

Foreword

Hello and welcome to 'Being', for this is my first set of poems made with the intent to be published. With a handful of poems to be published at a later date, this is hopefully but the first of many. Henceforth, do I wish for those with their bodies intact to take care of them and know the precious nature of what it means to have one.

Oftentimes, they are the last thing we remember, and they make us the last things they forget.

With that, do enjoy.

— V

My body was never a temple
Temples are holy; my body is evil.

My bones are tainted; my body is evil.
I was built with excess meat and wrong insides.

I am left aching in my wrong insides.
Not in want, but in pain of things I can't control.

The skeleton inside I can't control.
It creaks and reminds me I am not whole.

I have missing parts; I am not whole.
I am a tattered tent: a broken bridge.

My body is a broken bridge.
One without support -- who isn't there.

I am the one who isn't in there.
I am not inside my own temple.

/•dreams/ sparkling crimson darting 'round us / atop these scarlet waves / i have longed for your arms / an ache in my chest beckons / tear from my ribs & break free / twist & turn / become something new / two moons above / black as ravens / white as your eyes / velvet & silk engulf us / exploring our bodies of lace & rainbow skin / bruises we don't remember / once we wake / your air / gone / choked / fingers lacing like garter belts around skin / bones breaking from satin / twists of passion & heartache / howling into stars / begging to be heard / we shriek / quake this silent / painful / little / death.

To be holy

Alluring actresses in their petticoats & nightgowns
Pittering across wooden floors
Candlesticks dripping hot wax onto the toes as they walk
Into something they couldn't understand

Alluring actresses in their wedding gowns
Blood spilling from the open holes in their bellies
Tears spilling from their open eyes as they feel everything ripped away
We are not as whole as we wish we were.

Alluring actresses calling attention in their ballroom gowns
Clinking glasses together; filled with wine.
Clicking heels against glossy golden floors
Their happy smiles won't last as long as anyone wishes

Alluring actresses howling at twin moons in their torn gowns
Feral and rabid, oozing with spit
Their bodies twist to one as the stars twinkle
They are free of the weights 'pon their shoulders.

O' Eyeless One,
What is it that you see?
A sheepish child
Who wants to be free?

Or is it talons and claws?
A keen Fox's eyes.
One who sought you
When his ending was nigh?

I am neither, Eyeless One.
She, with teeth so sharp.
And 'tis this tale that I tell
'Pon the notes of my harp.

For you, my alabaster love,
Keep my heartbeat penn'd.
Our red strings are knotted
Until my dreary end.

[[On an OOC note, thank you for reading my poetry! These are all handcrafted by The Poet (Mateus or Balmung) with intent to have something to share with other players c: Feel free to reference / enjoy, and thanks for skimming to the end at the least! ♥]]