“M” - Intimus Violentia

by Mars Denyer

I am who I am
But who am I?

These words slip past me
Breathing commonly
As evidence
Of her severance
From past malevolence

Stillness behind locks
During ticking arms of clocks
The Chaplain knocks
Bidding the unwilling
Persistently picking
While on dark roads driving
Surreptitiously Sinking
Shrinking
        Unzipping
                Fully stripping

Dont look at me look at him

Counting with the eraser
Lines drawn on paper
Clothes still escape her
God’s Holy Acre

The performance is done
Time for sleep has come
But where is a bed
To safely rest her head
        Can I sleep here tonight?
        Can I sleep here tonight?

Time passes and revisits
        Late night visits
        Hugs and kisses
        More often than not
        Ended up a wishful thought

Worn cotton clothes
Juxtaposed
With the overexposed
Of torn pantyhose
Time to recompose
        At the foot of your bed
        On the woodgrain floor
        Or outside the front door
There is not a pup
In the dog’s bed balled up
And cardboard pieces
In cold garages ceases
To be the only place
To rest her face
Tears shed as aforesaid
        May I sleep here tonight?
        May I sleep here tonight?

During times of slumber
One can disencumber
The identification number
Bestowed since younger
Refuge in reprieve
Tell them that we’ve
Been able to achieve
A sweetness in the naive
Before we eventually grieve.
                My name is my name
                But no longer is it the same