

# Anthology of Rebecca Anne

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## summary

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## Prey to an Angel

Is it really worth the battle  
in this eerie earth you travel  
to resurrect a broken angel?  
A treasure, wrecked, unstable.

She, who thrusts her wings upon you,  
entrust her with your heart if you dare to.  
You discuss "us" in all its beauty,  
she's disgusted, you're merely her duty.

By her body, you will be adorned,  
become her sweet nobody, left scorned.  
Disguised as the angel you thought you knew,  
you lie with a danger no man should pursue.

Bleeding, bound to a Goddess by her spell,  
sweet secrets you share, you'd never dare tell.  
Her feathers grow black, from the darkness within,  
shallow breaths escape as your back loses skin.

Her wrath grows to match every beating,  
her secrets unfold with your racing hearts meeting.  
It is your submission for which she does yearn,  
for, to break an angel, today it's her turn.

Her feathers, now frosted with red,  
still tempt you mercilessly into her bed.  
With a halo blinding you from her disgrace,

she leaves you with scars that run deeper than your faith.

Her welcomed claws caress your spine,  
with kind bruises she claims you. Your body; her shrine.  
In saving your angel, you so sweetly endeavoured,  
but in saving this angel, your own wings did get severed.

Is it really worth the battle  
in this eerie earth you travel  
to resurrect yourself, her broken angel?  
A treasure, soon to be lost to a fable.

## Do unto me

Hate me,  
berate me,  
unthinkably mistake me.

Test me,  
pester me,  
do this unto me regretlessly.

Harm me,  
disarm me,  
i'll withstand you, oh so calmly.

Think you're clean of me,  
then dream of me.  
Promise you'll be mine eternally.

Breathe me,  
teethe me,  
for it is you who truly sees me.

Seduce me.  
In truth we,  
wouldn't want it any differently.

Love me,  
above thee.  
Forever yours in our messy eternity.

## Hey you, Senryu

I see you. Hey, you.

There's nothing I wouldn't do.

Say you love me too?

## One Phone Call Away

This year has been rather a tough one,  
and I know, for you, I haven't always made it easier,  
but I beg you to bless my pardon,  
for perhaps it's only my hormones making me queasier.  
It's been forever since I felt you hold me,  
'til next time, know that I mean every word when I say,  
this Christmas you never have to feel lonely,  
when an "I love you" is only ever one phone call away.

## My Dear, That's Life

Bones aching, bruised with bitterness.  
They abandon facts to favour attack.  
Tongues sharpened by resentment  
methodically carve into each other's back.  
"I don't know if I love you anymore.", he says.

Fresh wounds infected with sour spit  
seeping with memories of a time he cared.  
The spiteful taste of words half-meant  
forging cracks in hearts once shared.  
"I don't even know if I like you.", she says.

Daggered stares twist between lovers,  
both clouded in passionate hate.  
Heads pounding with bygone thoughts  
and fears; maybe it's too late.  
"Do you even like yourself?", he asks.

Bitterness fades into numbing pain,  
both falling quiet with introspection.  
'Is it me, really causing all this?'  
they long for a sense of direction.

"I'm a shadow of who I once was.", she admits,  
"i'm not living the life I foresaw."  
"Me too, my dear, that's life!" he exclaims,  
"no point living for what came before."

Life's demands shock them back to ignition,  
time for work, with no more delay.  
Defeat lingering behind tired eyes,  
she finds the only words left to say:  
"Have a good day."



...

"You too."

## The Age of Beauty

The sweet caress  
of cellulite  
paints her legs  
in a sea of stars.  
Carefully crafted  
laughter lines  
adorn her face  
with soft age scars.  
The inevitability  
of life's sweet toll  
shapes her shadow  
with curves divine.  
Perfectly imperfect,  
forever adored,  
beautiful woman of mine.

Fondly cherished  
memories  
flee her grasp  
causing frustration.

An endless struggle  
of finding words  
renders her quiet  
in resignation.

Anger blooms  
from confusion's seed.  
Her mind;  
a slave to time.

Perfectly imperfect,  
forever adored,

beautiful woman of mine.

## Could've Been Mine

There are many great loves  
I've left behind.

Many great lives  
that could've been mine.

The one with desire  
who made my heart skip.

He made me a poet  
with one touch of his lip.

The one with kind eyes  
who cared and adored.

He made me feel safe  
and never once flawed.

The one with quick witt  
kept me on my toes.

He made my heart laugh,  
healing all my woes.

The one who challenged,  
bought my mind to life,  
He posed incredible questions  
of beauty and strife.

Now, here in the lull  
of melancholic reflection,  
I wonder "Why, oh why,  
did I ever reject them?".

There are many great loves  
I've left behind.  
Many great lives,  
but none of them mine.