

Poetry Series

Calypso Jones
- poems -

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Calypso Jones()

The Victim Of The Vulnerable

we knew her, hair like silk
never tangled in the mess of midnight tresses,
never to be helping the man with inky veins
manage through this day.
we knew her, freckles scattered across the alabaster of her face,
adorning her cheekbones as dapples of light,
never feeling the harsh chill of a southern night,
face smashed into whoever resides next to her,
on a stained mattress,
too far from home,
too far from who she's been.

her voice was heavy with all that had weighed on her mind,
lost somewhere, in her head or in her heart,
its hard to tell.
we knew her, lithe body and virgin hands,
the muse for all, as beauty and mystery remained her only confidants,
never to lose the timbre that brought us to our knees,
never to curse the zephyrs that brought her back
to those of us who craved her sorcery most.
her grace a spell, once upon a time,
never to lose its charm.
we knew her,
never as the shaky handed woman searching for
a fix for all these holes in her perception,
as the emaciated figure before us,
nude, a pagan, before the emptying evening.

so much empathy was lost to me,
i knew her,
as the grace that consumed the mundane,
as the disheveled disciple of a lord who no longer exists,
as the woman with jagged features and calloused veins,
who had lost all girlish charms.
i knew her
just as much as i could know myself.
what she craved
was a time when right and wrong seemed so simple,
when right was when you were inclined to do so

and wrong was when you weren't.

we knew her then,
as we wanted to know her.
we know her now,
as what she chooses to show us,
the victim of the vulnerable,
she fell prey to us all.

Calypso Jones