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A Woman's Heart Drives Forces in Directions Distant

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The Insider

She sorrowfully stares out the window. It is raining again. She watches the empty street filled with invisible pepper pods of people skidding into one another. And she feels in her heart the thunderstorms and screws of lightning streaking down the bloody arteries leaving slivers of silver incisions. A facial cheek presses against the mirror window leaving the close resemblance of her presence. But even her presence is shadowed and the imprint disappears as she removes her face. There is no sign of her. And the rain heaves and sputters hitting her window. A comrade.

The weather is a bitter friend with her 'til her every end. She speaks to the wind because only air knows the human spirit. She laughs with the croaking trees for only they understand the hysteria brought on by loneliness. Unable to truly touch with their scissor like branches they only know shrieking and scratching. She cries with the rain; since no other element sheds that much desperate moisture. Such destructive forces of nature and yet so fragile. Needing the backing of environment she is unstable. Structures threaten her sound judgment and she wonders why she can't stand upright, alone.

The buildings continue to stand tall and their foundations never shake but they aren't people, are they? They creak and they shiver but are they like she? Do they moan when the branches scratch their tile exterior? Can houses weep?

Lives occur inside their walls. Existence is born when families are formed but is that just another perception? Like a dollhouse with tiny lights and miniature furniture she asks, 'Does this house lie to survive like me?' She destroys empty buildings, vacant lots of space. But if anyone learns of her emptiness they might destroy her.

She is Frankenstein's monster, remaining on the fringes of a world where alienation acts and walks and interacts with the never befriended. Created to eventually destroy she won't ever be free unless like the sad houses and exhausted elements, she rebuilds herself foundation first.

Maelstrom

Her hair levitates like soy sauce and she bounds into the room on her ballpoint spindles. She picks at the floor with toes, jukebox needles on energizers, and she moves with kinetic flourish. Speed doesn't know fast compared to her skirts relationship with the floor or her bodies bond with her partner. She can do what she likes: jump on his back, nibble his nose even crush the big feet of flirty competition and she would still be loved with her torpedo turbulence.

My Story of "The Veil"

The oaths of silence
Perky retaliation
The snuff out of sleeping embryos

Hagar's daughters dig into her grave for anointed prosthetics

Afghan
Pakistan
Hearts clipped
To
Backs un-mended
Leaves all innocent undefended

I am age eight ten fifteen
My house suffered unwarranted violation by spotted-eyed men
My mother, forced out of her flaky casings, roams around rejecting skies and inclusive clouds
My father was tortured
And I cannot explain what my fault is
Dragged by my hair into adjoining rooms
Blood on the floor blood on the walls blood in my shoes

I am age eight ten and fifteen
I walk I am transparent
I nod my body is clear
I scream
They cannot hear

I am one of all
We are silent even in life
Underground
We still see strife
We know blood still falls into the ground above our heads
We know blood is spilled while sleeping in beds
We know blood reigns like terror from heaven
We know
But yet to the silent silence sets
We are the silent shivering beneath our veils
And we are the silent when the veil is shed
But it will never shed as we lie in grounded bed
Because even when lying still our souls weep never fed