

Modern Fairy Tales: A Collection**500 Days of Us**

Love is...
losing myself in your sweet kiss,
greeting the dawn with your taste on my lips,
I thought I was “happy”,
until I knew bliss.

Love is...
when I start the fire,
when I feel you inside,
we are both reborn, in your smoldering light,
in your paper-white skin,
your dance with the wind,
the serenity I find, when I breathe you in.

Love is...
the way you complement
every mood of mine,
how every day
feels like that very first time.

Love is...
living for our ten-minute quickie.
How I crave you. Every moment.
Shameless?
Maybe.

It matters not...
that you've burned me before,
that paying your price, might leave me broken and poor.
That only when drunk,
will my friends be your friend;
or that everyone else,
says you'll lead to my end.

But...
I'll hold you always,
you make my life brighter,

Unless,
I guess,
I lose my lighter...

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 cath-lic 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.
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,
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"

Modern Fairytale

Leaking plastic; and in a moment
your carefully laid brick becomes dust-
choking you- but, you pray anyway for

Clean cotton; The fatal bullet! And
your glass house is gunned down,
lost, along with your solitude.

Seedless grapes; a commodity, a choice. But-
the new fear of being empty and those
shiny metal scrapers, chase you from the office.

Lurking elephant; if you hide in
the dark, maybe it'll leave. But with a
Kick, the sun finally penetrates.

Electrified puppy; excited, everywhere,
forging new everything. Loves knowingly
rubbing the lively fat.

Fleshy melon; ripe Demeter in glory, bathing in
a/the magical accident. The jumping smell of
Pink paint, is sublime.

Silent birds; But one day means nothing.
Silly fat goose, forgetting the warning.
You have shopping, then pushing to do.

Wet Statue; a blue husk of joke,
and you watch all your cards scatter
with all your decks.

Leaking You;
hollow, and alone
again

Roses are red?

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I know it's cheesy
But with you, I just knew

Roses are red
I can't help that I'm shy
But I know this is real
So I'm gunna try

Roses are red
You get out at eight
You're always surrounded
But that's why fake pet dogs are great

Roses are red
Do you like my pet?
As you lean I lean too
But when I touch you, you fret

Roses are red
Why don't you like me?
I am all you need
are your screams just to spite me?

Roses are red
Don't break my heart
I gave you my soul
And you tore it apart

Roses are red
We weren't meant to be
I'm all alone now
That I've set you free

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I've let go,
Though my mom is dead
She said she had no approval of you
Now I'm lonely again
and I've got looking to do

Fatal Attraction: A love Story

Meet Jimmy,
he has kids, a dog, and a wife-
but at forty he was a bit bored with his life.

He thought his spouse mean, a nag, a real grouch,
so most of the time Jim slept on the couch.

She wasn't ugly...but nor was she fit
sometimes Jimmy wondered, "is this the best I can get?"

Jim worked in sales; he traveled a lot-
and as we know, out of town, it's hard to get caught.

One trip ended early, giving Jimmy some time
to go out, relax, at a bar with nice wine.

At the bar was a girl, skin white as the snow-
young, supple and tight; with a neckline so low.

She made him feel special, young, and alive.
He gave her his line "let's go for a drive."

I'd tell you the rest, but let's cut to the chase,
they banged like rabbits all over the place.

The sun came up, and Jim felt guilty and low.
He said, "It's been fun. But I'm gunna go."

The girl, Kit, said nothing. Stared straight at her door.
but, as he left
He heard her scream "I'm no ones whore."

Jim didn't turn round, with haste he drove home
He felt "out of the woods" until he looked at his phone.

Thirty missed calls from Kit in the last hour or two
And forty texts, all saying the words "I love you."

Shaking he answered, "you're out of your mind";
with her instant reply, "Where you are I can find".

Jim parked for gas, threw his cell at the sun,
but for Jimmy, the troubles had only begun.

Relieved he came home, his wife and kids glad,
saying “How was your trip Babe?” and “We missed you Dad!”

Two weeks went by, and Jimmy sobered his heart
He had come so close to everything falling apart.

And that’d be the end, if not for an email at eight,
“I’m pregnant. Meet me. Lie to them. It’s a date ;).”

Sweating, Jim called home, said he’d miss dinner
vowing to God, he’d never again wish his wife thinner.

At the café he saw Kit, calm as can be.
She smiled when he entered, said “miss me sweetie?”

“Kit, listen to me. It was just a one-night stand,
You and I are nothing. Do you understand?”

“What about our baby? I hope it looks like you.”
“No, he said, I’ll pay for the abortion. youll have it. You’ve got to.”

“How could you say that? After what we shared together?
I’m keeping it, and I’ll need you involved so whether

you like it or not, you’re a part of me;
Oh P.S. I’m eighteen, I used a fake ID.”

Jimmy was panicking, feeling his life go to flames.
He tried to be calm- “Kit I won’t get involved in your games,

J: I don’t love you and won’t be blackmailed, so go to hell.”
K: “I won’t be ignored. And If you’re out, your wife I will tell.”

Frazzled he left. Changed his email and phone.
He just wanted a normal life safe in his own home.

But woe was he, for wishing for luck,
soon on his car lay acid, and a note (quote): “You Suck.”

Jimmy fled to the cops, but they laughed it off,
“It’s your bed to lie in,” they said with a scoff.

He decided to move his fam to the country,
but at the open house, whom do you think he would see?

Kit, confident, cool, asking his wife about paint,
when she winked at him, he truly thought he would faint.

Jimmy walked her out, whispered "this is done,"
and He would no longer be part of her sick twisted fun.

"You won't ignore me, there's no where to hide,
tell your wife we're in love" as she left and he cried.

The next day, it got worse, he awoke to more horror,
his dog's throat was cut, body left dead at the door.

"Who would do this act?" His wife exclaimed,
"I had an affair. Her name's Kit" he explained.

All was silent then she said, "Kids go to your room."
"Tell me everything" And he did with great pain and great gloom.

"Is that all? Just one night? But why kill the pet?"
"She's pregnant 18 and won't let me forget."

That night Kit called to threaten Jim some more;
but the wife answered, "It's over I know. Get a life, you whore."

"You stay away, I'll kill you if you get too near."
Hanging up she turned to Jim, "Fix. this you hear?"

Then she asked him to leave, to get out of their place,
but he shook his head, "no, Kit will show up, it's my threat to face."

That night to their grandparents they sent kids to stay,
Jim now truly felt the price he would pay.

Kit broke in through the back, with a dagger, resolved;
"If the wife dies, he's mine. All my problems are solved."

In her head there were only these outcomes two:
1. Kill the wife 2. kill Jim then herself, if she had to.

She found Jim in the kitchen, said, "let's end this disaster,"
"your wife has to go, for our happily ever after."

"You're just a pathetic, nutcase, without heart or soul."
Kit screamed and ran at him "time to die, you asshole."

But before she made contact with her knife to his heart,

a shot from a gun blew her head apart.

Wife advanced; gun in hand, looking at Kit on the floor,
She bent fast to be sure that Kit breathed no more.

“You saved me, it’s over” Jim said with relief
“I want a divorce,” the wife said with no grief.

Now Jim’s alone, waist deep in legal fees
So think twice before thinking “this won’t happen to me.”

Jim’s not alone, it’s the dream: to cheat without fuss,
But think before you act, you may end up like Michael Douglas.

