

Mounting The Bedpost

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

SEVENTY-SIX

Her fingernails were razor blades of slashes
across his face
as she pushed him away from her,
she wanted more of the orgasm virtual.

Don't stop. Don't wake.
She protested her weightless body,
wanted to return
to that place with him,

To the never land of bold moves
and night erupting.
She leaped on top of him and rode
his stray stardust trickling.

Down her thigh his hand slipped
and upright she bolted.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

SEVENTY-SEVEN

Since you took your love away from me
I can barely sleep a wink.
At night, I cannot help but think
if you were now by my side
I would not want to touch you.

I would stay true to my love for you.
Let me gaze instead.
Let me drink your image in small swallows
and maybe then,
I would brush up against you.

Since you tore our love into disparate parts,
I begin the night with turns on my pillow.
I twist it out of shape, into yellow stains of lonely sharpness,
into the likeness of being alone.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

SEVENTY-EIGHT

He loves me with his mouth and eyes.
How I adore him,
a body lithe of flesh
I own him.

Only this day I eat him,
in darkened walls
around us sleeping.

Our naked selves
pressed up against our arms and legs
covered in sex
and staying.

A while later we start over,
the love making of tongues
discovering ourselves in emotion.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

SEVENTY-NINE

I wish only to sleep in peace,
these nights I lay with him,
a body flushed in flesh.

I am aware of the possession
I seek to keep him
to my breast, firmly
without blessed touch.

But he tastes like blood on my tongue.
And the hatred of betrayal
has opened my hurt.
Oh why again?

Did I see,
did I disbelieve
the sight I saw of him.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

EIGHTY

Without question,
I would bury my head between your legs
and inside of one minute I could blissfully fade.
Leave me be to suckle your pistachio stones,
lovely, secret shells lost in the shade.

Without pausing,
I would make my home nestled in your loins
and need not for food or water.
I will tumble with delight, both fancy and bright,
as the world ceases to hold matter.

Without end,
I would roam my tongue, free and wander
to adorn your holes, below and above.
Limits, there are none to my love for you,
cherished, gossamer dove.

EIGHTY-ONE

I ate flesh in one drop of your blood.
Deeper into the hole of darker still,
I go below with executioners
to hang you by your terrible deeds.

When you did not come
that night I waited.
With time alone
I faced the rage I dreaded,
when you did not return.

Alone I waited in water,
searing with my anger
that I misjudged you.
Never, shall I know
the whole truth of your deception.

EIGHTY-TWO

My peppermint oil pleasure
of ninety minutes in heaven
are his hands
healing my body.

And stirrings did start
in my head, despite the music soft
that I should float away.

At once his hands stroke every surface
of my body and arms
and neck, chest and legs and back.

And all of that,
none should I wish to give less
of flesh upon skin bare,
the soft melodies of piano and violin.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

EIGHTY-THREE

I blinked slowly,
closed once
and my eyelids opened to him.
I knew I was his sex slave of degradation.

I didn't worry about naked humiliation.
He, the silent night,
came closer,
seeming to me a fluorescent image of dark eyes,

Lighted.
He had little trouble finding me
in the blackness,
I stood ever so still.

EIGHTY-FOUR

He detected a new scent in the air
of cloves and cinnamon
sautéed inside his nose.

He noticed her first
before she walked past
with her spirit of yellow,
her imprint left on his mind.

Oh travel away with me, he thought,
without wherewithal
or consideration for names too incidental.

Just disappear with me
and let my shoulder be
the leaning post of your lips and hair.
How he wanted her.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

EIGHTY-FIVE

Death,
take hold of my body
because feeling has left it to nothing,
nor will love remain rested upon my heart.

Death,
rip it out of my flesh.
O dastardly pity
hath fallen upon my love.

Death,
take thy knife and stab thee
and be done with self-loathing,
lest I let fall my guard and love him.

Death,
will hurt me again this time
if I fly toward merriment
to the end of bitter love.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

EIGHTY-SIX

Incidentally I tried to split the moon
into pieces of atoms
before time was conceived
futility ruled.

And I was wrong to stop loving you.
My life was my life
because your love touched me,
and I wanted to put right
all with the universe.

As I counted the ways
I fell in love with you,
one molecule at a time,
I smelled your scent - -
my definition of wonderful.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

EIGHTY-SEVEN

My forgotten lover
decided my fate.
He left without a word,
would not wait for me.

That afternoon,
when the rain settled in instead of him,
I looked for my lost appetite,

In four empty walls.
I looked for the blood
in my heart
but it was gone because of him.

I try to survive these harrowing days,
looking forward to what lies ahead
I forsake him.

EIGHTY-EIGHT

He's the one I want,
the one I can't have
every day
the way I should.

Instead he chases snowflakes
in front of my window,
powdered lightly by white wind.

I feel a little chill
come back again,
my friend
to the simplicity inside my love for you.

Let me own the image of you
now burned in my cat's eye.
You remind me of love.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

EIGHTY-NINE

A wilted woman kept hostage
in the tower of flowers,
dead on the ground
colder to the stone.

Beneath her
he leads her
down the stairs
to knowing his lechery.

On the path to her righteousness
not spoken with words
she swells,
in places mostly, she swells.

Tasting better to him
than her freedom.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

NINETY

I must confess to you my yearning
to hold next to my skin
when I am naked
your softest fur is better felt

Each morning
you come to me,
when I call
before I cleanse away the residue,

Of my night dreams
of running.
I think of you,
ever faithful, waiting.

For the day to begin, together,
we shall fold our love inside of itself.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

NINETY-ONE

Her probability arose
from the soiled sheets
of temporary release,
in the early hours of night.

Opened to the morning
as one eye
laid upon her form leaving.

He saw before he was deceived,
her shaded side faded,
even further than the flakes
first falling.

In the snow, untouchable,
behind the window screen of viewing,
her appearance now disappearing.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

NINETY-TWO

Flesh is the night
we come into
attached to human sex,
quietly disrupting
the noisy stars,

Coming through
the blanket of dark.
Straining our eyes
we swoon,
in the blackness,

Of night loins,
of him in her,
the fur of candlelight
thrusting forward in arrival.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

NINETY-THREE

I am a woodpile of emotion,
impenetrable.
If only to see him.
I walk closer.

Caught in the light of his flicker,
too little I breathe.
A mountain lion, I appear,
and snarl and stare.

In a stature rigid,
I demand from him
to give me his soul,
shall I keep.
And bleed, I will,
when I am his.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

NINETY-FOUR

He is the whisper I recall
in the want of now time
with him alone
all evening long,

We couple as often as the hour
in one becoming,
the want conceived
inside the raging legs of hunger,

For more likeness
in loving eyes
making our tongues dissolve
on every touch.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

NINETY-FIVE

In emotions too severe,
my desire grew unbearable,
what could only have been
my love for him.

Louder than words are called
out of my mouth and mind,
I am no more certain of the feelings I have.

Because of him, I wish not to say no,
nor beg he leave but rather
he climbs back into my bed.

And hastily seek,
my belly and breast are easily touched,
by fingers gliding on my current
of breath, is everywhere and then.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

NINETY-SIX

He fills my belly,
then lays me blindly.
For a night to be his queen
I desire, he be my king.
And what I have will be his.

Between teeth and tongue,
I will be drawn
beyond the lowest line
and offer my flesh,

Luscious in the details of scent.
I will wrap the comfort
of his want around me,
and fall into dreams
with full eyes and swollen heart.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

NINETY-SEVEN

I disassociate myself
from the science of self,
as I disappear into him,
into the same, glorious pain.

That steals from me my very self, I am,
separated by the smell of him.
I feel like the whale with feelings.

On every inch of my flesh
I get out of my bed,
get out of sick love
to squelch my need to die in him.

From the world I aspire,
I grant all things of him, I wish,
to give him thy whole self.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

NINETY-EIGHT

I lust for the dead, long dead ago
where certainty and eyes
are a thousand stares long.

And now dead, my hero,
hath I known my love
would regress back to your force of nature.
Hath I known such feelings, intestinal,
could plague my conscience.

Speaking to me in images, there,
I felt a feeling move me
standing before your painted heart.

For a moment I connected
to the resonating brush
of your forward.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

NINETY-NINE

He is evil because he perceives precisely
how to pet me.
With his omnipotent tongue
he seduces my cunt.

He has slain me.
Yet before this dream should fade
the walls of my reality convulse.

And no longer shall I surpass
the thrust of his will
on top of me.

Charging from behind
ferociously,
like an animal of night
he overtakes me.

Chapter IV: Dreams and Nightmares

ONE HUNDRED

To thy man whose weapon with not
I am born,
tread lightly into woman.

Cherish her body as sacred,
and protect her sanctuary.
Allow no violation to befall her,
to manifest into physical rage.
Be not a brute, nor rogue
who overtakes her through strength
and advantage.

Respect thy woman, truly,
and be her friend in equal realm.
And may always his will be to do her no harm,
to never let the bloodlust spill over
her personal boundary,
and follow him into his death.

May thy man forever carry
this badge of honour in his breast.