collecting the right amount to save
the orphanage – I've held collection
boxes before, it was awful, I don't do
it anymore – now to begin again, being
a beggar for a good cause, my heart is sore,
this is not something I can accomplish, walking
from door to door, standing at a shopping centre
with a collection board, feeling so bad I can't smile
and beg nicely – if these poor orphans are dependent
on me, they'll starve to death, that's for sure...

Louise Tredoux

And You Weren't There

I looked at the sun
you weren't there
I looked at the dunes
you weren't there
I cut up the meat
made sausages
you weren't there
I churned the cream
you weren't there
I talked with family
who didn't care
that I was there
I baked millions of cookies
Made several dresses
for my niece's doll
you weren't there
I took long walks
alone in the veld
you weren't there
and nobody cared
I sought everywhere
for a trace of you
a sign to indicate
your love was true
stuck on my uncle's farm
you weren't there
stuck in hell
I couldn't find
any sign
that you still cared
I dared not think
dared not breathe
fearing to find
you never existed
you had been
a figment of my
imagination
finally it did seem
you had never been

part of my life
and I died
with empty heart
empty eyes
empty ears
unshed tears
in loneliness
she had expired
because of a dream
there had never been
someone at all

and you weren't there

Louise Tredoux

Approval And Love

The warmth of approval in your eyes,
your sweet expectation that I'll always
belong to you versus Werner's proving
his theory that all love is doomed

Kissing me in an effort to shatter your illusions,
saying your Louise is untrue - I was asleep on
the couch, watching TV with Werner, I
murmured your name, he kissed me

I woke up and realized the vibe was all wrong,
no spiritual connection with your essence, I
broke free, saying your inner being is not
tuned to mine, you do not reflect

Noble ideals unto me, kissing is a neutral game
while I prefer an inner connection, Rudi's eyes
full of love filling my soul with joy, Werner said,
You are wise beyond your years

I want to disillusion Rudi before life hurts him
too much, wipe the warm, trusting smile from
his mouth and put pain and shame in his eyes,
but YOU will not do that to him

And I will not do that to you, I have learnt of your
inner strength, not preferring mercenary hedonism
to your dream of inner connection, and I'm jealous,
I smiled - Juliette loves you, she could show you

What real love can do, his eyes lit up, is that
really true? I like her too - - I secretly sighed
knowing how often I would be alone; BUT I'd
rather go to a convent while you're gone

Than lose the warmth of love and approval
in your eyes, the happy, trusting smile that
keeps your mouth sweet and wonderful...

Art Of Making Love

Poring over my favourite books in the library
when Rudi walked in, amused seeing me
studying various countries - I'll show you
the world one day, he promised

His bleeper called, crisis at the aquarium, he
sighed – Or I'll send you off with the money I
make - I refused – No, I want to see the world
safe in your glorious presence -

You only need me to feed you, he joked – True,
only you are allowed to give me ambrosia, I
replied, kissing him - And without the food of
the gods, the world would look sad -

You're supposed to try local food everywhere, he
continued our magic metaphor, said with a kiss -
But I'll go along and see you don't starve – I looked
at him with adoring eyes –

I'll bring you liqueur and a red rose in my mouth when
I'm done at the aquarium - he promised, a twinkle in
his eyes; I put the travel books back, needing books
on the art of making love...

Louise Tredoux

Assurances Of Love Set Me Free

I looked at the letters in unbelief – actually he had written to me – and his letters were intercepted – nobody knew or cared how I suffered, thinking my beloved had deserted me; I opened the first letter and read – he assured me of his love – and I started crying, crying for all the pain I had suffered, inuring myself to the pain of becoming a recluse, left by the love of her life; I looked back on the vistas of pain I had envisaged, the bleak future before me – unnecessary;

He was thinking of me; he was writing faithfully; while I was preparing to be alone without him, pressing the pain in my hands until I was numb, making myself accept my fate without him, now this sudden release of incessant pain – I cried and cried in overpowering delight, shocked at the terrible future I was contemplating until his letters were handed to me, until his assurances of love set me free...

Louise Tredoux

Best Thing I Ever Did...

Rudi asked me to
play with
I couldn't do it
at first

But I practiced
for him -
I would do
anything

For him –
it was free of charge
wouldn't hurt anyone
only required that I

Let go of the
false values and
weird upbringing
I was blessed with...

I had to drink
some alcohol
in order to be able
to play with

I did it tonight
successfully
seeing his reaction
turned it into

One of the best
things I ever did
in all of my
life...

Louise Tredoux

Brandishing A Sword

I read somewhere a man with toothache
cannot fall in love, the pain makes it impos-
sible to focus on ephemeral emotions - well,
now I know a man full of righteous indignation
cannot fall in love either, he is too consumed with
justice and warfare and hatred for what he thinks is
wrong with the world to open up to the finer emo-
tions, he is brandishing a sword while perched
on an imaginary horse; beware anyone who
crosses his path while he is engaged in
this kind of warfare...

Louise Tredoux

Breathless Delight

In breathless delight, I'm overpowered,
still throbbing, a live electrical wire, so
becalmed after the storm of emotion,
after the ecstasy of flight into another
dimension where you transformed me
into your queen, where you became
the king who served the goddess of
love until I was vaporised, changed
into incense pouring from every orifice
of my body, and I can't begin to describe
what you became – it is too magnificent
a concept to ever define....

Louise Tredoux

Burst Of Fire

Oh, for that burst of fire,
within a ring of feeling, the
fire of love consummate

For the overpowering desire,
the desire for fire, the living
feeling like a being alive

Seizing, overpowering its victim,
unifying all rivulets of desire in a
flaming quagmire, burning alive

Inflamed in an all-consuming, over-
powering desire, torturing, tortuous,
delightful, delicious, destruction of

All restraint, instinctual seizure,
instincts alive in burning desire,
aflame, alight, lighted, lightning

Shocking, deft retreat, hynotised,
frozen fire, desire alight, aflame -
in love consummate

Submitting to fire, sparkling, blowing
apart, insensate, desire satiate, briefly,
evolving upon the new knowing

Kindling upon new experience, stirring
memories ancient, increasing instinctual
release, a never-ending spiral

Flaming higher, desire awakened anew,
flaming higher, insatiate, a force uncontained,
unrestrained, joyous submission, peaking

Peaking, growing forever ascending, a
spiraling curve of growing explosions
until melting together forever...

Louise Tredoux

Can You Seduce Me...

Rudi, a bit of disinfectant is necessary, don't be such a baby, your leg looks fine, don't complain, soon you'll be up and about again, but until then, I'll be your nurse, on with the bandage, don't say that it hurts, have some brandy, then let us play; you be the spy, I'll be your secret link to headquarters, but in the employ of the enemy, seducing you, leading you astray, look at what I'm wearing, bet you never knew I could dress to kill, you can't catch me, try if you will, amazing what you can do encumbered by an injury, I see your come-to-bed eyes, I like your style, can you seduce me, we'll have to see...

Louise Tredoux

Carefree And Excited!

Rudi writing a report, went into his "cave"
to do "fire-gazing" while concentrating, the
sensory world of sea and sand and shells
and books and colourful markets fills my
mind and heart, I enjoy eating ice-cream
with Juliette, shouting remarks at cheeky
stall-keepers, laughing at old-fashioned
comic books we picked up, diving amongst
rocks and fishes and sun-bathing, knowing
Rudi enjoys his work, we are both enjoying
"time out", browsing in second-hand shops,
buying old wooden chairs we shall restore
ourselves, Juliette's dad put his tools at the
disposal of us girls, her mother helping us
to make new coverlets, it's great to feel
so care-free and excited all the time!

Louise Tredoux

Caressing My Hair Absently

To be with him, sipping wine under the stars,
to be with him, my beloved and joy, the man
reigning as king in my heart

To hear his voice, resonant and deep, listen to
him say the most beautiful words, he can recite
the most beautiful poetry

I dissolve in his being, drown in his eyes, lips of
heavenly ambrosia, his hands like two strong
doves, messages of love in his touch

He takes me on his lap where I perch like his pet,
stroking my back, caressing my hair absently,
while he reflects, fire-gazing he says

He looks at me with shining eyes, declaring that he
is the luckiest of men, I disagree, I'm the luckiest
person in all mankind, to have him

He only has me, but I have HIM, which goes to show
how clever I am to have chosen you, he laughs,
shaking his head, oh no,

I chose you first; I try to think, who chose whom, when,
does it matter, I suppose it does, the one who chose first
is the cleverest, I smile at him

Yes, you chose me first, I agree, because, you see, you
are the best and cleverest being that has ever been and
that will ever be!

Louise Tredoux

Catatonic, Suspended In Limbo

Sitting here unconscious, immobile,
helpless, chained to my chair, I've
fallen into a pit of despair, falling still,
on my way down, my head is heavy;
my ears filled with lead, my mind
sluggish and my feelings are dead

Behind a glass wall looking out upon
the world, the picture the same, only
I am not, I've turned into a statue, time
has stopped; if I don't snap out of this,
they'll lock me up – as happened once
before, I dare not admit anything

I must keep my pose and wait until life
returns – insanity is doing the same things,
but expecting new results; I'm still living the
same old life, so I don't expect new results,
life is meaningless; nothing has changed;
I'm still chained to a mind that

Cannot change to accommodate a new
life-giving attitude to reality, I'm catatonic
suspended in limbo...

Louise Tredoux

Caught In A Whirlpool

Feeling like one caught in
a whirlpool or time warp,
feeling sick and ill at ease,
waiting for release, waiting
for the pain to subside,
waiting for death to claim
its prize; what other goal
is there in life - other than
death?

Louise Tredoux

Chocolate Cake And Rudi

Chocolate cake and Rudi
and my life is complete
Rudi surmises if only
I had more chocolate
cake I would have felt
better all the time, he
says for a statue I have
amazing powers, I
forgot to say, I'm the
statue of Liberty!

I wonder, will too much
love scare him away?
If he takes another trip
out to sea, I'll be a stow-
away; why should he
be a marine biologist?
Juliette says I mustn't
love him so much to
prevent my heart being
broken, I said yea right

I'll hate him already
and when I have kids
I'll kick them around
to make sure I'll never
miss them if they leave
me one day - that's not
what I meant, she
declared, I said if I
cool down my love
so as to be prepared

For later strife – I'll be
the cause of the rift,
what a brilliant self-
fulfilling prophecy...

Chocolate cake and Rudi

I'll just love him to death
I missed him more than
life itself, while he was
gone the world stopped,
the sun went away, now
he is back, the sun came
out, I can see again...

Louise Tredoux

Cloak Of Words

Have you ever been forced into needlework
choosing embroidery, to be told by
well-meaning women! that it is a waste of time,
knitting is so much more practical,
look at the bootees and jerseys they are knitting,

One making a bedspread for the suffering
in the squatter-camp, then you have to put down
your embroidery - to have it attacked by a pack
of well-meaning women! the Ladies
Sewing Group, meeting in the Minister's

house, and you are forced to serve them
tea with home-made scones, while they
take your embroidery apart, dissect your life
and pronounce your handiwork all wrong?
I embroider beautiful things, shepherdesses

and lovely landscapes, a Vermeer with the
lady staring into the distance, it is clear
she is trying to get away from a group of
interfering women discussing her embroidery!

Oh beloved, the cloak of words you sent,
the words of love and hope, the cloak of
long-suffering, was all that kept me from
growing hysterical and running away...

Louise Tredoux

Creating A Sacred Space

Cried my sorrows on Rudi's breast, I didn't
want to tell him anything, he insisted I tell
him what was wrong, I told him all about the
dressmaker's son, how he insulted me, how
bad I felt, Rudi commiserated, did not laugh at
my vain heart at all

I confessed to taking a taxi – Rudi sternly forbade
me to do so before; the taxi had an accident, how
terrible the shock when he ran a pedestrian down,
I cried my penitence, promised him I wouldn't take
a taxi again, explaining I was looking for comfort in
the warmth of my African friends

I cried and cried until all my tears were spent, crying
the shock out of my system; Rudi understood so well,
when we went to bed he softly kissed my head, read
my favourite poem aloud, we cuddled warmly, he
smelled divine, his skin like golden butter under
my exploring lips

Feeling safe and comfortable – wonderful, the horrible
day buried in the past, the overpowering joy of the
present filling me like incense, creating a sacred
space in which my spirit is rejuvenated...

Louise Tredoux

Cruising At A Loving Altitude

Woke up this morning into the joy of a new day - at peace with myself and everybody else, Rudi wanting to know whether it is safe to be him again, I'm laughing at him, yes it is, I love opposition, but I love you for many more reasons

It is wonderful to wake up next to you, let's make peace, I'm finished with being a member of the Samurai, I'm sorry I bugged you so much, I went into overdrive, now I'm back on autopilot, cruising at a loving altitude, thank you that you withstood my attack of

Hypocritical self-righteousness, my despotic despondency in wanting to be right at all costs, I love you more than any theory or thing you can say - Rudi's kisses erasing all memory of my obstinate insistence on stupidity...

Louise Tredoux

Crying Secretly

When Rudi
goes away,
the sun pulls its light away,
the mantle of my chores
envelopes me within sad
and dreary thoughts, the
blue sky becomes empty,
the sparkle leaves the sea,
the beach stops shimmering,
growing insipidly grey and dirty,
birdsong loses its meaning,
the stars start to fade, the
moon turns into withered
cheese, the sun becomes
a faded, dying ember of
its former glorious
self

I'm so depressed
with Rudi gone again
on another quest, a boat
trip – my life is just a test,
a race of endurance to see
how much pain I can quietly
bear, why did another Great
White attract their attention,
it is so unfair, just when life
becomes so safe and beautiful,
Rudi leaves - I must remain
calm and dutiful, yet
my heart is cleft – and
I never tell Rudi he's got
to stay with me, I know
his spirit must be free,
his life is bigger than me,
I sigh in silence,
crying secretly...

Cynical, Cold, Angry

Juliette rolling her eyes while I cried,
Rudi left again on another trip, this time
I stay on my own – being alone
infinitely preferable to seeing my
father's judgmental face every day

Met Rudi's brother for the first time,
how unsettling – looking just like Rudi,
yet being much stronger, more domineering,
Juliette fell in love with him, claiming
love at first sight

I'm amused, but he scares me, his eyes
are strange, the line of his mouth is
cynical, cold, determined and angry,
I fear he might hurt my friend Juliette,
I hope Rudi returns

Before long...

Louise Tredoux

Dancing Under The Stars

Dancing under the stars
with my beloved, swaying
in the breeze, let us forever
seize the opportunity to live
life to the full, empty the goblet
of intoxicating drink to the very
dregs – even to the pain of loss
and change

Let us not waver in our enthusiasm
to meet all of life's challenges, let us
not hide in fear for the possibilities that
things can go wrong, let us tackle every
problem and create a new solution for
everyone, come, let me comfort you
in my arms, accept the balm of my
affection

Rest in my embrace, follow the
direction indicated by the feelings
growing in your heart...

Louise Tredoux

Day Of Red Thunder

Giving up Rudi doesn't mean
I should stop thinking of him,
remembering all the beautiful
things we did together, the fun
times we've had – checking my
cell-phone in vain for a message
from him, how long does it take to
get a divorce, slowly doing some
chores in my father's home, my
thoughts far away, I'll treasure
each memory carefully, writing
it down, remembering the day
Idelette returned to him -

The day of red thunder, the lightning
that broke us asunder, the horrible
jealousy, setting them free - not to
meddle in their destiny, the sad blue
day without Rudi, the bitter night,
the blight in my soul, the longing
to be whole - while part of my
heart has been cut out...

Louise Tredoux

Debating My Case

Rudi makes me so angry when he takes on too much responsibility and I don't see him enough, just having him here is bliss, when he's not a certain excitement goes out of the air, I'm looking forward to a little fight with him, invited to dinner to Juliette's parents he summarily refused, but they are like parents to me, I love them, I want him to get to know them too, pay our respects – just showing them the love I have for them – can't wait to start debating my case...

Louise Tredoux

Deceived By Appearances

The father asked his children what they wanted
as he left on his travels, all things expensive,
chorused they, except Beauty, who asked for
a single rose instead

As he dined in a deserted palace, wondering
who his host could be, he saw a rose and picked
it for his humble Beauty, and that brought
the Beast thundering down on him

How dare you pick my roses after my hospitality? -
he boomed, only on the father promising he would
return with Beauty if she came willingly, did
the Beast allow him to depart

At home the father gave the rose and ultimatum to
Beauty, said he was willing to return alone and face
his fate as the Beast required, but Beauty said
it was her fault he picked the rose

And went with him willingly; faced daily with an ugly
Beast while dreaming of a handsome prince, she
refused to marry him till he lay dying and she
realized she did love him

Promised a wedding and the Beast revived, turning
into the handsome prince she had dreamt about,
never be deceived
by appearances...

Louise Tredoux

Delighted With Me....

I woke up and Rudi's still next to me,
I luxuriate in his presence, the feeling's
divine - he, his knowledge of marine life,
his experiments, his research and everything
belongs to me, today I'll be his skivvy, I want
to fetch and help and carry, we're going down
to the aquarium, I'll see all his colleagues, I'm
wearing overalls, it is such fun - Rudi makes me
feel safe, a feeling I missed as a child, when his
eyes laugh, I can do anything, when he gets angry,
it must be with someone else, I can't face rejection
from HIM, from anyone else, but never from him, his
sunshine fills my soul - maybe where my mother would
have been if she were alive, but I'll do anything to keep
Rudi in my life - and him happy, healthy and
delighted with me, as I am
with him...

Louise Tredoux

Desires To Be Experienced

The New Testament teaches we should
love ALL people, spiritualists claim true
peace is only found in freeing ourselves
from our passions and desires

I'm not willing to do either, I want to love
Rudi only, without constraint, passionately,
not guarded for in case he should die or
run away or fall in love with someone else

If he does, I'll stab him with a knife, otherwise
how would he ever know how much I loved
him? And if I should abandon him, he'll kill
me surely, ah, glorious life!

Heady feelings, emotions and desires were
made to be experienced, I shall not renounce
them as yet, there still are so many delicious
sensations and new adventures

Waiting in this - my wonderful life!

Louise Tredoux

Devoured By You

The church was freezing inside, my fingers
purple and blue, I looked up and saw you,
handsome in your coat and suit, you looked
so aloof; then you saw me and your face
changed, warmth crept into your eyes –
defiantly, you took your place next to me;
I was overjoyed, my temperature changed;
I felt hot, my face red in exultation and joy;
the ladies looked at me meaningfully, father
did not look pleased; I was determined to
follow if you went outside – but you stayed;

Intensely aware of your presence; your hands
and face; felt self-conscious in my desire to be
held in your arms; it was a fight to stay calm –
finally father said amen, we went outside, I saw
nobody else; only aware of your profile; only
desirous to hear your voice; wanted so much to
feel your embrace; yet too shy to make the first
move; you turned to me and your voice shook –
do you want to go home? - I said no; not at all;
you laughed - You're not very safe with me - you
warned me happily - I'll take my chances, I said;

Let's go to my flat, start a fire, be comfortable;
I turned red; you laughed and drove us there,
a fire to warm us, chocolate liqueurs for me;
Warm enough? - No longer purple and blue;
you held me in your arms just as I dreamt you
would, kissed me in a way I did not foresee,
helped me out of my clothes - that move was
new; you started doing things I'd only read
about; I protested; you simply put liqueurs
in my mouth and proceeded, modesty no
longer counted; your passion grew; mine did
too; we became rhythm in unison; you were
savage in your desire; so was I; the timid me
that I knew was gone again, in her place was
a virago, devoured by you...

Louise Tredoux

Die Of Shame

At least, this rejection is better than before when I had to sort cards alphabetically and couldn't do it, I cost the Department their budget, they lost their funding to order new books because of my non-functional system, ordering the same books twice or more times

The only comfort I've found is when I read the author Herman Charles Bosman was ordered to sort printing blocks alphabetically while in prison and made such a mess of it, he was assigned to stone-cutting with the worst offenders, wish I could receive more literal punishment also, just burning

With shame is not good enough, I wish I had the opportunity to make amends for my incapacities, instead of only suffering the pain of growing inferiority, I managed to cope to a certain stage, then lost the ability to keep up with others, I think I'm an idiot and I wish I could die of shame...

Louise Tredoux

Discovering Everything

Applying oil to wood,
wood needs loving
care, alive in the sun,
caressing the beautiful
texture, polishing it to a
shine, touching it softly,
feeling the life, glorious,
perfumed embuia, the warm
colours like precious stones,
when you walked in with your
suntanned skin, golden hairs
reflecting sunbeams, to kiss
you softly, feeling the glory
of you, a subtle whiff of after-
shave overwhelming my senses,
delighting in you - as you
delight in me, discovering
everything...

Louise Tredoux

Do You Remember Me?

Wondering what you are doing,
where you are right now, what
you are thinking about - are you
amusing your colleagues at work,
gazing at specimens with wonder-
ment, are you bored, what do you
see, do you remember me, sitting
here, thinking of you? Wishing you
were here in token of a universe that
has place for me, a place where I want
to be, you are my link to life and eternity...

Louise Tredoux

Double-Clutched

Did everything Juliette told me to do,
got embroidery of a Vermeer or someone,
a lady staring into the distance to keep my
mind and hands occupied, tried to fix the
new iron myself, putting right colour
wires supposedly in the right place

Driving the ancient Landrover into town,
we have a flat tyre, try to change it myself,
fail dismally, bloody thing was too heavy,
jack must be ancient, from before World War One,
two handsome guys help me, Juliette disapproved
vehemently, then Rudi called from whatever port

I cried, strictly forbidden Juliette had said;
he asked how I was, replied I actually enjoyed
the electrical shock when I wired the steam iron
wrong, he was quiet for a while, I thought
maybe Juliette was right, maybe he wanted me to
be more independent, he asked what I had done

told him – proudly – about driving the Landrover,
mastering the double clutch and difficult steering
after all the model was 1961, then the break-down
and getting the tyre changed, Rudi was quiet
on the other side, worried I hastily explained
I did all in a bid to become more independent

then he could go off on his boat trips with
more confidence, silence continued, I explained
Juliette gave me tips so he could go off without
worrying about me; he drily commented he was
more worried than he had ever been before,
he did not want me to mess with electicity

The Landrover was an experiment not meant for
me, as for embroidery, he knew I only ever
did it to keep interfering old women away –
not impressed, wanted to know how much I had written,

any new theories; I sobbed loudly, I have several
but thought he wouldn't be interested

Just keep those theories at the ready he says - STOP
messing with electricity and ancient Landrovers,
if such things made Juliette happy, it's their affair,
preferred the impractical Louise he knew, I sobbed
even more, so glad I need never wire an iron
or drive a double-clutched Landrover again...

Louise Tredoux

Dream Come True

When I look at my friends, all
bereft of sweet words, never
hearing a whispered word of
comfort or love; only harsh
voices raised in accusing
argument; I'm appalled

I tell them to join me in the search for
for sweet words, whether pronounced
by strangers or not - but one confided
in me - 'As long as I believe that every-
body is as nasty as hubby, I can carry
on, but when

I suspect there might be another kind of
man; I start crying, too sorry for myself to
carry my cross' - No, thank you, I never
want to see sweet words again, they only
appeared to me when I was small; un-
willing to see my friend giving in to
bitterness;

Reality is bitter and harsh and cold and
empty - I cried; Rudi came home, in his
face I saw bliss; I cried again; he was
concerned, What is it, Little One? - he
asked sweetly, as only he can

I could only reply with a kiss; I shall
never give up my love ideal; never
forget the life Rudi brought - even
when I'm forced to live without him;
he is MY dream come true...

Louise Tredoux

Dream Of Rudi

The benevolent gaze of my beloved
is not upon me any more, Rudi on
a weekend conference, I miss the
feeling of his presence, the subtle
atmosphere of goodwill and joie de
vivre he creates, I HATE weekend
seminars, what a plague to normal
human beings, without him the sun
loses its power to cheer as it inserts
golden tentacles into my workroom

Without him the sky fades into a dim
kind of background, without him the
music cries in my ears, without his
cries of anger on reading newspaper
lies and on missing the bin when he
tries to aggressively throw a rolled
newspaper projectile into it; my day
seems empty and meaningless, I
shall have to create an objective for
myself, swimming a long way into

The sea would help, frying fish on the
beach would also be fun, I'm going
out, no more sitting here and moping
about, I shall dream of my beloved
while drinking in the soft warmth
of the sun on the beach, the sun
and I both free from suffocation
in the work room...

Louise Tredoux

Dynamite In Our Hearts

I wanted to say hello for one last time,
before you were swept away by work
and duty, the aquarium where a crisis
looms, suddenly I wanted to hug you
tight, hear your voice one more time,
share one more kiss

You looked so handsome when you got
ready to leave, then your eyes became
dreamy, you wanted to hold me too, it felt
so right and the feeling grew; you were
late for work, but the fire and sparks that
went with you will last

The passion you shared with me will always
be a beacon of strength in our hearts - the
desire I saw in your eyes will last a century,
when you return tonight, we will continue to
explore the power and might of the dynamite
smouldering in our hearts...

Louise Tredoux

Each Other, The Sun And The Sea

Two vegetables and a salad, meat
prepared outside, a small meal
prepared with love, ice-cream and
peaches for pudding, we don't have
much else, financially strained after
the wedding, but we've got each other,
the sun and the sea, the beach is my
garden, as long as I can feel free, I have
everything I need, sharing a bottle of
champagne, listening to Mantovani,
sitting quietly together, watching the
sunset, being in love is the best, the
very best way to live one's life; Rudi's
eyes are alive, his touch brings revival,
his presence security and his words
spring from wisdom...

Louise Tredoux

Ecstasy In Being Alive

You came back this morning, kissing me softly,
so gentle after last night's wild passion, you just
held me and covered every inch of my face with
feather-soft lips, you whispered I was soft in your
arms, I started to doubt my senses, were you
really here last night, was the wild, passionate
lover who held me down really this kind, gentle
person covering me with his caresses?

Last night you kindled a fire in me, you nearly
devoured me, I thought I was burning up, all
protest was peremptorily stopped, all objection
simply overridden; held down by you I suddenly
caught fire, an electric wire ran down from my
mouth right down to my feet, setting me alight,
you held me so tight and I wanted more of what
I got, you were insatiable and I turned into a

fury exploding all over; your powerful movements
enthralled me devastatingly, I became a new
person, the old timid me died in your arms and
another strong, rosy, loving person arose in her
place; this morning you were so soft and gentle,
whispering sweet words and stroking my cheeks,
staring at me and moving so softly – until your
gyrations drove me wild and I was the one who

turned my passion on you; I desperately wanted
to be in your possession again; I wanted to devour
the mind that brought you to me and inspired your
sweetness and love; I felt the passion building in
your tensing body, the urgency in your voice,
this time I submitted by choice, without coercion,
without force, just ecstasy in being alive and
exploding with you...

Louise Tredoux

Electric Bolts

Going so high, coming down was like floating
down softly, but being held to break the fall
on the ground, I dozed off, I think, nuzzling
woke me, adored softly, touched sweetly, be-
coming a wave myself, racked by lightning,
becoming the fury, the eye of the storm, ex-
periencing instinctual joy, feeling a rising of
exquisite sensations unknown before, en-
folded within something so loving, so good
and overpowering; trying to move upwards
and make my own waves, being moved from
outside without any say; breathing torturously,
burning fire in my throat; you set me on fire,
fiery waves spreading, a raw need for release,
an animal wanting you for what you do, a
new being, a bolt of lightning, electricity, sparks
everywhere, you are the fire, you are burning,
maelstrom turning, vortexes churning, breathing
stertorously, sudden fear, whispering, feeling
vibration - your voice getting deeper, losing
myself joyously in you, overpowered so good,
so good to give up everything, flying, spiraling
upwards until electric bolts rack all of life...

Louise Tredoux

Electricity In Explosion

Lying quietly against your chest,
listening to your heart beating, the
warmth and joy of this togetherness
delicious, the fire in the grate, the
wine in long-stemmed glasses,
listening to Chopin, I need more
violins, shadows dancing on the
ceiling, your throbbing, heartbeat
increasing, a bubble of joy rising
in me, the intimacy of your lips
growing into a passionate kiss,
two becoming one, throbbing
together, loving forever, fission
and fusion, fire and sparks and
electricity in explosion, a moan,
a stifled cry, delight, I die...

Louise Tredoux

Embraces Life-Threatening

I resist, refuse to submit, it hurts to worship when Rudi
doesn't reciprocate in the same way, no more
investment in feelings larger than life

Fighting attraction, withstanding emotion, Rudi persisting
against indifference feigned; overpowering enchantment,
bewitching touches - Rudi's victory

Succumbing to the sweetest, most passionate kisses,
loving combat culminating in wild ecstasy, resistance
relished and overcome, asserting dominance

Explanations, extenuating circumstances, planning excursions
to incur wrath for the excitement of fighting for love, Rudi
threatens mockingly

Hearing about my running off and swimming at night in the
sea, spending a day in the cave, he is livid with rage, says
he'll spank me without the finesse

Of a black-leather clad madam, I laugh, he crushes the breath
out of me, kissing me to death – what's the use of lamenting
running risks when his embraces

Are life-threatening?

Louise Tredoux

Emotions Flaming High

Silver background of flat, immutable sky,
no sunshine, the stage of life is sad, the
fizzle is gone, all we need is a soft drizzle
to create a perfect feeling of nostalgia, so
glad you're here, I climb onto your lap while
you're trying to concentrate, interfering with
your work, when you complain, I threaten to
go away for the day, not an idle threat – must
visit Juliette, you prefer I stay, love my presence
you say, I demand some time, you decide you
require more than a mere embrace as your work
has been stopped; I laugh, delighted, this is
wonderful, emotions come and go, while they're
flaming high we should enjoy before feelings
become stale...

Louise Tredoux

Encumbrance Of A Physical Body

Rudi has been taken into hospital,
if he has to die, so shall I, I cannot
live under conditions like this – how
carry on when he isn't there? If he
has chosen to die, so shall I, I shall
not carry on in this world without
him about, how could I return to the
nothingness of the days of my birth

How could I accept the emptiness
of my youth, the loneliness, the
uncertainty of everything – when
he agrees to move on? Once again,
a lonely vigil for him, I shall live to
pray and fast until he returns to me,
if he doesn't, I'll give up life, in such
a way that the Christians will not

Condemn me to hell – just dying
slowly of a broken heart – pain in
all forms is acceptable, quick, efficient
release of any kind is totally wrong, in
Christian eyes only suffering will do, so
I'll give it to them, this life was a farce
of unhappy stupidity, with only Rudi
to lighten my life – if he

Has decided to give up his spirit, so shall I,
I have nothing to live for – my only goal has
ever been to find my soul – and I can find
it so much better without the
encumbrance of a
physical body...

Louise Tredoux

Endearing You In My Eyes

Now I know why Sundays have been
made, to lie in your arms, find cathartic
explosion in your love, rest on your
breast, listening to

Your fierce words of desire, though I
enjoy your sweet attempts to possess
me, we both know that I give you my
love freely, the keys to my heart

That you hold in your hands have been
bestowed in total trust and devotion; you
and only you, get to calm the tension in
me, only you can

Understand me, you know we share a soul
and your wild attempts to ensure no-one
else comes between us are superfluous,
serving one purpose only:

Endearing you in my eyes, ensuring
your place in my heart
for eternity...

Louise Tredoux

Enriching My Mind With The Shortcomings They Find

I love my enemies because
our worst enemies are our
best friends, they are united
with us in rejecting ourselves

We have one thing in common,
they hate us as much as we
hate ourselves; this bond binds
us forever; those who dislike us

Reflect our own feelings and I
feel a kinship to them - I love
it when they voice their anger
in vitriolic abuse, they do it

So much better than I myself
ever can; it makes them feel
better to get the ire off their
chest and I feel better

For receiving just punishment
for sins past, present & future,
I love my enemies for doing
their special duty

Informing me of my failings;
we share a quest for wisdom;
enriching my mind with the
shortcomings they find

Furthers my quest immensely!

Louise Tredoux

Entwined In Your Love

To be entwined in your love, that is all I desire,
to be rocked in your arms, that is the height of
my ambition today, the joyous day of your return

To be kissed senseless, that is all I can think of,
to be needed with the urgency of a child, to be
held and stroked, that is all I dream of

To comfort you in my arms after your weary travels,
apply lotion to your sun-burnt skin, kiss the grazes
away on your forehead and chin, listen to all your

Tales, make you repeat them again, the way your
eyes light up each time I ask you to repeat my
favourite parts, massaging your back, rubbing oil

On the old scar, stroking your hair, cuddling in bed,
watching a favourite movie, watching and playing,
exploring more than the story people do

Testing your strength and your passion, laughing
at you, teasing you, running away, being caught
with a shout that brings neighbours out

The joy of your return is indescribable, loving you
with an abandon I never knew before, ignoring all
other people, not hearing when Juliette speaks

I can only hear the deep timbre of your voice, I can
only see the lines of your face, I'm blind to all else,
the rest of the world recedes, all people retreat

In the blaze of your warm regard when you look at
me, the fire in your eyes, the line of your lips, your
high cheekbones, your hands that touch me

I even adore your jealousy, exclusivity that blooms
into the swoon we experience when we are together
after each separation, far beyond ordinary bliss

I shall pay with a million lonely hours for these hours
we are together, I shall keep faithful watch for your return
every moment, knowing the fire your presence kindles

Is the brightest, the highest, the most enchanting emotion,
the most voluptuous passion, the most sumptuous experience
I can ever have; a memory that will never fade

You will never fade for me, I know how to tie knots in my heart,
I know how to keep these memories alive, I know how to record
my thoughts to keep you in my mind forever and ever...

Louise Tredoux

Even More Domineering

I love Rudi's protectiveness, Juliette says
I'm a disgrace to all feminists, I love his
jealousy while Juliette points out that she
is the great beauty, not I, she has the hair,
seriously beautiful hair, long legs and big
blue eyes; while I have soft hair, light-sen-
sitive eyes and short legs and a non-sexy
smile, Juliette has been crowned first
princess in a beauty pageant

She mockingly threatens to steal Rudi from
me, he's much too handsome and I'm much
too clinging, she says, but I disagree, I asked
him could he have chosen Juliette if he had
met her first, he burst out laughing and said
not on your life, I don't care for eyes, legs and
hair, but about what's inside, I asked him if
he loved what's inside me more
than the outside –

He replied, I love what's inside AND I adore
the package in which you arrived, he kissed
my non-glamorous hair and my light-sensitive
eyes and said he liked the fire that lived inside,
he kissed my non-sexy smile and said the love
in the line of my lips drove him wild, I asked him
about my being too dependent and forcing him
to be domineering, using Juliette's arguments;
he decided then and there

To become even more domineering instead
and marched me off to bed...

Louise Tredoux

Every Loving Thought

The e-mail message Rudi sent me -
a delineation of feelings so sublime,
feelings he cherishes being all mine
I can't come down from the lofty heights
of mesmerized delight and become a
normal, left-brain half-dead human being
again, when I look up I see golden syrup
beams colouring my world so fine

The leaves become gold-green canopies,
the blue sky becomes a mysterious dome
of divine freedom, the garden becomes a
dew-fresh haven of promising morning
sweetness – so many feelings welling up
in me, I'm overcome, cannot get on with
my duties, caught up in the beauty of
emotions as big as mythology

As magical as legendary tales, as ethereal
as charming fairy tales, everything becomes
part of an allegory, symbolical of a deeper
dimension of perfection, every loving thought
becomes the bearer of infinity...

Louise Tredoux

Every Word Meant For You

I smile when you mention jealousy,
you have nobody to be jealous of,
nobody talks to me like you do, nobody
enchants me like you do, nobody fills
my heart like you do

When I talk to someone else, it is a vain
attempt to assuage the pain of missing
you, when I'm nice to another friend, I'm
practicing being nice to you – you are the
hub, the centre of my wheel of life

From you everything originates, I'm trying
all the time to fill the empty space left by
your absence as you focus on your own
concerns; not because I derive more
benefit from them

I practice unconditional love for everyone to
love YOU unconditionally, if you curtail my
interaction I'll never get to express all the
love I feel – everything I do has YOU as
purpose and object

When jealousy makes me burn against the
people on whom you lavish the attention I
would like to have myself, I think maybe you
are practicing too – to give me your love when
we're together again

I practice on everyone to get along with you,
Oh Beloved of my Heart, every word I speak
and think, every fantasy, is meant
for you...

Louise Tredoux

Everything I Offer Him

When Rudi read my lament, he started
laughing, he's a beast of a tease, I attacked
and tried to kill him, he fought back, then sang
"I could see that girl was no good for me, forgive
me Delilah I just couldn't stand any more..." while
holding my hands, I protested vehemently – I'm
NOT the Delilahian-type, I'm more – Sister Teresa
you see - he forced my hand open holding the meat
cleaver and opened his eyes wide; Is that how
Sister Teresa took care of the ill? - he asked in
mock surprise and I laughed, what he did then
softened my heart, I kissed him and he softly
said it was all-right, he would help me with
the collection, he did not think me a
simpleton... so he got everything
I could offer him...

Louise Tredoux

Expanding Joy Into Infinity

It is wonderful to be Rudi's goddess
to lie on his chest, to be held and
caressed, to feel his lips in my neck
and his hands on my back, to be in
his arms, to feel his body's strength
give me confidence, to become one
in mind, body and soul

To find the meaning of life, sensing delight
in sacred awareness of glorious feeling, in
ecstatic consciousness, surrendering thought
to become delicious sensation in the sublime
existence of consciousness, breathing and
feeling rhythm in movement and growth, contraction and expansion, breathing in and out

Being exploding into pure, undiminished,
expanding joy into infinity...

Louise Tredoux

Express My Joy And Delight

Preparing for Rudi's return, Juliette's mother
helped me with her sewing machine, made
curtains for the flat, special ones for bathroom
and kitchen, the sitting room and bedroom,
made a new duvet in the same material

I felt like a real lady, measuring and sewing,
Juliette's father helped me paint the walls in
my favourite colour – alpine white, it looks
glorious, I slept over at their place to get out
of the fumes, like parents of my own

I enjoyed every moment - I could dream
about Rudi as much as I wanted to, slept like
a queen in a beautiful room; preparing surprises
for loved ones while being spoilt – I'm overcome,
can't express my joy and delight...

Louise Tredoux

Exquisite Agony Is Just Too Much

Saturday night without Rudi, Juliette is angry
because I'm bad company, longing to be in the
arms of my emailing beloved, staring in a trance,
I've tried making desultory conversation, Werner
came over, Juliette turned into the sweetest flower,
I enjoyed her antics so much, I forgot to mope for Rudi

When she engaged him in kissing, I grew jealous, wishing
Rudi were here, cursing the Saturday for making me lose
my ability to visualize, I could not conjure a vision of me
in my beloved's arms, the company preventing me from
realizing dreams – Oh Rudi, when you are not here, I miss
you immensely, I know your going away frequently

Keeps the flame of love burning high – but it is such agony,
like today, when I feel desperate for your arms – crying si-
lently, hiding my pain, you are supposed to return home
again and I trust that you will – but oh, trust is not enough
when I miss you, maybe your being here would have cooled
the longing I feel – but sometimes this exquisite agony

Is just too much, I end up a wreck, longing for you, is that
wrong, should I learn to like being without you? – I believe
I should, but learning is painful, once Juliette takes Werner
away, I plan on crying my pain into my pillow tonight...

Louise Tredoux

Exquisite Tactile Joy

I love it when you stroke my back,
I feel like purring like a cat, maybe
I am, goose-bumps are running down
my spine, I wish I could lie in your lap
forever, your hands absentmindedly
caressing my back – the TV, the great
estrangement factor, curtailing con-
versation, maiming imagination - will
become a source of joy; the joy of
physical contact

Whether you're watching cricket or
rugby, a sitcom or Discovery, as long
as I can rest my head on you while you
massage my back, I'm happy; it doesn't
matter whether we have something to
talk about, as long as we have physical
contact – you make my nerves contract
in the joy of soft, rhythmic stroking mo-
vements; afterwards you can ask me
anything and you'll get it, because

You gave me such exquisite tactile joy!

Louise Tredoux

Fight For The Story Continues

Tomorrow the fight for the story continues, Juliette has Werner as guide, tonight she wants him to take her side, she will try her theories on him; tomorrow we shall see who has the most romantic ideas

I don't care what they do, as long as they phrase it romantically with the right music; Juliette doesn't care about the paraphernalia, she says action is all that counts, I vehemently disagree, that is so lacking

In atmosphere, if they closed their eyes they could be anybody else; whereas my characters keep in touch by formulating their thoughts and playing their favourite songs - Juliette went out to buy a sexy negligee

To prove her point that action and sight are more than enough - while I went for a swim in the sea, a suntan and some perfume, lovely music and incense - that is my strategy, though I worry about what to wear

If Juliette gets her way she'll clothe my heroine, I had better come up with something myself, that Egyptian dancing costume would do -
I'll try it tonight...

Louise Tredoux

Fighting And Kicking And Kissing

Fighting and kicking, fighting and kissing, fighting
caresses, fighting for my ideas, refusing to be deflected
from my dreams and ideals, wanting to take you with me
in envisioning a better world

Establishing truth will not determine principle, everything's
true, we simply choose which truths we want to live – how
can you insist on rejecting a beautiful story simply because
controversial origins are part of the deal?

Fighting and kicking, crying and hitting, insisting on being heard,
fighting and kissing, fighting for my principles, fighting and loving,
if I loved Rudi less I would let him be, but I want to take him with
me on my metaphysical journey, I will not give in

To soothing caresses, to kisses and sweetness, I want to be heard,
I want him to listen, to rethink his views, establish a new vantage
point, I want him to think of a magnificent story that does not
need proof to enchant and entice

To fill the mind with visions of eternal love - fighting and kicking,
fighting and kissing, Rudi, I will smother you in kisses and hug you
until you can't breathe, but listen you must, listen you shall, or
we shall fight until tomorrow - insisting on being heard

Fighting and kicking and kissing and not giving up...

Louise Tredoux

For Me And Him

Sometimes it is so difficult to
see the sun, sometimes the
clouds hide the sun and the
blue sky is gone, though

Life goes on, my heart heavy,
my beloved is far, on an island
of anger, choppy seas with
tumultuous waves

Separate me from him, his
furious brow creating storms,
his anger with injustice takes
him away, far away

I'm left all alone, nothing I can
do, nothing I can say, nothing
touches him, I'm waiting until
the sun comes out again

For me and him; life becomes
bitter, my heart starts leaking
air, I must inflate it artificially
to keep me from

Falling into despair...

Louise Tredoux

For Me He Is Everything

Icy-cold today, the sky steel-grey, started
in the right way, breakfast of chocolate
caramel cake, Rudi had his in bed, at least,
that is what he said, but I think he needs
real food, though love really goes a long
way towards sustaining mind and heart,
I prepared bacon and scrambled eggs on
toast for him, he's got to keep his powers
up, now he has given me a taste of paradise,
I must keep him strong so he can do it again,
and again, every day, I'm getting lost in
reminiscence, I wish I could relive every
time Rudi touches me a million times, a
billion zillion times, I wish I could write
a song that makes me experience every
touch, every kiss, every hug, every time
we melt and become one; I wish I could
describe in words what this is like, and
make others feel the fire in me, the electricity,
they say nobody can know what another's
sensations feel like; now I look with new
eyes at all examples of sex and love; and
I ask myself do I love enough; do they feel
more than I do or ever could, I'm sure I
feel deeply – deeper than they do, as long
as Rudi is alive and mine, I'm sure I can
learn to love enough, should I lose him
I would fade away of heartbreak like Fanny
Price in Mansfield Park when she nearly
lost her beloved Edward in my favourite
novel by Jane Austen – I could never love
again the way I love him, could never be
so intimate with another human being;
for me he is everything...

Louise Tredoux

For You Only

I try never to be nasty
or angry with anyone
for fear of it teaching
me to be nasty
with you

I try to be patient and
understanding towards
everyone - to learn
to be patient
with you

I try not to criticize anyone,
for fear of criticizing you;
I practice on everyone
to be loving towards
you, though

I reject people's claims
of one truth; when YOU
make that claim, I make
an exception for you

Because you claim to love
me, and I KNOW you do, it is
verified in your sweet words
and deeds, exclusivity
is reserved

For you only!

Louise Tredoux

Fulfilment Of Inexpressible Longing

To express
the fulfilment of inexpressible longing –
can human words accomplish it? Can fallible human
hands complete this task? Can a human mind absorb
so much sensory induced glory? Could the divine be
made into a story? Never could any words convey the
inner joy kindled by the fire you ignited in me, never can
language describe the ecstasy experienced, only music
can recreate the whole event in body and soul, only song
takes my spirit into sublime realms where the same
sensory delights reverberate in mind and heart,
only rhythms rising and falling can simulate the
feeling of infinite joy experienced in
temporal space...

Louise Tredoux

Fulfilment, Adoration And Love

There is a throbbing in my body,
I'm self-conscious wherever I go,
and on the bus, the engine throbbed
right through me, I'm like a high voltage
electric wire throbbing and humming,
I might explode, I'm alive and throbbing,
energy is pulsing through me,
a hunger to experience release,
a wild desire, to be held and touched,
I have discovered places that
never existed for me, clamouring
for attention, too secret to mention,
most of all, I have discovered you,
your smell, your texture, the taste
of you, the pressure, the movement,
fulfilment, adoration and love...

Louise Tredoux

Future Joy...

Allowed to serve, my beloved fights a
system threatening those without a voice,
I help him with the paperwork, the sparks
in his eyes are meant for the offenders, not
for me, I'm pleased to see his anger abating
as he takes steps to seek redress for his be-
loved sea creatures, the joy of fighting to-
gether against a negative system is binding
us in a new-found camaraderie, a guiding
light for future joy...

Louise Tredoux

Gave Me New Dreams

Firmly anchored in the meanings
you assigned, moored in the warmth
of your mind, joyous in the beautiful
world you sang into being, delighted
with every magical sound, the shimmering
glory of light frequencies showing
in colours and exploding in silver
and gold, a pearly shine in my mind,
a song in my heart, symbols of the
most beautiful ideas you could find,
I'm so enchanted by what you think
and feel, the way your eyes shone
when our lips met, the warmth of
your bed, safe in your arms with the
sound of your bewitching words in
my ears, the world bursting into existence
while sweet voices cheer, you
make fairies dance with your voice,
you bring words to life and anchor
me in the beauty of the most wonderful
feelings, you made me a world, you
gave me new dreams...

Louise Tredoux

Get Ready To Be Teased

Whenever you are not here, Rudi, and I long for you near,
I read your star sign and sigh in contentment, your star sign
makes you so compatible with me, you love the hearth, so
do I, you love security, so do I, you value achievement, so
do I, you plod steadily, so do I, though in a sideways fashion,
most of all, your star sign loves mine

Oh joy, my star sign simply adores yours – we are more than
compatible, we were made for each other, every time I read
your sign's description, I feel a warm wave of love washing
over me, having you here with your injured leg, I read your
sign to increase understanding of your needs – you love
compliments, but cannot show it

So I shall keep on complimenting you, watching as your ears
turn pink in enjoyment while your face does not show a muscle
twitching – only when I say something naughty, when I wear
something sexy, does your smile jump out like a ray of sunshine,
I'm capable of buying a range of sexy costumes simply to titillate
your taste buds, I love seeing you in the mood

And then running for you to catch me – this time, with your injured
leg, I'll be the winner of every contest, oh joy, what fun ahead, come
play with me, Rudi, this time let's see who seduces whom, you've
had the upper hand for far too long – now it is time for sweet revenge,
you'll like it too, in the end – not a moment before – power is so
intoxicating, get ready to be teased for many wonderful hours!

Louise Tredoux

Give Me More, More, More...

I felt ill, feverish and headachy, stayed in bed
Rudi made his own breakfast; moving in and
out of consciousness, felt so alone, a soul in
perdition, sounds too loud, silence everywhere,
Rudi returned to take care of me, took medicine,
he stayed here with me, a soft kiss on the face,
a gently rubbing hand, warmth and comfort,
ease of mind and heart, he looked so sweet
and innocent, caring for me so charmingly

Softly kissed his fine-chiseled lips, he reacted
strongly, his need of me stronger than my own,
felt new energy in taking care of him, exploding
to his touch, sensation inflaming us so much,
burning ever higher, concentric circles turning
ever faster, the universe dancing in my mind,
passion is a charm, wondrous and fantastic,
increasing speed, wanting more, faster, more
amazing, I'm burning up, infinitely shrinking

Expanding to contain the universe, sensation
swallows everything, regurgitating more
than there were before, give me
more, more, more...

Louise Tredoux

Going To Dream Of You

Without Rudi, life has become unending night,
without Rudi, I've reached the end of my flight;
resigned, at first I cried and screamed in anger,
couldn't accept his work took him away

I kept my pose until he had left, then I let go and
screamed and screamed and screamed; Juliette
called, I was hoarse, she thought I had a cold,
next day laryngitis, for the first time I realized

What talking meant to me, how I kept people at
bay by the way I talked all around and beyond
and over the matter at hand; without my voice,
a young man suddenly became too friendly

I could not frighten him off with my usual noise, I
eschew all people until I'm able to misdirect their
attention, keeping my secrets safe, normally
nobody knows how much I miss Rudi

Without bravado, playing word games, acting a role
I'm vulnerable, must literally hide to keep them from
seeing my misery; finally cleaned all the cupboards,
Rudi will be so proud, but my heart is numb

No fun in working without him here, no sense of ac-
complishment, lost my sense of wonder, the ability to
take delight in the little things in life; yet refusing to
remain tethered to my own sorrow

I am listening to the music of "The Merry Widow" - to my
infinite joy I'm able to sing along, my vocal chords have
recovered from shock, the flight into the ecstasy of high,
clear notes has begun, feeling the sweet vibration

Floating off on the melodies, Dumme dumme Reitersmann,
oh my Rudi, reitet reitet weiter, you are so dumme to leave
me here all alone; Ich bin ein' anstandige Frau; remaining
faithful to you all the time; now I am going to dream of you

Feeling your kisses, hearing your laughter, tomorrow the
sun will shine again and I shall happily prepare to welcome
you back when you return...

Louise Tredoux

He Laughed Without Stopping....

Such a brilliant plan, so neatly executed, based on a Barbara Streisand movie, just enroll with an agency and get paid for wearing funny costumes and bang men over the head; the painted lady said I must be willing to do anything, and I was and I still am, so when I wore an apron – as Barbara Streisand, immortal film star, did in her movie – and a guy knocked and crept up and I banged him over the head with a frying pan – should I have used a rolling pin? – following the actress to a T, and he lights out, what did Barbara's character do next? – I couldn't very well remember, I called the agency and asked them about that

When the lady fell silent, I reminded her of the Hollywood movie and confessed I didn't understand, but part of the job had been done, she screamed "You're fired! " and I was very angry, I did everything right as far as I understand, I saw the movie many years ago and determined that one day I would try it also – when Rudi came home and leant of my plan, he was angry, said if I wanted to flirt with men, I should do it somewhere else; I swallowed and stared, I was trying to make money to pay the flat, the Barbara Streisand way – why was he angry? – I cried and gave him the name of the agency, he ended up laughing, said I was a dunce and a fool

But that he loved me, the stunt I had pulled was quite cool; he knew some of the men on the list, I didn't understand, but Rudi has money to pay the flat and the lady at the agency was quite amiable when I spoke to her – sent me some more money and said we do understand each other, don't we Honey? – It was the first time another woman called me that; I felt so thrilled, I agreed and accepted with glee, paying all into Rudi's account – such an amount can only help him – when he came home and heard it all, he laughed without stopping...

Louise Tredoux

He Wants To Be Served

Rudi is sleeping, the innocence of a trusting child
in his features, my heart melts as I'm watching him,
perceiving an aura of goodness and life-giving love
around him, I want to kiss his eyelids, trace his cheek-
bones and mouth with my lips, adore him with fire and
light, he awakens the best in me

His positive attitude and sense of humour, his kind words,
his encouraging way of looking at everybody as if they
were the most important person on earth; he is so lov-
able, when sleeping, irresistible; softly I stroke his hair,
caressing his back, he wakes up and gives me a
hug, turning it into a passionate act

His eyes enchanting as he looks at me with the sweet
expression of a small puppy; I tell him about the new-
born baby of Juliette's sister, Rudy reminds me of him,
especially when Rudi wants the comfort of soft, warm
breasts - gone is my chance to stare at my sleeping
beloved, now he wants to be served

Since love is his need and I enjoy taking care of
my big, wonderful man, only my sighs and his
whispers are heard...

Louise Tredoux

Heard Your Voice Today

I heard your voice today, in the wind that blew
the sand dunes away, in the rustle of trees; I felt
so comforted by the sound of raindrops on the
iron roof, a promise of showers to come, a sure
sign that you were thinking of me; as the rains
increased I was convinced you had sent them
for me especially, knowing how barren and bleak
life seemed without you to inspire my heart

I faced the ordeal of no letter from you so bravely,
knowing your love to be present in the elements;
listening to the wind outside, all are complaining
the wind is blowing the rain clouds away, but I'm
sure it was a sign from YOU to assure me that
you are aware that I am still there, far from
you, tucked away on a farm, alone; scared
of wide-open spaces, longing for the sea

Pining away, but now that you said you are
thinking of me by sending the rain and the
wind; I'm satisfied - time is passing and
soon we shall be together again

Louise Tredoux

Heightened Sensory Elation

You fill the spikenard that is my heart
with so much love, it is spilling over
until I regard everyone I meet with
love, I feel as if a bright white light
of heavenly delight and gratitude
is illuminating the world around me

I feel like hugging that lonely old lady
living all alone in the flat above us, I
feel like playing hopscotch with the
twins on the ground-floor, I feel like
kissing strangers just to spread the
surging happiness that fills my spirit

With joy and liveliness; but most of
all, I feel like hugging and kissing YOU,
the source of my delight, caressing you
all over, making you feel the same
wonder and joy, the heightened
sensory elation, that you made

Me experience today...

Louise Tredoux

His Beautiful Voice

Rudi relaxing next to me, I am stroking
his back, he is telling me of his work
with marine species

Dreaming aloud of his plans to start his
own aquarium, work with dolphins, his
voice warm and comforting

Creating a vision in lyrical terms, dreaming
how he will show me everything, this sweet
togetherness creating

Our own paradise, he pulls me down on his
lap stroking my hair, his voice taking me to
places I've never been

His beautiful voice a musical instrument,
his lovely ideas being the melody...

Louise Tredoux

His Loving Words...

Did I ever mention to you that to me
the world is meaningless, senseless,
my existence is totally useless, that
I struggle to invent meaning for myself
every day, creating the world anew
in this way? When I lost my beloved
temporarily; I was forced to admit
that without him I might just as well
be dead, I can only see meaning in
total devotion to a cause of love and
I have only ever loved him – music,
of course, and beautiful things; but
what I see with my eyes I can't retain;
what I hear with my ears will not stay
within me, all I ever take with me is
a memory of texture and touching
and words – his loving words, his
assurances of love; I shall frame
each of his letters; their meaning
resounding in my heart – that is
all I will ever have of previous things;
no jewels or money, fame or wealth
is as important to me as he is; since
he declared his love; I lived as a human
being – before I was just a stone, as
cold and as hard, as lonely and as
unchanging – but if he allows me to
be his wife, bear his child; I will have
created meaning in my life...

Louise Tredoux

His Mistress Tonight

Listening to music last night - 'The purpose of a man is to love a woman, the purpose of a woman is to love a man' – I took these words literally - kissed Rudi passionately while turning up the volume, he was working on his notes – but understood this denoted he should stop to fulfill his real purpose in life; he complained we would be reduced to poverty if I kept on interfering with his work, I pointed out rich men take their mistresses to bed because their wives are lazy and overfed, being poor I have the time and energy to lavish on him – he agreed, insisting I be his mistress tonight, not his respectable wife, he would leave her to see me, so I took off everything as a mistress should...

Louise Tredoux

His Selfless Love

What would we sacrifice for love?
A gardener was willing to sacrifice
himself, to drink from the poisoned
chalice, knowing as an enchanted
dancer he would forever be his
dancing princess' lover

He looked at her with love, saying
you'll never be a gardener's wife,
she saw his selfless love and
sacrificed her dignity, calling out
Don't drink! I'd rather be a
gardener's wife

They were married and lived a
wonderful life as gallant prince
and his delighted wife...

[Based on "Twelve Dancing Princesses"]

Louise Tredoux

His Tongue Taught My Mouth

Rudi came home with a stuffed animal
a wild dog with a sweet expression, Rudi
loves all wild animals, that's why he loves
me, he says, but that's untrue

I was a sprite of the sea when he met
me living of and for all things spiritual,
he changed me into what I've become:
a prehistoric primitive enjoying

The sun of his love, his embraces brought
my soul back from strange metaphysical
places, his kisses awakened my spirit and
taught me the reason for

Being blessed with senses and feelings,
his tongue taught my mouth to sing new
melodies, his voice taught my ears the
reason for hearing – I used to

Stopper my ears for fear of hearing terrible
things, his eyes taught me to take refuge
in his soul, to seek shelter in his spirit, his
love and loyalty taught me

To trust him without hiding behind clothes and
playing roles, to enjoy sensual stimulation
without a guilty conscience for being born
in sin, Rudi questions that dictum

Saying it reflects human opinion, having nothing to
do with a god-consciousness, Rudi is the reason
I started loving life – loving him is like loving the
whole universe!

Louise Tredoux

His Voice In My Ears

25 December 2008 Rudi went to work today
I went to the beach on my own, prefer to be
alone if he can't be with me

Swam until senseless with fatigue, then just
lay on the sand, alone, alone, Juliette invited
me to her parents

I didn't want to go, need time on my own
to sort my thoughts, went home to the flat,
listened to my favourite song

A sentimental lullaby, I cried and cried, feeling
sorry for myself, I wanted Rudi here, wanted to
feel his arms around me

His breath in my neck, his voice in my ears...

Louise Tredoux

Holding Me Tight Scared At Night

Love is opening a space for magic,
being a human is already magical,
consisting of energy dancing in circles,
of empty space that originated in
universal consciousness, love is the
smile I see on your face and the way
you treat me with respect and grace,
the energy, optimism and hope with
which you work so hard, love is self-
confidence and creating magic for
me while offering me the opportunity
to create magic for you, love is your
joyous delight when I surprise you with
something I made myself, a new dish
I tried, the glorious fun when you fix
my concoctions with new ingredients,
love is your willingness to sit still and
listen to my poetry, allowing me to
recite and play concert for you, the
highest love is when you listen as I
sing to you, opera songs all wonderful,
I adore your listening, approving ears,
most of all, I worship your strong arms
holding me safe and tight when I'm
scared at night...

Louise Tredoux

Hope Through Love...

Rudi laughed at my fears and kissed away my tears
said the equation in life is to love, he would help me
with my temperament, work is not a means to impress
but an act of creativity for our own joy

I can choose certain rules to help me execute my dreams
I am free to do what I want in developing potential and
talents, he does not depend on an income from me
nor does he want to brag to others about

What I could do or achieve – Rudi said to stop looking
at things as they seem and focus on dreams that show
the world as it could be, then start making it happen,
bringing my own visions into fruition –

Well, that clinched it for me, I immediately started on
realizing my vision of loving Rudi to death, he has
changed everything into something else, gave me
hope through love...

Louise Tredoux

How It Should Be Done

Juliette supplied context and situation, but
the characters were mine, within the freedom
she had given, my heroine was overpowered
by Juliette's hero, I insisted on adding the lines
while Juliette directed the action

He sang of the beauty of the curve of her lips
while tracing the outline – Juliette had him go
further, kissing the heroine; under my guidance
he promised to make her feel divine, explained
what he would do, where he ached to touch

Juliette unstoppable had him take her to bed,
I insisted on his talking while Juliette made him
active, I had to rein her in, he can't talk and make
love at the same time, I wanted the commentary
while she wanted action

We glared at each other while her hero and my
heroine remained frozen, two puppets awaiting
our commands, Rudi walked in, laughed at our
folly and promised to show me tonight how
it should be done...

Louise Tredoux

How Much Can He See Of Me

Could I trust Rudi to love me if I were
just myself, without wearing a mask?
I had to play a role to please my father -
learnt to read people's expectations and
body language; I cannot simply be me
with Rudi...

What would he do if I told him of all that
I read - what would he say if he knew of
my affinity for New Age Theories, what
would he think if I exposed my love for
Zen Buddhism and my yen for Hinduism,
my tolerance for Muslims and

Old Testament Jewish traditionalism, my
fascination with Helena Blavatsky's theo-
sophy that brought a schism into English
society, my love for mediums, spiritualists
and guardian angels – will he be shocked
by this eclectic mix

Of relativist, subjective spiritualism with
a bizarre dash of determinism? Will his
love wane with more knowledge of the
roses of insight that delights me; will I
have to read New Age and Buddhist
material hidden under

The cover of other books as I had to
at home; how much of me can he
see before I lose his love?

Louise Tredoux

How Much I Love Him

Rudi bringing me breakfast in bed wearing
an apron only, I'm afraid the meal grew cold
while I showed my appreciation, what an
amazing way to start the day

Earlier today my heroine was ravished by the
Kryptonite-King; this wonderful dream made
up for the shock of Werner's accident last night,
Juliette crying hysterically

Rudi went to the scene to help him, I felt Juliette's
desperate desire for Werner's safety and cried with
her in her sorrow; Rudi brought Werner home safely,
I sat with my head against Rudi's chest

Realizing how much the possible tragedy of Juliette's
loss affected me, just as I could never lose Rudi, I am
not ready to give him up, Juliette feels the same about
Werner; I held Rudi tight as we cuddled in bed

This morning using the opportunity to show him
how much I love him...

Louise Tredoux

How Wonderful My Beloved (Ed.)

How precious the words of my beloved,
how impressive his brave countenance,
how uplifting being in his wise presence,
how reassuring the link to eternal beauty
forged by him, how safe in the connection
to divinity in unending infinity, to feel his
warm, approving regard lift my soul away
from mortality and temporality, to see the
gift of prophecy in his loving attitude, to
hear the soft caress of contrabass in his
deep, velvet voice, to listen to the melody,
the golden section's lines created Chladni-
wise by his musical poetry, how enjoyable
his challenging riddles, how wonderful
you are, my beloved...

Louise Tredoux

Hug Him All The Time

'When Irish eyes are smiling' -
with Rudi's eyes so blue, as he
smiles everyone is smiling too,
'in the lilt of Irish laughter' – the
perfect description of his laughter,
all filled with sunshine and mischief,
I forget my former grief and pettiness,
I enjoy his happiness more than he
does himself, I want to hug him all
the time!

Louise Tredoux

I Am Burning Inside

I am obsessed - by sex!

A daughter of the parish, not yet married,
and all I can think about is touching, feeling,
softness, sweetness, taste, movement,
togetherness, pressure, burning, desire,
passion, need, want, kissing, sucking,
tongues

I'm on my way to a Bible study class –
this is not on, I cannot concentrate, I shall
make drawings of flirting girls and private
parts, oh, last night was beyond wonderful,
your tongue in my mouth- now that's an
attack I enjoyed, I licked you of course,
in counterattack

Licked you from top to bottom, you tasted
of sea-weed, and sea-things, and I licked
you clean, you were my sea-food dish, and
you feasted on me too, it was a soft advance,
you started with a phalanx, your hands became
soldiers who moved everywhere, your tongue
went there

You caressed, I never knew one could, I was
salty too, you said, I grew, like you, we moved,
I suddenly grew wild in the attack, I wanted more
and wilder and faster and harder and deeper
and I'm obsessed with breasts, and private
parts, and I'm on my way to Bible study class,
and I am burning inside

Louise Tredoux

I Cannot Live Without Him

Overwhelmed by impatience; reading letters
from him, time has stopped, minutes take hours
and hours take ages to pass, I can't wait anymore,
I can't stand the noise of the clock and the sound
of my nieces' voices, I can't listen to uncle slurping
tea and music from the TV, I can't wait for the sun
to rise and then to set again; I can't listen to mouths
chewing and footsteps in the passage; I can't stand
calls to the dogs and trucks coming and going; I
can't stand lights switching on and the moon rising;
I can't stand preparing meals and then eating then
cleaning; I've passed my ability to be calm and
content; I can't wait any more; I can't remain in
my skull; I can't be me anymore, can't sit quietly,
can't listen to my own thoughts; all that remains
to break this chain suffocating me, tightening
around my neck, is to cry; all I can do is seek relief
in tears; abandoning myself to sobbing away my
grief and my fears; I'm growing hysterical – I can't
wait anymore, I can't wait, I can't and I won't and
I need to get away; to run to a place where I can be
alone and the silence is complete; I need to conjure
a vision of his face and meet him in my dreams;
I can't breathe and live on; I'm going to run and
run and run until it is quiet and I'm on my own;
please let me see him again, please bring him to
me, please; I'm going mad with impatience, please,
I need to be with him, I cannot live without him...

Louise Tredoux

I Cannot Lose Him, Please Understand

I don't want to open my eyes, I don't want to face the light, I don't want to go through this again, I nearly lost Rudi and I can't believe it, he is my hero, my beloved, my best friend - and he nearly died, I can't believe that harm came so near, I can't accept that he could have been lost, I am scared of a world where Rudi's not safe, where blood-poisoning became a threat, where even gangrene was mentioned, I have started praying for him, always used to believe that his innate goodness would keep him safe, now I'm setting up prayers for him

Concentrating on sending my requests to all kinds of consciousness and all powers to guard him, focusing all my trust in this one precondition that Rudi, my sweetheart, be safe at all times - I'm scared of accepting his safety, scared that it will trigger powers against him, I don't want to do anything - I heard Juliette whispering - she explained to Werner why I loved Rudi so, I discovered how much my she cared for me, I'm so blessed, scared of acknowledging anything too much, scared of attracting the attention of evil powers and forces

Went to hospital, I was scared of rejoicing, watched Rudi's face closely, he was smiling, I couldn't believe it and started crying, I'm so relieved, Rudi said he was delighted to see us, thanked us all and promised me he would return, I can see he will be all-right, I don't want to lose him, please understand, I CANNOT lose him, all powers and forces of goodness and love...

Louise Tredoux

I Hate Feeling So Much!

Emotions are a terrible mess; I don't want
emotions in my life, I want to freeze my
feelings, I want to be oblivious to everything;
I want to be a robot, I want to die emotionally
like most people have done – I don't want
to feel any more!

Rudi was called away for a marine emergency,
colleagues usurping him and I want him with me
here; I feel insanely jealous, first he wrote a report
all alone; then he goes off and leaves me with a
heart full of burning feelings! What does he
want me to do when I long for him so?

Why doesn't he send them all away and simply
stay with me? I'm not in the mood for other people,
I want him and him alone, I want to cuddle with him
and hear his voice, even his remonstrance because
I'm careless with cutting machines – I hate being at
the mercy of feelings, I hate human needs

I hate being so weak, I want to hold my head proudly
and do my own thing, I refuse to show him how much
it hurts when he is angry with me, when he goes away,
I hate feeling so much!

Louise Tredoux

I Hear Your Sighs

Spending time together, you and I,
sharing secrets, sharing minds,
understanding each other without
words, communicating with the eyes,
catching messages from the skies,
today belongs to us, you smile, you
laugh, you are the king of my heart,
you are in charge, you steer this
our lives with insight and goodness,
you understand me before I speak,
I hear your sighs before your voice
reaches my ears...

Louise Tredoux

I Kiss You Softly

Waking up, a beautiful morning,
birdsong and sunrise, your smile,
your words, memories of pain
erased, problems smothering
your dreams, yet today it seems
you've worked through your fears,
your soul free from uncertainty,
your faith in the goodness of life
back in place, your trusting eyes
on the horizon, together we can
face life and meet its challenges,
laugh at adversity and create a
safe haven where our hearts and
souls are free, I kiss you softly,
good morning my love...

Louise Tredoux

I Lose My Breath...

Landing at the airport, he is waiting for me,
moving through customs, he is still there I
see, his arms already stretching out to catch
me when I'm finished, I'm smiling, so is Rudi,
he's throwing me kisses, he's so handsome

Other girls also throw kisses at him, my cheeks
redden, I want him to myself, he is laughing,
his own charming self, I'm going to devour him,
I love his happy face, should another girl accost
him, I'll tear her away without grace

I won't share him, not now, not with anybody,
not even his brother, Werner is there, waiting with
him, I don't care, I still want to fall into Rudi's
arms, feel his welcoming kiss on my lips while being
held in his loving grip; finally officials have checked

And stamped, enough schlep, I'm through, I lift my
backpack, Rudi is here, gives the backpack to Werner
and lifts me up into the air, people stare, I laugh in
delight, he swings me around and greets me with
a kiss, paradise is heaven tonight, I lose my breath...

Louise Tredoux

I Love Namibia

Don't know any German, but I used to sing with my compatriots "Und sollten man uns fragen, was hält euch denn hier fest, Wir könnten nur sagen wir lieben Süd-West", it is hot, it is dry, old wrecks adorning the sand on the beach, a ghost town or two with walls caving in, dunes where the wind sometimes sighs, sometimes sings, this is the thing:

I love my own country, I love my own place,
I love the Damara, I love their version of life,
their view of things, I love Riemvasmaak and
old trackers with dried-leather smiles on
weather-beaten faces, with tyres for shoes,
making music on home-made instruments,
playing the marimba, a mouth-organ, an
accordion

While the sun's beating down on a happy throng
in colourful clothing, blooming like exotic flowers,
creating a country unique on this earth, making
a special place where time's standing still...

Louise Tredoux

I Love To Love Rudi

Laughing, eating, drinking and enjoying,
Rudi ran off from the conference to be
with me tonight, he knows I can't sleep
when he's not home, he doesn't care for
the function and important guests at the
conference hotel, when he walked in with
a wide and mischievous grin, I could have
swallowed him, he came with chocolate
liqueur, my favourite, found me adding
stencils to the walls in the kitchen, he was
so surprised and helped me clean up,
and what with liqueur and everything,
we had a wonderful reunion in each
others arms before going out to buy take-
aways – Rudi preferring THIS to his
smart dinner-dance at a smart venue,
I feel like a million bucks, I love the love
that chocolate liqueurs add by making
inhibitions fade, I love to love Rudi, I
love the way he loves me, I love life –
I love the world tonight!

Louise Tredoux

I Love You

I love seeing the world
through your positive eyes
I love the way you make the
world beautiful when you look
lovingly upon everything you see
I love the way you look at every blade
of grass, every flower, every sand dune
the wide, blue sky - with happy reverence
I love you for the power in your loving regard
I love you for teaching me to look with your mind
I love you for introducing me to a wonderful world
I love you for the love you have for everything that is
I love you for loving me and teaching me to love myself

Louise Tredoux

I Love You – Don't You See?

Playing 'The Collection' DVD by UB40 -
couldn't stop myself, had to gyrate to this
laid-back Calypso music, never been to
places where they dance to this kind of
thing, made up my own moves, turned
clockwise till the world was swimming

Dancing for you, you smiling in happy
satisfaction, then 'If It Happens Again'
mesmerizing while I keep on twirling,
'Kingston Town' – absolutely fabulous
to gyrate to this, hypnotizing, beat fast
enough, the wonder of becoming

One with the music, 'Higher Ground'
still swaying to the same rhythm, this
is divine, how wonderful to become
a rhythm myself, then the slow-moving
'Red, Red Wine', just turning ever so
slowly, feeling the laid-back rhythm
invading my bones...

'I Got You Babe' - You grabbed me
as I passed by, kissing me, I ran away,
you knew I would take a shower before
we made love; just one more vodkatini;
I love you, don't you see?

Louise Tredoux

I Love You More

Did you know the skin on
your back feels like satin,
did you know that I loved
sharing your warmth; did
you know that I loved your
perfect touch?

Did you know I had never
felt such touching before,
I adore the sensation and
I love you more for touching
without ten layers of clothing
as covering?

Did you know it was the best
experience of my life,
did you know I fantasized
and you were more wonderful?
Did you know I loved you before
you touched me and now that I'm
yours, I love you more?

I've been waiting, it seems like
forever, for you to kiss me like this,
passionate and free, without restraint,
allowing me to kiss you back,
for the first time I acted naturally,
followed my instinct

You made me feel desirable for the
first time, it is a delicious feeling, one
I wish to keep...

Louise Tredoux

I Love You Most Of All!

The porridge burnt, the coffee too strong,
toast inedible, sunny-side up ended as
scrambled eggs, I nearly crept back into
bed, it is as you've said, once one thing
goes wrong, the rest is apt to follow,
I fell off the stairs, broke a glass, the
sugar upset, the mess and the schlep.

On my way to town, the bus broke down,
flagged down a taxi, for the first time
having fun, my sorrows forgotten in the
sunny atmosphere, the African tunes
calming my turbulent mind, the voices
of friendship and help to get down.

The market throng, a flower stall, the
library, a book by Andrew Murray,
meeting Juliette at the coffee-shop,
confessing my tragedy in sympathetic
ears, drying my tears.

A note from you, too scared to open,
walked down to the beach, ready for the
worst, planning my funeral, lots of flowers,
the local orchestra playing a funeral march,
a white coffin and my body, sad face and
white burial dress.

In self-pity I never saw you coming – a
miracle, a note and you, you laughed away
my fears, held me in your lap while I read
your note; all is forgiven, you were too eager;
I too inexperienced, you love me just as I am.

No need for geisha training and videos to
borrow from a store, you proceeded with
lesson number 1, progress most satisfactory,
you reported, going is slow, but inexorable,
now the problem has been identified.

A correctional curriculum is advised, your
training in teaching stand you in good stead,
I'm not a lazy pupil, you love me more
than before, but I love you
most of all!

Louise Tredoux

I Never Knew You Would Do What You Did

You asked, deceptively casual, why I loved you,
playing with the newspaper as if my reply did not
matter at all; I waited with bated breath - as the
silence stretched; you looked up with passionate
eyes, I relented - I love you because you loved
me first, I replied; you shook your head in denial

- That can't be true; I only noticed you at the school
revue and then you already knew who I was - you
replied; I laughed - Yes, because you had
commented on my essay when you came to
see father and I noticed who this kind person
was - you were surprised; you did not know

I wrote the winning essay; I laughed - That is
when I fell in love with you, when did you start
to love me too? - At the revue, you replied; when
you sang and danced and fell from the podium; I
helped you up; your eyes filled with tears - Then
you abandoned your pose of insouciance

And embraced me - What would you like to do tonight;
with your father out of town - I would like to watch TV
with you, lie on your shoulder - I replied; you agreed;
smiling sweetly, then I discovered what you really
wanted to do while watching TV with me; it was
wonderful; I never knew, but now I do, I fully

Approve, so many times; again and again? It is better
than my fantasies; you seemed so impeccable and
respectable, I never knew you would do what
you did, or that I would love it so much...

Louise Tredoux

I Refuse To Bow To False Morality

Today I'm cross-eyed from reading too much, I'm looking for the answer to the riddle of life, trying to find a reason to make life worthwhile; exiled to a farm, no longer seeing or hearing from my loved one, all letters forbidden, I must repent - of being human, for Inheriting the instinct for love?

I only repent of having been born, of being forced to live my life, to me religion has become an object of scorn, a subjugation of man's free spirit, a means to control and suppress us, a weapon in the hands of parents to mess up their children's lives; if I have been born to serve humanity; then the best service

I can offer is by blowing up the planet earth; get rid of the people who force self-negation upon us; relieve consciousness of the burden of false morality – designed to subdue the most beautiful in us; developed to control the masses while the clergy in the Middle Ages committed the sins forbidden to the respectable burghers and God-fearing brethren

The false ethics of mankind's moral leaders through the ages is driving me insane; I should stop reading before I commit hara-kiri; the backbone of society has always been the hard-working bourgeoisie who have always been exploited by the immorality of the reigning upper classes – who lived in more debauchery than Hollywood is allowed to show us

On screen, the only value I've found is the freedom to choose how we shall use this life that has been given to us; of exile and shame I've had enough,

I refuse to bow to false morality and give up my
freedom to ease the conscience of selfish moral
arbiters; I shall hold my head high and create my
own life, serve the ends of love and NEVER even
pay lip service to false justice – EVER!

Louise Tredoux

I Was Born To Love You

Read in Bible Study Class we were born
to serve, not to be happy at all, the pursuit
of happiness and joy is not allowed, our
lives must be meaningful – I beg to differ;
I was born to love you; I was born to be
happy and make you happy too, I refuse
to see life as one long period of strife
trying to fulfil some altruistic goal, those
dour-faced do-gooders who live their
lives for others, useless, meaningless -
I refuse to live for the faceless, I refuse
to do good according to the book, I was
born for laughter and joy, for song and
sunshine, even wine and good food, call
me a glutton; call me anything, you could
never change my opinion, without the
seven deadly sins, life is useless and
I would rather be dead – I was born to
love life; I was born to love you...

Louise Tredoux

I Will Forever Be Loved

When I got up at five this morning
and saw the stars shining outside,
tingling all over, I know that
I will forever be loved
the sensation of your hands
still lingering, I shall
treasure the memory
forever

Louise Tredoux

I Won't Forget

getting ready for jumping on the trampoline,
jumping fast, jumping high, when she died,
I lost my life, jumping fast, jumping high, she
is dead, she is dead, jumping fast, jumping
high, I will not accept, jumping fast, jumping
high, I won't forget, jumping fast, jumping
high, she shall be with me, jumping fast,
jumping high, she'll live in my heart, jumping
fast, jumping high, until I myself die, jumping
fast, jumping high, falling, falling, falling,
jumping fast, jumping high, falling

For Jeanette

October 1999

Louise Tredoux

I'll Cherish His Love

But not a tenor for me please, I prefer
a baritone, the tenor sounds so superficial,
too flippant for me, I prefer deeper tones
denoting more feeling, a tenor sounds like
a charmer out to break as many hearts as he can

I love Rudi's voice, not his appearance as such –
but his personality, the power of his mind, his high
principles, to wield influence over such a man is so
exciting, a much bigger challenge than flirting with
a ladies' man, when Rudi gives in to enticement

It really means a big deal, to learn the rules to win
his heart is the most exciting thing I have ever done,
I'll cherish his love till death do us part...

Louise Tredoux

I'll Feel Your Touch

I want to dance with you tonight, share the joy that bubbles in me, share the excitement of being alive, of having happy expectations, of trusting in God as a loving presence in life, of enjoyment of the beauty of nature as his creation, I want to cradle you in my arms, rock you until you fall asleep, I want to share all my thoughts with you, every idea that came to me as I served the ladies with cake and tea, I want to serenade you with the most beautiful songs we sang at choir practice, I want to see you happy, your eyes lighting up and your lips forming a smile, I want you to realize how precious you are to me, how wonderful your touch, how infinitely beautiful the lines of your mouth, how noble your brow, how enchanting your laughter and how bracing the power of your thoughts on reform and freedom – I loved it, the way you looked at me, I was so glad to see you attending the service and get up to say a prayer; I was overjoyed by the way you conducted yourself; it seemed to me you were surrounded by a flood of electric energy; I only had eyes for you; the girls flocking around me could not distract my attention; now I want you all to myself; in my dreams I'll meet you tonight; in my visions I'll feel your touch...

Louise Tredoux

I'll Show You Passion

I'm alone today, you have gone away,
I dream of you, the things we do when
you are home, the way you laugh, the
things you say, the wonderful things you
do, the way you make me feel, the way
your eyes light up – and then illuminate
my life, the way you change the world
into a better place – I sigh, then smile,
when you return, I'll show you how warm
the flame of love can burn within my heart,
I'll show you passion as you have never
seen it before!

Louise Tredoux

I'm Aware, I've Awakened

I'm aware of my lips
all the time, aware of
fingertips, everywhere, I'm
aware of myself, for the
first time, aware of
everything, from my head
down, I've awakened from
a very deep sleep, I have
been kissed like a Sleeping Princess
after sleeping a hundred years,
your love will keep me alive
for a hundred more

Louise Tredoux

I'm Going To Cry

I'm going to cry, tonight and
tomorrow, all day long, because
I may, I promised I wouldn't cry
when Rudi left, when he collected
his bags, I didn't cry at all – the pill
Juliette gave me probably helped –

When he was gone, Juliette and
Werner also, I could let go, there
is no-one left, no-one to talk to,
no-one who understands, no-one
who cares about me, no-one who
reads my thoughts

I cried, and cried, I'm crying still, I'm
going to cry as much as I want, no-one
to query swollen eyes, no-one to give a
damn, it doesn't matter to anyone, my
father said NEVER trust anyone because
when you do, your heart will be broken

And it's true, my heart is in a million pieces,
there's no-one to turn to, I hate their reactions
and pity, with Rudi gone, there is no-one to talk
to, no-one to understand or give a damn - and
it is fine - this is the kind of experience I must
have to commiserate with everyone

As they go through their lives, but the pain is so
real, my body so broken and sore, there is nothing
left, nothing at all to live for – not telling Rudi – he
must be free to chase his own dream – a dream I
can't provide in, I am crying alone, as long as I
don't tell anyone...

Louise Tredoux

I'm Ready To Run Away

What a terrible class, I did not pass, the test
we wrote, I was confused, images of you filled
my mind, there was no place left for Dan and
Naftali, I forgot to study, I felt so bad, normally
I have full marks, now I'll be berated for ever,
but in my mind your image lives, and I prefer
feeling your touch to being praised for being
a bored student, I prefer life to dead facts in
a book, I prefer your embrace to holding a pen
and writing words, I have had enough words
to last me through eternity, the teacher says
the flesh is sinful – so be it, I have fallen in sin
and there is no turning back, the joy I have found
is making up for my lonely youth, mother died
young, father was strict, I studied every day,
we met at school, you promised me one day
you would set me free, I'm ready to run away

Louise Tredoux

In The Dream You Have Created For Me

Rudi, I love you, Rudi, I LOVE you!
Your compliments echoing in my mind,
filling my soul, making me feel like a
queen, you refuse that I go diving with
anybody else – you are too jealous –
Juliette calls it possessiveness; logically
I'm not that pretty that you have to keep
me all to yourself; I know you are irrational,
Rudi; you see me prettier than I am - to you
I am Aphrodite, your goddess of love - to
Juliette I am just me; boring, conventional...

I prefer your biased views to her cool rationality,
I love your possessiveness - mother died early,
father never showed he cared; when you claim
I may not wear a short skirt or low cut dress, it is
because you care, your eyes see enchantment
where others see none; though nobody sees me
as desirable as you do, I play your game, imagining
I'm as beautiful as you say; I keep all my affection
for you only; though I'm not attractive enough to
draw attention – since you irrationally believe
I'm so beautiful and you should hide me away;
I will do as you say

You believe so much in my charms that I become
charming to you and I don't care for anybody else
and they don't care for me; it doesn't matter that
Juliette calls me an Ugly Duckling – to you I'm a
swan, for you I become a queen, regal and proud,
head held up high; though I'm invisible to others,
I shall remain within your enclosures as proof of
my adoration, in appreciation for your vision of
me as your voluptuous goddess; I don't want to
go outside and see others blind to the charms
you have dreamt up for me

I love being your beautiful Queen for all time;
if friends don't like it, wanting me to feel as

ordinary as I am; I willingly say goodbye
to them and stay in the dream
YOU have created for me!

Louise Tredoux

Intoxicated On Your Words

I've grown intoxicated on
words of love, words
from a realm above

A symbolical union, of
which the physical deed
is but a mere representation

I climax on the sound of
your voice, the sound
of your name

Your name is sacred to me
to be used sparingly - to
retain magical powers

I dream on your words,
float on your ideas,
I sing your songs

Literal love can never be
as good as the feelings
I feel

When you're on a boat,
sailing away, while
calling to me

You love me, you
will think of me every
day, and I know

I will think of you,
keeping my thoughts
under wraps, keeping it down

For fear of
eliciting a frown
from those who have

Never known the
ecstasy that is
burning in me...

Louise Tredoux

Ire And Passion

I love it when the anger flashes
in your eyes like lightning, your
mouth forms an angry thin line
while you remonstrate with guilty
culprits deserving of punishment;
then you turn to me, the lightning
is replaced with the warmth of love,
your lips form into a smile; I know
you don't include me in your anger
and the passion you show in your
ire will manifest later in your
sweet desire...

Louise Tredoux

Ire Of His All-Encompassing Anger

As the Biblical Queen Esther had no authority
to approach King Ahasuerus freely, but had to
hope he would hold out his sceptre and not
condemn her for taking too much liberty, so
I feel about Rudi while he's angry

I hope to win his heart back from the fiery portals
of righteous indignation and make him relax
without getting consumed in the ire of his all-
encompassing anger, too much sub-
servience would enrage him

While too much arrogance would be worse,
now to find a balance until his upset feelings
subside, I'll abide my time and try being a
trustworthy, rational human being until
his natural goodwill returns

Louise Tredoux

It Ended In Making Love...

Rudi and I were fighting, it started when he said there are no relevant ideals in modern society, I agreed that people have few dreams, but the story of Christ – Rudi stopped me, saying it's a fantasy, I agreed, it might very well be, probably is a fabricated reality, but still it is a beautiful story of love and forgiveness, Rudi said it lost its value in its improbable origin, then I got angry, couldn't help myself, demanding that he acknowledge the mystery and beauty therein, he said more wars were unleashed by this kind of religion than by other societal forces, the argument escalated until we ended up fighting about my way of preparing meat, then my driving, me crying in exasperation, I am too hesitant, a danger on the roads, I argued when do I get the chance to drive, to gain self-confidence? It came to fisticuffs... at least, it started that way, it ended up in making love...

Louise Tredoux

It's Called Making Love

You were cold after diving,
your wet suit still clinging,
you said I could warm you
with my own body heat,
you seemed so small and
vulnerable, I kissed you all
over, tasting salty sea sand,
your body grew warmer and
hard to the touch, it was
exciting, you kissed me back,
that nearly started another
attack, you said it's called
making love, I couldn't see
the difference, you were
offended, you said I was
recalcitrant, I said it was
aggression, I never saw
you so angry, you called
me an Alien and asked
where I was from, I said
Planet Parish, I thought
you would hit me, but you
kissed me, said you would
make me yours if it was the
last thing you did, it might
very well be that, the way
it was going, then you
attacked and I counter-
attacked, it's called
making love...

Louise Tredoux

Just Loving Every Day

Went on a quest to find strength against negative opinions from people outside, Buddhists say "Love without demand or expectation thus love will flow freely and no pain will come to you", I am applying their advice, letting go of fear, just loving Rudi every day, forgetting about possible problems, without demanding that he love me back, thus I can never suffer should he turn away - and love my fellow human beings as much as I can - that is true freedom....

Louise Tredoux

Keeping Rudi Safe In My Dreams

I believe in ONE thing only: in trust, I believe in the power of the mind, I believe that everything depends on the choices we make amongst the alternatives we are presented with; no, more than that, I believe that the alternatives are also determined according to our own desires

When the news came of a storm at sea, implying trouble for Rudi, Werner said to prepare for the worst, I told him YOU prepare for the worst, if you repeat a negative thing like this again, I will kick you, Juliette laughed – She means it, when negative people insist on worry or problems

She becomes physical, she's a fundamentalist believing in the power of belief literally, count your words – I chased them both away, needing time to concentrate on my vision of Rudi holding him safe, trusting that the power of my positive energy will strengthen him literally

I unconditionally believe that Rudi wants to live, my choice of seeing him safe and continuing life is based on observation and experience, I trust that when he is given a choice in fighting for life he'll choose life every time, I believe that all death is based on subconscious consent, that when

Someone dies it is an unconscious form of suicide because dying is impossible unless the subject wills and wants to move on to another dimension of non-physical life, while Rudi is like a sunbeam, still too warmly in love with the beauty and magic of pulsing, physical life to move on

I'll sit here like Penelope waiting for him, I wonder what she was thinking as she faithfully waited for Oedipus, I'll remain in my chair and conjure visions of light and protection for Rudi, if Penelope could

wait for so many years, so can I, even crying tears
in misery - of loneliness and boredom

Shall not prevent me from keeping the vision of Rudi
until he is safely home and back in my arms, I believe
my desire to see him alive is a faithful representation
of his own wishes for warmth, love and life, trust is
the basis for creating reality, until then I'll shut out
all negative people, all worriers and false sympathy

Based on a desire to fulfill their own need to do good,
based on their own want to project their own negative
expectations on me, to base their empathy on a shared
sadness and loss in reality – I refuse, I shall remain the
mainstay for my Rudi, holding him safe in my visions
until he returns

Bathing my visions of him in a white light of energy and
a golden light of love, he'll be back because he is in love
with life – and incidentally with me also, in that I firmly
trust, my love for him creates the ability in me to love
the rest of the world likewise, my life centers on Rudi
because before him there was no-one else

Not my father, bitter and angry, not my mother, died at
my birth, no bosom friends that could fill the emptiness
within me – I was cold and alone, but I dreamt of love and
delight all the time – then came Rudi and stepped into the
emptiness, projecting so much love and acceptance, joy
and laughter into the space opened by dreams within me

Filling me like a laser beam, changing my perspective of the
world – of the universe, teaching me how to live my dreams,
I believe Rudi still wants to be with me and although weather
reports predict loss of boats and loss of life, I am keeping Rudi
safe in my dreams, in my trust, in my love – and if Werner
touches me again, I'll kick him to kingdom come...

Louise Tredoux

King Of My Heart

You make me feel safe, you create a
wonderful world through your attitude,
the way you treat people makes it a
loving place; I thought the delight
was only in my perception

But seeing the world react to your words and
kindness made me realize your devotion to
duty, helping all with affection, with your
superior understanding; creates a
safe universe

You came into the bubble I made for
protection against an incomprehensible
world, you came offering companionship,
accepting me as I am, sharing my space
with me

No need to play a role for fear of rejection, you
bring light and confidence wherever you go, you
attract all things positive and good, you are the
source of the love and goodness that
surround you

You shine a golden light on my mind, accepting
my fantasies and make me feel divine, I shall
kiss you tonight and crown you king of my
heart forevermore....

Louise Tredoux

Kiss You Again

Laughing, singing, dancing, enjoying life,
thanks for being so sweet and kind and
brilliant and shiny and inspiring, you are
a bright light unto me, thanks for contri-
buting to my passionate delight with life

Thanks for eternal moments of infinite
love, moments I relive in my life every
time I dance in the sun and sing with
the wind, pure light without spectral
lines, you became a godly being

In the prism of my mind, a pure golden
light of divine inspiration – come, let
me kiss you again...

Louise Tredoux

Kissed Me In Starlight

Rudi showed me how to go on,
he told me to dress up in black,
we went to a smart restaurant
where he wooed me with words
saying the most beautiful things
as we conversed

We danced and he held me tight,
he even recited poetry, then he
kissed me in starlight, we went
home and he carried me to the
door, he told me in the most
enchanting tones

What he was going to do, my eyes
wide in delight, his voice carried me
to heaven, then the touch of his hand
and lips and the feel of his skin bewit-
ched me completely, he seduced me
with his voice

I was taken to heaven and beyond –
this morning I was still so enthralled,
couldn't continue writing my story...

Louise Tredoux

Kissing His Forehead Softly

Rudi tossing and turning in his sleep,
feverish with malaria, I must keep his
temperature down, wiping his brow
all the time, he moans in his sleep

I visualize him tall and strong as he
usually is, in my mind's eye I see him
laughing in health, I give him quinine
and count the hours till morning

He has nightmares as his body over-
heats, I sponge him down and sing to
him – a miracle, as I sing him lullabies
he grows calm and the fever goes down

Falling asleep myself, dreaming of Rudi
swimming and diving and chasing fish
as he always does, as I wake up I hold
his hand, fearing heat will disturb him

Kissing his forehead softly, waiting for
his eyes to open; when they do, I stare
into those blue orbs with joy, he looks
like my strong Rudi again...

Louise Tredoux

Kissing Me Back Into Breathing

I warned Rudi jogging is something I can't
do, when I'm out of breath I wheeze like a
lady of eighty, he reasonably said just try it,
I feared embarrassment

Jogging with Rudi, dewy fresh morning moments,
starting to suffer with every breath burning and
scratchy throat, starting to wheeze -
vocal cords singing out

Rudi recommending breathing with mouth wide
open, three in, three out, my eyes watering, my
nose burning, wheezing increasing, oh no, I'll
never go jogging again

Suddenly throat clogging up, I can't breathe at
all, Rudi shocked, a visit to the hospital, an
oxygen mask, my throat swollen in reaction
to pollen and dust

I'm crying in shame, I won't try again, Rudi
sympathetic at first, then laughing – You need
not do anything, Louise, just be mine, wheezing
and all - kissing me back into

Breathing again...

Louise Tredoux

Kissing Your Eyelids

I love following the contours
of your cheeks, the line of your
jaw, kissing your eyelids, outlining
the lips of the mouth that sings such
beautiful songs

I love tracing your chest and the rest
of the whole that is you, a friend and
soul-mate, a lover true, I love the fact
that you put your work aside and make
time for me - my desires and needs

I love the understanding we have for
the meaning we see in the world, I love
lying next to you while you explain all
your thoughts, I love it when you convey
what you have been taught

I love the fact that you don't laugh at my
theories and read my poems and stories,
even when you feel bewildered by my
strange ideas...

Louise Tredoux

Landslide In My Mind

I'm still shocked by the latest landslide in
my mind, realizing what my choices mean;
a retiring life of quiet study without any real
experience because I have been nauseated
by the crude details of earthly existence for
most of my life

I haven't yet defined my role; often cry about
being a square peg in a round hole, not fitting
in, not being content, yet held in my place by
intellectual baggage, I can dream of human
relationships, but only in the third person,
for me personally

There is only capacity; I'm studying to learn
about dreams because I can't dream as my-
self, I have to become somebody else so as
to manifest and inhabit being, I shall accept
making sacrifices continuously for duty and
principles; but

I cry about wasted abilities; perturbed by
the waste of potential; only saved by the
thought that earthly life is simply a phase
in the unfolding of infinite consciousness,
that all potential is fulfilled within other
lines - whenever

The trousers of time is split in two
as choices are made and
carried out...

Louise Tredoux

Laughing With Rudi

Embracing, kissing, holding, stroking,
laughing with Rudi, watching TV,
preparing a meal, listening to our
favourite music together, hanging
on his arm as he makes telephone
calls

Driving to town with Rudi behind the
old Landrover's steering wheel, listening
to Rudi, punching him as he insists on
misunderstanding my meaning, running
from Rudi, life has new meaning within
the framework of Rudi's presence

The context of his voice, the happiness of
his touch – I love him so much...

Louise Tredoux

Letting Him Off The Hook

I am still angry with Rudi for rejecting
my lovely theory, truth is not needed
for ideals, possibility is endless and
probability is created by our beliefs

Doesn't he realize how many people
have been helped to survive their lives
positively by holding onto a dream,
by trusting in something bigger than

Themselves, I believe in the power of
the mind, we create what we think we
see, I shall always keep reading beautiful
mystical theories, making parts of it true

By living my life as the spiritual masters
do, fully aware of what I include – making
sure to respectfully exclude all that creates
disharmony, allowing others to choose

What I reject without ever making them
wrong – I'm swallowing – I shall respect
Rudi's viewpoint too - right after hitting
him just to make him understand

How big the sacrifice in letting him
off the hook...

Louise Tredoux

Life Is A Song

Rudi in bed, at home, safe,
a wounded leg, and I'm glad,
I confess, no more leaving
home for a few weeks, not
being alone by myself

Listening to him whistling,
talking on the cell-phone,
advising his colleagues,
dealing with conflicts, so
glad he's here

Lunch, sitting with him,
such fun, he's cutting
vegetables explaining
how he wants the meat
done for dinner tonight

I refuse, I'm cooking, I'll
do it my way or not at all,
we argue, he throws a
pillow at me, we open a
bottle of champagne

A compromise, we shall
buy take-aways, that way
both will be content,
watching TV, he's
here with me

Life is a song, he is
the melody...

Louise Tredoux

Lips Whispering Against Mine

Quiet Sunday in the sun, quiet
reading, listening to music, content
in being, happy to be breathing, a
strange state of affairs, I usually
feel I should be DOING something
while you teach me that the mere
fact of being is joy in itself, to be
aware, feeling sensations, is more
than enough reason for living; I still
find it difficult, until you kiss me
and hold me down, make me listen
to the sounds of nature, the beautiful
birdsong, feel the sun – but I love
listening to your heartbeat, I enjoy
feeling your lips whispering against
mine – THEN I enjoy nature also,
as background to YOU...

Louise Tredoux

Louise's Daydream

Louise was reading a book when Rudi walked in, still wearing his spacesuit, back from an intergalactic trip; overjoyed to see Louise again; he combed his fingers through the silky cascades of her thick, black hair; swung her high into the air, waltzed around with her in his arms; kissing her lips; then putting her down, he took out the crystals he collected on the planet Ballyhue, crystals glowing in green and red and yellow and blue, also unique white crystals, with a pearly sheen - glittering with a million diamond faces; crystals so pure and wonderful that when he struck them with a tuning fork, they reverberated in clear and beautiful tones

Louise was entranced, eyes shining bright; while she fingered them in awe, Rudi demanded a reward for the bounty he had brought, he said she had to ransom the crystals from him by surrendering her mind and body and heart to him; he gathered Louise into his arms and carried her to bed; she laughed and tried to tell him all about the book she read; but he listened not; kissed her words away and whispered her mind right into a Wonderland where only love holds sway - so it was on the next day, when Louise got to play with the lovely fine-tuned crystals, that he got to read her account of all the books she read while he was away...

Wake up Louise, it is time to get ready to leave, say goodbye to your uncle and aunt and nieces - I looked up, Rudi was standing there minus the spacesuit, but still handsome in my eyes, I smiled - reality is better than any dream I've dreamt....

Louise Tredoux

Love As A Light...

Rudi understands these bouts of crying when
I'm listening to Beethoven's Moonlight Sonate,
Appassionate, when I cry for all things and
events that we dread in our hearts

My mother dying at childbirth so I never knew
her, never felt her loving touch - Romania's
orphans dying without care of staff, my gran'
forced to wed an older man

Made to serve him and his children like a domestic
drudge, never broke free from the yoke, even went
to prison for theft on behalf of her precious son -
Anne Frank in a concentration camp

After two year's confinement in a secret apartment,
crying "There is no-one left" - her shaved head,
human dignity bereft, only in our remembrance
is she esteemed and redeemed

By her brave attempt to survive the horrors of World
War Two; crying again, Rudi understanding I need to
cry to lighten the burden of feeling the grief in
reliving the pain of the world

Though I believe all pain self-inflicted to serve a specific
purpose - maybe to make us cry, It cleanses the soul,
makes my heart whole, shining love as a light
on Rudi himself...

Louise Tredoux

Love Endures Beyond This Life

A dream wedding it was, Juliette's correct mother wriggling her toes in the sand, everyone breaking out of their normal stance, romantic Rudi complimenting me as I met him on the edge of the sea, he loved my dress, lack of make-up, no trimmings that seem so irksome and unnecessary, he loved my veil and anchor, saying so much, the pastor had to silence him to conduct the service, I didn't listen, my head too full of beautiful thoughts, blue sky, sunshine, white sand, enticing sea, finally said I do, a beach braai, ran into the waves, went to a club afterwards where we danced, muted music romantic, Rudi whispering kamasutra for you and me, I love the idea, I love life and all the world, I love Rudi in terms I cannot express, driving off, leaving the rest, discovering new intimacy, proud of making a contract to take care of each other, joyous in creating a new life, willing to stake my life on Rudi, willing to live I Corinthians 13 with him – love forgives everything, hopes everything, gives everything, love endures beyond this life...

Louise Tredoux

Love Forms My Life

Wide Sky and Rudi and I, all
that I need till the day that I
die, spreading my arms like
wings and run and play
I can fly

Rudi watching me all amused,
I belong to him and fills his life,
he is mine, sets me free from
pain and fear, together we are
a winning team

The wide sky and Rudi and I,
nothing more till the day I die,
I only want and need love, no
ambition for anything else;
keep your righteousness

Keep your faith and hope, I have
no need for those; while I have
Rudi and love, I am blessed
from above, no need for trust;
the experience of love

Fills my mind and heart and
forms all my life...

Louise Tredoux

Love In The Louvre

What would we be doing in France?
Rudi asked, Go to Paris, I replied -
Go see the Louvre? he asked -
That depends, I replied

On whether you can make arrangements
What kind? – To make love in the Louvre
WHAT? he asked bemused, choked in
his coffee - In front of everybody?

Are you turning into an exhibitionist? – No,
I just don't want to stare at ancient art, I
want to create living new art, all private
and alone in that sacred place

You'll have to make arrangements... In
front of the Mona Lisa? he wondered
aloud, a strange new light in his eyes...

Louise Tredoux

Love Is Exclusive

I thought life was easy, but it's not,
I thought loving with total devotion
was tantamount to heaven, but it's
not, life is about pros and cons, now
I realize how much it costs to be
faithful to the love of my life

Werner's presence made me realize
I'm vulnerable - when Rudi leaves so
frequently, I'm alone and unhappy,
missing the love of my life, a brother
who seems to offer support – this is
not right, I'll have to fight against

This situation, recent events proved
a fatal blow to platonic regard, I will
have to inflict hurt by frequent rebuffs,
this time I managed to push him away,
he cannot stay to petition for love when
Rudi's not here, I love giving love, but

True love is possessive and confining,
it must be conducted right, otherwise
all relationships would be undermined,
my honour would be compromised if
I embraced him willingly, love is
exclusive, can we be friends

Without tension, without pain?

Louise Tredoux

Love Is Joy

Love is joy, love is acceptance –
accepting my loved one, in total
acceptance of Rudi, of everything
he does, feels, thinks, I feel joy,
and the most amazing thing is –
he accepts me also! It is beyond
description, how it is possible for
him to accept me as I am? I've
been waiting for orders to change,
convinced that sometime I should
become a better person, but Rudi
likes ME, it's flabbergasting, how
can it be? I thought one should
change to accommodate your
mate, I didn't know what to change
into, was waiting for directions,
checking expectations – and all
I have received is confirmation,
total acceptance from my loved
one – yet I have read that there
is no such thing as unconditional
love, I'm still waiting for the
conditions to come, I'll love you
if... and there is none! Love to
me is joy, total acceptance and
joy, singing with the birds,
swimming with the fishes, laughing
with a loved one, loving his warmth,
adoring his smile, seeking explosions
in sensations and bubbling emotions,
I see Rudi as more than human, he
is an Angel to me...

Louise Tredoux

Love Political Upheavals

Caught up in the student activities
of Juliette's nephews, never knew
what we did was illegal - arrested -
an all-time first for me, part of a
political demonstration, first time
manacles over my hands, Juliette
white with fear, politics is dangerous,
called her parents to bail us out, great
fun for me, not a word to Rudi, I want
to do this kind of thing again, I love
political upheavals, marching in a
line, nothing should come between
me and my new political career, met
the ladies of the night in jail, they
spit at us, I spit further than both
them, one smacked Juliette, I
punched her in the face, they
backed off, aggression
appeals to me!

Louise Tredoux

Love You More Than That

I say one thing –
you hear something else,
I tell you how I really feel,
my words are reflected back
as an attack

I'm shocked by your
interpretation of my ideas;
I didn't mean that –
why is communication
impossible

Why is interaction
a dangerous practice?
Yet I have to agree,
it is quite possible
to interpret

My words like that,
your motivation is beyond
reproach, your perspective
will inevitably
force you

To interpret like that –
father dear, should I
break off all communication
just because my meaning
is NEVER clear?

I very much fear
the influence your relay
of information will have
on third parties; but
social interaction

Is not negotiable –
I must count my words
weighing the evidence

contained therein
carefully

I love you more
than that...

Louise Tredoux

Love Your Exuberance

I love your exuberance this morning,
the way you walk with a swagger in
your step, the way you waltz on your
way to the garage to get the Landrover
fixed, the way you enjoy sticking your
head under the hood to fiddle with
everything, the love you lavish on that
old jalopy, the way you confer with
your confederates in a plot to get it back
on the road again, I can mentally hear
the Landy protesting while you force
a new life into her tired old body

I love the enthusiasm of mechanics
working with gear-boxes and engines,
appreciating life as an exciting gift every
day – a feeling I missed in my professors
at university, their step was rather heavy,
life was a drag – well, reading Shakespeare,
Sartre and Heidegger has that effect on me
too, suffering with Thomas Mann in *Der
Tunnel*, reading *Der Steppenwolf* by Hermann
Hesse - I prefer conversing with mechanics
and hairdressers to listening to sad expositions
on the end of the world as predicated by Hal
Lindsay, Oswald Spengler and Alvin Toffler...

Louise Tredoux

Love, The Most Important

I knew these times with you would
colour my dreams for ever, would
inspire my thoughts for all eternity,
I knew that these memories would
stay with me until long after the loss
of my youth, I knew that life had
changed irrevocably, I could never
go back to what had been, and I
felt that was good, the new place
where I stood was right for me;
had been prepared from before
the beginning of time and meant
fulfilment of promises that other-
wise would wither and die

I knew with a superhuman certainty
what had happened was right for
me, that passion was what I was
born for, that fulfilment was what
I had longed for, that experiencing
this was the ultimate goal of my life;
that nothing else mattered; that as
long as I cherish these memories
and keep faith in your love; my
hopes could never be shattered;
I knew for the first time why love
was the most important thing
in the universe...

Louise Tredoux

Loving Energy - I Shall Be Its Truant Messenger

A spiritual solution for all problems, Wayne Dyer claims, all discomfort reflects negative thoughts, defining the allergy as a sign of bad mental health, I'm supposed to think myself well, if not, I'm doing something wrong, I try to create a new mental life, yet a spiritual solution has not manifested yet

I carry on holding a vision of a perfect life bringing the message to all men and women that we only experience people and life in our mind, knowing we are not the objects of experience, we are the silent observer within the experience itself; this knowing is supposed to set us free – but I sigh

Although the Bhagavad-Gita says the illumed soul always knows it is doing nothing, this divine sense of nothingness has never brought me joy – I still want to do something, strive to define a goal that would make life worth living; then I remember an irate remark regarding Wayne Dyer's lack of art

And my bad rendition of it, I start to laugh, my highest goal has always been and will always be to bring joy everywhere, to point out the sun to everyone, even Sir Suurklont; my favourite song will always be: "Jesus roep my vir 'n sonstraal om elke dag te skyn" - even though I've been

Admonished by a religious teacher to find another song more befitting my high old age, so I sang "Nothing is so good it cannot get better still, perfect situations can still improve..."- she was not impressed, informing me that perfection was the ultimate end – but I shall always insist upon

Infinity, which means there is no end, no external God waiting with finality for us to catch up; God is ubiquitous in loving energy; and I shall be its truant messenger in this earthly life I received so

undeservedly as Sartre explained caught up in
his left-brain existential pain....

Wayne Dyer "There is a Spiritual Solution to Every Problem" p.25

Louise Tredoux

Loving Him To Death

Juliette's father will accompany her mother to Italy, I'm free, though I was willing to do my duty, I nearly crushed Rudi in joy and happiness, we both tried to make the best of our feelings and jealousies, I feel like kissing and embracing him for all eternity

We need not be separated after all, I can see his face every day, live through his moods and temperamental spells, he'll be around to be cuddled and cajoled, to be smothered and enjoyed, I can't get enough of him, he is so marvelous, so

Magnificent, I love his big feelings, his terrible jealousy, based on possessive love for me, reflecting my own feelings, and his resolutely overcoming it was so beautiful, I feel like loving him to death!

Louise Tredoux

Low-Self-Image Queen Of Cold Beauty

Snow White's stepmother must have been suffering
from low self-esteem, looking in a magic mirror
every day for assurance of being the most
beautiful woman in all the land

When the mirror told her Snow White was more
beautiful, she being second only, her low self-
esteem led her to remove her rival, though all
know that second in a beauty contest

Is still miles above the rest, why would this Queen who
had everything insist on being the most beautiful also
requiring daily assurances, whose voice in her mind
was telling her that she was actually

A nonentity? Whatever the reason, outer beauty counts as
nothing when inner beauty shines in radiance, the sparkle
of happy laughter is a million times more attractive than
a plastic chest and botoxed lips

Snow White's beauty lay in inner strength because when
she found the dwarves' house in a state of disrepair, she
immediately started cleaning up and preparing
food, singing while she worked

With spirit and joie de vivre, sparkling eyes and happy
thoughts; maybe this is why the magic mirror preferred
her to the low-self-image queen of cold beauty...

Louise Tredoux

Made Up For Lost Time

Rudi is back, he returned!
After that frenetic kissing
with Werner, I didn't know
what to say; Werner announced
casually, I kissed Louise, a smile
lighted Rudi's face, And? he
enquired, Werner continued
with a lopsided grin, She
belongs to you, that is true

Rudi queried, Louise, what do
you say? I also smiled, He was
the second guy to kiss me, you
were the first, and I'm glad he
did; Why? Rudi queried, brows
raised painfully - Because it
proved to me, I like you best!
I said, Werner repeated - She
belongs to you... Rudi smiled,

He knows it is true, I want
full details later, he warned,
then made up for lost time...

Louise Tredoux

Magic Of Rudi's Presence

The most wonderful experience is helping Rudi when he is doing something, last night he fixed the Landrover and allowed me to hand him the tools, feeling I'm part of his team is the best thing there is, then brining him coffee, holding a spanner in place so he can reach for something else, being his apprentice – I'm still filled with the wonder of it all, the magic of Rudi's presence...

Louise Tredoux

Make Haste, My Love...

Oh, you don't know what dreams I've had,
the lovely thoughts, the beautiful plans, the
naughty ideas – I think those are impractical
moves, but you never know, we might make
them come true; and the wild wonders we
shall experience – make haste, my love;
come unto me; I can't wait for your lips
and arms enfolding me; and your hands
- this is where it gets naughty...

Louise Tredoux

Make Him Feel Joyous

Went through Rudi's pockets before
dumping all in the washing, came
across a small folded note on which
he scribbled the beginnings of a love
note to me – Dear Louise, I'll be late
tonight, but I'll take you out for a bite,
please prepare by wearing your black
dress in which you are such a pretty
sight, if you prefer, even white, we'll
paint the town red, before going to
bed... - I laughed and cried – never
got the note, how sweet of him, I
shall compose a poem for him also,
something worthy of his sweet
consideration, his loyalty and love,
something to make him feel as happy
and joyous as he makes me
feel all the time...

Louise Tredoux

Make My Spirit Soar

That flat feeling after reading too
much too fast, all the bubbles
spilled in one emotional blast
afterwards the feeling is gone
in a flat emptiness

Caring for nothing, nothing stirring
my feelings; relativism pervading
my space, realizing how small my
concerns on the larger canvas
of all forms of life

Searching for a larger goal that
will make my spirit soar above it
all, human concerns are not big
enough, the goal of life is to find
how to be happy

Hedonism is not it, so what will
it be, for what objective shall I
sacrifice and how much will I give
up - I charged like a meteor through
many universes at once

If I slow down, what will I find?

Louise Tredoux

Makes Him So Enchanting

It is so amazing, when Rudi becomes inaccessible like this, he seems more attractive to me, so seductive in his high morality, just provocation carries a charm all its own, his fight for truth, goodness and life seems so justified, honour is so important to him - protecting the weak, he would rather go hungry than break his principles – this makes him so enchanting, my heart is burning for him, the disciplinary hearing will be today, I don't know what he will say, but he will make an ardent case and I'm so proud of him...

Louise Tredoux

Making Love Is Fun

Making love is the most frivolous act of fun,
to be enjoyed to keep us young, but when
we truly love someone, when we want to
show affection and deep appreciation of a
special person's presence in our lives, we
can use it to convey our emotions

Feelings change the happy frolicking into a
sacred act illuminating our hearts, afterwards
just a friendly touch means so much, eyes retain
the messages of love, to relay them by telepathy,
the voice is enriched by a special tone when singing
the name of our loved one in conversation

Our body language and facial expression reveal all
our love, if you have felt this before, you'll want more,
it costs a lot to build a relationship, you have to pay by
giving up interfering associations, but the dividends are
so rewarding, your beauty increases without application
of rouge and cream

Loyalty to the one you love makes your spirit soar, you
find the sublime in the mundane once your loving gaze
transforms it into more than the sum of its parts, together
you create something unheard of before...

Louise Tredoux

Master Of The Universe

I'm sitting here with Rudi's request to clean out the cupboards - make space for kitchenware, get rid of mechanical tools that he stored everywhere; I look at his tools, spanners and saws and nails and screws and pieces of wood and string - lovingly

I love the flat for containing Rudi in every place, I don't want to change anything, I want even more things to speak of Rudi; I don't care for kitchenware, a toaster, a washing machine, and we've got enough - old batteries, strange radio parts, speakers

Parts of an old lawn mower, bicycle things, oily rags - this kitchen has atmosphere, it breathes Rudi all over, I become flustered, he will look in on me, he promised, I must throw away something, but what? I love it all simply because it belongs to him

I'm worried, I don't want to throw away anything that ever felt Rudi's touch, the door opens, Rudi's back, he'll think me a slouch, I haven't done anything, just stared and caressed Rudi's things, he walks in and catches me amongst rags and strings

Disappointed he says, Louise, you haven't done anything, I burst into tears - I know, I love this place as it is, I can't throw away all your things, I love them because they speak of you, he starts to laugh, looks at his tools and all the mechanical junk, and laughs so much

In the end I join in; Do you mean, you like the junk and other tool things just because they're mine, he asks, incredulous, Yes, I admit, this is a temple containing the essence of you; - Oh Louise, you impractical thing, we have to live here like civilized human beings, not build a shrine to junk

Look, there is nothing of yours in the kitchen - Yes, I agree with shining eyes, isn't wonderful, an Aladdin's cave, there might be a lamp with a genie somewhere - he looks at me - Oh, there

is a lamp, I rubbed it, and the genie came – I look around,
thrilled by his tale – Where?

I'm looking at her, she's called Louise, and she brought so much
love, she's the greatest magic that ever has been, I laugh, but
Rudi kisses my mouth - Don't worry, I'll do it myself, for now you
had better pretend the god Siva is come to claim his prize –
tomorrow we shall immolate his stuff on a pyre

But today, today he will consume you alive! Ooooo, wonderful
day, this genie will now make him the Lord and Master of the
Universe!

Louise Tredoux

May Blossom

Thumbelina felt very sorry for the frozen swallow,
covered him with feathers and down every night,
brought him seeds to feed and make him strong,
when spring came he left, offering to take her along

She refused, duty proclaimed she stay with Mrs Field
Mouse who took care of her when destitute, but she
was betrothed to marry the rich Blind Mole in autumn,
never to see the sun again, as she sadly waved the sun

Goodbye for the very last time, the swallow passed –
this time she climbed up and held fast, far away they
flew unto a far-off country of perpetual summer, where
he set her down on a lovely flower, out there came

A little elfin man, the Flower Fairy King, crowned her
his queen, attached some wings, she lost her humble
name and origins when she was called May Blossom,
the happiest fairy in all the Flower Kingdom!

Louise Tredoux

May Happiness Stalk You

Thank you for calling, lovely to hear
your voice, asking me how I'm doing,
I'm fine, though I miss you, I love the
sound of your voice, you know that,
a call from you is never inopportune,
call me as often as you like, I dare not
contact you, your time is limited, research
at the aquarium restricted, I appreciate
it when you make time for me, enjoy
your day, may the marine life amuse
and intrigue you, may you come home
safe, may happiness stalk you!

Louise Tredoux

Mean The World To Him

What fun we had last night, how great
to fall asleep on Rudi's breast, instead
of lying awake all night, told him of my
plans to construct a fairy grotto
with some craggy rocks and
driftwood I had found

Told him the story of the magic fairy who
would live in it – did not get very far, his
kisses took my breath away, he said I
could be his magic creature if I wanted
to, it was so easy to enchant him,
seems he likes everything
nature's offering

I love his voice, his attitude, his eyes, his
hands, his hair, his whispers in the night,
his magic touch, his encouragement, I'm
overpowered by his acceptance of my
ideas that used to drive my father wild,
that made me feel like
an unwanted child

Rudi makes me feel as if my thoughts
mean the world to him...

Louise Tredoux

Meet Again In Our Special Place

Desperately
trying to create
my own sanctuary,
refine my own cathedral,
create a sacred silence inside,
to flee into myself and hide from
life - when I discovered your note to
meet you at our special place; overjoyed,
my heart beating faster, my pulses racing, my
feet were not fleet enough to carry me there
yet I was in time, you were waiting as I
arrived, buried in your coat against
the cold, but your lips were sweet
and your fingers deft and your
hands pulled me close and I
found joy in your embrace,
the joy of our love that
grows ever stronger
that nothing can
destroy
a love that
keeps growing
stronger whenever
it meets opposition, when
my father forbade me to see
you again, when I cried, when I
died in my pain, you sent me a note,
you planned my escape, you initiated
a gate into paradise and I fled to that special
secluded place that we have made our own
where we can meet to be alone, sharing
our thoughts and emotions, creating
calm in the eye of the storm, as
soon as father permits and
you have proved your
innocence
we shall be
together again,
together forever, till

then, my love, I shall always
follow the notes that you send
to meet you again in our special place!

Louise Tredoux

Meet In Secret

My hand shook when I looked up and saw you standing
there, you turned away immediately when you saw father
with me, but not before you managed to wink
I knew you would leave me a note somewhere, couldn't
wait for father to depart into his favourite reverie,
as soon as he was ensconced in his research,
you turned up again, I wanted to cry, to have you so near,
yet unable to say hi, but you arranged it neatly, you handed
me a book with a note, then an unexpected joy –
father called away by the librarian,
you pulled me behind the books,
the kiss still burning my mind, one kiss intense,
one kiss containing a whole world immense, filled
with the incense of the love you promised me
when we were at school, never letting on that you
liked me especially until the day I fell and you picked
me up, tried my tears, I saw something in your eyes that
made me blush, you blushed also, then you said that
I should wait, when we were all grown-up, you'd be there,
and today – you were there, tonight, I dream about you,
tomorrow, we'll meet in secret, but the dreams I have now,
is more beautiful than words can ever describe!
Passion? A forbidden word in our house, father requires
total obedience, but today, I felt passion in you, it stirred
in me too, I hid it well, but it's true, I'm very human
indeed and so are you; I love you so much,
and I always will...

Louise Tredoux

Mind Rolling Like A Ball (2)

A mind rolling like a ball,
searching for grooves
and tracks to for a
stable path

When focusing on one
subject, I balance this
big rolling ball in a
stable position

Right on the spot where
I've got to beam my
Laser-attention; but
the slightest

Emotional pressure
suffices to set it
rolling again...

Louise Tredoux

Miss You So Much

Easter – and you're not here, engaged with foreigners who promise big finance for marine projects, I didn't go to church to hear my father the pastor preaching his sermon, stayed home and did the washing – so calming, looking at the trees and shrubs shimmering and shining in the sun, enjoying the rhythm and security of routine action, wondering what you are doing, signing contracts and talking big bucks, running on adrenaline; I sighed and bought French fries and ice-cream, a true feast, looked at magazines, Angelina and Brad having a fight, I'm sure if you were here, we would not have been fighting, we could have gone house-hunting, I brought in the washing, folding clothes while listening to Chopin and sighing, hoping your wining and dining the friendly Chinese brought you more joy than I was feeling, no use preparing a meal, you'll be enjoying haute cuisine, I'm going to watch my favourite movie – I much you so much...

Louise Tredoux

Miss You Tonight

I miss you tonight, you know I do, now it
is dark, tomorrow is creeping up like a thief
in the dark, father preached his sermon today,
I was in church, you were not, I felt guilty about
everything, but mostly I felt lonely without you,
your kiss and your touch, your reassurance that
fear is should be gone, you will help me when I
can't meet the life that I have to lead, I waited for
a note – a note that didn't come, I dreamt about
you, fantasized in church, day-dreams that gave
birth to fleeting moments of ecstasy, I dreamt
that we would meet again today, I dreamt that
you would make me yours, but on this Sunday,
on this holy day, you did not appear, no note,
nothing to calm my fear, I thought you were
near, then I learnt where you went, it was a
blow, so tonight I shall do as I am bid, go to
church, evening service, then buoy my own
spirits by dreaming about you, dreaming up
a scene in which we are one, freed from the
burden of guilt and despair, freed from this
reality and free at last to share the feelings
that fill our hearts every day...

In my fantasy you came to me on the beach
and we raced through the sand before falling
down and then we kissed, and when passion
flamed up we followed it's flame instead of
extinguishing it as we have done forever
before... and I am becalmed in the
pleasure of my mind...

Louise Tredoux

Mood Of Elation

I can live again, Rudi's back,
his mood one of elation, he
lost his case, but satisfied
he didn't lose face, happy to
be alive and being my sweet-
heart, we need to find money
to pay the rent since he forfeited
his salary for a month, I have
a plan, it ought to work, based
on a movie, Hollywood affords
me so much inspiration, I'll
come up with the money
and Rudi will be
so glad!

Louise Tredoux

More Beautiful Than I've Ever Been

Been crying ever since I got back from
the hairdresser's, my hair looked terrible,
suspected my hairdresser was sloshed,
too shy to say anything, just came home
with a moth-eaten head, Rudi so under-
standing, offered to fix it, I thought, what
the hell, nothing can be worse
than this

I was wrong, it got MUCH worse, Rudi cut
it pudding-basin style, when I saw the result
my tears were spent, I started to laugh, I had
become a bad imitation of a cloistered monk,
Rudi affronted; but had to admit to my looking
awful, Juliette was shocked, how could I let Rudi
loose on my hair, I said she'd drilled me so well
on my having bad hair

Too thin, too non-descript, I thought it wouldn't
matter; she dragged me off to her own Angelo
who cut what was left even shorter, adding
high-lights – suddenly I was a new person,
strangers whistling, Prof saying he would
never have recognized me on street, when
Rudi came home he was knocked off his
feet, said I looked like a pixie

Loving the style so much, he just went right on
loving the rest of me too, making me feel
more beautiful than I've ever been...

Louise Tredoux

More Intense

Love means different things
to different people - to me it
means acting with respect
for dignity while maintaining
independence, remaining in
control of my own happiness

Accepting responsibility for every-
thing happening to me, when I had
put my trust in Rudi because of his
strength and wisdom, I accepted all
problems as the result of my choice
and therefore to be solved by me

When his mental absence pains my
heart, I accept the wounds the pain
creates as new space in which future
joy and delight will be more intense –
and it works every time...

Louise Tredoux

Most Painful Day Of My Life

When I informed Rudi of my trip with Juliette's mother to Italy, he was even more jealous than me – saying if I went, he won't see me again, yet I know if I stay, I'll be stabbing my friend in the back – Juliette's counting on me, now she is expecting - to take care of her mom – for the first time in my life I have to weigh the pros and cons - for the first time I felt what it's like to choose duty before pleasure

I would prefer to stay with Rudi, especially now that I know he is jealous of me – yet I have an obligation towards Juliette, my friend from when I was small, and her mother, who is always there for me – so in great pain and sorrow, I chose to accompany her mother to Italy, even though Rudi said if I did so, he would never talk to me again – can we humans be expected to weigh life-time obligations against our life-time loves?

Apparently yes, I had to inform Rudi, crying, that I was going to support Alora, Juliette's mom, against any objections he might think up, I did not sleep afterwards, but I knew that honour and duty as well as integrity, were part of me – if I said no, fearing Rudi's reaction, I would have hated myself for the rest of my life – if I lose him,

As he threatens I shall, he is not the man I thought he was, I'll get over him, however painful the price I have to pay for the insight – I spent the night shivering, not able to believe he could be rejecting me if I did my duty – when he came to me, apologizing and indicating he approved of my choice; detrimental to him as it was, I cried unstoppably, my trust in him was right - yet it was the most painful day of my life...

Louise Tredoux

Moving Rhythmically To The Music

Moving

rhythmically to the music

with Rudi, safe within the fortress

of his love, enclosed within the ramparts

of his castle, wearing the breastplate of his

assurances, protected by his steadfast character,

supported by the warmth of his personality, wrapped in

the nobility of his high ideals; lighted by the fire of

idealism burning in his eyes, moving within the

circle of his arms, his embrace affording

me the freedom to be

myself...

Louise Tredoux

Music Of The Spheres

My newsletter says
'find feelings of relief
that lead to a wonderful
mood and attitude,
even when your body is hurting,
and your body will improve
because your thoughts
create your reality'

I am going to visit Mrs Du Preez,
haven't seen her for years, she
is very ill, by spreading good
cheer, or at least attempting
to, I will feel better about making
a sacrifice on Rudi's behalf

It is exciting to seek her favourite
Dishes, make a special bouquet,
Juliette's mother will give me a lift,
I can still mean something to
somebody else, even if part of
my heart is gone, life goes on

I can sing my song to my father
and aunts, I can write down my
memoirs and focus on all the
people I love, I lost romance,
but that is a transient thing,
here today, gone tomorrow

A source of great sorrow, but
love is bigger than touch, love
is unstoppable, love needs no
sensory experience, love is
based on the imagination, I
can imagine Rudi's presence

And laughter and happiness
much better than real life can

show me, I can live without
physical touch because my
spirit goes into higher
dimensions where

I am comforted by the
music of the spheres...

Louise Tredoux

My Body Covered In Flames

I'm afraid I didn't do much today except
write my love a little story, several stories
if the truth be told, I was naughty and dived
down into the sea from the forbidden rock,
my love came unto me white and shaken and
shocked, he wanted to inflict some form of
punishment, then ended up kissing me as if
I were a captive never to be free ever again-
and that is just exactly how I felt, that I would
never be free of the love in my heart and the
need in my body, so I kissed him back and
pulled him down onto the sand, I wanted to
hold him for eternity and to be held for even
longer than that, I felt young and strong and
in love forever and a day, I shall never love
anybody else in this way, my heart beating
furiously and my body covered in flames...

Louise Tredoux

My Eternal Love

When he enfolds me with his body, being so much bigger
than me, big and strong, when he cloaks me with his being,
wrapping me in his love, I go into ecstasies of delight, when
he makes music with my body and plays a symphony of love

When he completely buries me in soft waves of undulating
delight growing into a crescendo of unleashed furies of passion,
when he seeks his joy in me and finds it in what I am, in my being,
when he immerses himself in the joys my body holds for him

I am complete, I experience epiphany, I become a new person,
larger than I was, softer, warmer, more joyous, enriched
immeasurably by the experience of sweetest love

When he treats me reverently afterwards, when the afterglow of our
love stays in his eyes; when he refrains from rebuking or belittling me,
when he treats me like a queen; I grow in stature, my love is infused
with new energy and ignited with joy

And you commiserate because Rudi is away frequently – how little
you know, how little you understand of the eternal love that glows
and grows in me, Rudi being who he is, my eternal love...

Louise Tredoux

My Little Life And Rudi

I'm delighted by everything, the mystery of beingness, the secrets of the universe, the wonderful bigness still to be discovered, the joy in happy laughter, the warmth of hostility discarded, the cozy comfort of a stomach filled, the softness of some fleecy blankets, the beauty of crystal trinkets, the magic of sleeping kittens – but most of all, I'm delighted by the big man-boy sleeping here with me, snoring softly, smiling in his slumbers – the most wonderful being in this universe, so happy in himself, he shines the happiness onto me, and my little life grows into an overpowering wave of such delight – thank you so much, Rudi...

Louise Tredoux

My Lonely Cave Under The Sea

Feed me one poem for the day
oh my beloved - show me the
way by the choice of your words

Open the door of my prison by
whistling your signature tune
help me escape mental anguish

By what you say, oh Rudi, I feel
so grey today - set my spirit free
from the confines of lack-lustre

Thoughts and the quiet of nothing-
ness, please bring light and love
unto me in my lonely cave

Under the sea...

Louise Tredoux

My Love Covers Everything

You didn't show up for lunch
after promising you would be
there, I gave you the benefit
of the doubt and I was right

You were held up by an emergency – you need never fear
that I shall blame you when
circumstances conspire

To make it seem you are doing
me wrong, I have learnt my
lesson and always assume
you are on my side

I will continue to do so until the
opposite is proven - and then
I will still exonerate you - I love
you, my love covers everything...

Louise Tredoux

My Love Is Here

I'm overawed, the smell of you,
when you arrived, hot from sun
and flight and tired from traveling
day and night, you smelled like
heaven to me, my senses were
overwhelmed and my mind was
unhinged – the most we were
allowed was to sit next to each
other, we did not sleep last night,
preferred to sit on the couch
instead of going to bed; I could
lie on your shoulder; experience
your beingness; I didn't want you
to take a bath – you smelled of
wood-fire smoke and khaki and
something else – your essence,
I think; it was marvelous, you
arriving when I couldn't wait any
more, you should have warned
me so I could have prepared, my
tearstained face was a mess;
when you got out of the truck
my heart stopped, the moment
too big, I still can't believe that
you've come, that you are here
and you are mine, I just want to
stare at your sleeping face on
this morning of love and grace,
I'm crying again, my love is here,
joy overpowering expressed
in tears, you're here!

Louise Tredoux

My Nose Twitched

I love the white beach, I love the sun
I love the clouds, I love the wind,
I love everything at the coast, most
of all, I love the thought of you,
your warm happy face, in a lopsided
grin, promising me that in a while
you would show me something
I have never heard of before,
you said you loved the way
my nose twitched while I waited
for the promises you made –
the lady in the café regarded us
curiously - her eyes all skew –
I wonder whether she knew...

Louise Tredoux

My Only Admirer...

Visited Juliette's parents in their castle today,
at least, this is what Werner would say, they
live in rich man's valley, Mr Gagiano once again
explaining to me why he actually liked Hitler –
he tried to save his own people from the Jewish
invasion of Germany – Juliette only shaking her
head in exasperation

We're not allowed to walk on the wooden floors
barefoot, though socks are okay, may not eat in her
bedroom – but Juliette smuggled crisps and peanuts
in there ages ago, when we were still at school; Rudi
and Werner joined us; at the height of conversation
I went off to read some more in Mr Gagiano's
encyclopaedia's

Rudi disapproved, took me back to join the others,
Juliette's parents worried, what's wrong, Rudi, they
enquired, I looked at Rudi questioningly, he explained,
he apologised for my bad behavior, going off to read
instead of joining in the conversation; all laughed and
assured him that it was quite okay, I explained
Mr Gagiano has been my only admirer

Since I'm the only one interested in his old-fashioned
books, Rudi blushed crimson to the roots, I apologized,
never thought to brief him before this visit....

Louise Tredoux

My Only Measure

He went back to work, I fell asleep, when
he returned, I had cleaned the flat and all
the dishes, feeling sleepy, but oh, so happy,
blue eyes shining, seeing his delight, offered
him a pre-dinner drink, a meal for a king, he
loved it, I'm not domesticated, this is special,
he kissed my hands, my face, my everything

I kissed him back, life is GOOD when you have
someone to love, not simply a sex toy, which
is good enough, everyone assures me, but I'm
the old-fashioned kind, while full well realizing
sex per se is meaningless, I love adding it as zest
to my love relationship with Rudi, he is someone
special, far beyond mere romance

Yet, he is romance incarnate, that will change, all
assure me, it is a chemical reaction, short-lived –
just until I conceive and have his child – then he'll
turn his attention elsewhere, every time I come
across this cynical assessment I cry again, it is so
sad and threatening, why did my mother die when
I was born – did she feel rejected already

Did she know of the cynical opinions to come? I'm
scared of life, Rudi is my breastplate, his loyalty to
our relationship my only measure to determine
where I am ...

Louise Tredoux

My Poor Heroine, No Privacy

Such a lovely fantasy, Juliette grimacing,
not good enough, too puerile, she says –
I did my best! – not realistic at all, she waves
the fantasy away and redo my carefully constructed scene in terms so graphic and direct,
in such detail, she doesn't leave space for the imagination

I object, NO, it shall not be like that, my heroine's life should stay on track, she cannot end up in the arms of a mysterious stranger, out of the question, he may be handsome, but if she doesn't know him, there will be no intimacy - Juliette plays her Ace - But he knows her, you see; he was in Akon's spaceship as they circled the earth

He saw her with X-ray eyes - But seeing from afar is not knowing, I protest - He has special ESP powers, he knows her mind, he reads her thoughts - My poor heroine, she will no privacy left in her mind, she will feel observed, shrink under scrutiny, I can't do it to her – You can, it's only one alien guy from another planet, she'll be fine

A shining example of the best in humankind - considering Juliette's idea, it enlarges the scope for adventure and action in my heroine's life – I might put in some very intimate details if Rudi approves – I smile – he needn't know about the story I'm writing for Juliette, besides, he'll probably add more juicy details himself, and that would be too much, I shall not breathe a word to him

He already enjoys more than his fair share of intimacy with me...

Louise Tredoux

My Sweetheart

To feel loved takes anxiety and fear away
to be cuddled with love, to be accepted, is
the most wonderful thing that can happen

I look at you and FEEL the rays of wonder
I touch you and experience delight and joy
I listen to you - heart melting at the sound

Of your voice, even when you get angry or
frustrated - love makes me feel delighted

When you turn lightning eyes on me and I
return the bliss I feel, your lips start curling
into a smile against your will

When I stroke your back and kiss your neck,
you sigh in content and delight

Deep inside my heart I feel like a new being
renewed, energised, recreated by pure love
existing in a dimension of pure confidence

Created by you – you are my superman, my
wizard, my guardian angel, my sweetheart...

27 July 2009

Louise Tredoux

Naughty Light In My Eyes

Listening to Die Lustige Witwe - at first just delighted by the beautiful voices, then hearing the words, the love expressed, enjoying the mess created by all bent on having fun, suddenly the joy offered by life to everyone who has the ability to love overpowers my sense of decorum, I give Rudi a ring while singing along with the Vilja-song, Rudi's laughter in my ears, whispering, he understands my meaning, will be home in an hour, I'm overjoyed – the plot thickens, I prepare myself, a surprise for him yet, he will love this one, we are young and lust is important to us, the essence of life and adding spice to everything else, the naughty light in my eyes, Rudi knows how to survive my intermittent onslaughts on his workaday life...

Louise Tredoux

Never Loved Another

Rudi hanging over my shoulder, laughing
at my old-fashioned wisdom, demanding
what do I know about the frivolous aspects
of making love - I inform him all my skill
derived from him, he says hmm

I shouldn't call myself an expert because
of lack of experience, jealously I want to
know where he got his, he's teasing me,
what a beastly thing to do after I sang his
praises long and loud

He reminds me of his colourful youth under
the guidance of older siblings and adventurous
nephews, I feel like kicking the lot of them until
reminding myself Rudi is excellent in bed, he
had to start somewhere

I'd rather it be family than a line of enticing
beauties, I look at him askance, he's laughing
at me, I'm at a distinct disadvantage, nearly
got left on the shelf, one beloved only, I
thought it would be good for my health

Never practised by stealth as did the others
in my class, waited for my Prince Charming
to open my heart with a kiss, Rudi came into
my life as if on cue, what can I do, I've never
loved another, never will do...

Louise Tredoux

New Infusion Of Enthusiasm

Waiting for you to return from work,
staring through the window, thoughts
drifting aimlessly like scattered clouds,
this day was long and not very secure,
I got lost among too many thoughts and
and ideas, I can't wait for you to anchor
me to your view of reality, can't wait to
see the sparkle in your eyes, deciding on
vegetables and cottage pie, ice-cream for
dessert, going for a stroll, visiting Juliette,
seeing Werner also; please come home,
I don't want to float like this, between
moments that sparkled and died and now
life needs a new infusion of enthusiasm,
I can't wait to hear your voice and join
you in your choice of subject and ideas,
I hear the door opening - you are here,
gone all my loneliness, gone all my fear,
it is delightful when you return unto me~

Louise Tredoux

No Mind, No Heart, No Me

Today experienced the mental state that replays like a video film whenever my father attacks: When father told me I was a complete idiot, a total fool; I experienced all the old symptoms: Constriction, suffocation, headache, stomach ache, fear, anxiety, insecurity, stupidity, nausea, inability to sit still and concentrate

I know this mental state – which it the one of my youth – is always with me just ready to pop out when the old feeling of insufficiency is triggered; is probably the cause of my low work performance and cannot be controlled except by desperate measures: By becoming someone else, only by not feeling my feelings can I carry on

While Rudi is away and I have to stay with my father, I have a chance to experience all the exhaustion and mental irritation that blighted my youth; having to split into my evil twin – I call her Xenia – in order to face my father's judgment and indictment for sin – and holding onto the conviction that being positive, believing in love stronger than

Self-righteous justice, I can stand my father's attacks without giving in to the hysteria welling up; and when the pain is too much to bear in cold blood, turning into ice-cold Xenia, the untouchable; when Rudi is back; I will just turn back, but while he is gone, I have to hide my real self and become invisible; look, father, no face, no mind, no heart, no me!

Louise Tredoux

No-One To Turn To; All Alone...

This morning I feel overpowered by all that had happened, last night I even showered in your flat, I never thought I would act with so little restraint; the things I allowed you to do, the things I did myself; the way the old me simply disappears when you are here; the way I abandon my old principles; the feeling of invincibility when you start kissing me – this morning I am succumbing to fear; where did the old me go; I've been taught never to do naught that is forbidden by religious morality; this feeling of fear – an indictment of guilt?

I fear the effects of my taking unwanted freedom, fear being abandoned by you, ever since my mother's death, I vowed never to be bereft by the loss of a loved one; whether to life or death; and what power do I have over you? How to deal with this fear; what to do – what if you should die – or leave me? Whatever happens, I shall die, I cannot stand the thought of losing you; cannot contemplate my fate should you be untrue; suddenly intimacy seems to be the wrong thing to do....

I cannot turn back the clock, should I have waited until we were married? Will you ever ask me, will father ever consent? Should I marry? What if my beloved died? I feel scared; I'm going to run away and cry until I pass out; I'm scared and there's no-one to turn to; I'm all alone...

Nothing Happens In Between...

When Rudi goes away, nothing happens
in between, times stands still, the ebb
and flow of the sea doesn't happen for
me, the waxing and waning of the moon
remains obscured from view, I follow a
routine that changes me into a robot,
just waiting for him, Juliette says it's
emotional blackmail, but I don't tell
him, don't expect him to change his
job, the essence of him is in his
dreams, I'm happy to wait, when
women turn away from the man
they love to remain happy without
him, they so easily lose ecstasy,
I value those moments more
than an even life in between...

Louise Tredoux

Nuclear Fusion Of Body And Soul

Rudi is lighting a passionate fire in my soul, I love
the flames, he is burning within, emotional
temperature rising constantly

Without restraint, I have broken free from all
tethering, amazement as the feeling grows,
flaming higher and higher, soul exposed

Heartbeat increasing, becoming raw desire itself,
relishing the burning need, freed from constraint,
fear and doubt evicted

Allowing Rudi to break down the door to my heart
and soul, no inhibition, beyond restriction, proud
to be enclosed in a burning body

Taking pride in being his animal unleashing the
beast in him, surprised and delighted by the raw
and savage feeling exposed, empowered

By my own wildness, possessed by my own instincts,
mastering physical existence, accepting sensuous
delight as my birthright

False shame burnt away in the cleansing flame of
a pure, unbridled passion, crushing my lips,
crushing the breath from my body

Nuclear fusion of heart and soul in a magical
series of physical implosions, his laser power
cutting me open to fill me with him

He is my strength, my protective breastplate, the
luminous raiment enclosing my heart and soul...

Louise Tredoux

Obsessed By You

Oh Rudi, I'm obsessed by you, Juliette says I am and
it's true, I love you - hiding your email messages from
her, she says she wants to see what words you wrote
have me in transports of delight

I refuse to show them to her, fearing that when you
return, she'll usurp you completely, mesmerised by
your loving messages like I am, unable to concentrate
on anything else while under your spell

I walk about in a dream, cannot see anything, Juliette
pulling me out of harm's way, should she also discover
the beauty of your soul, I won't have anyone rational to
help me through reality until your return

I burn in obsessive dreams for your safe return, today
I'll try to focus on the here and now – until an email
message from the boat arrives – then I'm going to
give free rein to the feelings bubbling within me!

Louise Tredoux

Only For A Special Somebody...

This morning I read wonderful words
I almost decided to play they were
meant for me, to make my day, to
enjoy the thought of love with glee

But then I wondered should I seek permission
first, should I ask the author whether he would
mind if the words that I find, dedicated by him
to a special another

Were scooped up by me, a total stranger,
playing those words were meant for me?
If it were on a general forum, 'find your
Loved one', I could have said

'Dear Stranger, I love your word-art, the way
you describe feelings - you have touched mine,
here is my photo, short, dark hair, serious eyes,
small hands and feet...'

Please write to me, living alone - all on my own,
please send me personally some of those notes
you post so carelessly to be read and ignored
by poets and great authors

I shall take good care of your words, cherishing
them as special utterances of one I might love,
one whose mind appeals to my thoughts - what
do you say to that -

Will you entrust your thoughts to me to find out
and see if I'm true to my word and take good
care of your precious words, your lovely thoughts,
you love-lorn comments?

If not, perish the thought, I shall watch your work
from afar, knowing all the while these ideas
were not meant for a stranger like me, only
for a special somebody...

Louise Tredoux

Only He Can Help

I wonder where Rudi is, what he's doing,
while I'm stuck in Home Affairs filling out
application forms for renewal of his passport,
four forms so far - all wrong, my hand is
perverse and does not write what I tell it to,
my mind confused, I doubt my reply to every
question, my eyes are all skew reading the
words all wrong, I feel like crying, when a
strange lady invaded my private space I felt
heat spreading in my face, I cringed – I hate it
when strangers come too near - the things I
do for Rudi! - forms cause psychosomatic
symptoms my brain becomes dysfunctional...
I went home crying, I'll try tomorrow again,
I long for Rudi's presence, his sang-froid
and common-sense, I've lost my self-
confidence totally, only he can help...

Louise Tredoux

Overpowered: I'm All Alone... (Second Version)

Overpowered, acted with so little restraint;
the old me changed into a wanton creature;
abandoned my principles; feeling invincible
when being kissed – then succumbing to fear –
where did I lose myself; taught never to do
what is forbidden by religious morality; the
feeling of fear – an indictment of guilt?

The ice-cold fear evoked by unwonted freedom,
the scalding-hot fear of abandonment, I had
vowed never to be bereft by the loss of a
loved one, never to love so much that death
would scare me; yet today I have fallen in
love - the thought of loss is unbearable;
can't contemplate my fate should I lose him

I have succumbed to love as I vowed I would
not, I cannot turn back the clock, how could
I ever surrender to the risk of love and loss?
What if he became unfaithful or died? I am
scared; should I run away and cry until I
pass out; there's no-one to turn to; I'm
all alone...

Louise Tredoux

Passion - Be Honest

Rudi asked, 'What do you think of people who can't be faithful to lovers? ', I replied, 'Prevent inflicting pain by honestly admitting their inability, accepting monogamy is impossible if they can't control their passions; nothing wrong with that, they should partner others who have the same attitude, but people will freely choose between the excitement of painful deception, or the prosaic boredom of break-up'

Rudi asked, 'Would you still love me if I were unfaithful? ', I replied 'Yes, I would still love you as a wonderful friend, sweet and kind, but I would never trust you with my heart, trusting only integrity that does not allow passion to destroy loved ones, inflicting more pain on themselves than on their victims, we all choose whether we'll be victim or victimizer – but you have chosen to be a faithful hero and I trust you'

With this I kissed him...

Louise Tredoux

Passion For Life

Says the positive voice: Treat the job
as a meditation - I looked at my way of
working like a scatterbrain, dreaming of
glamorous adventures as I washed and
cleaned - tried the meditative approach,
ended up sitting in the lotus position staring
into the distance, feeling the charm of being
becalmed, afterwards finished the job without
existential fear

Rudi came home, made dinner together,
happy conversation, a warm atmosphere,
me being happily spiritual while he did
administrative tasks, contentment within
enabling me to bask in his peaceful
presence - maybe one day I'll stop
thinking of the world as a dangerous
place and create a safe space in which
Rudi and I can co-exist

In eternal contentment, but not now, of
course, his eyes ablaze with passion
for life - kindling reciprocal passion
in mine...

Louise Tredoux

Preference For Passion

Turning and twirling like a golden dust particle
in warm sunlight, happy in the preference for
love and passion and romance, joyous in the
choice for freedom and wild delight, swirling
in spiraling circles like a planet around the sun,
my sun is you, your laughing eyes, your bright
smile, your wise counsel, your touch that excites
me so much, your loyalty to our flame of love,
the hearth created by our togetherness, dusting
was a chore, but staring at flying dust to the
music of the introduction to Die Fledermaus,
I'm en pointe in my mind, dancing on my toes,
a character in The Nutcracker – the Sugar
Plum Fairy – and the room becomes a
lighted stage for a fantasy ballet...

Louise Tredoux

Preferred A Morning Kiss

Spilled the milk this morning, clumsy,
sleepy, wanted to prepare a super
breakfast, simply made a mess, Rudi
ended up with coffee only, toast was
burnt, he laughed, preferred a morning kiss
to cordon blue morning servings, this
was easy, he smelled divine, besides,
he can get breakfast anywhere, but I'm
the only one to offer him total devotion
and all my love, he says it is enough,
and proves it with a passion that colours
everything in gold and silver beauty,
that changes fear into freedom, that
wipes away my tears and fills my soul
with contentment for being clumsy me

Louise Tredoux

Preordained To Fill Me

Rudi massaged my ankles, my thighs,
then spread himself upon me and stared
into my eyes, penetration delayed, just
moments of telepathic communication;
did he see worlds of meaning exploding
within my being? I cannot tell, all I know
is that he does things to me, changes my
being, makes my body respond in a way
I never knew that it could, I'm a new being,
safe and secure in the knowing that Rudi
wants to protect me and provide for any off-
spring; popping a chocolate liqueur into my
mouth, giving me sensory joy – I never knew
cuddling, never had a mother with a taciturn
father, alone in my dreams, then Rudi came,
now it seems he was preordained to fill me
with love, evoke responses from me
I never knew could be....

Louise Tredoux

Prepared The Collection List

Prepared the collection list - pasting pictures,
double-line spacing, each line an empty face,
all filled in with golden glitter and shining stars,
columns for amounts of money with pictures of
currency notes, to be completed when these are
received, the ladies oohed and aahed, but I'm autistic
where money and lists and statistics are concerned,
by adding emotional content and fixing with pictures,
I can understand the list, Rudi promised to help me
count it – counting to a hundred leaves me confused,
now I'm ready to help save the orphanage!

Louise Tredoux

Prophetic Sayings By A Vogon

Going to write a book called 'The
Poetic Councillor – Prophetic
Sayings by a Vogon' in which my
E-book on PoemHunter will be
prescribed reading material

Those who do not flee to old Nick
will immediately start with serious
soul-searching in order to make
doubly sure they will not be forced
to imbibe Vogon poetry

For all eternity!

Louise Tredoux

Pulsating Next To My Skin

Come, dearest, come away, let
me enjoy your presence and all
the sweet words you say, come
let us lift up our eyes and regard
eternity, let us rejoice in being
together for one whole day, let
me hang on your lips while you
describe your dreams, let me
delight in your listening ability
while I describe my ideas, let
me cuddle you, stroke your hair,
touch you softly, simply because
it is a joyous sensation to feel
your eyes, feel you listening, hear
you breathing, feel you pulsating
next to my skin...

Louise Tredoux

Rather Have Them In My Life

Went with Rudi to the ironmonger's,
big men embodying dreams in iron
curls, iron roses, iron stems, bent
to form the most wonderful lines,
to think that iron can be so delicate

Went with Juliette to look at materials,
embroidery and cotton reels
in amazing colours, special powers
of overlocking machines; asked them
to accompany me to the library

Rudi busy with iron, Juliette seated at
her machine - I went alone in a huff,
I don't need their company to enjoy
books - it would have been a nice
gesture - but rather have them

In my life so they can make me feel
imposed upon - than being
totally alone!

Louise Tredoux

Reach My Heart...

I look at the big, wide world, prescriptions
made by prejudiced fanatics; disciples of
Theosophy and the Taliban trying to force
their will on others, then turn to you for com-
fort and advice, see you smile and say:
Trust in people's rational ability, no need to
fear pseudo-scientific mumbo-jumbo, no
reason to flee in fear, come here, I'll show
you the rainbow, how to see the stars above;
then I settle happily and trust in love, knowing
that your wisdom and insight will always reach
my heart and set me free...

Louise Tredoux

Receive Kisses In Her Sleep

To receive kisses in her sleep, being
caressed in her sleep, exhausted from
passionate embraces, deeply satisfied
by violent, exciting lovemaking, sleeping
content and delighted like a child, with
the innocence and trust of an infant

Because of who HE is, who HE represents,
his character, personality, worthy of total
commitment, beauty without moral flaw,
duty without coercion, sleeping in HIS
arms, being HIS total delight – kissing
her in his sleep, holding her tight...

Louise Tredoux

Regarded With Warmth

Rudi so sun-burnt, so bruised by
the stormy sea, a deep gash over
his eye, an arm in a sling, I can spoil
him to my heart's content, apply lotion
and plaster, have him enjoy being
an invalid

Living a dream of intimacy, have him
follow me into the kitchen, prepare his
favourite dishes, playing house with him
in tow, somehow he is more lovable than
before, I feel like a new person, elated
and happy

Overjoyed by the responsibility, singing
as I work, to be regarded with the warmth
and softness of love; though he hobbled
from the boat - he made my heart
beat louder than before...

Louise Tredoux

Remain True In My Dreams...

Sleepy, so sleepy after a sleepless night -
Rudi picked up by a colleague, have the flat
to myself, my own fantasy land, cleaning
while singing, playing at being on stage,
happy while I work, imagine spotlights
around; charming the audience

Classical music in the background - I'm in
a bohemian movie, the final task, the final
bow - off to the beach, now a beach bum
without a care in the world, tanning while
dozing my way into a glorious vision of
visiting an unearthly planet

Meeting the Krypton leader, a quick romance
before seeing Rudi tonight, must catch a few
tips with which to surprise him, but remaining
faithful and true to my Rudi, the Kryptonite
may only adore from afar

Refusing a brief affair with this handsome
stranger, being worthy of the trust Rudi has
in me, Juliette always laughs about my
insistence to remain true in my dreams...

Louise Tredoux

Repeat Endless Cycles Endlessly...

I never learnt to concentrate, never learnt to do research
without the aid of adrenaline and emotions involved, like
an autistic child - faced with a boring job, my mind
becomes useless

Enjoyed my studies by experiencing each text existentially,
the excitement of living every idea and theory, now that the
bureau sent me texts to edit, my brain short-circuits and
refuses to work

My life is a waste, I wanted to jump right to the end
of meaningless life, to bypass the useless events as
described by Ecclesiastes, but time did not pass,
I'm forced to

To repeat endless cycles endlessly - I wanted to play
a significant role, make a difference; now I'm depressed,
even when I try my best, the result is mediocrity, always
choosing wrong

Losing interest long before reaching the end - it wouldn't
matter if I had no dream of excellence, but I did; today I've
got to admit I can't reach my ideal, I'm a failure in all jobs
I undertake

I have betrayed myself and my own dreams, can't offer
Rudi anything at all...

Louise Tredoux

Respect His Freedom Afterwards

Reopening the argument, not good,
frustration my friend, I know respect
a precondition in life, but I feel like
stabbing Rudi with a knife, I don't
care about other people's opinion,
but his ideas are so important to me,
though he should be free to think and
feel as he chooses, just as I claim the
same thing for myself, but I just can't
let go, I want him to agree with me, a
real fight with him, the fact that he wins
because of physical strength no con-
solation, one last attempt before settling
the question, I shall respect his freedom
afterwards, first fight for what I believe...

Louise Tredoux

Romance In Expressive Eyes

Don't face reality – you'll get more of the same,
think up a fantasy, dream up a scheme, instead
of sitting here, suffering headache and sore ears

I am in the arms of my Charming Rudi who loves
reading my verse, waxing lyrical about my ideas,
while teaching me the art of making love

Through his own musical words, with kisses of
loving lips, with caresses of passionate hands
and romance in expressive eyes

Burning in understanding...

Louise Tredoux

Roses And Love

You understood, you are an angel
you did not blame me for dreaming
and playing, chasing rainbows

Paid for damages, I shall pay you back
not a word of anger, more laughter than
frowns, you said you understood me

My need to taste deeply of everything
that is why we have such a fantastic
life, you brought me roses and love

My superman hero, my angel from
above, I can never love you
enough!

Thank you for everything...

Louise Tredoux

Rudi And Me Doing The Tango

I watch dancing on TV – So You Think You Can Dance and Strictly Come Dancing, and I dream – that is Rudi and me doing the tango, there we go, entranced in a dreamy waltz, here we come in an exciting Bossa Nova, then we do a fast Foxtrot, Rudi is laughing at me, he says he would never dance like that, sway his hips, playing tricks, I pout and say I want to dance again with him; so he waltzes me to his bedroom, he says the only dance he really likes is a tango for two flat in bed, when he gets to feed his eyes, lips, hands and tongue on his partner's gyrating body parts, he makes me laugh; I bite at him and complain it's not a dance when lying down, he says I asked for it and drags me off into the kitchen where he exhibits his culinary skills and gourmet taste in quite a novel way, given the main dish is me, Louise Tredoux, the Pastor's daughter, oh, how I've fallen from quiet religious contemplation, and oh, how I'm rising on the wings of ecstasy – becoming nourishment for the man I love - in all my dignity – on the kitchen table!

Louise Tredoux

Rudi Enjoyed His Big-Boy Fun

A wasted day, wandering aimlessly
leaving the flat to Rudi and his mates
spent a long time looking at books
stared at wares in market stalls

Returned to find them all in good cheer
from drinking too much beer, cloistered
myself in the bedroom, a knock, Rudi
wanting to make dinner

Beer makes him even more lovable –
his inner sweetness makes aggression
foreign to him, he turns into an angel,
falling asleep like a baby

Yes, he gets into bed, Rudi's asleep -
his mates leaving, my home quiet again,
Rudi enjoyed his big-boy fun, even his
subconscious is full of love

Rudi's my gift from above, kissing his
boyish lips in happy love..

Louise Tredoux

Rudi Is Fine, I'm Still Shocked...

Rudi shall live, out of ICU, everything under control,
I'm too scared to be happy, fearful a vengeful god
might hear me and punish me for my happiness -

Remaining in quiet neutral, grateful, aware of how
precious life is, remaining within a sacred space
where only serious contemplation is allowed

Ready to shoulder the burden of life, too scared to
hop, skip and jump, trying to guard the secret of the
good news from the devil, not giving him a chance

To get at me by attacking Rudi, I must keep calm, not
alert any strange forces to the positive turn of events,
keeping my beloved safe from all that can harm him

Singing in joy might anger the jealous gods, I'm rational
and still rather shocked at having nearly lost my *raison
d'être*, I don't want to risk anything now...

Louise Tredoux

Rudi Kissed The Angst Away

Lightning in his eyes, his mouth twitching, I've never seen Rudi angry before, rage as palpable as a separate entity, when my father insisted I must go home with him I refused, Rudi said he would take care of me, my father went crazy, a real religious fit, accusing me for living with Rudi without being married, shouting and screaming

I felt perspiration beading on my heated face, waves of nausea welling up in my throat, feeling so humiliated and ashamed, I couldn't believe father showing how ugly and mean he can be in front of Rudi; I shrank back into myself, as I have always done since I was small when father went into a frenzy, ranting and raving

I looked at Rudi, fearing he would leave me because of this event – couldn't believe the white-hot anger in his face, I couldn't breathe; Rudi turned to my father whose eyes had gone mad, told him in a voice of ice to shut up and get out, my father lunged at him, Rudi hit him – hard – and he fell Rudi came over to me; my face burning, the

anger leaving his eyes, was he like this before, he asked softly, I nodded, too scared to talk, now I understand why you are like this; he turned away to THAT MAN who was attacking from the back; pinned his arms to his side and told him if he ever acted that way again to me or anybody, Rudi would hit him again; father's eyes went beserk

He started screaming again, indicting us for sin; Rudi calmly slapped him and told him to leave, my "father" threatening him while Rudi closed the door, I cried - this ugly scene was just a replay of so many times before, never wanted Rudi to see me humiliated like this - but he cradled me in his arms, making soothing sounds, when I calmed down, he asked me again to marry him

This time I said yes, no longer fearing my father, having seen that his mad behaviour did not scare Rudi away, then I cried in joy and shock; cried for all those times before when Rudi wasn't there as father went mad - safely ensconced in Rudi's arms, he promised never to leave me alone with HIM, never allowing a repeat of this scene – this was the last time ever

And then he kissed me, I'm not tainted by that ugly behaviour, he isn't angry with me for being related to such a Pharisee; I have cried the fears of years out of my system, Rudi kissed the angst away...

Louise Tredoux

Rudi Still Mine

When Rudi got here he was unshaved,
tired and furious, I refused to open the
door – I love him, but only at a distance
after his choosing another woman; he
simply kicked down the door - looked
at me with bloodshot eyes – I felt sorry
for him, but I'm not the sharing kind, his
having chosen Idelette I refuse to see him,
I told him as much in ice-cold tones, he
shouted at me – 'You fool, she is an old
flame of my nephew, she was not my
girlfriend, where did you get that idea,
I promised him I would take care of her
if her marriage to his arch-enemy failed'
I shouted back – 'How was I to know that
when she intimated that she loved you
so much', he explained that she always
kisses all guys passionately – it is her
nature – he took her to his nephew, I
never listened to their conversation,
consumed by jealousy; the Landrover
broke down, his cell-phone battery lasted
for one call only - his nephew who came
to fetch his Idelette, he fixed the Landy
and drove off – only to break down again,
couldn't call, had to lope off in the dark,
stumbled and fell and injured his head,
showing me the swelling, not knowing
what terrible conclusions I had come to,
unconscious – when he woke up, walked
in the blazing sun without a hat on his head;
got help, got the Landy going, when he got
to the flat, tired and nearly dead, I was gone,
no indication of what was going on, I started
to cry while my father brought Rudi a whiskey
and made him sit down, I am nauseous with
shock and surprised delight, I was a fool, the
pain was too much, Rudi still mine, though
he should have explained at the time...

Louise Tredoux

Rudi, The Self-Assured Emir

With Rudi home, everything's different,
we laugh, share humorous anecdotes,
he makes sardonic remarks that tear at
my insides when I laugh till tears stream
down my face while he watches with the
satisfied expression of a cat who got
the cream

I love every punch, I love the way
his eyes sparkles with unmitigated
delight, we went down to the beach
and he changed it into an exotic
location, our simple food became
a king's feast, swimming turned into
a delicious adventure

My swimsuit changed into an erotic
costume and his suntanned body made him
the most handsome emir, I bowed and served
him as a lowly handmaiden should; but he knew
I was a kidnapped princess who had to be saved from
the Saracens – which he promptly did, of course,
and demanded his prize

Maybe we should not have presented a public
spectacle, though the people on the beach did
not seem to mind when they cheered, I was
very red in the face, I fear; but Rudi, the
self-assured emir, simply laughed
at his vassals...

Louise Tredoux

Rudi's Kiss, Bringing Back Life

No news of Rudi's boat – what do I care,
Rudi will be back, even if he has to cross
the Atlantic, I went down to the shops all
alone, looking at tents, we shall go camping,
Rudi and I, when he's returned, I tried the
inflatable mattresses they recommend

Too soft, a double sleeping bag on a ground
sheet will do perfectly, I saw the perfect stand
for washing up - fell into a reverie about the
offroad trailer with a rooftop tent, drawers in
the side, visualising Rudi and I, a four-wheel
drive – his old Landrover will do – off

Into the bush, playing house in a tent, camera's
clicking, enjoying freedom, with all this ahead of
him - alive in my mind - shining in my dreams, Rudi
has to return, he could never withstand the call of
the wild, Born Free his favourite song and movie -
I'm crying, simply because I'm alone

Eating on my own, other people's presence is too
distracting, when they look at me with pity because
of Rudi lost at sea I'm livid with rage – leave me alone,
go away, I'm thinking him in safety, my ability to hold a
vision will determine how soon he'll reappear, my path
is clear – trusting in the power of his love for me

To bring him back, make him challenge all dangers, give
him power to overcome the obstacles offered by the sea,
I'm allowed to cry simply to break the tension - the doorbell
rings, refuse to answer - but Rudi has no key, is he back, safe
and free – opening the door – Rudi's here, bleeding, a gnash
in his leg, but he's ALIVE!

Werner, Juliette; hospital, I'm no help, crying for joy, crying for
fear; the fear I never expressed and kept at bay by trusting in the
vitality and love in Rudi – but now I'm spent, too glad to realize how
dangerous the sea was; back at the flat, lying down, Rudi beside me,

Juliette preparing a meal, Werner doing the meat on a braai outside,
Rudi laughing, I'm crying in nervous exhaustion, Rudi's kiss, bringing

Back life, he's more than okay, the boat is lost, two seamen drowned,
I'm crying still, he's more precious than ever to me...

Louise Tredoux

Rudi's Warm, Loving Embrace

Rudi next to my bed, reassuring and kind, I
fell heavily while hiking with Juliette, woke
up in hospital, feeling awful, a bandage
around my head, Rudi came, flowers and
chocolates and the kiss of life, eyes – the
regard of love, hands, a touch of delight

My head is better already, the hospital dis-
appeared in its place I see eyes, feeling Rudi's
warm, loving embrace; I hear music, wooden
instruments, resonant, whispers, Rudi's voice,
I lost consciousness, when I came to again,
he was fixedly staring at me with a smile

He did not leave, said he won't leave me to die,
kept vigil at my bed, four o'clock early morning
the sister passed, he held me tight, fearing the
darkness of night and fighting the reputation of
early morning for people to give up life, he is
ready to wrestle the Angel of Death, he says

He will not let me go, I was surprised, a little
fall and he's so concerned, later I'm told how
serious the concussion and how deep the wound
in my head, when my eyes turn up Rudi holds me
with love, I don't think Death can interfere with
Rudi here...

Louise Tredoux

Scantily Clad And Thoroughly Bad

Juliette and I still locked in combat,
she thinks the music and poetry
superfluous, while I insist,
explaining this is how
Rudi does it

She says Werner does it differently,
she prefers the silent, active type, I
refuse to budge, she's had enough,
threatens to write her own story, I
told her

Welcome to it, just leave my characters
alone - my heroine in black and her
Kryptonite-King, she said her heroine
would be scantily clad and thoroughly
bad; I told her

Go ahead, when all is done and said,
every story has the right to exist
somewhere...

Louise Tredoux

Show You What I Feel

You know I miss you when you
are not here, what sweet SMS
you sent, but how can you miss
me when you are at a conference
with many men, while I'm sitting
at home without you?

I wish you were here, I would like
to experiment, you know I would,
my idea of culinary delights are
becoming quite varied since I met
you; but to make a cordon bleu
meal for just one is an overkill

When you're home we can try
that divine chocolate mousse
I discovered in Juliette's cook
book, the chicken risotto looks
good, flavoured rice and stir
fry vegetables – and you

eating a gourmet meal at the
hotel with the overseas visitors -
you sent me an SMS complaining
of loneliness? Yes, Juliette is near,
but it's your voice I want to hear,
it is you I'm dreaming about

I want to fall asleep in your arms
while you are watching TV, knowing
you'll wake me with a kiss, if you
say magic words I'll try to conquer
my pride and show you
what I feel...

Louise Tredoux

Sing Him A Song

In bed with a cold and a burning
throat, one watery eye watching
Rudi, a plate of nourishing food
prepared by him; eat, medicine,
then tucked up warmly, a kiss on
the forehead, he's off to work

Dreaming of the beautiful world,
of freedom and flowers and land-
scapes filled with shimmering
shapes - a shape becomes
clear, Rudi's here, kisses the
fever, more medicine

My heart is swelling, bursting with
love for his considerate care, I'm
determined to repay his love with
more affection than he can hold,
to write him a poem, sing him a
song, kiss him tonight...

Louise Tredoux

Sitting On The Beach

Waves rolling softly, morning air crisp,
memories of you around me, the way
you stared as if to impress me with
your ability to extract beauty from
whatever took your fancy

And it worked, of course, it worked
beautifully, I felt so good while you
stared - then you looked around
as if you compared me with the
other faces you found

Then you focused on me, once again,
and when you started to grin with a
mischievous glint in your restless
eyes, fastening them on my face,
then glancing at my nails

You wanted me to use them on you,
you wanted me to let my hair grow,
so you could weave your fingers
through them, you told me once
more

"You are too good-looking for me"
glancing at my legs as we walked down
the street, you liked my green shorts
and my sandals, you admired my
walking away as you left

The sea's rolling in, must move
towel and laptop again...

Louise Tredoux

So Much Love To Give

What solution for negative feelings
spoiling our lives, the possessiveness
and jealousy that cut like knives when
Rudi gives more attention to his work
and to others, the burning in my heart
when he seems to ignore me

Maybe this is the reason why we should
not love too much, why Othello killed
Desdemona blindly, in unreasonable
jealousy, are people we love better off
without our smothering love? - I don't
want to love Rudi less

Yet feeling ashamed that my love is so
flawed – spiritual books say love needs
freedom to stay – how free should he be?
Is a passionate soul burning in desire the
price we have to pay for real, overpowering
love? If so, I shall pay the price

Suffering the concomitant jealousy for the
heavenly delight when Rudi returns to me
after doing his duty; if he thinks other girls
more beautiful than me, I shall try to win him
by offering him my own happiness, working
to be glad and content - not throwing

My negative feelings at him, the only real gift
we can offer another is joy, I don't expect Rudi
to DO anything to make me happy – the only thing
I need is for him to EXIST, to fill a unique space
with his feelings, personality and thoughts, to
dream as he does - if his dreams include me

I'll be happy, all I require is interaction with him;
even if pure and chaste from afar – but that is
not necessary yet since Rudi is here, lovingly,
and I have so much love to give...

Louise Tredoux

Soul Evolving, Mind Responding

Spirit communication –
spiritual transformation
beyond your wildest dreams

Learn to be free, says he,
don't refuse new inspiration
widening boundaries

Freedom is no limitation
to knowledge, unlimited
truth and wisdom

Freedom is rejection of all
that heart and mind
revolt against

Freedom is discarding error
in the light of
new evidence

Soul evolving, mind
responding...

Louise Tredoux

Squashing Pain

I immediately said YES, I would never say no to a reasonable request, when Rudi called to announce he had been offered the chance to go to Germany with his friend Anthony - I was to determine whether he should go - I immediately said yes, I would never say no to a reasonable request

I've been cut down to size, realising that Rudi's life is bigger than me, I am just a small part in the larger picture of his, I am not as important to him as he is to me, can't be the centre-pin of his life, I was fooling myself, heard a knock on the door, Werner's voice, Louise are you there, open up, Rudi called, said

You might be in despair, felt fiery anger, revealing my pain to his stare -never- sailed down the balcony, ran off into the night, treading on thorns, squashing pain, hoping criminal threats would put an end to it all, mid-night streets all deserted, hoping to be a victim, realizing insignificance of my life and dreams

Unimportant in the larger scheme, I won't be missed, I'll be replaced, men are different from women, they have many interests, Rudi wasn't mean; just a human being, I was a fool for harbouring romantic dreams; I walked for ages, nothing happened, no-one accosted me - helped me escape in a life-threatening adventure

Ended up on the beach, dark, quiet, waves breaking, felt such a fool, humiliated, deserted, thinking myself more important than any human ever could be, ashamed - only myself to blame - at least I escaped Werner's well-meaning pity, walked into the waves, sea dangerous late at night - nothing happened

Unable to drown myself, floating upon the waves; it became a beautiful experience, soft moonlight upon the the wonderful sighing of breakers, floating effortlessly, enjoying the sensation, unable to let go and drown, not

a single kindly shark to help me out, let me die, even for
sharks my body held no charm

Rolled out on the beach - so cold, so cold, maybe germs would
destroy the life that had been Louise, went down to the cave,
shivering, passing out, woke in the morning, staring, enjoying
the flight from consciousness, lovely floating away from my
body, the final release, closed my eyes in total bliss; woke up
again, still not dead, hungry and cold, DAMN

What does it take to extinguish a redundant life? - standing up,
looking a mess, cannot go home like this, crept deeper into the
cave, passing the time, a million hours, sunset, crept outside
and slowly, slowly walked home, freezing and alone, but lucky
enough to die? - hell no! -pulled myself up the balcony, milk
from the fridge, ran a hot bath, resigned, subdued

knowing how unimportant I am, a knock on the door, Werner's
voice, the telephone ringing, a reasonable request? - ignored it
all, nothing matters, Rudi another human being, a life without
me, what a fool I have been - got out of bath, learning to be
nothingness again, bed, a hot water bottle, ignoring doorbell
and telephone, nowhere to take my thoughts

Getting used to the idea, my Great Love was all in my head,
being a small aspect in Rudi's kaleidoscope life, loves his
work and incidentally maybe me, that is how it should be,
I'm moving on, cancelled an appointment for fitting the
wedding dress, cancelled meeting the pastor, left the
flat, returned to my father - when he saw my face

He did not rant and rave, simply offered a meal, whiskey
in milk; put me to bed...

Louise Tredoux

Stitches And Medicine, Rudi With Me

When the grinder cut me,
we bandaged with sticky tape,
that's what Rudi did before, went
on grinding the wooden chairs, checked
the wound afterwards, got plaster and salt,
cleaned the wound, fixed it ourselves, proud
of our prowess, Juliette's mom scowled, Rudi
got angry - But you're busy - I defended myself;
We need a hobby and grinding the wood of old
chairs is such good activity - He can't forbid me
to learn to do woodworking; when the wound
kept on bleeding he took me to emergency,
stitches and medicine, I went to bed like a
naughty child, but Rudi with me,
it's all that counts...

Louise Tredoux

Stroked Satin Skin

We should make love more often, Rudi
said - Once a day not enough anymore?
I queried - We have to practice for our
world trip - Shall we do England?

Yes, we'll make love in a small inn over-
looking the Thames - Oh? Why not a tourist
site? Rudi asked - Because the English is
more inhibited, I honour their decency

The French is more decadent - And Italy?
snuggling closer, I stroked the satin skin
on his back - Oh, we'll do it in the middle
of Rome, you know their reputation

We'll put them to the test! - Louise, you are
a little devil, have you no interest in art and
culture? - Yes, after conquering various
parts of the world, culture is old

But we are young at heart!

Louise Tredoux

Stronger And More Masculine

The exquisite delight of Rudi's return
makes up for the sadness of his absence
in an amazing way, he grows handsome
during his days at sea, stronger and more
masculine, he smells different and his touch
becomes even more heavenly

The way he kissed me denoted a hunger
I understood, the way he held me conferred
more magic than before, giving new meaning
to each lonely evening without him, if I could
evade the pain of separation by becoming a
member of a social club and lose

Just a small part of this exquisite delight ex-
perienced upon his return, I would say no and
remain alone; the feelings we both experience
might disappear if he were always here or if I
found alternative joys; when I saw his sparkling
blue eyes, when his eyes opened wide

On seeing my new costume in my favourite colour
with cleavage indeed, when his fine-chiseled lips
registered approval, when something warm shone
from his eyes into mine; every moment on earth
acquired new meaning as preparation for this
one moment in time, when he kissed me

And opened my blouse my heart stood still, when
I felt his sun-burnt body, my heart exploded, when
we became one, I became a new being, when his
voice became a song in my ears, I knew why I had
chosen tears – the via dolorosa in life...

Louise Tredoux

Such A Great Honour

What fun
with Rudi stopping by
unexpectedly, only time for a
quickie, my sweetheart such a rogue,
he has to return to work, do research on
sea life, but he's taking time out for doing
some extra research with me on behalf
of humanity; what is the returns on
a quickie during the day to inspire
routine duties – it is such
a great honour!

Louise Tredoux

Sunshine In My Soul

I marvel at the effect of love
on my life, seeping through
into my soul, the feeling of
being loved becoming
part of me

The sunshine of happiness
starts in my soul, independent
of conditions outside, while Rudi
is fighting for me, while
I'm allowed

To stay at his side, my life
is complete, while I'm privileged
to see love incarnate, walking
about on his chivalrous legs,
while his heartbeat

Is always strong, I'm willing
to face the storms life brings,
sacrifice irrelevant things
for the joy of creating
a new life

Together with him...

Louise Tredoux

Surfing On Surging Passion

Rudi met me at the beach
feet sinking in white sand
delicious sensation of sand
touching toes, dived into the
waves, the sea whispering
then thundering a love song
to us, the call was too much
we made love in the cave
answering the call of the
frothing waves, the demand
of beauty exploding around
us, sighing with the sea
surfing on surging passion
complying with the magni-
ficence of life blossoming
everywhere...

Louise Tredoux

Sweet, Adorable Honesty...

How can I describe my beloved
when I'm in the throes of love?
I hope to descend to earth again;
sometime in the future - but right
now I'm too enchanted to think
logically, can't describe him in
rational terms – only know his
heartbeat, his strange moods, his
incomprehensible enunciations, so
much so that I don't know whether
he is really jealous because of love
or just plain weird at times

But it's enough to convince me he's
feeling strongly, I was always accused
of being the one who felt too much –
it was never warranted – but now it
seems I've met someone who feels
ever so much more – what shall I do
with him? – No matter, whatever
Rudi wants, he can have right now,
he is such a sweetheart, I can't deny
him anything, he has been so brave,
weathering storms of emotion, he kept
his chin high while I was forced to sigh

Because he kept leaving me on a ship to
study examples of penguins and fishes;
I was even jealous of the sailors he was
with! – When he finally admitted that he
was jealous of me, of everyone I spoke
to, I could forgive him instantly, having
felt the same – now I try to swallow him
whole, he is so delectable in his
sweet, adorable honesty...

Louise Tredoux

Sweetheart

Fell down the stairs, leg in a
plaster cast, jumping about
on crutches, complaining with
all my might, cleaning the
kitchen in despair, crying in
frustration, Rudi came and
kissed it right, brought take-
away food, a feast and delight,
his adorable face beaming
with joy, his love enfolding
me, creating a refuge from
the storms of life; sweetheart,
you always make me happy,
come, sign your name on my
cast, in golden glitter, mind,
add a pierced heart; there,
now everybody can see who
cares for me, bet the ladies
of the collection group will
raise their eyebrows, what
a lovely prospect...

Louise Tredoux

Sweetness You Fill Me With...

The warmth of the sweetness you fill me with,
making dinner together, your dreams of building
the perfect braai, watching the twinkle in your eye,
seeing that lazy smile

Enjoying the care and time you take to prepare
every steak while I'm doing the vegetables, the
warmth of togetherness, the joy of seeing you
happy, the delight on your face

As you're watching your favourite program, you
taught me to live within the moment, appreciating
dedication of all kinds, tonight is dedicated to you,
your presence changing everything

Smoothing my day away, the warmth of expectation,
trust and affection, an assurance of warmest
love...

Louise Tredoux

That's When He Kisses Me...

Rudi has a whole universe of marine life in his head, his passion for all things nautical and maritime is amazingly strong, his dedication and passionate interest makes him so handsome, eyes burning with fiery feeling

I love Rudi's capacity for strong emotion, for total devotion to things that interest him, I have saved his school projects on biology and maritime life when I cleaned the cupboards, I love them as much as him, they are evidence

Of his ability to be stirred and work hard to achieve his objectives, he wanted to get rid of everything, I love seeing his handwriting, the examples of butterflies he collected and mounted, his collection of shells, bibliographies

I touch them when Rudi's not here, hold them to my heart, forever a part of my life and my soul – without becoming a fetish, they are precious as evidence of Rudi's spiritual being, he is the lost half of my soul that found me

And made us whole, everything that belongs to him is precious beyond material being; the fact that Rudi loves me as much as his dolphins and fishes and seascapes created in clear glass is a wonderful feeling, Juliette says she would

Have insisted on being number one, the fishes would have to come afterwards; while I feel his focus on the world makes him more admirable in my eyes, simple devotion to me would put me on a shaky pedestal and I would have been scared

Of falling off, letting him down, now I'm part of the world he loves and regards with joyous eyes, he loves looking at my books also, listening when I explain - I grow embarrassed under the sweep of his eyes, not used to being listened to

That's when he kisses me and I become number one...

Louise Tredoux

The Donkeytail

Father Gato showed the servant girl
two enormous cauldrons, one filled
with oil, the other with golden liquid,
he asked her which one she preferred

She replied humbly, the cauldron with
oil, but he dunked her in the golden
liquid, she came out, a golden
star shining on her head

Father Gato asked the second servant
which one she preferred, she eagerly
said the golden liquid, but he dunked her
in the cauldron with oil, she reappeared,
a donkey-tail fastened to her head

The first servant girl worked hard and
served the magic cats well, while the
second one took short-cuts and never
made them comfortable, yet she
wanted the same reward...

I had better beware my demands
for compensation when offered the
chance, the donkeytail could so
easily be my fate also...

Louise Tredoux

The First Time Ever

I felt myself growing against you
I felt you growing against me
it came so naturally
all separations removed spontaneously
growing together
unexpectedly moving together
the first time ever
moulded into one
my mind still residing
in yours, I'm living
behind your eyes

Louise Tredoux

The Future With You

When I woke up, you were not here
wanted to hold you, whisper in your
ear, suddenly missed you so much
where are you, why did work take
you away from me, I want to fall
asleep with my head on your chest,
listen to your breathing next to me,
wake you and hold you, listen to your
laughter, your exclamations when
you discover what I made for you...

You are not here, but the beauty of
your presence fills my soul with a
sweet warmth, I'm happy while I wait
for your return, happy to say hello
on the cell-phone, I'm delighted with
the memories you left, looking forward
to the future with you...

Louise Tredoux

The Gifts Of My Thoughts

Tonight I'm the only one
still up, burning a candle,
saving gas-light, all went
to bed, it's quiet, everything
I thought has been left unsaid

There was no-one to confide
in, no-one to trust with the
feelings welling-up in me –
I was wondering what made
man think of an infinite,

Ubiquitous God; wondering
why harems flourished in
some societies; I thought of
the way of a lover with his
beloved; just like King

Solomon - but nothing
brought you nearer to me,
obviously, though I believe
you are thinking of me,
you can't tune in

To my thoughts; I'm alone,
yet I'm saving all my ideas
to share with you, whether
it be here on earth – or
one day in eternity

I will present you with
the gift of my thoughts;
more precious than
jewels to me...

Louise Tredoux

The Meaning Of Paradise

I just wanted to sleep next to you,
hold you tightly pressed against me
and feel your warmth, one leg crossed
over one of yours, nothing more, nothing
less, I just wanted to be with you
in a way that let my senses know
you were there, listen to you snoring
softly, knowing your strength as well
as your vulnerability, I just wanted
to be in your vicinity, knowing your
presence physically, enjoying the
abstract thought without losing the
physical experience - When I fell
asleep behind you, your body held
in the curve of mine, and woke up
with you still in my arms, my legs
still intertwined with yours, I knew
the meaning of paradise....

Louise Tredoux

The Nightingale's Song

When the Emperor read the nightingale's
song was praised more than everything
else at his court, he sent his wise men
to find the bird he's never heard

A kitchen girl led them to the nightingale,
she was brought into the castle to sing,
then kept in a golden cage, she lost her
freedom; until a mechanical bird

Was sent as a gift, being preferred with its
mechanical refrain that never varied like
the original, the real bird flew away,
was banned from the kingdom

When the Emperor lay dying in his bed,
the nightingale returned and sang him
a song that made him well, she would
always come back to sing for him

But only from outside the window, she
could not give up her freedom again;
and he promised not to tell anyone
about the special song

That kept him well and strong...

Louise Tredoux

The Song Of Your Eyes

To look is to touch
to listen is to feel
to hold is to be
to kiss is to bring
the touch into my
being, the source
of joy in seeing,
to feel what I see...

When I read words,
symbols of sounds,
I feel the essence of
your being, the emotion
of your opinion; when
you look at me, your
eyes reveal how you
feel what you see

A feeling so big I can't
describe it, my mind
cannot encompass
the beauty that manifest
in the song of your eyes...

Louise Tredoux

The Sound Of Your Words

I wish I were an artist,
an impressionist master,
to convey the sense of glory
and explosions of light when
we walk out in the early morning –

The emerald leaves flickering bright,
the sky such an intense azure, only
shimmering pastels would succeed
in recreating the scene I see, feeling
as if experiencing fireworks

In the land of the gods; how can visual
beauty be retained – I want to store the
scene and feeling in my brain, to recall
mental images for evermore, but when
I turn away, the scene is no more

Whereas sound seems to accompany me
even after the music has stopped – the sound
of your voice, caressing my ears, the sound of
your laughter, the delight of my heart, the sound
of your words

Creating an edifice of joy in my heart...

Louise Tredoux

The State Of Sattgeküsst

-Ringelreim Wie Daheim

Repeating enchanting words for the sheer joy of
tasting them on my tongue, Ringelreim, Ringelreim
wie daheim, Rudi enquired as to meaning, I think
it means "a rhyme as back at home"

It rhymes with Waldmägdelein, Waldmägdelein im
Felsengestein, delicious terms, Rudi asked - Was mag
das sein; - a maiden of the woods amongst the rocks -
fass mich und lass mich dein Trautliebster sein -

Who should this devoted lover be, enquired Rudi, took
my song-book, looked at Vilja, my favourite aria - I see,
ein liebkranker Mann - Who is this love-bewildered man -
You are mine and I'm your Vilja, I replied

He continued - Denn, Louise, liebt mich und küsst mich
wie kein irdisches Kind - love me and kiss me like an
unearthly being; until I feel sattgeküsst, until I'm kissed
senseless - I laughed and ran away

Vilja das Waldmägdelein may not be caught so easily,
Rudi ran faster, caught me and proceeded to illustrate
how the state of sattgeküsst should be reached...

Vilja-song from "The Merry Widow", operetta by Franz Lehar

Louise Tredoux

The Vista Of Your Mind

One day I'll send you
a special letter to say
how much you mean to me:

I came to know you little by
little as the vista of your
mind unfolded in front of me

The tapestry of your feelings;
- colouring the fabric of your
thoughts and the landscape of

My emotional life - woven by
the threads of your special
messages formed by the loom

Of your poetry; started to
shine with imagination and
sensitivity – delighting me

Beyond expression - as the
story grows, as your mind
unfurls to expose more beauty

I am struck by wonderment -
can a mind really become so
fine and crystal-clear

In tune and melody?

Louise Tredoux

The Walls Glare Too White

Will our inveterate seaman like the material
I have chosen with so much care? Will he
approve of the changes to our "humble
abode"? What if he's angry, if he hates
the new duvet, what if the walls glare
too white and pristine for him?

I can't stay around, plagued by negative
fantasies, rather accompany Juliette's mom
to the market today, stock up on fresh fruit
and vegetables; go down to the beach to
watch sea-gulls flying ever-widening circles
overhead, like my own fears

Proliferating in ever-widening ripples in my
head, I wish I could warn Rudi to make sure
the surprise is not too unexpected - to his
chagrin and my own detriment, now I fear
his home-coming as much as I used to look
forward to it...

Louise Tredoux

The Warmth Of Your Approval

I believe in ideals only, I believe in
creating a vision then bringing it into
fruition, I believe in doting on you, in
being there when you need me, in
holding hands as we go shopping,
in hiding behind your back when I
feel embarrassed and shy, in looking
away when strangers accost me,
in keeping my smile for the reflection
in your eyes, in opening up to the
warmth of your approval, in giving
you what you need and in taking the
loving provisions with which you feed
the need in my soul for togetherness...

Louise Tredoux

Then I Turn To You

I keep looking at dew drops
shining silver crystals in the
sun, the leaves edged with
silver explosions also, the
trees allowing the sun to
create lemon-bright leave-
forms through them; trying
to decide whether I would
like to be a crystal dew-dropp
or a sunbeam shining through
the trees – then I turn to you
and you kiss me, and I know –
I would rather be me, safe in
your arms with your tongue
in my mouth....

Louise Tredoux

They Must Be Free

Met a former girlfriend of Rudi's, thought
I would hate her – but I didn't, she is such
a beautiful person, knew Rudi would always
have good taste in persons, though when
she kissed him so intimately it felt my heart
would break; divorced, she made it clear
she still holds Rudi dear, I decided to set
Rudi free to go to her, I believe that love
should be free, physical touch is not needed
for love, I shall love Rudi from afar if he wants
her back, she's gorgeous, deserves to be
happy and glad, though the pain of the loss
of what I had will probably shorten my life,
I can't cling to Rudi if that would break his
heart, when he left with her I went down to
the cave, determined to compose myself
before his return, he did not return last night,
he must be with her, that is fine, I'm packing
up and leaving the flat, he got back the love
of his life, I can't build my happiness on the
ashes of their unhappiness, if their love has
rekindled, they must be free, I'll cry only
once - and die in peace...

Louise Tredoux

This Is Agony

Your face changed
when you saw me,
your eyes became so intense,
your lips seemed different,
I didn't know where to look,
where to fasten my eyes,
your breast looked so wide,
your appearance so masculine,
I longed for us to be alone,
but red with embarrassment
I looked down - you lifted my face
and the expression in your eyes
will always accompany my
wildest dreams, I want
to be in your arms again,
I want to feel you again,
oh God, this is agony,
when does one break free
from the wild desire
that burns like fire?

Louise Tredoux

Tied Up Around My Heart

After a night spent crying I feel like dying,
I scared my loved one away through my
childishness, where can I attend classes
on being human and loving and natural,
touching and stroking and going all the
way? I'll run away from home, find a
bohemian community, let them teach
me all there is to know about sexuality;
I'll run away to Japan and join a geisha
school, let them teach me how to pleasure
a man, then I'll return as your lover and
this time show you how much I care!
Failing that, I'll start reading books,
watching videos - oh what's the use,
I've been messed up from the start,
I might as well give up and die tied
up around my heart!

Louise Tredoux

Tippy-Toe, Tippy-Tippy Toe...

Living life in small measures, tippy-tippy-toe,
living in small steps, tippy-tippy-toe; only a
small part of multidimensional personality
can be allowed to appear in physical reality

Living with small emotions, tippy-tippy-toe,
living with small feelings showing, tippy-tippy-
toe; only skimming the surface of what's
underneath, little bits of nothingness

Twenty-first century life, lightly touching the
full dimension of feelings, tippy-toe, tippy-
tippy-toe, everything big is buried underneath
tippy-toe, tippy-tippy toe...

Louise Tredoux

To Conquer A Glass Hill

The princess was doomed, sitting on
a glass hill with three golden apples,
to be wed to the man who galloped
up and collected them all, but
it was impossible, the glass
hill was much too slippery

Came Cinderlad, first in copper, then
silver, then golden armour, rode up
against the hill, the princess was de-
lighted, threw two golden apples
after him, the third he collected
right at the top

The lonely princess was saved,
Cinderlad earned half of the
kingdom for being so brave,
impressing the princess by
fighting for three strong horses
and proper armour long before

But the story should really be
called for its hero, Cinderlad,
the brave man who managed
to conquer a glass hill...

The Princess on the Glass Hill - Andrew Lang Collection

Louise Tredoux

To Rudi, Routing For Me

I know you are routing for me,
my sweetest angel, I know the
thoughts in your head, the love
in your heart, I rejoice every
night in the wonderful future
ahead, be quiet, becalmed
and happy, eternity's forever
to come, what's left behind
doesn't count, while we
change the past in our
mind all the time...

Louise Tredoux

To Share One Soul

It's great to have you home, to hear
your voice rise and fall as you tell all
about your successful financial deal,
the loneliness of this day falls away
in a cozy sense of togetherness and
camaraderie, your happiness on dis-
covering I had washed everything, from
your shirts to my old running shoes, the
joy of a meal prepared at home, not
glamorous dishes at all, laughing at jokes,
watching a program together, your sweet
presence filling my senses, your wondrous
touch, the delight of your mouth, to feel
the divine in our union, to share one soul

Louise Tredoux

Too Hungry To Care

One hundred and fifty six steps
we climbed, my colleague and I,
nearing the sky ascending up high
wandering lunch-time to get fresh
air - wondering at others passing
us by in running kit determined to
get fit during their lunch-time break

I just want to be strong enough to
make it to the library, my colleague
only wants to renew energy reserves
to tackle the fuzzy sentences taught
in education documents while I return
to a madman's rambling informing the
President he needs money in order to
change the appointment of Attorney
General - I am too hungry to care

Exercise without eating not such a
good idea, one hundred and fifty
six steps and now I need to eat
immediately!

6 June 2012

Louise Tredoux

Tuesday Morning New, All New!

I remember listening to that song
'Hear my song, of love, to you, it
is a melody, of love that used to be'

But today I feel new, all new, all ready
to embark on a new adventure and
give birth to new ideas, new dreams

'It is a melody of love that still must be...'
and I feel free, free to create and debate
until it gets late and I jump up and say:

Oh beautiful world, I am all new, all new
give me a new story, a new love, fill
the intrigue with new glory - even if

Reality is gory, I'm not sorry for having
been born - I feel the new energy soaring
on this lovely, all new Tuesday morning!

Louise Tredoux

Turned Into A Statue

I'm sinking tonight,
sinking into the hard,
cold bitterness that
sustains when life
turns into pain

With Rudi gone
there is no-one,
with Rudi gone,
there is nothing,
the path to sanity,

Sunshine and happiness
is overgrown with
brambles and nettles
and I'm frozen stiff,
I can't move,

I've turned into
a statue...

Louise Tredoux

Turned The World Upright Again

Rudi went back to the conference,
I read the Sunday Newspaper, saw
all my ideals and dreams go up in
smoke, people hurting each other
hurting themselves more than their
victims; why do people act before
counting the costs? People love so
much, they are love walking on legs
everywhere, but have no insight;

Surprising a loved one MUST be
accompanied by the rational thought
that she might be disloyal and contain
a plan how to deal with it, the hero must
know this is a test – but no, he prefers
to smash himself afterwards – maybe
it is good he is taken out of the gene
pool – and a clever young woman must
have known that unethical decisions

Is bound to denote a fiend behind the
façade, a rugby hero must have known
that preaching to others will direct their
eyes to his past – so better tell them up-
front before exposure shows things he
tried to hide, he would have been forgiven
everything without need of a lie, but no, he
preferred to call the witness a liar – I was
crying when Rudi got home

Reading bad news like this was too much
for me, my star sign said I should take note
of the lives of my contemporaries, I can't, it
is killing me, Rudi laughed at my concerns
and asked me whether he or my friends or
my father were guilty of the atrocities I had
read about, I replied of course not, there, you
see, he said, it has nothing to do with you,
and projectiled the newspaper into the bin

Picked me up and if we had not been married,
what we did next would have been sin, but given
that it was Rudi, and we loved while seeking
wisdom - the love that he showed me turned
the world upright again!

Louise Tredoux

Velvet Heat Of The Sensual Sun

Left on a flight with his boss,
I miss him with a physical pain,
when we are together so much,
when there is a lot of touch, the
pain of separation is overwhelming,
I'm angry at everyone, what should I
do, on whom shall I vent my ire, what
to do about my desire, relationships
are a veritable quagmire of possessive
feelings and boiling emotions, how
could his boss take him away, all feels
wrong without him, I washed and ironed,
cooked and cleaned – and it seems as if
nothing had happened, I might as well have
been idle all day, why should I need him so
much, does Rudi feel the same way, does
it help when he sees new sights, does it
focus his mind on other things, or is he an
easy prey to temptation – as long as he
never taunts me with that, but I trust him
– if only he were here with me! I'm going
to the beach for a long swim, enjoy the
warmth of the sun, imagine his love
touching me through the caresses
of the velvet waves of the sea, his
fingers stroking me through the
delightful breeze, feeling the
warmth of his passionate lips
in the velvet heat of the
sensual sun....

Louise Tredoux

Walls Are Too Bright

I was right, the walls are too bright,
the material too light to Rudi's taste,
at least I calmed his dissatisfaction
with my ill-thought attempt to improve
the flat, by being a dream in bed

I should have known he would want
to do interior decorating himself, the
only reason I fell into temptation is
because I wanted to do something
for him – it was the wrong thing

The walls will be redone in cognac,
a new off-white on the market, the
duvet goes into the cupboard for
guests; warm, intense colours will
be bought for everything

I'm sorry Rudi, I'll never do it again,
I realize you must choose the look
yourself, having chosen me, your
taste is not too bad, my choosing
YOU only shows

I have better taste than you, but
that's OK, the love and help I
felt from Juliette's parents is
one of my most cherished
memories...

Louise Tredoux

Warmly Wrapped In Your Words

Thank you for the note last night,
I went to bed warmly wrapped in your words,
suffused in a rosy glow of all that you promised,
warmly wrapped in the love you sent me,
sent in a note – I love you

Last night I served tea to the ladies at church
and thought I would die not getting to see you
but afterwards I found your note with a special
message for me, the love you sent me,
sent in a note – I love you

You had received my note promising to love you
always and wait for you as long as it takes, I'm so
glad that the words that I wrote reached you safely
and more than that – that you wrote me back,
sent in a note - I love you

I started today in a rosy glow, feeling desirable and
young, all because of the words that you wrote,
wrote in a note – I love you, I'm ready to face a
parish day, still wrapped in your words
sent in a note – I love you

I wear these feelings like a cloak, keeping me safe
from fear and doubt when I serve the consistory,
I fold my heart away in the cloak that you wove,
the cloak woven of words, words you sent me
sent in a note – I love you

Louise Tredoux

Warmth, Food And Love...

Cold outside, without Rudi, even colder inside,
without him to provide a framework I'm restless,
uncertain of everything, can't settle down to work
while floating between heaven and hell

Why is finding a context, an overall meaning for
everything such a difficult thing? Coldness means
making a fire, enjoying red wine, reading a book,
not washing floors, dusting rooms

Coldness means seeking warmth, making pancakes –
that's what I'll do! Pancakes with lots of cinnamon and
sugar, with dollops of ice cream and for dinner tonight,
a filling of vegetables and mince

The heavenly smell permeating the flat, creating
a context, a framework of warmth, food and love...

Louise Tredoux

Watching Sea-Gulls, Feeling Free

A rural shopping-mall, a grass cow sprouting flowers
green poplar trees in the brightness of clear, after-rain
sunlight, the sky a holiday blue, the clouds delightful in
bridal white, a promise of showers to come, wish Rudi
were here, without him, a daydream or two

Imagining me in the brightness of Switzerland, inspired
by sights that leave the worldly-wise feeling boredom, the
first world created new in my dreams, bringing in a vision
of Rudi, we'll discover the Eiffel tower together, make love
in Montmartre, listen to street musicians in the

Paris underground, visit castles in Germany, experience
the enchantment of the Schwarzwald, enjoy La Bohème
in La Scala, Italy – times up, now to carry on with my
normal day, no more daydreams and visions, back
to reality, catch a taxi

Clean the flat... oh, no, rather take a swim in the sea
watching sea-gulls, feeling free...

Louise Tredoux

We Ambled Along Aimlessly

I shall never forget
the first time we went for
a stroll,

you were so awkward,
I thought you were
confused and lost,

we ambled along
aimlessly, it felt like miles;
you claimed

you did not know
what to do, I was
surprised,

about what? –

About YOU,
you replied

Louise Tredoux

We Are In Love

Housecleaning – went outside, heard
the call of the beach, the soft song
of the sea, freedom for me, went for
a swim in the surf, enjoying the feeling,
drying in the sun, dreaming, our conversation
yesterday, an argument, I think all people
are guilty of the rise in crime;
you believe the culprits alone should
stand trial, I believe humanity on trial
at this time, for creating an unthinking,
irrational society, creating victims...

You ended the fight with a kiss, you are
so sweet, but I shall never agree simply
because I love you, I kissed your recalcitrant
mouth, forming a pout in displeasure with me
and laughed at your insistence that we should
agree, the only thing I agree on unconditionally
is that we are in love and forever will be...

Louise Tredoux

We'll Be Late Again

Let's talk about important things,
what time should we leave, what
gift to take for our hostess, in
which dress do I look my best,
which shoes, what about the rest,
black handbag, roses for Juliette's
mom, a bottle Sauvignon Blanc for
her dad, Stop That, it is very nice of
course, I love you too, yes you may –
NO, You May Not, we're leaving soon,
there is no time, I'd have to change
again, I cannot appear in a crumpled
dress, yes, wonderful, but NOT NOW,
concentrate – not on that, it is almost
time to leave, your new shirt, if we
mess up, I won't iron another one,
Oh Brother! – NO....Oh, what the
heck, we'll be late again...

Louise Tredoux

What A Splendorous Day

What a splendorous day, how blue is the sea
how lovely the sand, and his letter to me,
I didn't think he would think of my birthday,
but he did, he remembered me, he still
recalls the time we spent together, a boat,
we were still young and free, so full of
dreams – one dream he fulfilled today;
the dream that he would remember me
when he is away, did he write it down
in his dairy, how did he manage to keep
this memory? Now no matter how he
managed it, it came, this wonderful card
that he sent, a little bent – that's post
office for you – but with a great
illustration of a yacht and the sea
reminding me of the sun, his
face, and the sea.

Louise Tredoux

What A Terrible Burn!

What a terrible burn! – I hope the scar
disappears before Rudi's return, what
made me think I could switch on the
light while holding a scalding warm pot?
Stupidity, a big, real oval on my arm, can't
hide it easily, Rudi's sure to see it – he will
scold about my carelessness, pressing my
arm against the pot to hold it, the pot so very
hot – how silly of me! He's always warning
against unthinking deeds, and he was right,
oh, but I wish I could magic it away, I don't
want him to see he was right!

Louise Tredoux

When These Thoughts Intrude...

When these thoughts of you intrude, when I feel
your presence at night, when I'm in the nude, and
I suspect you would like it very much, and you would
show me paradise, as you promised long ago

When I hear your whispered request to grant you
sweet absolution even before you demand the love
that has been yours from before the beginning of
time, from before the concept of love was defined

From before this age and this world; when I bequeath
you the right to take what is rightfully yours - and
always has been, and forever will be; the right to
hold me tight before the exploration begin

The right to possess me body and mind, not only
my thoughts, but my soul, and everything in-between;
and you know absolution has been granted already
sweet forgiveness is yours for evermore, because

The love that you seek is yours to keep as I have been
created to show you the love that you saw in your dreams,
the love that only you can describe, that only your whispers
can evoke in my heart...

Louise Tredoux

Who Are You Representing Today?

Context and situation are so very important,
are you playing at being James Bond – who
are you representing today? Maybe Prince
Hamlet, dithering with halitosis, bent on
revenge while all about you dies like
flies for sheer ineptitude

Or are you Macbeth, ready to seize power
sometime, washing your hands of the blood,
are you Othello, the jealous Moor whose
Desdemona sang so tragically before she
finally died, are you Lord Byron, painfully
self-conscious, set on admiring yourself

Are you aspiring to emulate Ghandi, bring
peace to the world – or are you a clever
Don Juan, bent on seducing all females
just for the fun of making conquests? If
so, I hope your presentation
is working well

The spectacle is enchanting and I for one
applaud every conquest you make...

Louise Tredoux

Why Do I Love Thee, Rudi?

Because you share my mind -
two minds in unison - because
I need not turn down my light -
don a burka hiding the luminous
thoughts racing through my head

Two minds in unison - physical
unification but a symbol of spiritual
unity, because when you ask me -
"What do you think? " - You do not
turn away when I tell you -

"Stories from the Bible that have been
running through my mind since I was
small" - You don't frown and say you
don't want to know - making me flee
into a fantasy of nightly delight

Offering me space to be me, a special
soul to release my spirit from anxiety
a light being to make me whole - you
are the other half of my soul, that is why
I love you Rudi and always will, I shall

Keep you in reality, my Rudi, and if you
are not accessible, I shall dream of you
for eternity, I shall always do...

Louise Tredoux

Why I Love You

Went for a walk on the beach, gathering
things left by the sea, the sea is my friend,
I share my thoughts with him, today I sang
as I walked, singing of love while your
words played in my mind

'Tell me why - the sun doth shine... then I will
tell you - just why I love you..... because God
made - the sun to shine... because God made
you - that's why I - love you...' though that is
not strictly true - I love you because

You make me resonate to the essence of your
being, your facets and depths fascinate me, I
love the mysterious depths of your soul, the
way your eyes light up and your lips curl
as you smile

I love you because of the things that you do when
you can't stop yourself – THAT is the way God
made you, you say... 'because God made you,
that's why I love you! '

Song we sang at school:

Tell me why - the sun doth shine,
tell me why - the ivy twine,
tell me why - the sky's so blue,
then I will tell you - just why I - love you,
because God made - the sun to shine,
because God made - the ivy twine,
because God made - the sky so blue,
because God made you,
that's why I - love you.

Louise Tredoux

Within The Circle Of Our Embrace

Cuddling with you on a rainy night,
my leg bent into the curve of yours,
my lips pressed against the satin skin
on your back, my arms holding you tight

This is my idea of a perfect night, the wind
howling outside, driving rain splashing against
the window panes, while we are warm together
inside, your body anchoring my spirit tonight

Your quiet happiness spreading through my heart
and limbs, feeling so safe within the circle of our
embrace, sharing the same space, protected
against all kinds of weather by the united

Power of our contentment...

Louise Tredoux

Without His Embrace...

I would have reduced you to the same
sorry state I am in today if I had met you,
it is better that there was no meeting at all,
I'll have to make up reasons to survive this
day, I feel like a Russian peasant sentenced
to the Gulag - must replace this with an image
of being a heroine in a great story whose love
unrequited requires strong forbearance to live
her small existence, but the fear of this coming
true is too haunting, the prospect too daunting,
I bitterly cry when reading of such events, though
I can't return to the cynicism of my youth, too much
feeling is a wave too overbearing to contemplate,
I need a magic thought to lift me out of this day;
that Rudi has to go away frequently creates so
many challenges I have to face, to carry my lone-
liness quietly, not complaining, not making it
difficult for him; it seems easier for him, he
has new adventures on sea while I continue
in the same place, without his smile,
without his embrace...

Louise Tredoux

You Are The Dream

Glowing, glowing all over, whispers,
whispering in my ears, touching, feeling,
sensation, promise, promising, expectation,
supersensitive, skin satin, feather-light touch,
feeling everything, delight, delighted, delicious,
delicate, immense, the sense of touch, tactile,
delight, mouth, lips, chin, skin, cheeks, brows,
ears, eyes, chest, ripples, senses, listen, listening,
your voice caressing, your voice, adoring, seeing,
your eyes, feeling, growing, waves, texture sound,
intermingling, inexplicable, touch...

You are dream, you are vision, you ethereal,
can't be real, beyond earth - immaterial, feeling
real, more insistent and urgent, fire, incense, burning,
tense, magnificent, you are the dream, you are the
vision, the feeling, the tactile soul, the spirit sound,
you're in it, I'm burning, fire spreading, never-ending,
the bridge you built, your hand for me, clutching me,
setting me free, I'm floating, I'm turning inside out,
the fire exploding, the burning waves, churning,
simmering, no breathing, no more being,
dissolving into energy - EXPLOSION...

Louise Tredoux

You Love Me As Much As I Love You

The day marching on, each minute following the previous with military precision, within the seconds I thought I saw a little fairy, it might have been an angel also, I saw her wink in conspiracy, I laid my embroidery aside, glanced through the window, saw you passing by and knew the fairy came to tell me you were here. I ran down to our meeting place, it was glorious to see you again, to hear your tale of yesterday's adventures, to walk on the beach, to share your confidence, to start the week with trust and hope in our hearts, briefly embracing before you had to depart. After your visit the sea seemed more blue, the wind was more comforting, life suddenly smiling at me, my sorrows departed and left me the sun shining above, I read the message of love in your eyes and felt it in the touch of your lips: You love me as much as I love you...

Louise Tredoux

You Winked Back At Me...

You
were with
me today, I doubt
you know it, while my
Uncle and Aunt were visiting with
neighboring farmers, talking about
the inclement weather, prices, prize
cattle; your lips were tracing the nape
of my neck, your deep voice whispered
sweet words in my ears, I dreamily stared
into the fire my uncle has made... then aunt
ordered me to take care of the kids; I happily
complied – took them outside, they played in
the barn while you came over again and gallantly
kissed the back of my hands asking me what I wanted
to drink, instead of Aunt's coffee, I got a Martini handed
to me with a flourish, while the kids played, I swayed in the
swing dreaming quietly far away from the homestead;
you brought me tidbits to eat – in this my dream –
and stayed to kiss me again – then Aunt called
us in – time to leave, I was smiling and she
was charmed, thanking me warmly for
taking such good care of the kids; I
winked at your dream image –
and you winked
back at me...

Louise Tredoux

Your Big, Strong Hand

I will never let go of your big, strong hand
if you won't pull it away, I will never leave
your wise company, if you will let me stay,
I will never tire of listening to your meditative
ruminations about the meaning of life if you
will allow me to question you afterwards, I
will always rejoice in the sweetness of true
friendship that is based on love and accep-
tance, I will always try to be worthy of trust
and loyalty, and when my heart starts beating
wildly, I will always share my passions with
the beloved of my heart...

Louise Tredoux

Your Charm & Warm Touch

In your eyes I can see life,
without your regard, life has
no feeling, without your charm,
without your warm touch, I'd
rather be dead, life without
your presence means total
depression

When you walked in, animation
vibrating in your lively eyes,
beautiful sound coming from your
fine mouth, intelligent thought
conveyed by your voice, love
showing in your demeanor,
generosity

Carried by your loving hands,
understanding emanating from
your stance - I could have cried
with joy and relief, when you sent
the unwelcome visitors away and we
were free to talk of things that
interest us both

The meaning of life, the symbolism
embodied in physical things, I could
have hugged and kissed you for waking
me from my stupor, giving me
the gift of life...

Louise Tredoux

Your Eyes Lock With Mine

I love falling into the warmth of your eyes, it was wonderful to see the admiration in your surprise when you saw my new project

Your eyes took all the lonely cold away filling my heart with warm delight, every time your eyes lock with mine and I feel a beam of warm affection

My cup fills to overflowing, the sun smiles with added lustre and something sparkles in me, being with you keeps me sparkling, sleeping in your arms

Changed the night into the heaven of my dreams, I became a joyous queen crowned by you, the adored king, and you grew mighty and strong and wonderful

With every breath you took, every word you said, your eyes acquiring the most loving look I've ever seen, your passion symbolizing eternal love, your touch filling up your eyes...

Louise Tredoux

Your Loving Presence

The radiance of your loving presence
warming my heart, Rudi, the love you
give me enveloping my heart in the
most beautiful feeling of security and
joy, the glow of your sweet whispered
words, the touch of your loving lips,
the willingness of your strong hands
to help me with life, the enchanting
look in your eyes – what wonderful
times you create, a magical world
lives in your mind and you project
that to me, the meaning you see is
the love in your heart colouring life,
I feel golden and warm because of
your life, may all people everywhere
taste this experience sometime...

Louise Tredoux

Your Personal Aphrodite

I wasn't ready, thought I was, it was all I wanted,
but I wasn't ready, I didn't realize or visualize or
prepare or accept or understand

Cry, just a little while, then a brave face, put a lid
on this event, it was a culture shock, you were so
patient and understanding

You didn't get angry when I overreacted, I really
love you, you know I do, I adore you more and more;
I was not prepared for reality

I had a conventional life in a very strict atmosphere,
you said you understood better than I thought, thank
you for that, I wasn't ready

You took it in your stride, you're a better man than
anyone I read or heard about, please give me time
and I'll be fine, I need to prepare

I was taught all wrong, I need debriefing about my
upbringing, I'm so sorry about my reaction, give me
another chance, you said

You would help me overcome the limitations that
tie me up with strings of steel, choking my heart,
you vaguely expected

Something of this kind, but a reaction so violent, at
least it is a good sign of a capacity for passion, now
I'll allow you to mould me

Teach me to live up to natural human potential, I
want to become your personal Aphrodite...

Louise Tredoux

Your Sweet Forgiveness

"Grant me your time, your sweet forgiveness I need
to proceed, grant me the right to conquer and possess
the love you showed long ago" – It is all yours, fresh and
new, it has always been, you can own what is yours by rights,
you cannot lose what has always been and will always be yours
by default

You knew my love would last, you knew I would always
be there, now I can confirm, it is true, you were right,
absolution is yours from beginning to end; bring into
fruition, destroy the despair of the past, you can
conquer and possess, time did not make
anything less, but

Time did allow love to mature, ripen and sweeten –
embrace and enjoy, everything you have ever dreamt of
is yours to claim, I fit into the crook of your arm, you said though
not a beauty; I was perfect for you, I don't mind your opinion of me
as long as I can see you still want to be the lover you once has
been - I could not

Let you then, not being sure of who you were, or who I was,
all doubts are past, you have proven yourself a soul-mate
of mine - it is all that does count, so up and away...

Louise Tredoux

Your Sweet Sleeping Face

Watching your sweet sleeping face,
so peaceful and happy in repose, you
had conquered uncertainty long ago, now
offer me the anchor and safety I always
lacked before, forgive me if I cry in
gratitude to have you here with me

To watch you sleeping deeply, knowing
that you share your whole life with me,
investing your faith in me, trusting me with
your happiness, forgive me for kneeling in
humble abjection, praying to whatever
representative of Loving Universal

Consciousness to make me worthy of your
trust, to enable me to make you happy, to have
enough insight and wisdom to make the right
choices when life happens to us, to bring about
the greatest good for both of us, all I can see is
sharing life with you brings you joy

And makes me deliriously happy, I accept this as
a sign that I should continue to be there for you,
sleep well, my beloved, the angels and I
are guarding your sweet slumbers...

Louise Tredoux

Your Sweetest Words

Your sweet embrace, whispers in my
ear, your warm presence, helping
everywhere, lips demanding a
reward - offering all my love

You kiss my hands until they burn
no more, you hold me until the
heavy cast does not drag me
down, your eyes lifting me

Your voice enfolding me in
beauty, I am becalmed by
the melody of your
sweetest words

Louise Tredoux