

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 “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 I just knew

Roses are red

Your smile is all

I need to feel whole

But When I fall, I fall

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 four

You're always surrounded

That's what dogs are for

Roses are red

Do you like my pet?

As you lean I lean too

Shh, please don't fret

Roses are red

Why don't you like me?

I am all you need

are your screams to spite me?

Roses are red

Don't break my heart

I gave you my soul

And you split 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,

I'm at peace and

I've got looking to do