

Animus

**He opened his mouth,
Delicate soft,
And I crawled in
After the words washing
Down the back
Of his throat.
Suffocating me.
Choking him.
Touching, tasting tongue
Of a devil mouth revealed,
Kept me snared
In dizzy rapture.
My mind exultant, disconnected
As a cut telephone wire.**

**Sweet, sweet sin.
I was caught in a
Dream state,**

**Such that I wonder now
Just whose mouth
Was doing the feeding
Once the words, hard
And merciless had
Finally slipped
Off my back and
Onto the floor. ©**

Thinking things of the Schizophrenic

**Compulsively I am gathering
Things from the world around me.
Some tiny diminutive,
Others voluminous bulky.**

**And I put them all under my bed.
Where they rapidly germinate –
Crazy little fruits of my mind –
Feeding voracious on my sleep.**

**Especially the smallest ones.
For I had forgotten them
With their horrid little lives
Animated because of me.**

**Iniquitous things I cannot still
For their hauntings team in the night,
As they ready themselves by germinating
in the muddy trenches of my mind.**

**So that my bed now tilts and teeters
Upon its iron legs, swaying
Uncontrollably in the dark of sleep,
Waiting, only to be woken by things. ©**

I'm five years old

**My feet are embedded in deep sand pools
Until the wave comes at me forming
Ankle bracelets which pool around
My legs, tough as manacles.**

**It makes me arch my back
And stretch out my hands.**

**This great titanic tugging thing – enormous -
Beckoning at me with an enveloping grin.**

**But my father, calm and focused,
Catches my arm and I catch my breath
Standing up in a costume full of sand. ©**

Old Lady

**She still puts pink lipstick on
Thinned lips, polish on
Lined nails and silk skirts on
Awkward hips.
At times her gestures are
Generous to the
Point of bizarre.
At times the nearness of death
Quivers at her chin
So as to be
Visibly imminent.**