

Another Modern Fairy Tale

First let me warn you, my
verse sucks- free or rhyme,
so instead of further pain for you,
let's have some fun this time.

I have
“No depth or likability”
“Am A regret”, says University
A “broken-condom” travesty
Which, I’ll prove right in poem three.

Fifty shades of “Fun”:

I guess “**red**” or “**ouch**” or “**why**”
and shades of “**purple**” also fit...
True, the word doesn’t matter much,
when it hurts to try to sit.

But before I can go further,
I suppose I must explain,
how a clueless prude from Dallas,
learned to revel in her pain...

Old-school catholic repression,
empty tumbles by the lake;
if there lay satisfaction
twas’ lost among my fake

...”O’s”, but everything, really.
My mind and body lived apart;
Dating then, was whiskey-
wrought, the faking was my art.

I’d given up after three years,
accepted I was dead (in bed);
For never had I enjoyed myself
always trapped inside my head.

Then,
He was older, silent, and beautiful,
that devil Lust was born and bloomed
But woe was me, celibate was he,
with that my lust was doomed...

(It’s part of that world, you see,
B-D-S-M opposes unity;
“Eh it’s worth a try”, I thought,
“as long as he is touching me”)

Being a sub isn’t a lover,
nor a maid, nor friend, nor whore-
It is at most, a loving pet,
whose view is only feet and floor.

I required breaking in,
like a horse in its first year.
But wouldn’t you have folded too?
If it meant a “Sir”
carved on your rear?

No romance, in those early days;
my back was soon cut red.
It was also very hard to sleep
when tied and gagged in bed.

If wax and whips give you no cringe,
try this on for size-
forced silence as
twin cigarette burns
marked my inner thighs.

I know,
It’s fucked up that I liked it,
I even came to need;
because through tears and sweat and
screams.
I felt liberated, freed!

Chains, cuts, clothes-pins,
Those slaps across my face,
So it’s odd that I learned who I was,
in our dark disgusting place.

In parting:
Sometimes a “whore” is just a “whore”,
no layers past sarcastic.
So read these as they are, my *facts*-
given, they’re more “erotic”
than “erratic”