

The Fed Up Woman

Your detestable words aim to strike me
Incessantly, rapidly surging forth
Like the Trojan warrior's shooting spears
penetrating the mounting layers and building blocks
of my gentle female flesh.
Cherubic Cupid's unwanted bow
Captured in every strike and forceful blow
That crashes like the tempestuous wave upon
the immovable and helpless rock.
Ought I to believe the promises of love that
flow through the passages of these hearing devices
when the cloth of your mind is not drenched in the stench
of the alcoholic river?
Ought I to trust the tarnished hand that repeatedly finds itself
Colliding and crashing like a bumping car
Into the barely steadfast pole?
Actions bear consequences;
The power of the torch runs out when it is exploited and misused
Darkness succumbs and submits to
The inevitable powerful light of the breaking day
TEMPT ME NOT...
to extinguish the greedy fire that aims to destroy,
to block the wind that attempts to destabilize the tree
A fire causes destruction BUT
Water is its enemy.

- Lorenzo van Schalkwyk