

Poetry Series

**Paige Nielsen**  
**- poems -**

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Paige Nielsen()

# A Day To Celebrate The Dead

The smoke rises in the air,  
The scent of burnt meat, sugar skulls, and the  
Incense of sacred offering.  
Tonight is the night we commune with our dead.  
Our children dress as skeletons,  
Little ex-caballeros,  
And we feast at the gravesides of our  
Dearly beloved,  
Long been parted  
Friends.  
We do not fear Death,  
Because it carries within it,  
Faces familiar, and tonight we gaze again.  
Dias los Muertos  
Buenas Noches.

Paige Nielsen

# A Question About Myself

Life bites like a vampire bat,  
and changeling is my middle name.  
The old blind man plays the blues,  
shades of cerulean, sky, navy, and charcoal.  
Proof is in the state of mind;  
belief that death is paternal figure.  
He whispers in my ear: always, always,  
but it's a lie, because they always, always LEAVE.  
The cross you bear is what I refuse.  
I'm a fly on the wall, invisible, but playing with fire.  
My birthday is the thirteenth of never.  
Do I even exist? ?  
I'm starting to think not.  
Orpheus calls from the land of underworld-  
Is it so wrong to want a tall, dark stranger to take me away?  
Is it so wrong to cry,  
to the tremolo riffs  
of the cure and the smiths?  
Don't feel sorry for me;  
can't you see i'm laughing?  
First kisses are overrated anyway  
Screw it; I'm dying my hair pink and starting  
a rock band with an obscene name.  
I'll do what I like and send you all away.

Paige Nielsen

# A Year's Time

It's been a long year  
Apathy and boredom streaming from every pore  
Broken resolutions cry in January  
Hearts shatter in February  
March condemns us to monotony  
We're drowning in April  
Crushed blooms and bent stems in May  
We're withering in June  
And burning in July  
Albatross hangs over my head in August  
Stress is the name of the game in September  
October is the month of death  
Wilting and bare in November  
Blood stains the snow in December  
Souls perish before the new year  
And then the horror begins again  
Eternally waiting for a change

Paige Nielsen

# Addictive And Titillating

I am a coffeemaker.  
Thoughts bubble and percolate,  
steam pours from my ears.  
Constantly caffeinated, a little fragile,  
warm to the touch.  
My inner filter is slightly askew.  
My many names roll off the tongue,  
though not always with kindness.  
My taste is rich, well-rounded;  
My components seem exotic,  
though not much more than water.  
I can be expensive,  
matching your kitchenware with panache.  
I am addictive: turn me on; hear me laugh and purr.  
I am titillating.  
I am a coffeemaker.

Paige Nielsen

# America

We're stuck in a quagmire of broken wishes and crushed dreams.  
Despite all metamorphosis, or maybe because of, nothing's as it seems.  
The standoffish are afraid of showing dishabille.  
The entropy accelerates, and we're all too numb to feel.  
We're unanimously asinine and unable to comply.  
Disquietude smothers us and at night I scream out 'why? '  
It's all ceased to be pensive, and our thoughts are repeated.  
It's causing exsanguination in me; audience, please be seated.  
It's the grand ole heart attack season, sit back and watch.  
Our penchant for what's bad for us is impossible to botch.  
The pyromania's buried deep within, no more primitive urges.  
We're proud of our kleptocracy and constant power surges!  
We've got moxie in shopping, and in football we've got zest!  
When it comes to Machiavellian intentions, we're the best of the best!  
We've got modern-day de Sades and Brutuses, to boot!  
Our narcissistic tendencies make us awful cute.  
We're comprised of mindless followers and faux-messianic leaders.  
We succumb to most temptations, but we're steadily gettin' meaner  
to atone for the fact.  
Yes, our smiles are an act.  
We couldn't care less about our neighbors, friends, colleagues at work.  
Actually, we're all freakish, recusant jerks!

Paige Nielsen

# Angel Of Death

Together, love, we will plummet  
to the waiting, serene embrace of death,  
but I doubt we'll end up at the same place.  
Will you burn? Will I fry?  
Does it matter as long as we both die?  
I'll electrocute you and you can chop me  
into little bits, meat pies to sell,  
(after all, you've had a lot of practice  
on my heart) .

Paige Nielsen

# Another Failed Relationship

I'm just like your average girl  
I need to be loved in so many ways  
I find it hard to—I can't—explain  
Is that I'm too much for you to handle?  
Or more that I'm not enough?  
Eternal disappointment of an elevated tangling  
Of feelings  
I'm barely awake, trying too hard not to asphyxiate  
Maybe the problem is that I should  
Crawl  
Leave  
Cry  
Crawl back again  
Oh it's choking me, it's soaking me  
With regretful rein  
—ing in of my emotions  
I need to divorce myself of my numbness  
Is it true?  
Is all sympathy just screwing?  
If I sleep with you, is that sympathetic?  
Got to be joking...  
I'm kicking the walls of my little box  
Trying to scream my way out  
Maybe I should just open the door?  
Oh you're so dirty, so secret  
A naughty whisper in my ear  
My fragile eardrums can't take it anymore  
Drastically, or pensively, I've got to abandon ship  
Take the pills; detonate the bomb; then I will be safe  
No mercy no mercy no mercy  
Expected from you  
End of the world? Maybe, but no sweat  
Can't you see I'm lying  
Next to you in a cesspit of fools' despair  
Every time I feel this way I'm trying to overanalyze  
I need to step back into  
paintings about things not involving you  
But everything does  
I'm just licking my wounds, my favorite flavor,

Weakness and helplessness  
Why are you doing what you're doing?  
Heart's bleeding, it needs to be  
To keep my lungs breathing  
Darker side looms under the bridge of incendiary devices  
Burn it burn it burn it  
A shadow following me down  
This space beside me feels like a grave  
Mistake because I have no thing to grab hold of  
In event of drowning  
I'll give you oxygen and promises  
If only you could return  
Like a solar flare, unpredictable and scorching  
But I crave the light even if I hate the heat  
Lay me down tonight, take me in your arms  
And tell me things I know are lies  
But I'll believe you if I can  
In the end, we get what we deserve  
Each other  
Soulmates must mean our souls are blackened  
Charred beyond recognition and  
You'll never give up control  
I can't feel the same about you anymore  
Except the tingles in my spine tell me otherwise  
My clock turns to 3 AM  
And I'm wide awake, trying to breathe without you  
Ghosts of my heart, broken, distilled into the dark  
I'll always love you...always, and never  
So long I say, so long and goodbye,  
The forecast says the stars will cry tears on us tonight  
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost  
Amen  
Faith and misery go hand in hand  
The more I try to be faithful in my faith of you  
The more miserable I become  
And you know misery loves company  
So come and join the party  
Shame dreams of begging to differ  
But I won't I can't I shan't  
Hollow lies echo in my mind  
I can't protest  
Have some respect for the dead

Because the dead are silent  
I'm so pulverized internally  
Bang bang  
Silence by fire  
I almost wish I had the soul left to do so  
I'm not afraid of hell, I'm living it  
My sins float in the champagne you give me  
Get me drunk so you can...  
Close the damn door what if someone were to see?  
Come on, think rationally  
Scream your head off at me  
I've got selective hearing  
All is dimmed before the screaming of my heart-shatter  
Wake me up from this bad dream  
Unlucky me, I'm already woken  
Your little mind-games will soon enough drive me insane  
A burning high shines in your eyes  
Why can't you just leave me be?  
Catalytic motions one day might propel me gone  
You lied, you cheated, and then you schemed  
This love we had created was only a figment of my imagination  
I'm sick and tired of the way you don't listen  
Or maybe just don't understand  
I never claimed to know all the answers  
To your rhetorical questions  
You're boring me with your body every night we don't fight  
This redundant hollow existence is getting to me  
Hysteria encroaches?  
You're living on opium and TV dreams and leftover Chinese  
I'm living on wishes and prayers  
Propaganda propaganda the American dream  
Minions of the media spread it faster than gonorrhea  
I guess I'm just living in a noose of my own makings  
I wish I was a cat; they have nine lives, so I could start over again  
You're beautiful, but you're rotten to the core  
I can't believe in "happily ever after"  
When you come home smelling of whore's perfume  
I'd rather be alone with my feelings, dreadful as they are  
I think your conscience is dead  
You'll swallow the evil if it looks good  
My failed attempts to fly leave only broken wings  
How far would you go for love?

Would you kill? Would you die?  
Bloodied hands ask me the same question  
As the light fades from a blank pair of eyes  
I vaguely recognize  
Check the vital signs  
Not a glimmer  
Everyone's sleeping, but you'll sleep forever  
Not another cheap attempt at bliss  
My fists are clenched; my knuckles are white;  
I can taste the salt on my tongue, bitten and stung  
I am the only heir to this legacy  
I'm only human  
I could only take so much  
Now look what you've gone and done  
I'm sorry

Paige Nielsen

# Best Friends Forever?

Forgive of me my poison pen  
Venomous and bitter  
You and I now poison friends  
So much to consider

Your image conjured in my mind  
Burns deep my wretched eye  
Relief a balm I cannot find  
Fair countenance a shallow lie

It hurts to scream, curse, and weep  
Your name, unspeakable agony  
Too much alike, it went too deep  
By turns, wrath and melancholy

I miss you like a breath of air  
I cannot sleep for fear of dreams  
Cut to bone, my heart laid bare  
Friendship is not all it seems

Paige Nielsen

# Birth

grey skies on an October morning  
rain raising chills in the autumn air  
a shrouded, ill-spoken fog rolls in  
and in a hospital,  
a child is born  
so anticipated-can't wait, can't wait  
already so loved  
but what has become of her?  
not whole not healthy not complete  
an infinitely small mutation  
equals a gaping hole on baby's face  
who could love a child so hideous?  
oh, they tried-one failed  
the other, still trying  
but it's futile-  
more than flesh is riddled with scars  
her heart like the rain  
on a cold, cold morn

Paige Nielsen

# Blasphemer

exordium:

H.P. Lovecraft's heretic pride.

She is suffering,

a girl disappearing into the thorns

woven into crowns.

Her roses are bloody like the moon.

In cults of crucifixion,

marble lions roar amid the falling snow.

Indelible sin, taints of innocence,

her curse is your love song.

terminus.

Paige Nielsen

# Bound And Gagged By My Own Insecurities

I can't say it.  
Those three words you long for.  
Don't make me.  
If I say it, the bond will hurt worse  
when it's broken.  
The things you love...are ephemeral...  
at best, indefinite  
it burns, your love,  
it makes me sweat salty tears  
My voice cannot rise, for it is choked.  
My lips are unable to part.  
My tongue is sluggish, refusing to form the sounds.  
But when words fail...  
When the music fades...  
You'll look into my eyes and know...  
that I love you.

Paige Nielsen

# Chaos

Writing these words,  
Ever so quietly,  
While a war goes on  
In my head.  
Conflicting forces oppose each other  
About decisions I must make,  
Things I must say.  
I hear a crash,  
A shout, a mutter.  
I step outside and Behold!  
Reality mirrors my internal battle.  
A riot, a riot is sprouting.  
If reality isn't so very different  
Than what's in my head,  
Maybe I'm normal after all.

Paige Nielsen

# Condemnation

I am this stranger with lips  
blackened and burned, like sugar-melted absinthia,  
trapped in a charnel house,  
a haunted mausoleum.  
Morpheus is laughing.  
Can you hear him?  
Erebus is looming.  
Can you see him?  
Blackbirds, omens,  
the end of all draws nigh.  
Listen to these words:  
your souls are dark as night.  
your souls are black as hell.  
Satan's teeth glimmer—  
he's waiting for you,  
he's waiting to drag you down.

Paige Nielsen

# Deadly Sins

Yes, the prophets are bleeding,  
affectionate in their poisoned truths.  
Beetle-black ice cream churns  
in your gut.  
Kill me, and release me, O Muse,  
Kill me and take my place.  
Six days as the hummingbird flies,  
six, in mockery of all that is holy.  
The sacrament of inverse church is a secret place  
between your thighs, the finest wine  
money, avarice, root of evil, can buy.

Paige Nielsen

## Dear Mister Crowley...

Aleister Crowley wrote of damnation.  
Faithless, demonized, haunted, hunted.  
Even Mussolini denied him love.  
He may be burning in hell right now,  
But I still pity him.  
It is not right to condemn others of evil  
That is reflected in ourselves.

Paige Nielsen

# Deception

A sly glance,  
Does it mean what I think it does?  
Perception is individual  
And deception is a constant in everyday life  
Secrets and rumors whisper in a cloud  
Hovering like miasmic fog above our heads  
Truth lies buried under a basketful of  
Dirty laundry  
And half the time, deception saves minds  
A safeguard against insanity  
We pretend bad things aren't really happening  
We blind our eyes and close our ears  
Uh, reality check?  
Peel off the skintight mask, you know,  
Lies have no curb appeal  
Sleight of hand doesn't make you  
a magician

Paige Nielsen

# Draco Malfoy

Don't trust me; I'm a fox  
Raised in hate by a cold father  
And I can't seem to get a grip  
Can I kill, take innocent human life?  
Only I can choose my path...

Maybe I should run away  
And join a traveling circus (every kid's dream)  
Leave my choices behind  
Forget it; I'm no coward  
Okay, I've got a decision to make  
Yeah, it's hard, but you gotta do what you gotta do

Paige Nielsen

# Dreaming Of You

My heart has run away.  
I think you stole it.  
There's some raw hole in my chest that  
I can't seem to mend,  
Enervated by the doubt that lurks within this chasm.  
Does your remorse cut as deeply as my pain?  
My memory has faded, blanched like antique photographs.  
Only this indentation in the pillow,  
The shirts redolent with your scent in the closet,  
The lipstick you gave me smeared on the mirrors,  
Are tickets to the place and time when we loved.  
A masque of red death, sorrow, regret  
Is playing some profound waltz in my skull.  
This charade seems never-ending, but all the seats have gone.  
This music cannot speak to me; I am deaf without your voice.  
I was only looking for somebody to love me—  
I thought I found you.  
But now it seems  
You were never really there at all.

Paige Nielsen

# Eating Breakfast Among The Insane

They say they hear whispers  
They say they hear voices  
But all I can hear is  
'snap crackle pop'

Paige Nielsen

# Enemies Make The Best Lovers

Yes, I might like you better  
if we slept together.

It's hard to loathe someone you've seen naked,  
pale, vulnerable, like a worm in its cocoon,  
flushed with luminary ecstasy.

Paige Nielsen

# Epitaph

I loved you.

Yes, I did.

I loved you until you killed me.

Where are you now?

Paige Nielsen

## Fourth Period

Math class boredom enumerates;  
arc angles, release me.  
Oh my, I'm mistaken!  
This secret tryst of  $x$ ,  $i$ , and  $\pi$   
is more "complex" than we can tell.  
Talking to the dead leads me nowhere;  
this zombie cult is my affliction.

Paige Nielsen

## Frag.

Saddest breath is the sigh exhaled  
No pale dawn can quell the fear  
Eternal night is like an aura—  
Always there  
Wings like moths flutter past my cheek  
Silent dark is no peace  
Calm only a faint dream  
There are visions; there are memories  
All are lost and forgotten  
Much like the end of this poem

Paige Nielsen

# Happy New Year

How I loathe the new year  
Always making promises only to break them  
Perhaps it's my attitude but—  
Persuasion to change is unwelcome to you  
You don't really understand

New Year's Eve—just the thought fills me with dread  
Everybody always declares a new start, a fresh beginning  
Well, I view it as a renewal of the monotony

Year after year, we count down from ten  
Exercise in something we've done since kindergarten  
An exercise in redundancy, I say  
Really, can't people celebrate—to themselves?

Paige Nielsen

# I Can See My Life From Here

I can see my life from here  
So far, far away  
Watching as everything I hold dear  
Just blows away  
Every day is the same old stuff  
And every day I pray  
I'll have less misses than hits  
Wash my filth away

I'm an angry parody of myself  
And it hurts to say  
I hate you

Distorted faces all around  
My burden is a thorny black crown  
Collapsing is what I do best  
So follow me down  
Or else leave me alone

A reflection disappoints  
It hurts to cry  
Over and over till the words blur together  
So distant, but not numb

All the pain and agony  
Remains to decay  
Take me away  
Take me away

I can see my life from here  
Not like what I dreamed  
Not like what it seemed  
I can see my life from here  
I can see my life from here  
I can see my life from here

Paige Nielsen

# If Drama Were Alcohol...

Something  
To care about  
Because God knows it's not this (who needs this stuff?)  
Cruelty and image go hand in hand (stuff of Hollywood)  
Popularity comes from sacrifice—  
Slay thy true self (be a mean, mean girl)  
Put others down (such a mean, mean girl)  
Pushing the boundaries  
Of morality and decency  
Of honesty and loyalty (to be popular)  
Ah perfidious thought!  
Boredom and restlessness (the teacher won't shut up)  
Trade places with  
Sorrow and anger (they say such nasty things)  
And back again  
A neverending game of bull (call each other's bluff)  
Best friends wield knives  
With which they stab you (heart, back, anywhere)  
Keep a poker face at all times (word of advice)  
During the gossip about you (what a slut; what a prude)  
During the trashing of your  
Reputation (makes or breaks you)  
They taunt you (ignoring it doesn't help)  
They graffiti your locker (so you see it every day)  
They scribble hate on the bathroom walls  
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger  
(I don't think I will survive)

Paige Nielsen

# I'LI Paint The Walls With Your Murder

It's funny how many times a day  
I think how your murder would be so cathartic.  
Does that scare you? Do I scare you?  
Are you afraid of anything,  
or is your brain so high, so far beyond,  
the macabre ceases to frighten?  
I like to think your blood, freshly spilled, would care.

Paige Nielsen

# In My Head

You look at me  
You seem to see  
A laughing, smiling girl  
But I am not that girl  
I think about the dark  
About breaking hearts  
Insomnia, paranoia  
Death.  
There is no light left  
in my life.  
so dark  
so cold  
can't breathe...  
suicidal  
fatal choices  
poison  
You think I'm smart  
But in my secret heart  
I am not that girl  
I am a shadow girl  
Sighing on the breeze,  
Whispering in the wind,  
I am dust,  
a thought.  
I am not that girl.

Paige Nielsen

# Lost Souls

to shed the blood of man  
infectious elixir  
carven scars over pale flesh  
fanged totality  
backlit in lunar form  
akin to night's depth  
earthen soil, a safe haven  
desires ungodly, heathen  
burnt to walk abroad  
velvet-lined boudoir, exotic and erotic  
crimson dew  
command of fell beasts  
weep sanguine tears  
a hint of iron in the palate  
fear of the coming dawn  
old as time itself  
breath arousing, deadly  
pulse beguiles  
strangely sexual  
corpse's heart

we are cursed  
we are lost

Paige Nielsen

# Metamorphosis

Burning on the outside,  
burning within.  
Flame replaces ice and is thrust  
animalistically  
through my veins.  
Heart pounds like a hoodoo drum.  
It hurts to breathe-  
Pointedly,  
enamel elongates.  
The tears that scream  
from my feverish orbs  
are as black as  
a hole in the fabric of reality  
as black as  
a neverending spiral downward  
as black as  
a roguish brigand's heart.  
My voice, raw and raspy,  
releases this intrinsically stifling pain.  
That's not my voice, is it?  
My voice screaming like the  
soul I no longer have?  
Metamorphosis.  
Reincarnation.  
Reinvention.  
The Change.

Paige Nielsen

# Modernist Perspective

The fear is absolute:  
faces pale as the milk of death,  
the inverse of the milk of human kindness.  
A haunting sorrow binds the wounds,  
enslaving us in its hollowest embrace.  
This poem is a metaphor,  
but I don't know why.  
I don't know anything.  
These days right is wrong and wrong is right.  
Is this someone's idea of a joke?  
Well, buddy, I'm not laughing.  
I'm retching in protest,  
a one-girl revolution.  
Can anybody save us now?  
(I doubt it.)  
We're all chained by propriety  
and blinded by society,  
trading kisses for pennies  
and chopping off our toes  
(the latest fashion) .  
This aftermath of civilization  
pulverizes decency and honesty-  
penalty box for you, dude,  
sit out this round!  
Hey now, don't be like that.  
Here, take some false eyelashes and a needle for your pain.  
You feel dirty but mud isn't dirt-  
inside you're squeaky clean.

Paige Nielsen

# Muse

wordless  
speech unheard and yet;  
expressions fly forthwith  
eyes spill with emotion  
and tears?  
hands, gestures,  
wild novice  
unable to commit to  
the joy encapsulated  
ominous  
she croons in your ear  
music so aptly titled  
creative brilliance dies young  
and younger  
like TV with the sound off  
she(or is it it?) whispers  
a deadly but beautiful lullaby

Paige Nielsen

# Mythos

Bittersweet torture  
Crying from the depths of  
Desperate passion  
Begging to never leave  
No release to Tartarus or Hades  
Bathe in Lethe to forget the world  
Wash in Acheron to erase the golden touch  
Armageddon of the heart  
Screams no mercy in a search for disillusionment  
Hairline cracks rim the eyes  
Bloodshot after outpouring a soul in butterflies  
Nascent, throbbing, primordial life  
Hastens to judge, label, then throw away  
The corpses  
The decapitated heads  
The jugulated spines  
Interred in a body of loam  
Grave-earth spilling onto marble  
Bearing faceless names  
And carven roses  
But every rose has thorns—  
They'll make you bloody  
Slog through Tokyo and Paris like Godzilla  
Until you drown  
Lock the taints and stains  
And pain inside a coffin  
Lose it in the mausoleum  
Left to wither and bare bones  
Until Pandora releases it  
She'll steal your heart  
She'll blank your mind  
Persephone, Queen of the Damned  
Stolen from innocence, eating the fruits of Styx  
She languishes  
Ah, the early days

Paige Nielsen

# Ode To A Chalice

The madman ax that chopped the cherry tree  
felt remorse at what it had done,  
a penitent seeking redemption.  
Weeping tears of violent red,  
the glistening red of the fruit the tree bore,  
they drip down to fill my little cup of salvation.  
A cup of wine, a secret, a cup of tears, a promise.  
With this papal benediction,  
what will it sanctify?

Paige Nielsen

# Ode To Bukowski

ode to bukowski:  
it must be great  
to be so hated.

Paige Nielsen

# Oh Me Oh My

Wrenching  
disillusionment  
Aggravating  
loss  
And all these boys boys boys  
Oh, boy  
What A  
QUAGMIRE  
And what about all these  
girls girls girls?  
(you tell 'em vince)  
Catty oh so catty  
That's my boyfriend  
No, I think you'll find he's mine  
As he stands with that queer sneer  
Saying  
How's about a lil three's company action  
ladies?  
They are ignoring him  
They should be banding together  
Against him  
Like Gloria Steinem says  
A girl needs a man  
Like a  
Fish needs a bicycle  
NOT AT ALL  
Oh, what are we  
girls girls girls  
Gonna do  
About those  
boys boys boys  
?

Paige Nielsen

# Once Upon A Midnight Dreary

The flicker of the candle's glow illuminates  
objects surrounding me.  
My mind struggles to illuminate  
the madness and ennui that have  
penetrated my skull.  
Do the shadows on the wall dance to  
what is playing on my stereo,  
or something else?  
The raw, husky, and sarcastic voice of  
the lead singer of The Dresden Dolls  
swallows and embitters me.  
I can't breathe in  
the chill air of everblooming night.  
This dark chocolate I'm eating  
makes me feel like doing something dangerous,  
probably highly illegal.  
These limes sting, encouraging my masochism.  
Crackers stave off malnourishment.  
My olfactory is pungent with  
the acridly sweet and musky aroma of red incense.  
The darkness blankets me like silence never could.  
I feel as though I am being imparted some sordid secret  
under this all-encroaching black.  
Pensively, I sift through memories of pain.  
It seems unhealthy to dwell on such things;  
however, I am drawn to them  
like the gossamer wings of the pale luna moth  
to an open flame.  
Secondhand sorrow is as satisfying as day-old pizza.  
It is cold, congealed, and slightly distasteful.  
But I consume anyway, because of the hunger.  
I just pray it doesn't disagree with me.  
So many other things do:  
my parents, my peers, my guilt.  
Let me pray.  
Who to?  
The god of day-old pizza, perhaps.  
I believe my insides to be melting  
like the candles before me.

Not literally, of course.  
I just have the strange sensation of being hollow.  
Like a sieve,  
draining all of me that is vivacious out.  
It will most likely resemble  
the sludge made of  
weeks of snow and an abundance of mud.  
I laugh to the thin air.  
I pass over the candle with my hand—  
and I feel a slow burn...

Paige Nielsen

# Orpheus

Somewhere in the dark caverns of hell,  
A song is playing.  
The ghosts are weeping.  
Someone who was once a young girl,  
Fresh, innocent, maiden  
Like a daisy,  
Now a bitter, wiser woman,  
Aches for bygone days.  
A stone man cracks,  
His somber demeanor topples  
To the power of each note.  
He's playing a tune for his lost one,  
His one,  
His only,  
Love, ephemeral, missing, gone.  
She can't hear him—  
His heart lies shattered at the feet  
Of a god.  
From black and blue to purple,  
Like a healing bruise,  
The light transforms.  
The tunnel like a coffin,  
Stretching to a black infinity,  
A periscope of anguish of those  
Left behind.  
She is silent, gray, untouchable,  
As the dead so often are.  
He mourns her face;  
It's too much.  
He turns for just one light kiss,  
One feathery caress,  
To hear her say his name—  
But alas, the dead are silent.  
Like a cloud on the lips on a winter's morning,  
She hangs there for a moment,  
Is gone.  
For good this time,  
Gone to pick the flowers in a field of graves,  
Burying the bones she finds.

Desolate, the river makes him forget.  
The ferryman smiles, a grimace of a skull.  
The water is peppered with the silver coins of crossing.  
The hound(s) will eat well tonight.  
Carrion of the living is so hard to come by.

Paige Nielsen

# Patriotism?

Slaves.

We're all slaves—

Slaves to consumerism, to materialism, to religion

Because even those who believe in nothing

Still believe in that nothingness.

As our world comes tumbling down around us,

We are blinded by a blizzard of unforgiving

Media—guns are everywhere; our children are too fat;

Anorexia is a problem;

Please don't take God out of our schools!

Nobody told them He is everywhere.

Mired in a war we shouldn't be in, wasteful,

Distasteful,

Frustrateful,

Echoes of Vietnam still sitting on our shoulders.

I don't think I'll survive until

Our generation takes over.

Even then, what a state we're in.

The young are uneducated, miseducated,

Raised in a fury of suspicion, self-loathing, and

Vulgar pride.

America is crying.

Can you hear her?

Paige Nielsen

# Secrets

hair is as crow's wing,  
skin like fleeting glimpses of cloud.  
she cannot shed her tears  
when, unbidden, the thirst rises from the  
pit of her stomach,  
and she  
unsheathes her pointed incisors,  
sinks her fangs deep in his throat.

when the lady moon has 'ris  
he bays out his devotion.  
he cries for a pelt, and a better self.  
he howls and revels in  
the capture of his prey.

she rises, untamed, singing an  
ethereally fatal song.  
can't control the lust for sky,  
shrieks uninhibited in bird-form.

He abides an immortal life,  
punishment for some wicked sin.  
onyx flames lick at his heels,  
great wings of corrosion,  
shades of indigo, crimson, obsidian.  
he lurks in the shadows.

everyone has their secrets...  
what's yours?

Paige Nielsen

# Solstice

Sitting cross-legged in the bathtub,  
I commune.  
My inner nature? Or some arcane  
Goddess of the moon?  
Am I being reborn?  
A Venus, naked, made of the sea.  
They say the moon rules the ocean.  
Moonstruck, moon-kissed,  
This lunar madness overwhelms.  
A Venus, but not quite of Willendorf.  
I am not a slim, treelike girl.  
I am rounded, voluptuous,  
Like in the paintings of the romantic age.  
I have reached my romantic age.  
But my perfumed, pale, soft skin  
Is too rubenesque for the modern times.  
The candles' blurred glow transforms.  
Incandescence in manifested heat.  
Heat like that in my gaze.  
Ripples in the water, distorting my thighs.  
Candlelight suits me.  
As does moonlight.  
Goddess, I am not.  
Lover, yes I am.  
The elements have spoken:  
We are one.

Paige Nielsen

# Swf Searching For Soulmate

Fragmentary soul,  
Expressed in poetic form.  
An express love letter,  
A call to arms—  
Loving arms, to hold me.  
This is my soul.  
It's been said that we  
Are but one-winged angels,  
Broken,  
Flightless,  
Unless we grasp each other.  
Anam cara,  
Where are you?  
I'm calling.  
I'm calling.

Paige Nielsen

# Talk About Love

There's no way to be ready  
for what life will give you.  
They say love is blind,  
but it has 20/20,  
and it'll make you bleed.  
Sex and blood; smoke and mirrors;  
one gigantic mirage,  
causing bewitched dreams and shrink appointments.  
It'll hurt everyone with no discrimination:  
geeks and goths and prom queens.  
Making the first shoot up the school,  
the second die on their bathroom floor,  
and leaving the third pregnant, disgraced, alone.  
It's relentless  
scratching at your window, tapping at your door.  
You can't resist; it'll wear you down.  
A fistful of ammunition won't stave it off.  
Epic or shorter than a sunset,  
glimmering in its ethereality.  
Sweet as candy or sharp as needles,  
maybe both.  
A lullaby to sleep or an anthem to awaken,  
perilous lies and big fat weddings-  
stupid 'bridezillas'.  
No wonder half of all marriages end in divorce.  
My parents, your parents, everybody.  
Manic invasions into your heart,  
butterflies in your stomach,  
clouds in your mind.  
How do we dare risk it?

Paige Nielsen

# Textbook Cemetery

Who are these people?  
Etched in stone, frozen in time immemorial.  
Names and dates I do not know,  
Loving Wife, Dutiful Mother,  
And the saddest of all,  
Those who died at five, three  
Stillborn.  
The world's history is buried underground;  
The sacred scrolls which carry it are found  
In cemeteries.  
Tombstones tell me what I need to know.  
No matter when it happens,  
I will not be alone.

Paige Nielsen

# The Day My Beloved Hath Died

Circular orbs feverish with glint,  
blesséd blue and a pinprick of black,  
Small details across from me  
over the coffin in which she lies.  
Her mother never liked me much.  
Now, she's just as stiff and cold.  
One petal, from one rose,  
one petal.  
Red as purity, white as lust,  
black as the everblooming night.

Paige Nielsen

# The Devil's Playground

Summer stains red;  
The devil's playground beckons—  
Come hither.  
The wend and weft of evening's spell  
Makes the rosemary cry  
Dewy tears,  
And the bleeding hearts,  
Forget-me-nots,  
Paint sonnets of despair on the ground.  
The moon's mouth is an O of orgasmic horror,  
As she watches the sky bleed.  
Ivy covers the thorns of beguiled black roses,  
And crumbling angels without souls to buoy them.  
Windfall apples decay.  
The rowan tree burns.  
A witch's slaughterhouse is full of weeds,  
Overgrown with nightmares.  
A sign hangs on the iron gate:  
ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE.

Paige Nielsen

# The Green Faerie

Sinuously sloshing in a crystal chalice,  
This green venom resembles unholy lust.  
Pours into a golden cup, (aurum est potestas)  
She's beckoning me, now.  
Holding white granules of sugar.  
My mother told me not to take candy from strangers.  
I take a sip, intoxicated.  
The lights flicker;  
I can feel a chill in the air like fate.  
Pupils dilate.  
Emerald liquid, bitter and sweet,  
Made of the dreams of lovers,  
The breaths of babes,  
The darkest desires of creatures untold.  
This warmth in my veins is  
A pleasant, vibrant hallucination.  
But there's a reason they named it  
AbSINthe.  
I know in the morning nothing will remain  
  
Of me.

Paige Nielsen

# The Living Dead

Death is not something to be feared,  
But channeled  
Like an energy of entropy.  
My heart is like a samurai  
In that respect.  
I embrace this solemn idea of death.  
So many lives, reincarnated,  
How many mine?  
There's always one more ahead of you...  
"don't fear the reaper, " says my stereo.  
That's right, and I don't.  
What is death but another aspect  
Of the darkness within us all?  
All things must die in their time,  
To be born again,  
Rise from the ashes of dissolution,  
To find a new day.  
The sun and moon weave that tapestry,  
Le danse morte,  
With every day and night.  
Bask in its velvety touch,  
Beyond good and evil,  
Beyond love and heartache,  
Beyond pain, humiliation,  
Beyond yourself.  
Welcome it with open arms,  
And you will be strong,  
Like the goddess you know you are.  
Requiescat in Pacem.

Paige Nielsen

# The Vampire

sinful  
decadent  
shameful  
that's what they call it  
the kind of life we lead  
sleeping in the arid barrenness of day  
dreaming behind blackout curtains  
dreaming of—blood?  
awake, deviants of the night  
for Mistress Moon has rose  
the stars are airily twinkling  
over smog, graffiti, arson, crime  
this city never sleeps  
awake, O dark and suave denizens  
chained to eternity  
come and feast  
on the necks of beautiful men and shapely women  
in dark alleys we wait  
to lure, stalk, pounce, rejoice  
flecks of red nectar  
splatter from our eversopointed canines  
drip in streams, rivulets down our chins  
oh! for our sins, the taste is delicate  
so delightful, so irresistibly sweet  
we drink of this, no one will miss  
urchin beauties scavenging the dirty streets  
emaciated artists searching for their inspiration  
in disreputable motels  
the city is undead, like us, it cares not for the living  
as told by the droplets of encrusted blood on every motel's walls  
she herself is one of us, casting a veil of shadow for us,  
so that we may give unto ourselves, the hunt, the feast  
a selfish race, we  
The Vampire

Paige Nielsen

# This Relationship Has Turned Into A Game Of Keep-Away

It is you who needs to evanesce, not I.  
Your mirrored perspective is infectious,  
nauseating.  
You'd strangle me under the mistletoe,  
if only I would swim close enough to bite.  
But I'll keep my distance—  
what you've got is catching.  
Keep me out of your black-widow trends,  
else death and ruin will come to you  
on swift wings in the thirteenth hour.  
Voodoo dolls will be laughing at your misfortune—  
a nocturne, a requiem, your shrillest death-scream.

Paige Nielsen

# Valentine Of Mine

You seem to have given up on caring  
Your heart's pricklier than a Rose of Sharon  
You shun all my adoration  
You broke the mirror you hid your face in  
Keep all your thoughts veiled from my sight  
All my instincts screaming "flight! "  
But I cannot release my faith  
It silhouettes my soul as if a wraith  
I cannot be still and content with this  
You're father, son, holy ghost, and witness  
I love you, I love you, I love you still  
It is my soul that you do kill  
Please mend my bones and crumpled heart  
'Lest I am lost to Cupid's dart

Paige Nielsen

# Who Are You?

I'm without a name,  
faceless, faithless,  
a myth unremembered through  
the dawning sands of time—  
but my thoughts are worth more  
than your shiny, copper coins.  
Now we'll all have our seizures,  
empty kisses as the devil cheers  
(it's just a coping mechanism) .  
This violence allays the numbing sensations;  
everybody has a season of pain.

Paige Nielsen

# You'Re Dead

I went to your funeral  
dressed in my favorite pair of jeans.  
The mourners whispered sharply, even though  
I dyed them to make them extra black.  
I didn't cry.  
I felt numb as the chill rain fell.  
The fog imbued a sense of fleeting.  
Solitude-standing by a grave,  
your name was on it.  
I couldn't believe the lie.  
But there came from your oak coffin-  
I heard a whispered voice,  
a voice from a life so long ago.  
Roses' thorns make me bleed  
like my heart, till it's cast aside.  
I stood there a long time.  
I stood thinking-I told you he was  
bad news.  
But you adored him, thought he was  
an angel in disguise.  
Then, you trusted him, instead of me,  
your best friend,  
when he said he wasn't drunk.  
I saw the car  
(your precious baby)  
shattered.  
You're dead.  
I turned and walked away.  
As I walked, I cried.

Paige Nielsen